

end of the seat. The next surprise was a dip. Evidently she thought there was a good chance of losing her lid, Marcel-wave and all, so she ducked. The dip bounced her up and she regained the seat with a sickening crash—more work for the upholsterer. But the next curve—gosh! The robust peroxide slid into me like a block of granite, and I became a pancake. She had three rows of insertion in her elbow sleeves, which left a corresponding impression in my jaw. After a few more curves and dips my jaw looked like lattice work, and I felt like a pea. The blonde didn't talk much—she couldn't—she was working her molars over a wad of gum that would have choked a whale. As we neared the home

stretch my spirits rose, and I made a frantic leap for the platform. I tripped and skinned my nose, which is now red—kind people say I have dyspepsia.

Slowly and painfully, with the discordant strains of "Tammany" ground out by the Merry-go-round, ringing in my ears, I shaped my course for the ferry shed, and sank into a seat, exhausted. The posters all seemed to be running into each other. The parrot, who had been shrieking "Corby" incessantly, stopped to drink from a Radnor bottle, the Quaker Oats man was thumping away on a Bell piano, and the military Sweet Caporal girl was spanking the Borated Talcum baby. Yes, it was time for me to go home.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS



"Bill! There's someone comin', I'll 'old 'im up and if he shows fight you grab 'im from be'ind."