"Among Us Mortals"

Around the Town

By W. E. Hill

For years has Aunt Nettie boasted that no drop of liquor ever entered her doors. With prohibition ahead—"just in case of emergencies"—she is secretly laying in a supply of wet goods.

Joe's friends are just back from France, and for the last month he has done little else but entertain returned heroes. Joe himself doesn't dance, and between the strain of holding down tables at cabarets and the loss of sleep he is beginning to show signs of cracking.

The trench coat that never saw the trenches. Clifford believes firmly that a red discharge stripe is better than no decoration at all.

Straight whiskey drinker, considerably wrought up over "prohibition," has a great deal to say about beer and light wines—for the first time in his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grubbs are out to welcome the parading soldiers, showing the boys home from France "there's a whole world waiting for you." The sentiment is lost, however, on ex-Private Jacobs—one week out of the army—who failed to land his old job with Henry Grubbs & Co.

Two men further up the line explain to each other the possibilities lying in a raisin, a piece of yeast cake and a bottle of cider. With these ingredients something almost worth while can be made.

"No beer—no work" is the slogan of Gus, who has always followed the time-honored profession of the park bench-hound.