

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY



The first day out of uniform—how the trip to the office feels to Joe, late private in the U. S. A.

AMONG US MORTALS

GETTING BACK TO CIVIL LIFE

By W. E. HILL



You won't catch Buck Private Helmhorst going back to the farm! No sirree! Plenty of desk jobs in a big city, with fat salaries attached to them—if you hang around long enough.



"Of course they look queer to you now, because you've been used to a uniform." Ensign Jim finds that half the army and most of the navy were ahead of him and picked out all the goods fits—the salesman, however, is optimistic.



One of the really difficult readjustments about getting back into "civvies" is that pernicious habit of saluting. Ex-Corporal Higgins, having checked a salute in mid-air, is making a splendid pretence at packing a fleck of dust from his hat.



Sailor Bill, recently discharged from the navy, and back at his ice-man's job, meets Mrs. Flippin, ex-war worker. Some months back, Mrs. Flippin's parting words to Bill ran: "Nothing is too good for you dear brave boys, and I'm going to give you a great big kiss when you come back!"



"Where's that damn handkerchief anyway!" Eddie the filing clerk, back from three months in England with the A. E. F., now and then forgets the pretty English custom of carrying one's handkerchief up one's sleeve.



It is now two months since Lieutenant Dumpsey received his discharge. Although he is always just on the point of buying a new suit of clothes, he still clings to his officer's outfit.



"Don't your legs feel cold without those leggins?"