

# AMONG US MORTALS

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE WAR HOSPITAL

By W. E. HILL



Mrs. Maybelle M. McGooley, suburban social light and angel of mercy at large, about to be photographed in the act of distributing flowers among the sick soldiers—that is, if the stupid nurse in charge of the ward can be made to understand what a fine thing it will be for the hospital when "The Cooneyville Courier" prints the picture. Incidentally, a perfectly good crap game had to be discontinued when Maybelle M. appeared on the scene.

Mrs. Bogle, who came all the way out to the hospital to cheer the shell-shock patients, is awfully upset to find she has got the T. B. ward by mistake. She is here shown making a hasty exit holding her breath.



Private Jones, hospital orderly, after seeing to it that all the flowers left by visitors are properly distributed, makes his regular Sunday night call on the best little girl in the U. S. A.



"No young girls admitted without a chaperon!" Private Wattles, in charge at the gate, makes a big hit with the elderly Miss Crawley.



"For a sick soldier laddie" was written on the label of this little batch of reading matter—three numbers of "Good Housekeeping," "The Sperry System," and eleven copies of "The New Republic" (one year old).



Miss Mossett, head of the Young Ladies' Anti-Candy Club, of Newark, N. J., is crazy to do something—but what! A perfectly corking idea presents itself, and she goes to interview Captain Ropp—and get permission to read aloud every day to those poor boys in the guard house. (One of them has a lovely face).



"Yes, mam, all I want is to get back to the trenches and hand them dirty Germans a few wallops!" Private Klam, convalescing from mumps (contracted in the United States), tries his best to live up to the hero stuff expected of him.