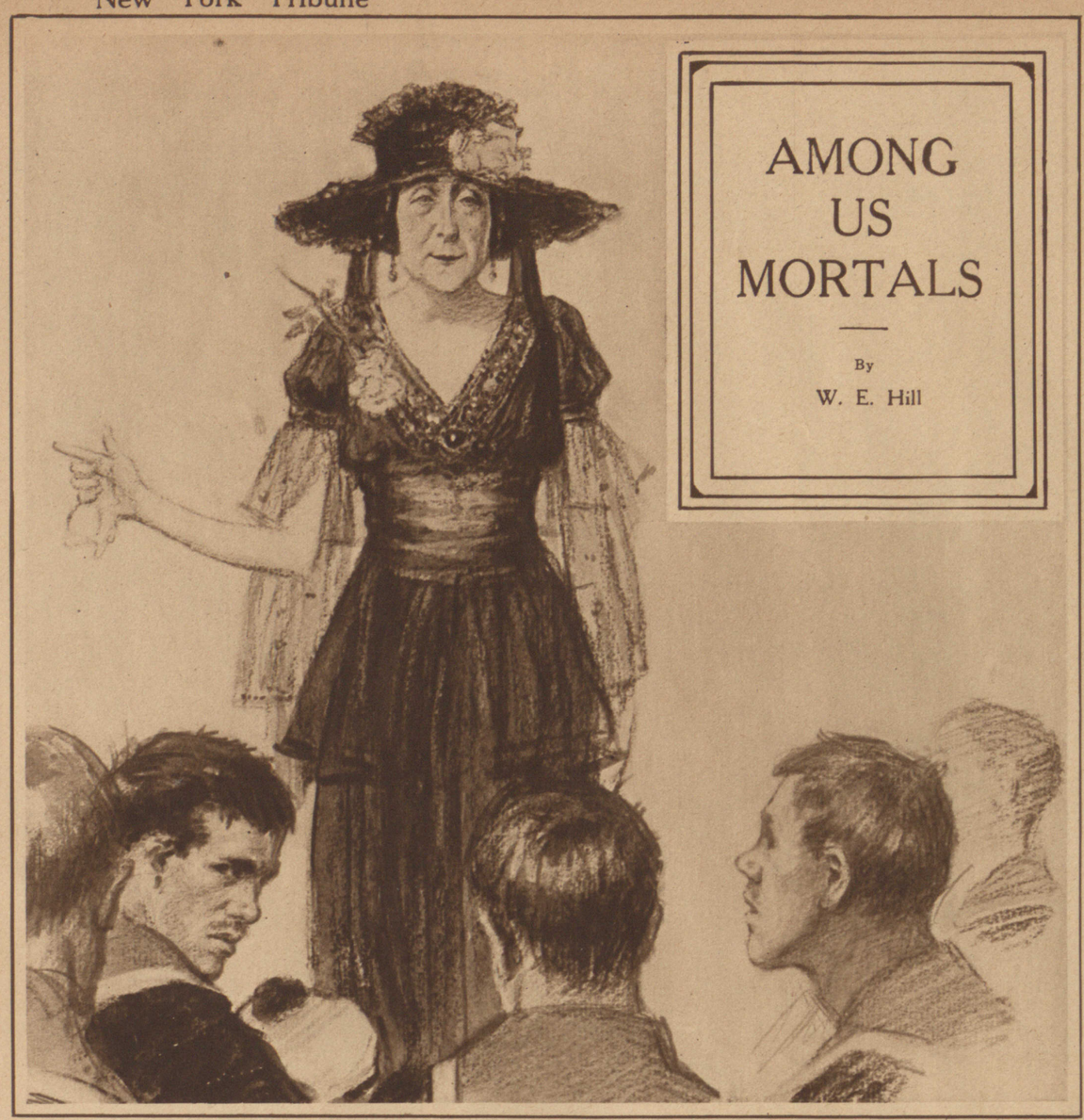
AMONG US MORTALS

By W. E. Hill

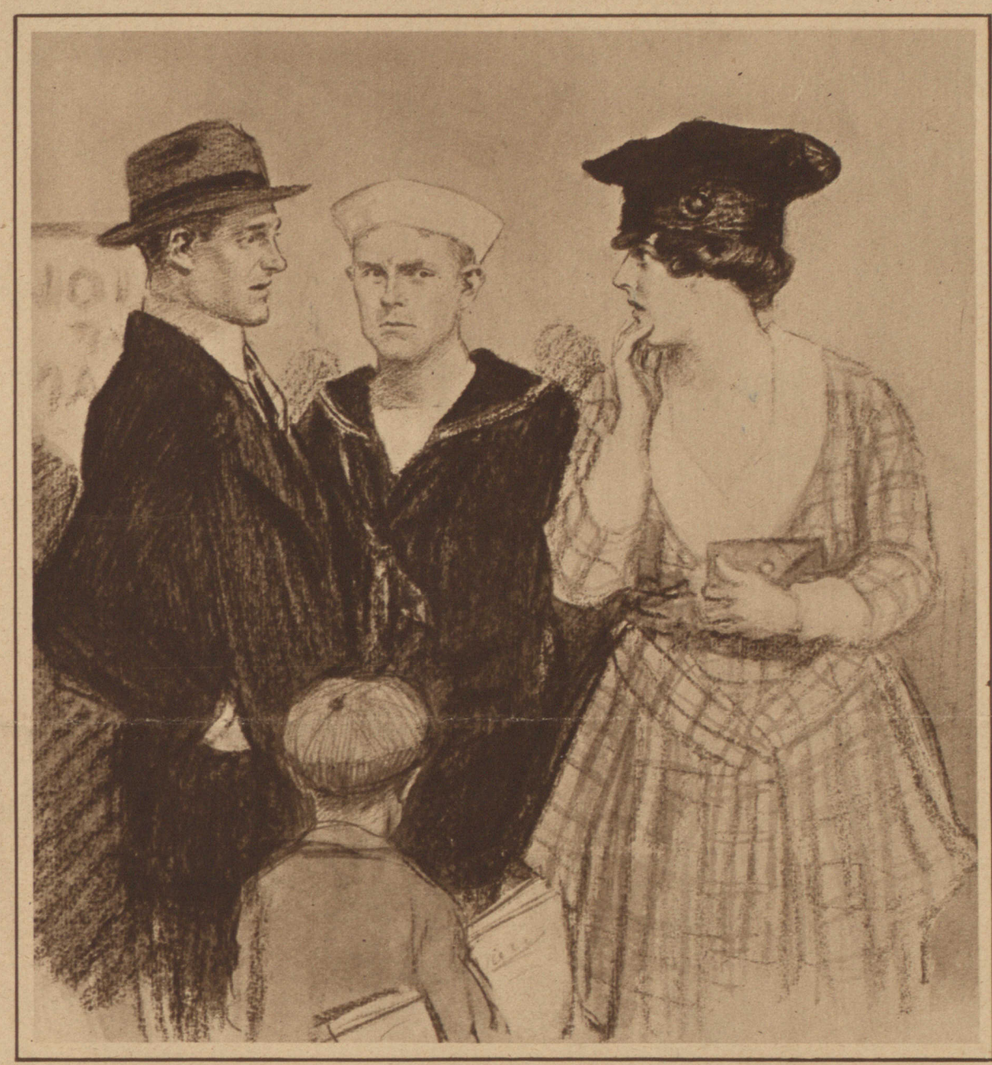


Amélitta Nimms, who does those frightfully clever recitations in negro dialect, does "Huldy Hoadley at the Barbecue" for a group of French sailors, who don't know any English.

"My land, Carrie, you don't suppose he's gone and married one of those French girls!" Lieutenant Fink's mother asked the "Ouija board" what Fred was doing, and it spelled "Tessie."

Gustave, dishwasher at the Bon Ton Lunch, never heard of registration cards, the draft, or anything else, so why should any one call him "slacker"?

"Hey, fella, where's your exemption card? Come on, now!" Mr. Tupper may be over thirty-one, but Private Scruggs, detailed to hunt slackers, is not taking any chances.



If Mrs. Pettie had known that a slacker raid would be on when she and Will arrived in New York, it's a safe guess she would never have put her husband's exemption card with the shopping list on the back in her stocking along with some bills and her jewel bag. Now it looks as though Will would have to go to court with the slackers—unless ———!

"Oh dear, I'm so afraid when the troops come back that they'll overload the docks with the people who come to meet them, and first thing you know the docks will give way and everybody will be drowned!" Even the thought of victory has its drab side for Aunt Sarah.

A good omen! Watching the sunset in the yard of the Laurel Lodge boarding house, Miss Witchie has discovered that the clouds strikingly resemble the American flag—although Mrs. Pudgie thinks it is more like a soldier chasing the Kaiser. Annie the slavey, not quite getting the spirit of the thing, sees a locomotive.