

# AMONG US MORTALS

## AROUND THE TOWN

By W. E. Hill



Hattie, who runs the elevator at the Flora Vista Apartments, is getting a chance to wear out her last year's ball gown.



With all this Spanish influenza around, it was no time for the delivery boy at the other end of the car to choke on a chocolate almond and start coughing.



"Isn't it wonderful to feel you're doing something for our boys over there?" sighs Mrs. Close as she stops the machine to drop seven peach pits into the "Save your pits for Uncle Sam" barrel. Quite as thrilling and much cheaper, figures Mrs. Close, than Liberty Bonds and War Stamps.



Private Jones, of the Quartermaster's Corps, has been on his feet all day counting uniforms and nobody from the other side can tell him anything about "trench feet"—no siree!



Private Roach's salute was in splendid form, but he happened to be on the wrong side of the best little girl in the world.



"And, oh mam—they're sayin' the coffins has all give out!" Nettie, the light-hearted chambermaid at the Hotel Blatz, cheering up Mrs. Wattles, who isn't even going to wait for the first symptoms of influenza.



Mrs. Meech, who peddles gum and lozenges, is particularly relieved, now that the Liberty Loan is done with—for what with "them young society minxs" grabbing all the buyers trade took an awful slump.