

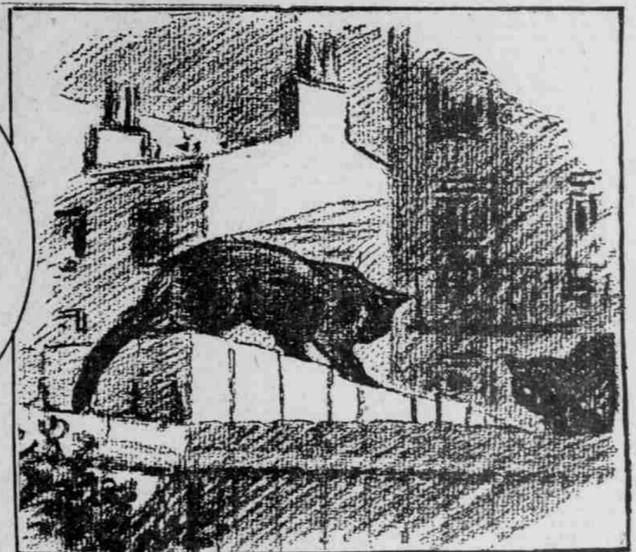
LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY



Among Us Mortals
The City Back Yard
 By W. E. HILL
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Joey's white rabbit has burrowed under the fence in search of new worlds to conquer.



Along about 10:30 P. M. Abelard, who lives a block away, arrives on the scene to keep a tryst with Héloïse.



"Sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six"

Snapshots of the baby.



Delia, the upstairs maid, discovers that Annie, the cook, is ticklish.



"Who'm I lookin' at? Not much!" Delia bandying words with a painter at work on the house in back.



Eddie is trying out the big league stuff against the side of the house. A month of trying to beautify a city back yard will deaden the hopes of the most optimistic person. Mr. Wills has not quite reached that stage.



Monday morning's wash: "You go play somewhere else! Don't you get near my clean clothes!"



"For heaven's sake, Edward, be careful where you bang that tennis ball!" Aunt Clara is drying her hair in the sun while Eddie, the embryo tennis shark, improves the shining hair.



Pop is trying to figure out just how much or how little the lady in the window two houses down the line has on. The prospect of a successful radish crop is none too good.