

LIFE SKETCHES

By W.E. Hill—An Artist Who Senses Spirit Of The Day

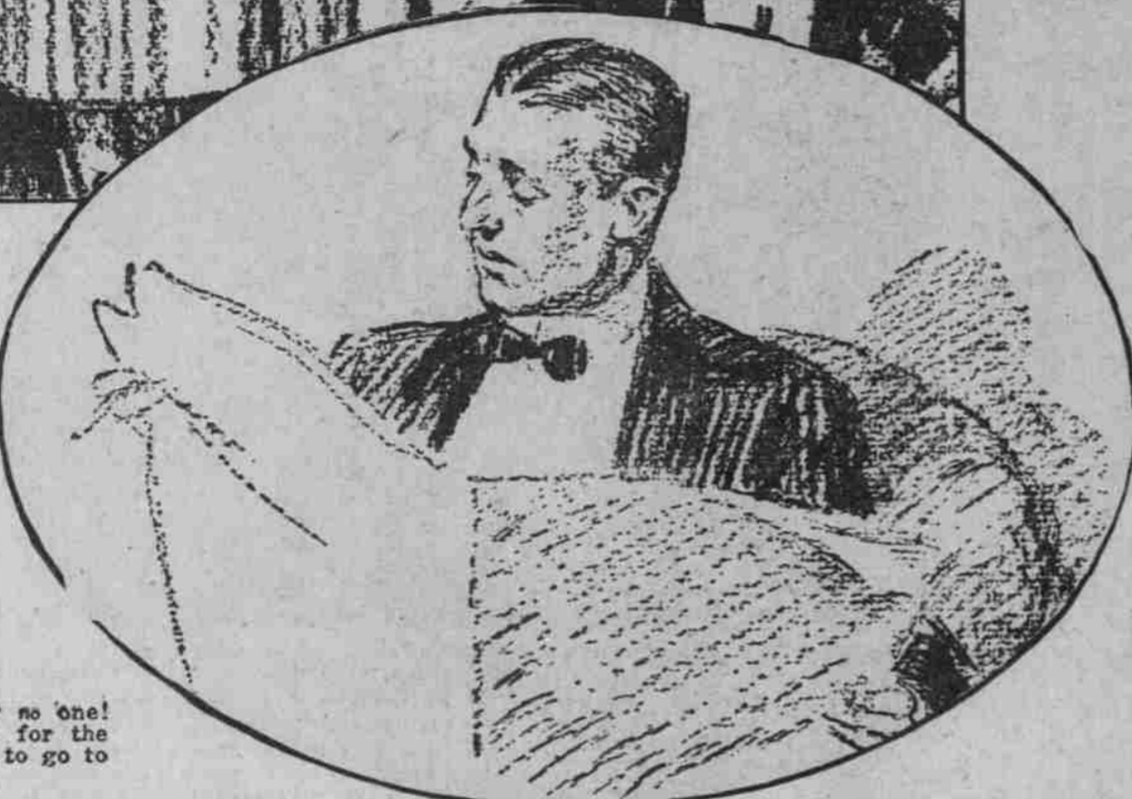


The theatrical district on a warm, moist August day, with several uplifters of the drammer out job-hunting. The large, lovable lady on the extreme right is Miss Mabel Hokum, just in from the road. She is on her way to see if there's any truth in the rumor that Mr. Pemberton is putting out two more "Lulu Bett" companies. Mabel is crazy to play Lulu through the South, where her following is large. Mabel has her notices in the little black bag.

AMONG US MORTALS

Summer in the City

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No one in town. Absolutely no one! Gerald is marooned in town for the week end. Can't find a soul to go to the Follies with him.



