Run? That play ran like a startled deer! It drew such crowded houses that we had to post signs at the door announcing that we would only sell tickets to thin men and women; and then we had an especially narrow opera chair constructed, so that we were able to seat ten more people on each row.

The play had plenty of variety, too. Perkin had thought of that. Always full of sparkling wit and clean, wholesome humour—as fresh as Uneeda Biscuit, and as bright as a Loftis-on-credit diamond. Take the scene where the Princess of Pilliwink sailed away to Zululand as an example of the variety we were able to introduce. The first month she sailed away on a cake of Ivory Soap—it floats; the next month she sailed on an Ostermoor Felt Mattress—it floats; and then for a month she voyaged on the floating Wool Soap; and she travelled in steam motor-boats and electric motor-boats; by Cook's tours, and across the ice by automobile, by kite, and on the handle of a Bissell Carpet Sweeper, like an

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