

in the novel I am writing. I went to my
den to begin my deed of blood. I took up
my pen, but all I could get it to say
was, "Punch in the presence of the
passengers," I fought hard for an hour
but it was useless. My head kept
humming, "A blue trip slip for a
8 cent fare, a buff trip slip for a 6 cent fare,
& soon & soon, without peace or respite.
The day's work was ruined - I could see
that plainly enough. I gave up and
drifted down town, & presently discovered
that my feet were keeping time to that
relentless jingle. When I could stand
it was no longer, I altered my step.
But it did no good; those rhymes
accommodated themselves to the new
step, & and went on harassing me just
as before. I returned home, & suffered
all the afternoon; suffered all through
an unconscious dinner and
unrefreshing dinner; suffered &
cried & jingled all through the evening
went to bed, & rolled, tossed & jingled right
along, the same as ever; got up at
midnight, frantic, & tried to read; but
there was nothing visible upon
the whirling page except "Punch,
Punch with care, punch in the
presence of the passengers!" By sunrise
I was out of my mind & every body
marveled & was distressed at the
idiotic burden of my ravings: "
Punch! oh, ^{with care} punch! punch in presence
of the passengers!"