



The photographer wanted to get a picture of the boys around the billiard table out at the Lakeside Service Club, but the hostesses got there first, and the boys didn't have even a look in.

# AMONG US MORTALS

By  
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Mrs. Petty, who just can't read any more war news—it's too horrible—sitting well forward in her seat on the train reading the evening edition of the man ahead to see just where the murdered girl's body was found.



The Knocker: "Oh, they have, have they? Now look—here, just tell me one thing the aircraft board did—just tell me one thing the shipping board did," etc., etc.



High up in East Rothenburg society is Miss Mabel Toot, whose endeavors to help win the war are centred in one great purpose, being a petition to change the name of East Rothenburg to East Louvain.

Even if it was only a bat that flew against her, you can hardly blame Aunt Hattie (fixed for the night on her sleeping porch) for being a bit nervous with all this talk about enemy air raids and such.



The war news can wait. The crowds in front of the bulletin are after the latest returns from the double-header.

Wild applause at the Cafe "Poisson Mort," where Miss Mabelle Rooney, of the cabaret, is appearing nightly as Joan of Arc before an audience of patriots who are nobly doing their bit by keeping up the morale of the cabaret world. Much cheerier, and not half so dangerous as service "over there."