AMONG US MORTALS
WITH THE HOME GUARD

"Mabel, child! What *is* the matter? You've been crying!" "Oh, it's all on account of those terrible questionnaires. I filled out part of Will's for him and sent it in, and I answered 'Yes' where I should have put 'No'; now he's classified as criminally insane. And now they'll think he's trying to get out of the draft—and he wasn't even going to claim exemption."

"You might ask him, if it's not too much trouble, when they get into Germany, to send your Aunt Addie a bottle of water from the Rhine. She's set her heart on something like that for her new cabinet."

Mr. Opp, who has explained at length many times in the past year that he felt he could do more good here at home tending to his job and buying Liberty bonds. Here he is shown just inside a doorway till the Liberty Loan canvasser is out of the way.

A little gathering at the Press Club. "Why, as far back as a year ago last May I said to Creel, 'Now, look here, if you want to make a success of this thing.'"——

The Civil Service examination. "I've been studying my synonymes all week, and, my *dear*, there's woids and woids I never even knew there was before."

If the war hasn't done anything else it has silenced the man who used to camp out in the Pullman smoker and ramble on for hours about travel abroad, and how there wasn't one place along the Mediterranean where you could get a good order of pork chops and fried potatoes.

"I'd like to hand a few remarks to the guy that started this gasless Sunday business." Teddy Du Ball, who posed as Martyred Belgium in the midnight cabaret, is an unwilling victim of war economy. Imagine the feelings of a hard working young girl at 2 a. m. of a Sunday morning, and not a taxi to be had—forced to go home in a streetcar.

"Aw, gee! It's nothing but a man in B. V. D.'s! Come on back to work!" The class in airplane construction at the aviation school knocks off work to investigate the pippin some one saw in a window across the way.