

AMONG US MORTALS

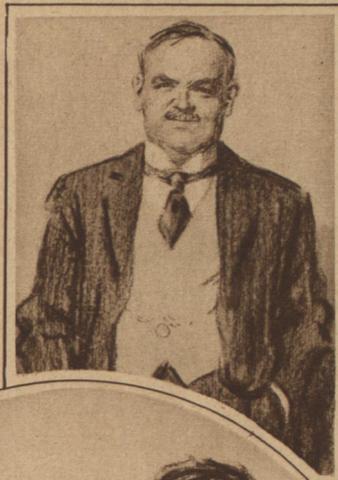
Unrest

By W. E. HILL

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Annette is all up in the air over the present social unrest. In fact, she can't make up her mind what to do—whether to come out this winter and end up at Palm Beach, or stay home and learn to be a stenog.



What with this war being over and all the soldiers demobilized, you can't blame Mrs. Rue, who used to entertain soldiers at the canteen, from getting awfully restive. Everyday life is such an anti-climax after doing "That's What the Rose Said to Me" for a lot of men in uniform. The cook and waitress are entertaining gentlemen friends in the kitchen, and Mrs. Rue, who felt she would scream if she had to pass another inactive evening, has hit upon the novel plan of entertaining the people in the kitchen. Mrs. Rue is singing about how she "Met a little elfin man, walking in the wood."

The way to win out is to keep a little bit ahead of the game, argues Mr. Higgingrove, of Higgingrove & Co., Ltd. Anticipating the inevitable outcome of industrial unrest, Mr. Higgingrove has devised a profit sharing scheme with the employes that ought to make a general strike impossible. Every three months each employe gets 1 per cent of his salary.



"All this unrest is directly due to German propoganda," says Miss Moist, who used to discover German spy plots every day or so during this war, and just can't get over the habit. Why, only the other night, at a church social, Miss Moist was shocked to hear a recitation about "A rag, a bomb and a hank of hair"—and if that isn't conclusive!



No trade is unaffected by the general unrest. Take Mr Carp, who helps in the "Elite Undertaking Parlors, complete layout, \$60." A year ago he was interested in his work—but now, to use his own words, he don't care that whether he gives up his job to-morrow!

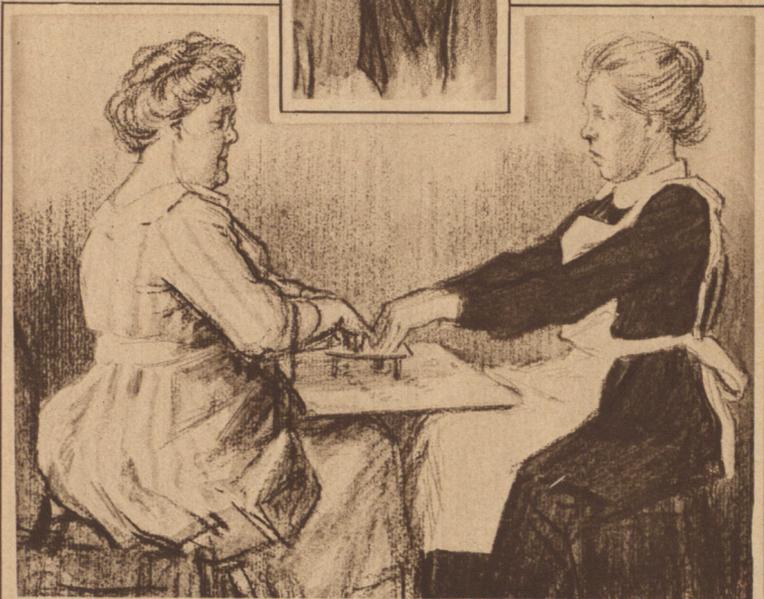
Leo Blatz and Lena Waw, of the direct action bunch, have planned three successive revolutions, beginning with the Fourth of July, and so far nothing has come of them. At first Leo was inclined to blame the capitalists, who never do fight fair, but it begins to look as if all this labor unrest has made people so restless—if you get what Leo means—that they can't focus on a revolution.



Mrs. Slayback, who doesn't know where all this labor unrest is going to end, has thought it advisable to keep her pearls locked up for the present and is wearing a copy of the original, "a perfect replica, my dear, except that these are a little larger!"



A lot of the present social unrest is due to prohibition undoubtedly, especially with those who neglected to stock up carefully. Mr. Weeks, whose liquorless existence is due to the express company, which failed to deliver on time, is doing his best to make a barrel of vinegar go back to cider. Some one said, "If you put a decayed turnip in a quart of vinegar," etc. The vinegar is still vinegar.



Believe it or not, with all this religious unrest going on, orthodox religion is getting an awful wallop these days, what with planchette and ouija boards, all handing out communiques from heaven and hell. No wonder the clergy are getting worried over the pew rentals. Here we have Mrs. Askit and Helga, the waitress, getting in touch with the other world. Mrs. Askit is getting up a magazine edited by Mark Twain, Louis XIV and Thomas a Kempis.

Of course, everybody expected that the discharged soldiers would be pretty restless for a while, but with all these welcome home celebrations and the like you'd expect them to be pretty well settled down by now. And yet some of them still want to get back to France, which is the ungrateful attitude of Joe Bowley, late of the A. E. F. Joe is shown in the accompanying sketch being fixed up for the sack race by three members of the Ladies' Aid Society on Welcome Home Day.