Taxi Fares
By W. E. Hill

"Hey! What ya think you're doing? You oughta go across and then down in Garfield square. Why didn't you come up this street?" Nothing gives a taxi driver greater joy in this life than the face who knows much more than necessary about the city traffic arteries.

"Now, driver, you must promise to drive O. so carefully! And very slowly, because it's not a month yet since my operation!"

Elderly girls from the quieter localities, especially if they are up on all the crime news in the tabloid sheets, are very suspicious of city taxi drivers and are ready at a moment's notice to jump from the cab screaming bloody murder. They know all about toughness, murders and how to drive a car all the same. These ladies are giving the driver's license a rigid scrutiny, and they are pretty certain that the attached photo is not of the driver.

"Get out! Your meter must be all wrong! Why, I went three times as far yesterday and wasn't charged half that!"

Certain people who do a lot of going hither and yon in taxis but naturally seem to inspire a feeling of shamelessness on the part of chauffeurs. Just as certain parties have not equal, these others have something that no taxi driver can resist. It may be the story of his wife's gall bladder operation, or how last winter he was driving a boy home from a dance, etc., etc. This power of invoking confidences is often a great trial to the passenger, especially in crowded traffic.

Taxi drivers are very sensitive to the fitness of things, and if they note that a party signalling a taxi in front of a theater on a wet night has the wrong overcoat and has for evening clothes, they will pass him by every time.

These jovial boys are not for good, wholesome fun. They are about to hail a taxi and summam the driver to take them where they can get some liquid refreshment of high power.

Some sixth sense will tell a taxi driver that this lovely lady has nothing but the exact change with nothing left for a tip.