



The Lunch Club of more or less successful men, none of whom is a good listener. Not one of them but would rather be telling what "the chief" said to him than hear what the next man has to offer about "the wife."



Miss Mooney, the cashier, has her suspicions that a half dollar in the cash drawer does not ring true.



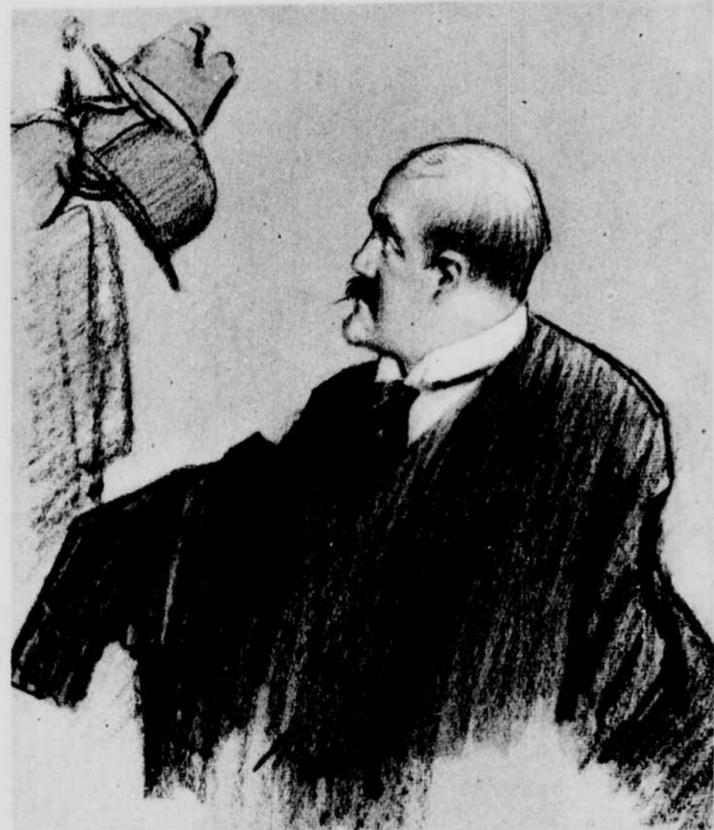
The overhanging warm and moist waiter.

AMONG US MORTALS

BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

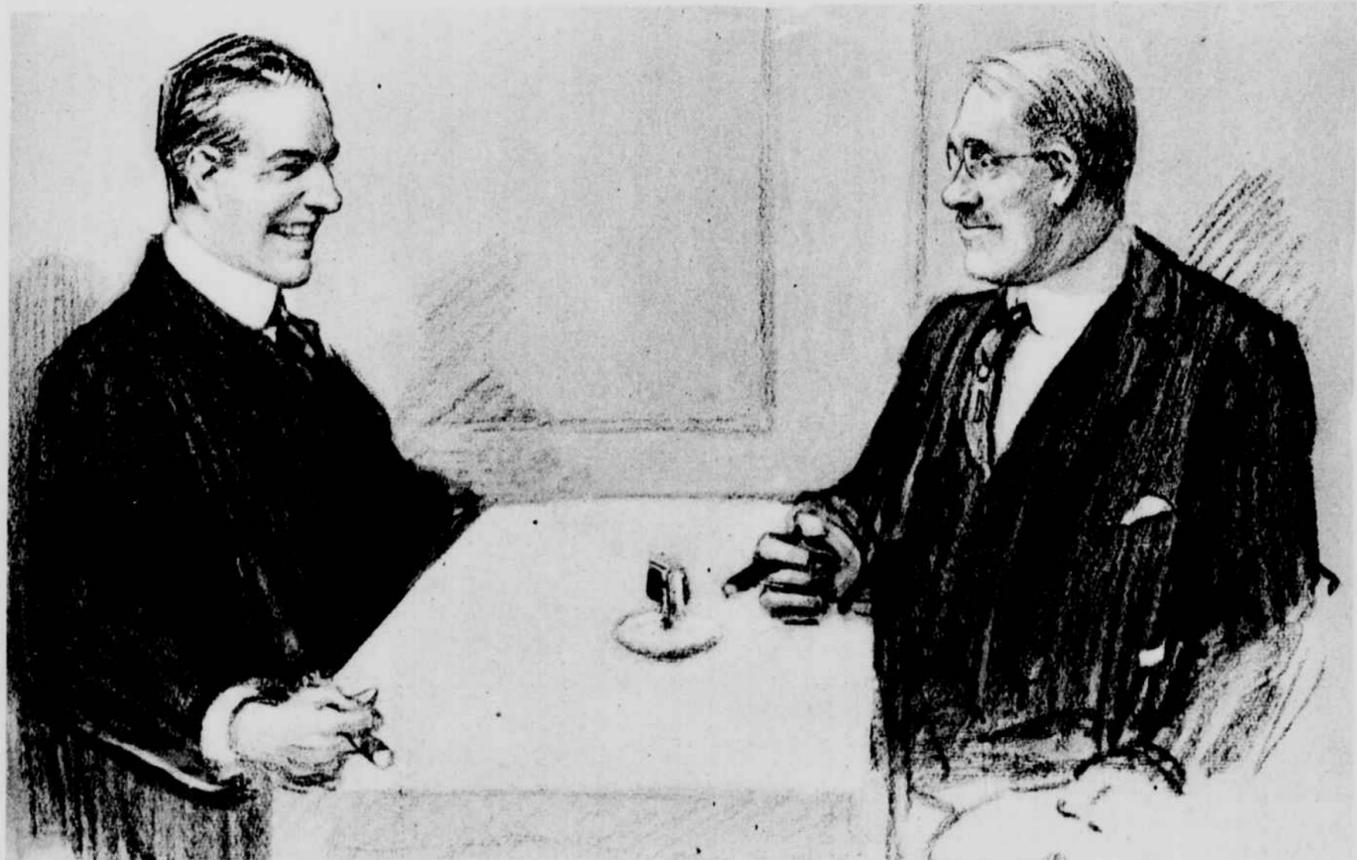
"Take it from me, a fella saves money if he gets a Rolls-Royce!" Joe, Eddie and Bill, whose aggregate salaries amount to thirty per, look with contempt unbounded on "one o' them cheap cars."



The man who is going to make ten thousand dollars next week and would like to borrow a quarter in the mean time.



Mr. Grouch, in a hurry for his lunch, has just asked Marie if she was ever arrested for speeding. Marie, who mistakes his meaning, is inclined to be coy about it.



Taking the out-of-town buyer out to lunch. Mr. Schriner has just pulled the old one about what Pat said to the Frenchman, much to the enjoyment of the "pussy willow pajama" representative, who first heard the joke twenty years back.