

LIFE SKETCHES BY ARTIST WHO SENSES SPIRIT OF THE DAY

AMONG US MORTALS In Office Hours

By W. E. HILL
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Bessie, the filing clerk, shows up with an engagement ring, totally disrupting the office morale for the rest of the morning.



The Saturday morning raiment of Annette, the stylish stenog., who has come to business all fixed up for the matinee, is enough to drive all thoughts of whatever was to follow "In reply to yours of the seventh" completely out of Mr. Lorber's head.



Something must be wrong with Gracie's dictation. She finds she can't understand what it's all about—and that never happened before! Something must be wrong.



"Aw, let's see the color of your money—come on, boy, let's see your money!" Eddie, the office drudge, lightening the tedium of the weary hours by a little kidding session with Joe, the elevator man. Eddie is en route to the mail order department with an order marked "Rush."



Mr. Ringold, a customer from upstate, who has dropped in to pass the time of day; also to borrow a hundred or so, in case he and his wife run short before returning to Olean. Mr. Ringold is asking after the health of everybody's family as a preliminary to the touch.



Laura, the temperamental stenog. She's broken the point off her pencil right when the boss was giving her dictation. No wonder she's dissolved in tears!



Mr. Wilbert Clove, the head bookkeeper, looking for some hapless person to come look at the latest backyard snapshots of the Clove grandchild.



The boss's wife stops in for a little shopping money and is being awfully condescending and sweet to the office force.



Lady registering sunshine out for subscriptions to something other. If the boss is in a good humor she may get it.



"Say, Miss Lutz, come here and see if you can make anything out of this record!" Mr. Garvey, the vice-president, certainly had no business dictating letters via a dictaphone, with a cold in his head and a tooth out. Mr. Garvey has gone back to the dentist's, and it looks very much as though poor Miss Raff, his secretary, would have to stay overtime.



In the boss's private office. "Yes, sir! You got to use your nubbick and make a crisp shot! An easy shot with a long swing don't get you anywhere!"