

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY



The people en route for the cabaret who leave twenty minutes before the final curtain and cannot locate their belongings. The elderly lady on the end explains humorously that she "has dropped everything but the kitchen stove."

AMONG US MORTALS — IN THE SEATS BEHIND

By
W. E. HILL



Somebody's little girl, who is going to pry off the back of Mr. Brady's seat before the afternoon is over.



The late young man, with the heavy ulster on his arm, who insists on dragging it over the people in the row ahead.



The man with the thousand sneezes. Germs mean nothing to him. He has not studied germs and personal hygiene.



One of those intimate matinee conversations. "Why, Clara, doctors say it was just my will that kept me going so long. Would you believe it, dear, the appendix was the size of a grapefruit."



Mrs. Barrel does not like the unhappy ending. "I go to the theatre to be amused," says she.



The second act was sad and weepy, and Mae is repairing the damage with the contents of the vanity case.



Aunt Emma has discovered a draft, and during the intermission erects a temporary shelter.



Mrs. Blovey starts the performance with "If my hat bothers you, I will take it off," but, oh, what a look is yours if you make the request.



"All right, kid, the next time I go to the barber's you can come along!" Mabel has been urging Sailor Eddie to train his hair long so that it will be wavy. To the left of Mabel sits Mrs. Stutz, who has been without a housemaid for three weeks and can't keep awake after 9 p. m. The man at the extreme right is repeating all the good lines to his friend, with a nudge for emphasis. "Get that one, Harry? The little guy says, 'Is that your face or a mask?'—some line, eh, Harry?"