



The late young man with the heavy ulster, which he drags over the unfortunate row in front. He is pleasantly unconscious of the impression he is creating.

AMONG US MORTALS IN THE SEATS BEHIND

By W. E. HILL.



The second act was sad and weepy, and Mae repairs damages with that first aid kit, the vanity case.



Mrs. Bloyev starts the performance graciously. "If my hat bothers you, I will take it off." But, oh, what a look is yours if you make the request!



Mrs. Barrel does not like the unhappy ending. "I go to the theatre to be amused," is her complaint.



Somebody's little girl, who is going to succeed in demolishing the back of Mr. Brady's seat before the end of the afternoon.



The man with the thousand sneezes. Germs mean nothing to him; he doesn't believe in them.



One of those intimate matinee conversations. "Why, my dear, doctors say it was just my will that kept me going so long. Would you believe it—the appendix was the size of a grapefruit!"



All right, kid, the next time I go to the barber's you can come along!" Mabel has been urging Sailor Eddie to train his hair longer, so that it will wave. To the left of Mabel sits Mrs. Stutz. She has been without a housemaid for three weeks, and can't keep awake after 9 o'clock. The gentleman at the extreme right is repeating all the good lines to his friend, with nudges for emphasis. "Get that one, Harry? The little guy says, 'Is that your face or a mask?'—some line, eh, Harry?"