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**A TOPSY-TURVY PROPOSAL**  
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By Frank Filson

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A sudden jar; the elevator stopped and Cyrus Hodgson found himself resting at the top of the cage, among a miscellaneous company, which included his stenographer, Miss Perkins, three business men, two ladies, a tout, a peddler and a much surprised elevator man.

From the adjoining elevators came shouts and cries. Nobody knew what had happened for a while; then it was seen that the elevators were upside down.

"Something gone wrong with the machinery?" demanded Hodgson, picking himself up and glancing at the other surprised passengers.

"Pears so," muttered the elevator man. "Say! If you folks can squeeze out there mebber I can find out."

Fortunately the elevator had stopped almost on the level of a floor. With a little difficulty the passengers scrambled out.

The strangest thing met their eyes. Everything was upside down; in fact, they were walking on the ceiling.

Six feet above his head Hodgson saw the handle of a door, on which was painted upside down, the name "Jones & Co., Patent Attorneys."

"If you'll lend me your shoulders I'll climb up and get into that room," volunteered Hodgson to a stout man who stood beside him.

The stout man consenting, Hodgson clambered up and opened the door. He entered a business office. There was nothing remarkable about it except that the desk, safe, table and chairs, together with a couple of typewriters and a number of papers, rested on the ceiling.

Hodgson opened the window and looked out down Broadway. Then he realized the situation. By some unaccounted mischance every building in Broadway was resting upside down, including the city hall and the

trees around it. The street cars were upside down upon the tracks. Groups of wayfarers were clustered together, apparently dazed; they stood and pointed aimlessly about them.

"Oh, Mr. Hodgson, what has happened?" exclaimed a voice behind him.

Cyrus Hodgson, turning, beheld Miss Perkins, pretty and twenty-



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three, gazing at him in unutterable woe.

"I don't know what this means," she cried, "but I promised mother not to be late and I was so glad you didn't keep me this afternoon. And now how am I going to get home to Brooklyn?"

"We'll get you home to Brooklyn," answered Hodgson, confidently. "Just come with me and never mind this crowd, Miss Perkins."