



LIFE SKETCHES

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



THE DAIRY LUNCH

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"An' that tall skinny guy I seen you out with on Sunday—I suppose he was your brother, too? Yeah?" Chris, the buttercake marvel, pausing to scintillate with jibe and jest, for the benefit of the beautiful lady behind the cash register.



The noon hour rush, showing in the foreground a table thoughtfully "reserved for ladies" by the management. Four perfect ladies—two of whom are eyeing each other very much askance—are lunching frugally. The large opulent beauty in black has been making an inventory of the somewhat severe lady opposite. "You couldn't ever fix her up. She'd always look the same, no matter how you dressed her," is her silent comment. The somewhat severe lady is just as observant. "Such paint! Such wanton vulgarity! Oh, dear, DEAR!" And right then and there the somewhat severe lady has the brilliant idea of blushing for her sex, which she does, with indifferent success.



Olaf, the helper, whose heart is not in his work.



A guiltier feeling than that of the absent-minded gentleman who made his exit without paying, and was haled back, would be hard to imagine. See with what bravado he walks away—whistling the gentle strains of "When Frances Dances with Me, Hully Gee."



"Now you sit still till mama finishes her ice cream! A great big girl like you!"



The suspicious dairy luncher, who polishes off her knife and fork with a paper napkin.



"I don't know why it is I feel so depressed in the spring." And added to that, Ella's arches are troubling her this morning.



Three lunch orders. On the extreme left is the man who orders the bowl of bread and milk with graham wafers on the side. Sitting next is the tired business man who lunches on buckwheats, coffee and pie. (He will spend most of the afternoon reducing his stenog to a state of tears). The third gentleman, the chauffeur, is putting away a modest repast of steak, French fried, coffee, onions braise and pie a la mode—in about the length of time it has taken you to read this paragraph.



Somebody's bright young filing clerk, all set for an order of jelly roll, coffee, and a cream pudding to top off with.