

"But," interjects some one who does not own a Car, "why did not the Owner put his Foot down and insist upon a leisurely number of Miles per Hour?"

Following the same Line of Inquiry, why did Chester and Luella go without Butter at Dinner when they were both dying for it? Because they could not bear up under the sniffy disapproval of the autocratic Simpson.

Why did Luella go about with her Hair freaked up into funny Knobs and Ocean Waves? Because if she had insisted on doing it up her own Way, the French Maid would have walked out and left her Flat.

Why were they afraid to send an humble Request to the Kitchen for Fried Steak or Pickled Beets? Because they could not afford to lower themselves in the Eyes of the 24-carat Chef.

It was after the Up-Country Menagerie had been sealed for the Winter and all the Joy Birds had migrated back to the Smoke Belt, that our Good Friends suffered most keenly.

Both were Show Fans. They did not hone for Operas with 20-minute recitative Solos, or Problem Plays that smelled like the Surgical Ward or gabby Society Comedies tinctured with pale Blue.

They liked Ragtime and Soft-Shoe Work and Local Gags and a Chorus.

Luella's favourite Actor was Fred Stone, and Chester was always trying to find some one who could tell him more about Nora Bayes.