

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

AMONG US MORTALS

FIRST IN PEACE AND FIRST IN WAR—THE SERVANT PROBLEM

By W. E. HILL



Nellie is a great reader. She has set the oil lamp on the stove, for convenience sake, and is breathlessly following the astonishing career of Lady Maude, as told in the pages of "He Who Loves Must Dare." Whether or not the chicken will be cleaned in time for dinner is problematical.



"She drinks, and I just know she is wearing my silk stockings; but my dear, what can you do!" Four ladies, attending a lecture on "The Social Degradation of the Eighteenth Century Classicists," have reached the really important topic of the hour.



"I often tell my husband I'd like to have this dear little room myself!" Showing Mattie, the prospective maid of all work, around the apartment, and as a grand climax, the maid's room, Mattie has made up her mind not to appear on Monday

Mrs. Hanley, who, in times of stress, occasionally accommodates by coming in for the day, at \$3.50 an hour. "An optometrist," relates Mrs. Hanley, "says I got astigmatism, and I can't always see the dirt around, like I use to."



The lady who has had twelve cooks in two months and is a fit subject for a sanatorium.



Josie, the cook, has been insulted and is leaving on the spot. Her employers tried to send her to church "in a jitney—the noise of 'em!"



"I simply had to run over and see how you were!" Tense moment in the Versailles Court apartments, when the lady across the way, who had run over for the purpose of criticisms Annice, Mrs. Jellie's maid, into her own service, finds the door opened by Mrs. Jellie herself.



Shaking a dustcloth slowly and gently out the window for several minutes gives Helga an opportunity to keep in touch with the outside world.



One of those exclusive little gatherings in the suburbs, which is somewhat disturbed by a telephone call for Delia. Delia's young man is making her guess who it is.