

"They's a sale of transformations down to Madam McDowd's to-morruh," she says, "and I gotta get one, sure. This here one I'm wearin' makes my face too full."

"Dear me, ain't it the truth?" says Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen. "And I guess I gotta get me some new puffs. These here ones ain't a good match with my natural hair."

"Why don't you just hang on to them and get some more to sorta cover them up," says Plunger's wife. "You kin stand more'n you're wearin'."

"Well, now, that's a good idee, come to think of it," Mrs. Gold Dollar says, "and I sure thank you for mentionin' it. You're a true friend, Mrs. Einstein."

Mrs. Sweeny interpreted the Boarder's interrogatory glance as one of doubt, and hastened to cinch her argument.

"Take it frum me, I ain't stretchin' it none. Ladies yaps about hair nowadays, most of much as they does of clothes. It ain't that they're lost to all shame, as you newspaper guys would put it; it's just that they ain't got no sense of humor."

The Boarder grinned. "You are a traitor to your sex," he declared.

"Huh!" she cried. "We're all natural traitors, ain't we? Women ain't got the habit of stickin' up for each other; and maybe that there streak helped some in lettin' me hand it to Louise."

"You better get a bale or two more," I says to her. And whatchu think? Next time she blows around here, there was a lump of hair on her that looked like them hay houses the cannibuls lives in.

"Fine, Louise!" I says. "Keep up the good work, and you'll just breeze under the wire. You've already took the money home," I says, "almost."

"Honust!" she wants to know, writhin' in front of my parlor lookin'-glass like a busted trolley wire in a windstorm. "Honust, Belle?"

"For true," says I, "and may I get overcharged at the grocery if I ain't handin' you a tip right from the owner, so to speak," I says. "But if you want a lady's honust dope, I'd suggest that you get about six phoney curls for the sides," I says.

"Well, mister, that run for the book with her. That night she done a stunt of trystin' with her boy wonder, and they hikes off to a show. I seen him takin' notice of Louise's new hair, wonderin', I guess, if it all growed out over-

night, or whether it was some she had planted down around her ears for Derby days, as you might say. He never thought of lookin' for no price tag—not him. I seen then that I'd have to sting him hard. Honust, if he'd been Columbus, he'd have sailed his ships agains' this land of the freedom-frumplice-interference-if-you-pull-right, and wonderin' why they run aground. He didn't have no battin' eye."

"Any what?" asked the Boarder.

"Well, he just wasn't wise—that's all. But as for that, he wasn't much different frum most men, I guess, where women is the prize puzzle. I've saw men that's been married ten years and don't know yet that what their wives calls 'jist a little powder to take off the shine' is the complexion they think is so pretty." But I guess men wasn't meant to get wise to

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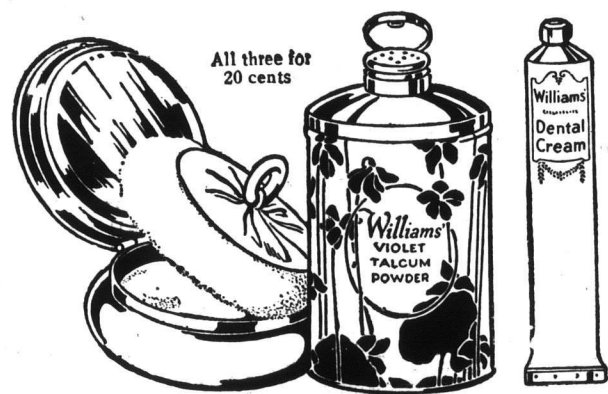
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