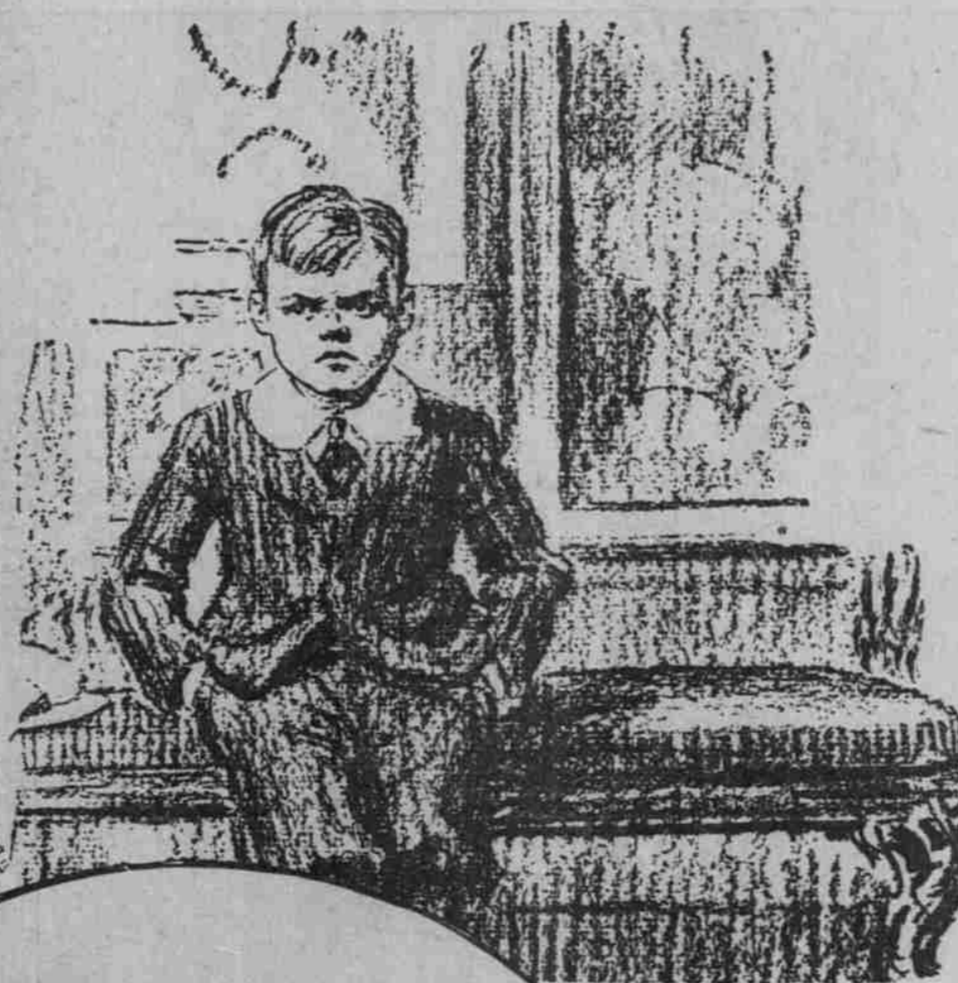
Mrs. Fred Grieve is on with her lesser half for the wholesale fish and poultry dealers' convention. And such a good time they are having. Mrs. Grieve has spent the morning going through the National Biscuit Company's plant and the afternoon at the Strand. And to-morrow they are going on a sightseeing bus out to Woodbine Cemetery, with stop-offs at the Art Museum and the Workhouse. "You can't tell me the East isn't hospitable," postcards Mrs. G. back to Wurt, Ind.; "there's a sign right in the lobby of our hotel that says 'Welcome Wholesale Fish and Poultry Dealers!'"



Meet Mr. Grassman, buyer for Grassman & Gluey, Inc., London, Paris and Flint, Mich., specialists de luxe for gents' furnishings. Mr. Grassman is looking over the clothing situation. It's a toss up, says Mr. Grassman, whether tripe gray or liver red will be the prevailing fall color.



English people—their first time over—watching the wrong Americans in the wrong hotel.



Archie is being taken around to see the sights. At present he doesn't want to see another big building, museum or picture gallery—all he wants is to get back to Gaylordsville. Archie and two friends have been digging a hole in the back yard. It's to be an underground clubroom, and Archie is in a hurry to see how things are coming.



The Ford tourists. Mrs. Rackwell doesn't see anything pretty or attractive in the way the city girls get themselves up. And the short skirts! My land! Mr. Rackwell doesn't commit himself except to observe that "there certainly are a lot of dolls in New York."



The summer school student. Miss Barnett is brushing up on a few little things like algebra and plane geometry. The Board of Education is going to advance Miss Barnett a couple of classes in the curriculum this fall.