

LIFE SKETCHES

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



SWEET CHARITY

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The lady philanthropist who is perfectly willing to give provided she can do it her way. If interfered with, she won't play.



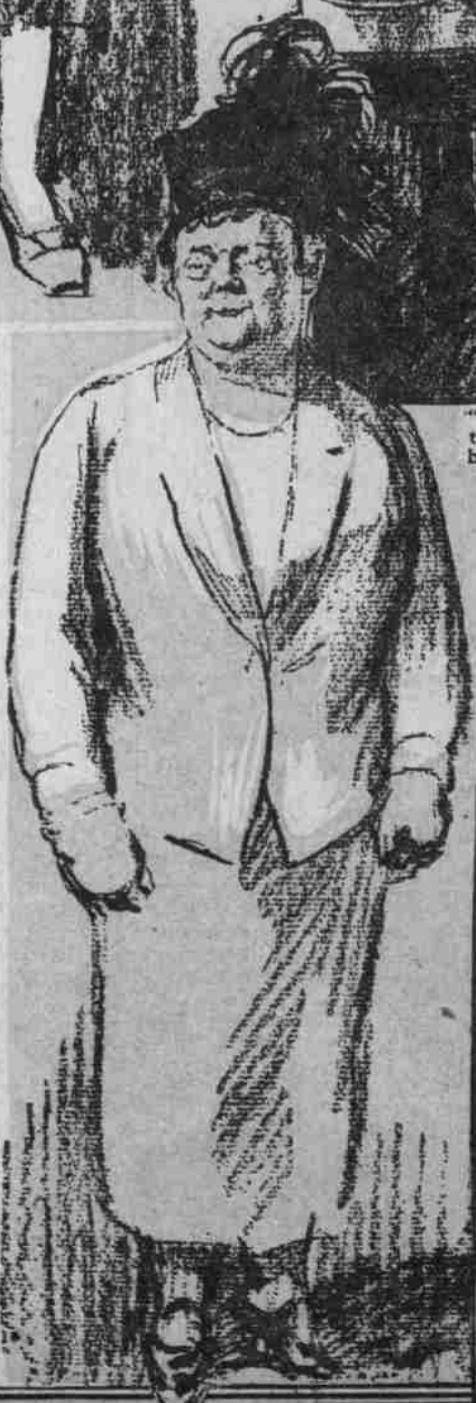
Charity begins at home, you know. That's probably why Mrs. Fred Gunther has been over to tell the minister's wife that really her dresses are a little, too short.



Irwin, alas! has the type of face that only means one thing—a chronic reformer.



The willing performer, who volunteers her services for charity often with little or no provocation. The W. P. is singing about how "thy fragrance makes me swoon, as the jasmine, at noon."



The organizer, whose life is just one series of committees for the benefit of this, that and the other thing.

"Why, I didn't suppose you were going to wear them any more, Arthur, so I gave them to the furnace man." There are times when Mr. Dobbie wishes that charity would NOT begin at home!



The church worker, Cousin Rhoda Torby varies in her religious intensity. Some months she will be very slack, and then again she will be just as willing about the altar flowers and the Ladies' Aid! It all depends on whether or not the minister has offended her.

"Every man his own settlement worker," seems to be Mr. Clock's motto. His inside coatpocket, is full of little cards telling where the needy and jobless can obtain good, wholesome, honest employment. All the vendors of rubber gum and leadless pencils are, of course, grateful beyond words to Mr. Clock.

The temporary settlement worker, Gladys is working at the day nursery. Something has to be done with Gladys till she marries.