



The coffee substitute fiend. Mr. Buffey is always trying to get you to drink "roasted wispies" or "wheat-o-crisp," the last one to be tried being always just as good as the best coffee without any of the injurious qualities of coffee.

"You stay in bed and snooze, Clara; I'll get the breakfast this morning," said Mr. Cragin. And twenty minutes later, after the oatmeal had been tipped over and the toast burnt, Mrs. Cragin was summoned hastily to bring the "new skin" down to the kitchen, Mr. Cragin having cut his finger grinding coffee in the meat chopper. But it is Clara's absolute unappreciation of her husband's thoughtfulness that hurts him most, Clara being more concerned with the results than anything else.

AMONG US MORTALS Breakfast

By W. E. HILL
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The lady who is always telling her dreams. "And then I suddenly found myself standing in the middle of the street, with a great pushcart filled with cats and kittens eing rushed at me, and I couldn't budge!"



Three people to be found at almost any boarding house breakfast table—the grumpy man, who doesn't want any one to talk to him or expect him to say anything before 11 o'clock, when he begins to thaw out; the cheerful guy (the earlier in the day the cheerier he is), who, if he sees you are not registering extreme happiness, will pat you on the back with a gay word or two, such as "Cheer up; the first hundred years are always the hardest"; the lady of uncertain years, with hair that has been restored, not dyed! (It has been restored so much and so often that it has ceased to be hair.) She hasn't slept a wink all night, and she will tell you, if you care to listen, how she heard the clock strike 3 and 4 and 5, etc. It may have been the tea she drank yesterday noon, but then again it may not.



Lotta, who has sensed a pork chop cooking in the distance, simply won't eat her dish of "nice, good, lovely cereal!"



"Minnie, did you charge six yards of grosgrain ribbon at Altman's on October sixth?" Nothing but bills in the morning's mail.



The Browns being without a maid, Mrs. Brown is down at six-thirty in the kitchen building a fire in the stove and otherwise improving her time. Mr. Brown, snug in bed, can't help but feel that the servant problem is not such a problem after all, if we only make the best of things.



Left—"Mattie! Oh, Mattie! It's nearly twenty-five minutes past seven!" Right—Josephine, whose eggs are always opened in the kitchen at home, is taking a chance that something may happen by jabbing a soft-boiled egg with a fork.



The eight-page letter which Elise got from Henry. And if you ask her, about the second reading, what the news is from Henry, she will tell you that there isn't any—he hasn't really said a thing.