

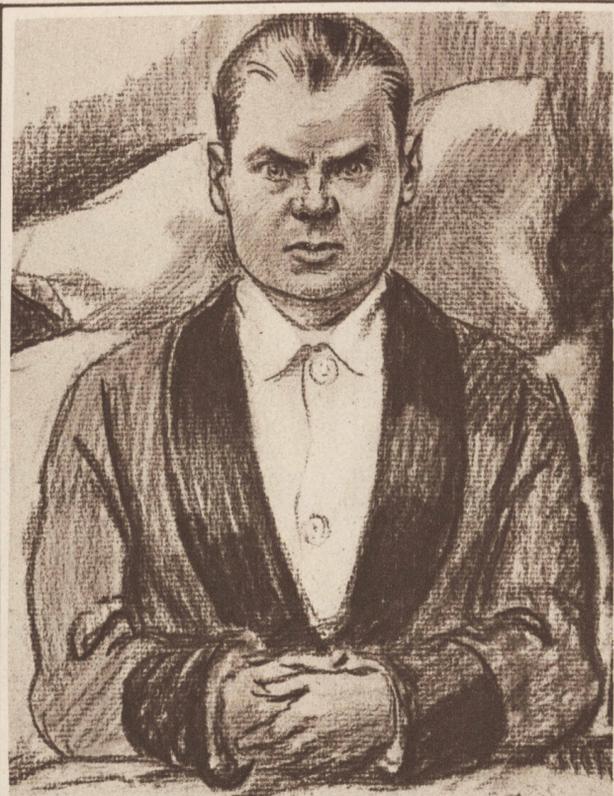
# Introspective People

By W. E. Hill

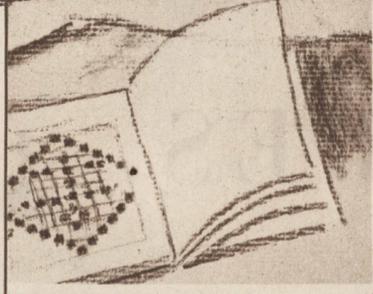
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Nothing more to talk about. Some married couples have been together so much and so often that they just naturally fall into fits of moody introspection when dining out or in.

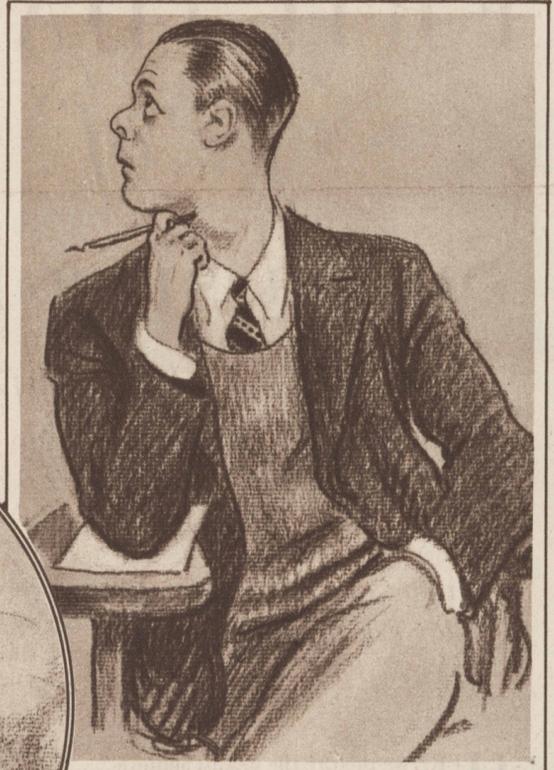


Gerty reads all the etiquette book ads. They have caused her more hours of painful introspection than you could shake a stick at. "Should I," Gerty is asking herself, "have picked up the oyster fork when he knocked it off the table, or should I have let it lie?"



The convalescent. Roy is getting over an attack of tonsil trouble. He is brooding and brooding and getting all het up over the false friends who haven't come to see him or inquired about the tonsils. Convalescence is a swell time for anyone addicted to introspective thoughts.

You'd never suspect a chorus girl of being introspective, now would you? Just the same, they get as ingrowing as anyone else at times. It's doing the same steps night after night, matinee after matinee, with only the audience to think about that does it. Take Miss Flo Farina, for instance, on the right end of this gay trio from the "Ha, Ha, Hattie," company. You'd never guess, but she's in a terribly moody state right now, thinking about life and its injustice. Her friend, Mr. Marcuss, gave her a squirrel coat for Christmas when she wanted a mink. Imagine!



College boys get pretty introspective at times, "and how," as they say in snappy collegiate vernacular. There are so many lectures on early Elizabethan drama and such that have to be attended. And when a boy feels disinclined to take notes there's nothing to do but think and think and worry over who will get the assistant track managership.



Freudian Fred. Books by Mr. Watson and Mr. Freud are nuts to Fred, who thinks nothing of going into the silence and analyzing himself inside out. He keeps a notebook of all his dreams. According to Mr. Freud's theories, Fred has discovered that he is in love with his Aunt Julia and has a slight Oedipus complex.



Absent-minded Lewis. Lewis takes long walks about the city, plunged in moody thought, neither seeing nor hearing, much to the annoyance of taxi drivers whose path he crosses. This morning Lewis is going through an imaginary talk with his boss, telling him where he gets off and making him feel pretty cheap. Sometimes Lewis talks to himself.



The quiet retreat. A young lady who dwells in the bosom of a large family has no end of a hard time indulging in fits of introspection. Someone is always saying: "A penny for your thoughts, Dora," or "sitting there thinking isn't going to get the pan under the ice chest emptied." That's why many girls spend so much time in the bath tub. They can't be got at there.



A church pew full of Sunday worshippers who have been lulled by the soothing tones of the minister into a period of introspection during the sermon. The lady third from the left is brooding over the mean little things her family do to annoy her. She is picturing their remorse and grief supposing she should die suddenly with a sweet, sad smile upon her lips. The man beside her is busy, too. He's wishing people would make more fuss over him.