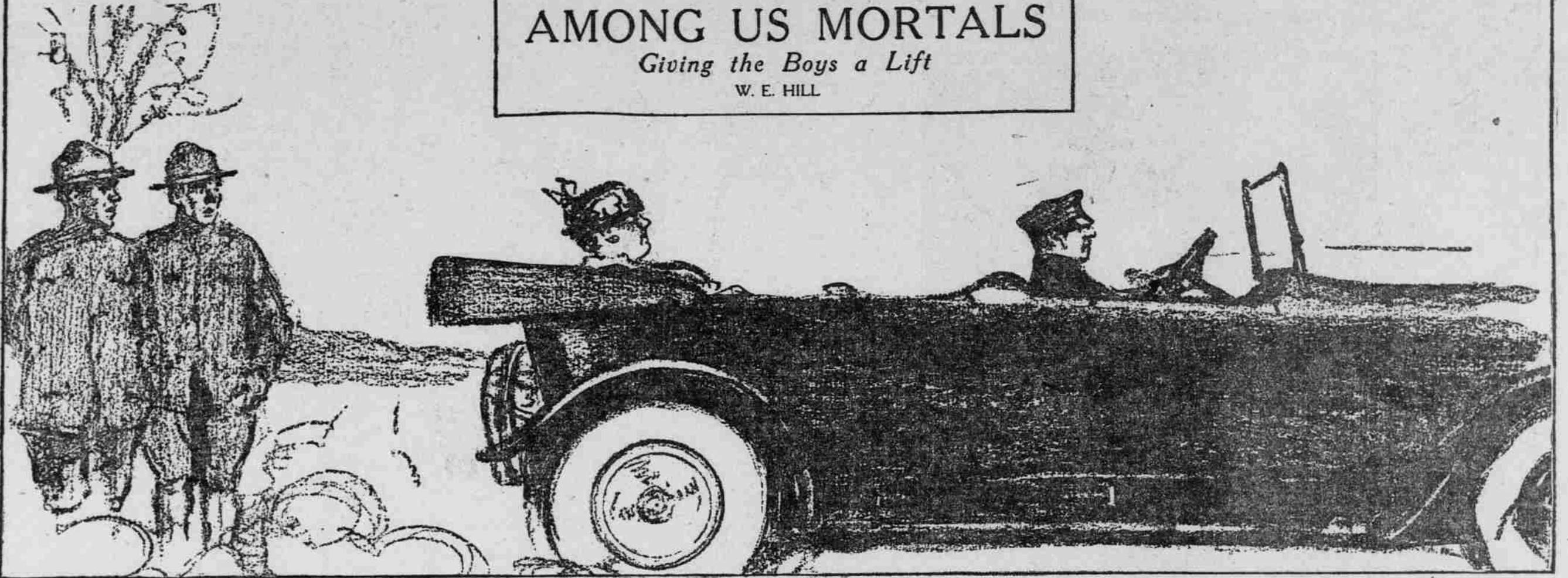


LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

AMONG US MORTALS

Giving the Boys a Lift

W. E. HILL



The big car which doesn't bother to stop.



Lady whose car went a block out of the way to drop a sailor—and then wasn't properly thanked—wondering if it would do any good to drop a line to Mr. Daniels on the subject of manners, etc.



"I do think it so queer that we haven't once been stopped by a soldier who wants a ride," observes Cousin Paula, whose flivver has "Men in Uniform! Welcome—as far as we go" pasted on the windshield.



"Don't stop this one, Harry, it's a flivver. There's a Rolls-Royce just behind; wait for that."



"I know what boys like! I've got two at home!" says Mrs. Tuppy, who has presented Corporal McMurfee with some lollypops. Corporal McMurfee is hoping they won't pass a balloon vendor before his corner is reached.



The car belongs to Private Clutche's mother, but Captain Binney, who has hopped onto the step for a lift into town, doesn't know it. Private Clutche is beginning to feel slightly "de trop."



The guy who explains with tears in his eyes how crazy he is to get over there—how he longs for the front line trenches, and how he'd go over in a minute if only—