

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY



The "Hotel Verdun, European plan," which used to be the "Hotel America" before the war, takes care of the "cullud" visitors from out of town.



"They think they notice, but, believe me, they don't. Why, Bob doesn't know half the time whether I have on overalls or a silk dress!" The better halves of two honeymoon couples compare notes in the hotel lobby.

AMONG US MORTALS WASHINGTON STUFF—THE FLOATING POPULATION

By W. E. HILL

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"There goes the man who dried up Washington!" A tired crowd of sightseers, going through the Capitol, take on a new interest in life when the guide points out Senator Sheppard.



"Now, ladies and gentlemen, on the right you will see"—etc. The collar that couldn't stand the strain of sightseeing.



The man getting on backward is Mr. Joe Goetz, of New York N. Y. At home Joe is accustomed to subway guards, who, in their kinder moments, urge one to "Get inside that door if yer goin' to, you big bum!" A Washington car starter has just urged the crowd to board the car "Right quickly, if you please," and Joe can't get over it.



Miss McCooley, war worker from Wisconsin, and Miss Baw, ditto from New Mexico, have jostled each other getting off a car and each is saying, "Washington women are so rude!" or words to that effect.



Miss Birkenback, of the Misses Birkenback's school for young ladies, is getting all sorts of interesting data about Washington to use in a little illustrated talk next term. She is especially interested in sociological conditions and wants to know whether the workers in the Government Printing Office who count the new bills are paid by the piece or by the hour.



Miss Grubb has worked in the Treasury Department for fifteen years and looks with great disfavor on the ladies who flocked to Washington two years ago to do war work, and who, show no signs of returning to their homes.



As Mrs. Fred Spear remarks to husband Fred, "There are so many funny people to see in Washington!" Just at the moment they are watching a man with a wooden leg dodge a motor truck. Mrs. Spear does so love to watch types.



"Then he laughed and I laughed, and he says, 'What you lookin' at—and I says, 'Nothin' much, Mr. Inquisitive!' Three war workers lunching in Lafayette Square."



Mrs. Beltrey and Mrs. Clock, from Holyoke, Mass. have met quite by chance in the lobby of the Willard. "Why," remarks Mrs. Clock, "I can hardly go a block without meeting some one from Holyoke!" And Miss Beltrey adds brightly that it "does make the world seem so small!"



"The figures on the base represent Victory weeping into the welcoming arms of Fame, shown presenting the latter with a shovel. To the right the figure of Commerce is clasping the hand of Power"—and he could have said a lot more about the statue, could the man with the megaphone on the sightseeing bus, if some low brow hadn't thrown in a facetious remark about "phony statuary." "Some of you guys don't know real art when you see it—why this here statue has been more admired by con-men-sewers than anything in the galleries of Europe!"