

# AMONG US MORTALS

## The Tail End of the Holidays

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"Now, Arthur, don't you stir out of this house till you've sat down and written your Aunt May a nice note, thanking her for the Christmas book she sent you."



ATEST  
FICTION



The box of Christmas candy is passed on to Olga, the sweet-toothed domestic. Olga doesn't mind a bit that the remaining layer consists largely of the pink filled pieces that nobody liked. A good many of them have been bitten into and have been put back.



The light fiction counter, several days after Christmas. "No, I knew the book wasn't purchased here, but I thought you wouldn't mind changing it." Then Gladys will open the book at one of the places which hasn't been thumb marked, to show how fresh and new it looks.

The Christmas toys have begun to pall on Effie, even though a household full of grown-ups are continually reminding her that there are no end of poor little boys and girls who would be glad of a single toy to play with, and here she is with all these lovely, lovely playthings and tired of them already! Effie has been asking her Aunt Helen how old she is. Also, how old a lady has to be to get married — and why Aunt Helen hasn't any little babies. Aunt Helen is rather glad that Effie's school reopens Monday next.



Right—"Thank you so much, Sarah, dear, for the darling little"—and right there Anabelle's mamma struck a snag. She was going on to say how she had the gift right before her on the desk even as she wrote, etc., etc., but neither Anabelle, nor her mamma, nor Aunt Jane can remember for the life of them what it was Cousin Sarah sent.

Sad-eyed elevator man of the Linden Court apartments gazing, oh, so reproachfully, at those tenants who didn't come across at all handsomely on Christmas Day.



Right—January 1st, which comes all too soon, bringing the Christmas bills.

