

AMONG US MORTALS

WITH THE HOME GUARDS

By W. E. HILL



Pity the poor war widow trying to keep back the tears that just will come at any mention of the war, what with Fred down in Washington in the Ordnance Department, and hoping that he may be spared, etc.



"If Germany gives up Belgium, then England ought to give up Ireland and India." It seems the easiest time in the world not to be pro-German nowadays, but there are still a few sympathizers with us.

Two I. W. W.'s in court, standing to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," played by a street piano two blocks off. They have just been explaining that it is not the flag they mean to war against; oh, dear, no! merely what it stands for.



If you think for a moment that all the hardships of war are at the front, just drop in on the man who helps engage the Liberty Loan speakers some busy morning. Here he is cornered by a would-be speaker, who is showing what she can do in rhyme. The allotted four minutes have crept up to eight and the lady speaker, who always wanted to go on the stage, is still going strong.



"My dear, you know she was one of the Smith-Smythes, and her mother was a Skeffington, and here she is living in this dreadful, common, nouveau riche part of the town! It's simply killed her socially!" Private Mike Brody, convalescing from hives at an army hospital, is being taken out for a spin by two war workers, and incidentally gets a little tip on who's who and what's what. The question is, Will Mike, late of the gashouse district, be spoiled for the gashouse district after the war?



"Yes, he's gone down to Washington; he thinks they'll take him in the Intelligence Department or the Patent Office or something. He's fearfully patriotic, and he feels there might be a certain stigma attached to him if he waited to be drafted."

Ferdinand, who used to be the snappiest dresser around the office, decided it would hardly be wise to get any new clothes with the draft coming. A year and a half has gone by and Ferdinand, still undrafted, looks more and more like a rag doll.



Miss Simms's war work consists chiefly in writing to the papers suggesting new names for the doughboys. "The Teddy Boys" is her latest.

Tesbia Bunk, verslibre expert and super socialist, who regards patriotism as a complex, as a form of the lowest order of insanity. Has a great deal to say about this war for profiteers and the poor, exploited workingman. Tesbia doesn't know that the carpenter from next door has bought a flivver to go back and forth from the shipyards.