

Penny Gets a Hit

(IN THE TEETH)

... BILL SAVER



We had just finished cleaning up the dishes from our evening meal and settled down in the living room. I was glancing through the newspaper and Kitty, my wife, was just getting started on her mending for the day. Jack, our teenage son; Penny, our nine-year-old daughter, and myself are continually losing buttons and wearing holes in our socks.

Suddenly the back door flew open with the force of atomic energy. Penny came tearing into the house, screaming at the top of her lungs, her face covered with a pitiful mixture of tears and blood.

"I got hit with a bat! I got hit with a bat!" she cried.

"You'll be all right," I told her reassuringly and quickly got her into the bathroom where Kitty expertly cleaned her face so we could inspect the damage. A fast checkup revealed a bad bruise on the outer side of the upper lip, a small cut on the nose, cuts and bruises inside the mouth, and a couple of loose teeth.

"Well, it could have been worse," Kitty remarked after we had calmed down the youngster and applied an ice pack to minimize the swelling, "but we had better call the doctor just to be sure — and tomorrow I'll take her to our dentist to have the teeth checked."

"Now, just how did it happen?" I asked Penny.

She looked up at me with a funny expression on her face, and began: "I was talking to Betty. Betty was the batter in a game of "500" the kids were playing. All at once she swung at the ball and the bat hit me in the face. I guess she thought I'd walked away."

"You were lucky," I replied, "that you weren't hurt worse. Let's hope that will teach you a lesson. In any kind of a ball game, always keep plenty far away from the kid who's swinging the bat! There's no sense in making it easy for an accident to happen."

As Kitty and I returned to the living room, I remarked: "Maybe she'll remember to be careful in the future—and maybe not. I guess you can't expect too much from a youngster when a great many grown-ups thoughtlessly place themselves in much the same position every day when there's no need for it."

Kitty gave me a quizzical glance and said: "Let's have it, Mr. Bill Saver, just what are you driving at now?"

"You took the words right out of my mouth," was my reply. "Driving, when not necessary, is the answer. Thousands of folks every day drive their own automobiles to and from work, bucking heavy traffic and adding to congested street conditions, which delays them all, when they could very easily and conveniently ride CTA "L"-Subway lines for all or part of their trips. The days are getting noticeably shorter now, and falling leaves and unpredictable weather add to driving hazards. Motorists are taking chances at this time of the year—just like Penny did when she stood too close to the girl with the bat. There's no percentage in taking chances that may result in serious injury, not to mention the inevitable doctor's bill, repair bills, and loss of time from the job. Penny, unfortunately, had to learn this the hard way."

"Sounds kinda 'preachy' for you," said Kitty with a smile. "That's about the longest speech you ever made on this particular subject. But, when you stop and think, it does make sense. Why invite trouble by taking chances?"

Just then the doorbell rang.

"There's the doctor now," Kitty exclaimed. "I know Penny will feel better after he sees her." And she went quickly to open the door.



Bill Saver

says:

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