

"AMONG US MORTALS"

After the War Stuff

By W. E. HILL



Mr. Stobin has been accustomed to stand whenever an orchestra played the national anthem of one of the Allies. Even at this late date Mr. Stobin never fails to rise from his seat to do homage to Belgium or Japan, although at the present moment the tune happens to be "Poet and Peasant"—a little mistake on Mr. Stobin's part.



Left—Will some one please tell Mrs. Toehill whether several pounds of carefully hoarded prune pits should be sent to the Red Cross or to the Belgian Reconstruction Committee? Mrs. Toehill, who has been carefully saving them ever since last August, has forgotten just what the government wanted them for.



One of the most difficult readjustments to be effected since the armistice has to do with those ladies who were always getting up tableaux; for the benefit of this and that war charity, and posing as stricken Belgium. Now that the war is over they simply can't break themselves of the habit.



"Why, once last December the pipes froze and not one of the men could have a bath!" Lieut. James, from overseas, was about to pull a little hero stuff on Mrs. McGraw, whose son helped win the war in a Southern camp. Mrs. McGraw isn't going to let any one get there first when it comes to war experiences.



The hotel proprietors who did such heroic work cutting down everything on the bill of fare—except the price—to war portions can't realize that the war is over.

Left—Miss Wizzy just can't stop saving tinfoil—war or no war—though what use it will be put to Miss Wizzy hasn't figured out.



Comrade Growl, late pro-German agitator, has become so used to being arrested at least once a week that a return to everyday life—and work—seems an awful anti-climax.