

represents that many individuals, every one of them enjoying discreet identity; that is to say, if the six million etc. should differ among themselves in shape, smell, color, and chest measurement, and were to be laid out end to end like paving stones, the procession or path formed thereby would not only extend from here to the moon, but I dare say it would extend a considerable distance beyond it. That, indeed, would be an

ASTONISHING SPECTACLE

but as an even more striking illustration of subway efficiency another graphic measurement might possibly be used. Thus if all the 639385780 passengers could somehow or other be got into a mortar, brayed into a pulp of semi-liquid consistency, and then plastered over the sun, I believe there would be a sufficiency of the pulp not only to cover the sun, but to such an opaque depth that not even the tiniest twinkle of light could force its way through. But

WHAT A TERRIBLE CALAMITY

that would be! For denied its most important source of heat and light, the world would most certainly freeze. Business would collapse, stocks fall to unprecedented levels, and with all its telephones ringing unanswered, the earth would spin forever through the stars, as cold and naked as a door knob. Nevertheless, Mr. Frank Warburg of the Revelation Undergarment Company, protected from ideas of any such a catastrophe by his morning newspaper, trotted down the subway steps, deposited his nickle and leaped

THROUGH THE TURNSTILE

Which act, being pars primo in his morning ritual, Mr. Warburg thereat hastened with a fixed eye toward an open car door, and thrusting aside the weaker or less ardent votaries who were converging toward it, so skilfully employed his elbows as to thrust himself within and capture the last available seat. Whereat the gong jangled, the door slithered shut, the train moved, Mr. Warburg hitched up his trousers, and

WHO'S THAT WAS SHOVING ME?

asked Miss Craig. It was a young man who had lost his balance and fallen against Miss Craig, a young man in a leghorn hat. For though every morning and evening the New York Subways perform a miracle of quantitative transportation (Hannibal maneuvering his army over the Alps, Xerxes herding his warriors over the Hellespont, or Moses engineering the Children of Israel out of Egypt, performed no vaster feat of transporta-