



AMONG US MORTALS

Sunday Morning

By W. E. HILL.

Copyright, 1921, N. Y. Tribune, Inc.
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office



Grandpa and Grandma are looking after the children till church is over. It's a busy morning for all parties. Jennie is pretending that Grandpa is Jennie, and that she is Grandpa. In the next room Talbot and Grandma are playing at shooting bears. Grandpa, impersonating the bear, has to lie on the floor to be shot at.



What the poor minister has to look down at all morning. The lady in the center is wondering if she put net over the old Canton crape, and had it dyed, etc., etc.



"Now, Daddy! You're skipping! Go back and begin again where Princess Cross Patch met the little dwarf!" Daddy, who doesn't care much about reading aloud all Sunday morning, has tried unsuccessfully to put one over on Edie May. Edie May knows the book too well.

"Mom! Can I go down and get a banana?" The Sunday morning late rising means very little to Edward—and not very much to Edward's mother.

Sunday strollers. Time was when two simple girls went to wander hand in hand down a shady lane on Sunday morning. There aren't as many shady lanes as there once were around a city, so Gladys and Zoe do their strolling near the state road, where at any moment a big Rolls Royce or a Packard may give them a lift. Says Gladys to Zoe, "And he says to me, how'd you like a platinum wrist watch? Can you e-magine him saying that to me! Well, I says to him 'An' who's going to give me one, my mother?'" (Shrieks of laughter from Gladys and Zoe).



The Sunday morning trip to the door for "The Star" and then back to bed again.

Right—Cousin Garvin has arrived much earlier than was expected for Sunday dinner, and has been handed a wine glass of home made wine—much as you hand a baby a rattle to keep it amused. Cousin Garvin can have the recipe if he wants it—two dozen potato skins, a raisin, some yeast and half a gallon of mulsified oil, etc., etc. After the first sip Cousin Garvin wonders whether he will go blind, or just be awfully sick.



Of course there are people who like to think of Sunday as a day of peace and meditation—church bells ringing, choir boys caroling and all that sort of thing. There are people, however, who have other ideas about the Sabbath. Statistics show that to eighty-eight out of every hundred wives Sunday morning is just a convenient time to approach the lesser half with the honeyed words "Dear, would you mind looking over my bank balance and my check stubs and seeing what's wrong?" And there's usually a lot that's wrong.



Breakfast in bed—showing in this instance a very sleepy male on whose manly chest a loaded breakfast tray has been deposited by the little wife who can't be delayed by the breakfast things any longer.



Son of the house, with a borrowed cane, sneaking out for a morning stroll.

