

AMONG US MORTALS

The Ladies' Choral Club

By W. E. HILL

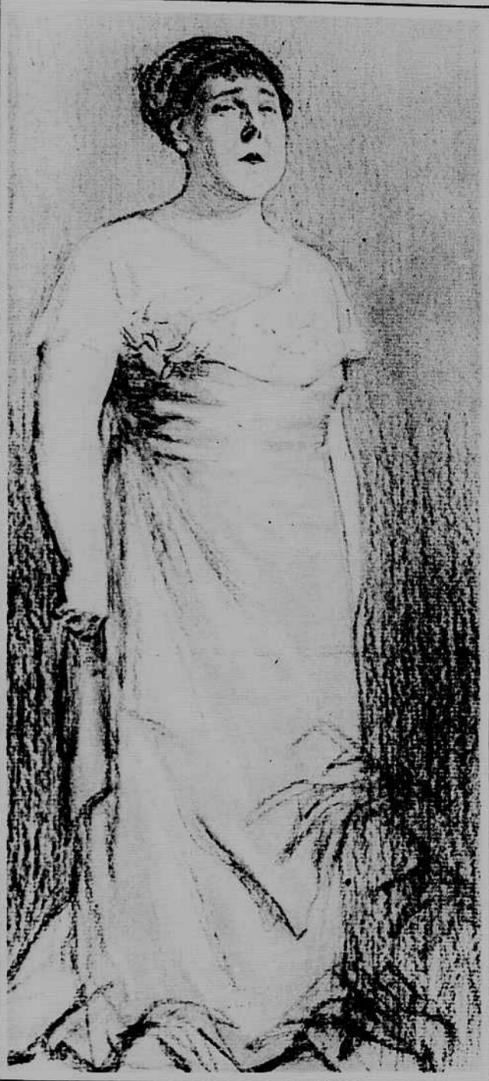


The conductor takes the stand.

Stanhope Hoppe, whose "Sandunes in Normandy" is being given for the first time, is called upon to rise and bow just at the moment when he was all but disrobing in the rear of the box in search of a coat check.



"For Me?" The soloist who sent herself some flowers registering pleased surprise.



Mrs. Fred R. Wollow, soprano, who is about to sing us "Songs of Araby," whether we will or no.



She only comes to half the rehearsals, and is anything said? Not a thing!

Somebody's music teacher (\$25 an hour) rushing back to offer congratulations and gather in new pupils, if possible.



"Oh, what shall we do without our 'Tristan' this year?" The lady in the guest-room-wastebasket-effect gown is talking opera with Mr. Butts, the rubber merchant, and is not going very big.



Part of the first row at the yearly recital of the club given in the ballroom of the Ritz-Plastoria