

hardly finished reading through the advertisement for the second time when the train reeled round a corner, the flanged jaws of its wheels screeched, and Miss Craig trying desperately to grab a strap, dropped her little pink handkerchief. The hankerchief fluttered down past Mr. Warburg's newspaper, spread its wings like a butterfly, and landed gently in his unconscious lap. The train having taken the curve, and Miss Craig regaining her balance turned to Miss Williams and said, "Holy Moses!" Leaving a blurred trail of lights and spectral faces the train slewed past Eighteenth street. "What?" said Miss Williams. "Look!" Miss Craig lowered her eyes. Now if Miss Williams hadn't laughed or if their eyes hadn't met, it might have turned out all right. The handkerchief might have blown off his lap, or it might have just slipped onto the floor, or he might have seen it lying there and passed it up to her if he was gentleman enough. But he probably was

NOT GENTLEMAN ENOUGH

Miss Williams began giggling, the motion of the train is giggly anyway, doing her mouth up with a lip stick to make off she wasn't laughing, which of course was no use because she lost her balance and that set them off all over again. And just then that fat nigger woman saw it lying there, so she began rolling her eyes trying to hide her big blobber lips with a handkerchief, and then the man next to Miss Williams saw it, and the young man who'd fallen over, saw it, and pretty soon everybody in the car was peeking over their shoulders to take a look at it. Miss Craig went white and red by turn not daring to look at Miss Williams for fear she'd scream. And then the man himself began to get figgety behind his newspaper and the next moment he was staring over it again at Miss Craig. Of course he must have seen everyone looking in that direction, for he looked down over his paper and saw it. Or probably he must have just glanced at it, for he was wearing a baby blue shirt and the handkerchief was pink. At any rate the difference in color didn't seem to mean much to him, for he went behind his paper and when a moment or two later he coughed and turned to a new page Presto! the handkerchief had absolutely disappeared. Naturally Miss Craig and Miss Williams didn't dare move their eyes one way or the other, but kept them positively glued to "Nodoreen. Harmless. Effective." until finally the train did stop at Canal Street, and out Miss Craig and Miss Williams wriggled as hard as they could and then just ran for the exit. As for Mr. Warburg, he stayed within the shell of his newspaper, and was carried past his usual station all the way to Rector street. But this is not extremely unusual in the daily annals of the subway, for occa-