

A STOMACH'S DIARY

by

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The outraged stomach of a flapper is describing the experiences of a single day. Here it is:

10:00 A.M. - Oh dear! Another warm day. Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday? If I am I'm going to strike. Just disposed of a half-chewed breakfast. We ran for the train which meant I was so joggled about and so tired that it took me twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two of complete rest before anything more comes my way.

10:30 A.M. - Two glasses of ice water have just arrived. It will take all of the energy I can pump up in the next hour just to warm me up to normal.

10:50 A.M. - Half chewed breakfast did not satisfy her and she has bought some peanuts and started again.

12:00 P.M. - Peanuts have been drifting along steadily ever since. Think she has finished them though.

12:30 P.M. - Decided she wasn't very hungry and instead of a good solid dinner, sent me down a cold egg nog heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so unnaturally cold, but that made it terribly difficult to deal with.

1:10 P.M. - More ice water.

1:40 P.M. - Was mistaken about the peanuts; she found another handful in the bottom of her vanity bag and now I'm getting them again.

2:05 P.M. - More ice water.

2:10 P.M. - She has been lifting some heavy books and as usual, used my muscles instead of her arm muscles. You see, she's never had any proper physical education - soft, flabby, slouchy sort. Tired me almost as much as a six-course dinner.

3:02 P.M. - Furtive fellow has bought us a box of caramels. Just heard her say, "Oh, dear, I don't feel a bit well. The milk in that eggnog must have been sour".

6:30 P.M. - We played a set of tennis before dinner and here I am all tired out and a lot of work to do.

- 6:50 P.M. - We were invited by a sissy sport with a belt on his coat to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon phosphate and then had to run for a car.
- 7:00 P.M. - Fried 'taters, cucumbers, veal cutlets, catsup, cookies and canned blackberries. What do you know about that?
- 7:45 P.M. - We are strolling down to the corner with a knock-kneed guy in a sport shirt and white pants for a pineapple walnut college ice.
- 8:20 P.M. - Got home and found somebody had made some iced tea, she drank two glasses. I tried hard to keep the tea and the college ice separated but they mixed in spite of me. I'm going on strike!
- 8:30 P.M. - I have sent back the college ice and the iced tea.
- 8:40 P.M. - Returned the blackberries.
- 8:45 P.M. -and the peanuts!
- 9:00 P.M. - The devil to pay! Can't get to the doctor.
- 9:17 P.M. - Doctor found at the movies. Mother thinks it's a weak stomach she inherited from her father. Knock-kneed suggests this beastly weather, the big boob!
- 9:45 P.M. - Doctor says it is from a bilious temperament.
GOOD NIGHT!