

The Nervous Man

By W. E. Hill

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An imaginative man can be thrown into a perfect fit of nervous tremors by one of those "run-your-own" elevators. "No, thanks," he will say to his hostess on the fourteenth floor, "I won't ride down. I like the exercise of walking." Never gets over the thought that the thing may crash to the subcellar with him in it.



A guest bathroom is something that a nervous week-ender is ever distrustful of. Particularly those bathrooms with two doors—one leading heaven knows where, and never locked securely.



Nervous boys go all to pieces before one of those cute menaces, who comes right up and baby talks about how "I jus' faw down an' go boom!"—all the while exerting magnetism.



Statistics show that there are today among the married male population of these United States more cases of nervous indigestion and hiccoughs than ever before. This sad state of affairs is due not, as many of our ministers and reformers say, to joy and high living, but to the growing tendency among women to take their husbands along for the fitting. Up in the alteration department the husband is parked outside the fitting booth and told not to stir, while dearie and the head fitter try to determine her natural waistline, if any. Here he sits for hours, stared at by shoppers and salesladies, just about scared into a nervous collapse.



"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Tullybuck, I'll be glad to come. Yes, I'll be delighted to call for both old ladies!" A nervous man can be got to promise practically anything over a telephone if caught while shaving or in his undies.



A young man in a highly nervous state, trying to locate what bit him in the dark hours before the dawn. (A mosquito that doesn't sing is about the meanest creature there is!)



A man of nervous temperament gets nervouser and nervouser standing in line for tickets to something. If the day is warm, and there are large, placid people around him who breathe audibly, it's worse yet. A large person breathing on his neck from behind will be almost too much.



A sleeping car is a terrible place for a nervous man. What with listening to strange snores and wondering what he did with his bill folder, and whether or no the porter will call him at 7:15, it's a long, long night ahead.