Traffic on Foot
By W. E. Hill

"I know my rights, and don't you forget it, young man. And don't you
hand me any of your lines!" Officer Brown has seen it all before, the side
of traffic, no doubt, of which Mrs. Jones (left) is an integral part. And no
thing else in the world of a cop can push sweet Della back to the curb with
rapidity, no, sirs!

Just a lady backing out of the wrong side of a cross, thereby giving the driver of the car behind
a footpath.

Mrs. Pfing and Mrs. Palmer are the car drivers' delight. Mrs. Pfing
gets her fair share of a footpath, only to be dragged back by Mrs.
Pfing. Sometimes, unless aided and alerted by the traffic squad, it
could be like lovely ladies to overcome a street crossing.

"Hey, you, what's the idea! We're not going to run over!" Officer Burdell giving Missy
and Oracle a hearty lecture before seeing them safely over the street crossing.

Julia and Josephine live "way out in the suburbs and often
walk out on the state road, talking intimately of this and
that. Sometimes they are so absorbed discussing personable
boy friends that they forget and stay right in the path of the
cars. And if a motors with a couple of unoccupied seats
happens along, why Julia and Josephine will, if urged, accept
a lift back home.

The care-free layweller cutting across while traffic is thicker and
lights are red.

Hiker on a state road getting all set to
repose with a glass of 2-year old, sinless.

Four varieties of doory looks directed at a taxi driver who
made an unlooked-for left turn. If pedestrians would only
realize how a motor look from a person on foot engenders
feelings of hatred in the plastic mind of a taxi driver, only
the sweeter of smiles would reach their homes. Sometimes
taxi drivers, even the most calmer, will seldom if ever run
down a pedestrian with a noisy smile.

These boys just have to run out into the thick of the one-way traffic, seeing
it's the season for baseball. Not so good for nervous motorists.