



LIFE SKETCHES

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



BON VOYAGE

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Among those present at the rail when the boat moves from the slip are the Crosby twins (in the center of the group). They look alike to most people, although at home in Racine one is known as the pretty twin and the other as the not-so-pretty twin. Even with that to go by people sometimes confuse the two. The twins are being taken abroad by their parents to make a tour of the battlefields of France and, oh, what a jolly time they will have, for at home or abroad Delight and Lydia Crosby are regular little romps! The young lady with the bag and the dressed up Kewpie doll is Miss Maybelle Diamond of Rollins, Ohio, and she, too, is bound for France. Maybelle will know every man on the boat after the first six hours. Maybelle's Mamma, Mrs. Roscoe Diamond, stands just to the left of Maybelle. The two young men to the left of the pretty—or, is it the other way round—Crosby twin, are hurling heavy pleasantries at friends on the pier. "Herb, here, will be feeding the fishes pretty soon," chortles Herb's friend Bud. "Herb's going to be ONE sick boy!"



The friends who arrived too late to board the boat: "I told you," Mrs. Wray is saying frigidly, "we'd never be on time if we took a street car! NOW you see!"



Celebrity from foreign shores, about to be interviewed by reporters. Is she glad she's leaving America—what does she think of American men, tall buildings, shore dinners, etc., etc.?



The stage celebrity, Mme. Katzenzeit, the Wagnerian prima donna, is the center of attraction on the promenade deck, and several onlookers are so busy following her around "just to get one good look," that they have completely lost track of whomever they came to see.

"All visitors ashore" has sounded panic stricken ears of Cousin Lou Stollwerck, and here she is completely lost in a maze of corridors below decks, with no one to save her from being carried straight off to Europe.



"Bon voyage from the boys in the office."

Western Union boy, en route with a florist box to the wrong boat at the wrong pier, and whistling merrily as he goes.



"Now, Carrie, if you will only GIVE UP to it and nibble cracked ice and ship's biscuit the VERY MOMENT you feel squeamish you'll be all right no matter HOW rough it is."



Little group of wellwishers coming aboard to say it with flowers, fruit, and little steamer chair pillows on which the words "Bon Voyage" have been worked with loving care. The young man who is sighting his party is a comic young man. His steamer gift is a great big joke—a pasteboard book labeled "Confessions of a Widow, a Loud Book." When opened the book will explode and a merry time will be had by all.