



LIFE SKETCHES

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



Miss Bond, the English teacher, is playing watchdog over five finishing school flappers in town for a mainiee. Just what to do about Gladys from Kansas City and the two eighth cousins from Princeton (they just happened to be near the gate when the train came in, and want to join the party) is the question of the moment. These rich children, like Gladys, need so much looking after, you know.



"You got an appointment with 'im?" asks Saul, who watches out for possible book agents and bond salesmen "with a great proposition" to offer the boss. Saul is very busy reading the comics just now.

Mrs. Lilliabek, the caretaker (guardian angel of the Van Pelts' summer place), is wondering why Mr. Van Pelts' liquor should have that queer corked taste. Mrs. Lilliabek is going to try another bottle to see if it's all the same.

AMONG US MORTALS GUARDIAN ANGELS

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Niles, the chauffeur, has left his post at the wheel and is guarding the person of little Cracknel, the white poodle, from possible harm.



"I'm sorry, he can't talk with you now, he's in a conference. I'll tell him you called." The private secretary, who has to guard her boss from the buffets of the outside world, has to do an awful lot of lying. By "conference" she usually means that the man who covers the Middle West territory has dropped in with a new tale about how "the next day the bride said to her husband," etc., etc.



Miss Minnie, the switchboard divinity, who guards the portals of the outer office. Just now Miss Minnie is lost to the world in the contemplation of her nails, but just try to get past without sending your name in to the boss's office and see what happens.



"Now, I am a lit-til afraid, my young friends, that we are a lit-til too inclined to do as Jack Horner did, when he pulled out the plum, and said, as he did so, 'See, SEE, what a fine boy am I!' That, my young friends, is what we are so fond of doing when we pull a plum from life's board. It-till realizing that many of the choicest of life's plums are not due to our cleverness, or foresight, or aptitude," etc., etc., etc. Dr. Deughey, guardian of the spiritual and higher life, gives a little Sunday night talk to the younger members of the parish.



"Run, Gramma, run fast!" Grandma is taking care of Marjorie this afternoon. They are playing horse and are going to run a race in a few minutes.



Rosie, the beautiful check-your-hat-and-coat girl, who guards the hats and coats of an evening at the Restaurant Doree.