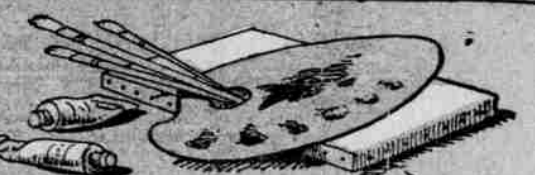


LIFE SKETCHES

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



THE CLASS STRUGGLE

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There are always tucked away in some corner of the city a small army of people who have reacted against their Puritan ancestry. They have come right out in the open and are leading their own lives, they will tell you, in the city, where nobody cares. Too much New England ancestry did it. (It took a lot of get-up-and-go for the young man on the extreme right to break away from the class-consciousness of the grain business in Oswego, N. Y. Now he is a post of the metronomic school and has directed several lyric shafts against the financier class.)



The minor celebrity. Not any special class, but all classes are the foes of the minor celebrity. Somewhat of an egoist, he wants all society to act as his background.

Herman, the headwaiter, from the standpoint of dollars and cents, is an expert at classifying the patrons of the Cafe de Fin and Haddie. After one brief but searching glance, he will show the college boy and the Follies' girl to a table alongside the dance floor, while the stouthead lady and gentleman from Flint, Mich., will be led around to the table way back next the pantry door. Herman is very class-conscious.



One of the hardest stunts in the struggle for supremacy is the uphill climb of the ambitious lady with plenty of coin of the realm, but absolutely NO connections, or worse than none. At times it does seem as though "keep out" were the motto of the people at the top of the social ladder. Pause a moment and pity Mrs. Peter Holcomb (they called her Lou Holcomb out Little Rock way). She is all set for a nice bow in the direction of some one with whom it is quite necessary to be on bowing terms. Mrs. Holcomb will bow, oh, so sweetly, and the lady at the other end will look straight through Mrs. Holcomb and never move a muscle.

Lady engaging a maid, and trying, oh, so hard to bridge the awful gap that exists between a cook and the so-called lady of the house.



Between city people and country people there is an awful gap. And when two of the summer boarders (they are a crazy lot anyway) turn out to be artists from Greenwich Village—well, something ought to be done about it!



The traveling man who forgot to wire ahead has been struggling manfully but unsuccessfully all the afternoon with seven room clerks of seven hotels. Each clerk is just a little bit haughtier than the one before, and if at 6:30 P. M. you were to ask the T. M. to divide the existing social order into classes (not that you would for a minute) he would say, "Upper, lower and hotel room clerks"—the room clerks being at the head of the column.



The oldest inhabitant, who still believes in an upper middle class and a lower middle class. She won't invite any one to her house who hasn't been in the social register for the last fifty years. So class-conscious it positively hurts.



A left wing socialist and a member of the bourgeoisie meet in a picture gallery and, oh, the scornful glances! If looks could kill certainly the lady with the paradise feather would be no more.