

AMONG US MORTALS

With Whom are You Lunching?

By
W. E. HILL



TWELVE till two in Peacock Alley. Among those present (left to right). Mrs. Bustle and Miss Wurst, meeting by appointment. Says Miss Wurst: "I saw that awfully stylish, *cute* young girl, and, my dear, if it wasn't you!" Just beyond, Mr. Mix explains to the little wife—registering displeasure—that he couldn't be expected to leave before the directors' meeting was over, etc. Next in order is a lady shopper; her feet hurt, and she doesn't care much whether Eva turns up or not. Last, but not at all least, sits Mrs. Doolittle, clubwoman, with a hat guaranteed to add three feet to her height, at peace with the world.



"You don't mean to say you're his mother! Positively, I'd of said you was his sister!" Waitress, paving the way for a tip.



Mrs. Fergel, while waiting to be served, grows pleasantly sentimental over the rendering (café orchestras always render, you know) of "The Rosary."



Explaining a slight mistake in the addition of the check to Bessie, the war waitress, who was never very good at arithmetic.



Chester, paging "Mrs. Gallatin" through the corridors and restaurants. By the time he reaches the grill "Mrs. Gallatin" will be "Mr. Callahan."



"If you got something to sell, you got to get yourself in a—I should say, the buyer—in a receptive *mind*—in other words, that is—I mean"—Eddie, awfully keen on the psychology of buying and selling, becomes a trifle involved while trying to impress two college friends.



The Misses' Bent's school is giving a performance of Molière's "Misanthrope" in the hotel ballroom. Maybelle, Bent alumna and ex-war worker, has nabbed a stray overseas man as her guest.