

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

AMONG US MORTALS

THE HOME GUARD

By W. E. HILL



"Hey, Joe, what do you think I'm doing? On the secret service!" Milton, who was never exactly close-mouthed, informs a friend at the other end of the car (and any one else who cares to hear) of his government job.



Mrs. Bilgewater-Barnes doing her bit toward safeguarding the democracy of the world, rolling bandages, gives the cut direct to the lady next her—suspected of being a social climber. Miss Gladys Runkle, on the extreme right, is wondering if it wouldn't be possible to get a job working with men—women are so hard to get on with, you know.



The rumor fiend with the cheering bit of news that a million coffins have been shipped to the other side. Always wailing about the poor soldier boys "Oh, isn't it perfectly awful, the slaughter going on!"



The janitress has gone up on the roof to clean a waist with gasolene, and the Misses Petty doing a little amateur secret service on the side, are dead certain they are on the track of a wireless outfit.



The settlement speaker of pro-German sympathies delivers an address carefully camouflaged under the heading "American Municipal Affairs," in which the efficiency of German method is compared favorably with our own, with numerous references to "the coal barons, the capitalists and the high cost of living." One of the most effective workers for the other side.



Says Captain Pratt, on the bureau of something or other down in Washington: "Of course, it's too early in the war to expect much in the way of actual results, but as soon as we're finished reorganizing and systematizing things, a bit, say in three to five months—and five months later he will be 'whipping things into shape, and as soon as the department is in running order,—etc., ad lib."



Senator Blank, optimistic to the nth degree about everything, sees no cause for worry and thinks the war preparations are going splendidly. Anyway, the war will be over in a month or two at most.