

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

AMONG
US
MORTALS
—
ROOKIE
STUFF
—
By W. E. HILL



Private Butterman is on time for reveille even though he did misjudge the time it takes a rookie to fasten on a pair of leggins.



The draft call for stenogs among the limited service men reaches camp.



A load of coal is being delivered and Private Snooks who was told to stick around in case there should be any little odd jobs, has decided not to get too near the barracks for the rest of the morning.



"You go find it—you don't get no blanket from me!" A cold, wet morning is no time to report the loss of a blanket to the supply sergeant.

"K. P." "Gee, I wonder how long the war will last!"



This is Percy Carnegie's first meal away from the Ritz-Plastoria, and he knows now why they call it "mess."



The Sunday visitor: "Oh yes, indeed, you're just the type a uniform improves wonderfully! You've no idea how it becomes you!" Joe is afraid he has, but Bessie's words of cheer are thankfully received.