



The self-made snob. He hasn't any use for any one who went beyond the sixth grade in the grammar school, and as for a college man—"show me a college man," says he, "and I'll show you a fool!" He relates proudly about how, at the age of three and a half or thereabouts, he ran away from home and worked in a glass factory.



Mrs. Fred Wrench is a climber—and it's been pretty hard climbing since she came to the city from Laurel Center. Mrs. Wrench is looking interestedly into a convenient shop window—a vacant saloon it happens to be—when some one who knew her in Laurel Center passes by.



Frederic, the Joyce-Joyces's butler, whose feeling for the common man has been considerably altered since the day his second cousin by marriage got a job as second man with people who entertained an earl's daughter.



The Rev. Eyelet is one of those clergymen to whom any one outside of their particular sect is simply not worth damning when the final trumpet blows.

**AMONG  
US MORTALS**  
**Snobbish People**  
By W. E. HILL  
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Salesladies, the "very elegant" ones of the blond in black type, are just as snobbish as the rest of us—that is, if they take a dislike to your face, or your hat, or the shoes you wear, or the member of the family who is with you. Behold Mme. Maginn, of Maginn, exclusive importers, saying to poor little Mrs. Duff, "No, Moddom, I don't reely think we have a thing in stock that would suit you." And all because Mrs. Duff "ain't the kind of trade we want in the shop"—to quote Mme. Maginn.



Two ladies who live in the right part of town passing through the wrong part of town, where all those awful nouveau riche people live.



The small town people who are always coming to the city, but wouldn't live there for anything and can't help feeling awfully superior to city people. "Why, really, we have the best shops at home and our girls are noted for their looks; there's really nothing you city people have that we don't have out in East Walton."



Irwin is an awful snob when it comes to brains. Irwin can't waste time being bored by people of inferior intellect.



Mr. and Mrs. Bab and Mr. and Mrs. Deughie have just been introduced by a mutual acquaintance in the hotel lobby. A hotel lobby is such an impersonal sort of background that neither couple can quite place the other in the social scale of things. Naturally, it is exceedingly difficult for Mr. and Mrs. Bab, and equally so for Mr. and Mrs. Deughie, to know just how much cordiality one ought to show under the circumstances.



Joe would probably disclaim any imputation of snobbery; just the same Joe has a pretty poor opinion of any one outside the A. F. of L. "Afraid to soil their hands—the big stiff," is Joe's attitude to all outsiders.

The man who prides himself on not being aesthetic. "Art may be all right for some," says he, but give him a good photographer every time. "No, siree, none of the high-brow gang can put anything over on me!"