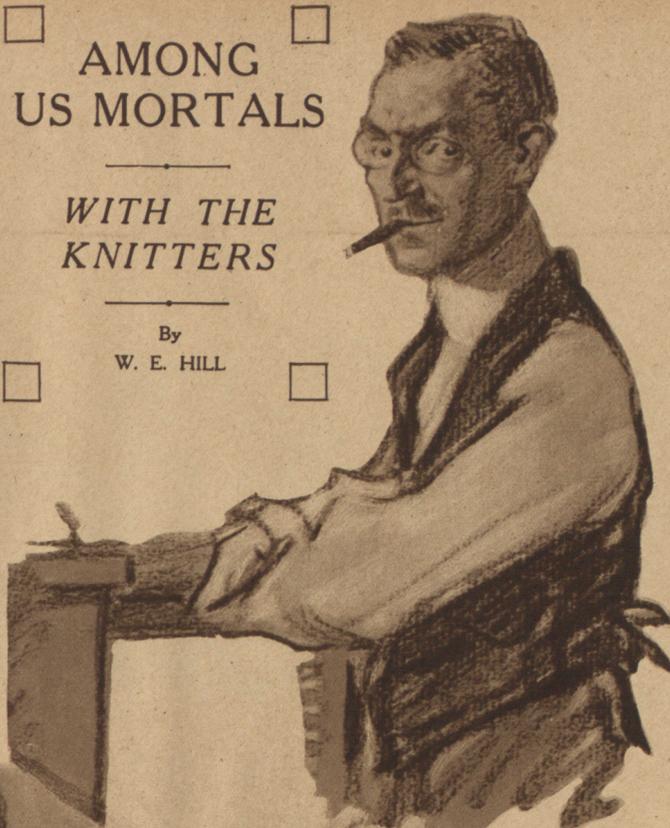


AMONG US MORTALS

WITH THE KNITTERS

By
W. E. HILL



"They say the boys in the trenches are perfectly wild about them"—Fred, who came home from the office a bit too soon, arrives just in time to have the new trench helmet tried on for the benefit of a caller.

Knitting socks for soldiers has put an awful damper on darning socks for father. Mr. Skeer, whose three daughters are all Red Cross workers, has hit upon a novel plan of putting every third pair of knitted socks in his upper bureau drawer.



Mrs. Jay thinks it would be a splendid idea for Herman, the chauffeur, to knit while he is waiting outside of places, and would be only too glad to supply the wool. Herman is not quite so enthusiastic.



"I'm afraid we can't accept this." Mrs. Wicks, who had made the sweater small on purpose—"They stretch out twice as big after they've been worn a few times, you know"—is rapidly making up her mind never to work for the Red Cross again—no, never—after such ingratitude.

Mabel, who hates knitting, and is always hearing very convenient rumors about how the Red Cross has issued a bulletin asking the local workers not to send in any more stuff.



At the theatre—Lady knitter with very sharp elbows sitting next Mr. Otto Hochzeit, the super pacifist.

Miss Tupper, who spends so much time watching to see if her neighbors are knitting according to Hoyle that she never gets very far along with her muffler.