HOW SHORTY McCABE BOOSTED SADIE

THIS ADVENTURE DEALS WITH THAT SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE, WHERE MONEY IS BURNED.

BY SEWELL FORD

PLEASE, mamma, pin a pink on me, or, say, make it an orchid long's you're in the decoratin' business. Gay, am I? Well, I may have some of the symptoms. And for why? Say, I'll be junk-wrinkled if I can tell. Perhaps it's just the weather, and then again—but I might as well own up about boostin' Sadie. Maybe you can write your own ticket then.

You see, I'd left Swifty Joe runnin' the Physical Culture Studio, and I was goin' a lap up the sunny side of the avenue, just to give my new Knox regatta an airing. I wasn't thinkin' a stroke, only just breathin' deep and feelin' glad I was right there and nowhere else—you know how the avenue's likely to go to your head these Spring days, with the carriage folks swamping the traffic squad, and everybody that is anybody right on the spot or hurrying to get there, and everyone of 'em as fit and finished as so many prizewinners at a fair.

Well, I wasn't lookin' for anything to come my way, when all of a sudden I sees a goggle-capped gawk throw open the door of one of them plate-glass benzine broughams at the curb, and bend over like he has a pain under his vest. I was just side-steppin' to make room for some upholstered old battle-ax that I supposed owned the rig, when I feels a hand on my elbow and hear some one say: "Why, Shorty McCabe! Is that you?"

She was a dream, all right—one of your peaches-cut girls, with the kind of clothes on that would make a turkey-red checkbook turn pale. But you couldn't fool me, even if she had put a Marcelle crimp in that carroty hair of hers, and washed off the freckles and biscuit flour. You can't change Irish-blue eyes, can you? And when you've come to know a voice that's got a range from maple sugar to mixed pickles, you don't forget it, either. Know her? Say, I was brought up next door to Sullivan's boarding-house.

"You didn't take me for King Eddie, did you, Miss Sullivan?" says I.

"I might by the clothes," says she, runnin' her eyes over me, "and I see you've got him beat a mile. But why the Miss Sullivan?"

"Because I've mislaid your weddin'-card, and there's been other things on my mind than you since we had our last reunion," says I. "But I'm chawmed to meet you again, cully," and I begins to edge off.

"You act it," says she. "You look tickled to death—almost. But I'm pleased enough for two. Anyway, I'm in need of a man of about your weight to take a ride with me. So step lively, Shorty, and don't stand there scaring trade away from the silver shop. Come, jump in."

"Not me," says I. "I never butts into places where there's apt to be a hubby to ask who's who and what's what."

"But there isn't any hubby now," says she.

"North Dakotaed him?" says I.

"No," says she. "I've got a decree good in any state. His friends called it heart failure. I can't, because I used to settle his bar bills. You're not shy of widows, are you?"

Now say, there's widows and widows—grass, baled hay, and other kinds—and most of 'em I passes up on general principles, along with chorus girls and lady demonstrators; but somehow I couldn't seem to place Sadie Sullivan in that line. Why, her mother 'n' mine used to borrow cupfuls of flour of each other over the back fence, and it was to lick a feller who'd yelled "Brick-top" after Sadie that started me to takin' my first boxin' lessons in Mike Quigley's barn.

"I ain't much used to traveling in one of these rubber-tired show windows," says I; "but for the sake of old times I'll chance it once," and with that I climbs in, the tiger puts on the time-lock, and we joins the procession. "Your car's all to the gobby," I remarks. "Didn't it leave you some short of breath after blowin' yourself to this, Sadie?"

"I buy it by the month," says she, "including Jeems and Henri in front. It comes higher that way; but who cares?"

"Oh," says I, "he left a barrel, then?"

"A cellarful," says Sadie.

And on the way up towards the park I gets the scenario of the acts I'd missed. His name was Dipworthy—you've seen it on the labels, "Dipworth's Drowsy Drops, Youngsters Yearn for 'em"—only he was Dipworthy, Jr., and knew as little about the "drop" business as only sons usually do about such things. Drops wasn't his long suit; quarts came nearer being his size.

It was while he was having a sober spell that he married Sadie; but that was about the last one he ever had. She stuck to him, though; let him chase her with guns and hammer her with the furniture, until the purple monkeys got him for good and all. Then she cashed in the "drop" business, settled a life-insurance president's salary on her old dad, bought a string of runnin' ponies for her kid brother, and then hit New York, with the notion that here was where you could get anything you had the price to pay for.

"But I made a wrong guess, Shorty," says she. "It isn't all in having the money; it's in knowing how to make it get you the things you want."

"There's plenty who would like to give you lessons in that," says I.

"You?" says she.

"Say, do I look like a con man?" says I.

"There, there, Shorty!" says she. "I know better, only I've been gold-bricked so much lately that I'd almost suspect my own grandmother. I've got two maids who steal my dresses and rings; a lady companion who nags me about the way I talk, and who hates me alive because I can afford to hire her; and even the hotel manager makes me pay double rates because I look too young for a real widow. Do you know, there are times when I almost miss the late Dippy. Were you ever real lonesome, Shorty?"

"Once or twice," says I, "when I was far from Broadway."

"That's nothing," says she, "to being lonesome on Broadway. And I've been. I've been so lonesome in a theater box, with 200 people in plain sight that I've dropped tears down on the trombone-player in the orchestra. And I was lonesome just now, when I picked you up back there. I had been into that big jewelry store, buying things I didn't want, just for the sake of having some one to talk to."

"Ah, say," says I, "cut it in smaller chunks, Sadie. I'm no pelican."

"You don't believe me?" says she.

"I know this little old burg too well," says I. "Why, I can buy more society with a ten-dollar bill than you could put in a hall."

"But don't you see, Shorty," says she, "that the kind you can buy isn't worth having? You don't buy yours, do you? And I don't want to buy mine. I want to swap even. I'm not a freak, not a foreigner, nor a quarantine suspect. Look at all these women going past—what's the difference between us? But they're not lonesome, I'll bet. They have friends and dear enemies by the hundreds, while I haven't either. There isn't a single home on this whole island where I can step up and ring the front door-bell. I feel like a tramp hanging to the back of a parlor-car. What good does my money do me? Suppose I want to take dinner at a swell restaurant—I wouldn't know the things to order, and I'd be afraid of the waiters. Think of that, Shorty."

I tried to; but it was a strain. If anyone else had put it up to me that Sadie Sullivan, with a roll of real money as big as a bale of cotton, could lose her nerve just because she didn't have a visitin'-list, I'd have told 'em to drop the pipe. She was giving me straight goods, though. Why, her lip was tremblin' like a lost kid's.

"Chuck it!" says I. "For a girl that had a whole bunch of Johnnies on the waitin' list, and her with only one best dress to her name at the time, you give me an ache. I don't set up for no great judge of form and figure; but my eyesight's still good, I guess, and if I was choosin' a likely looker, I'd back you against the field."

That makes her grin a little, and she pats my hand kind of sisterly like. "It isn't men I want, you goose; it's women—my own kind," says she, and the next minute she gives me the nudge and whispers: "Now, watch—the one in the chiffon Panama."

"Shiff which?" says I. But I sees the one she means—a heavy-weight person, rigged out like a dry-goods exhibit and topped off with millinery from the Spring openin', coming toward us behind a pair of nervous steppers. She had her lamps turned our way, and I hears Sadie give her the time of day as sweet as you please. She wasn't more'n six feet off, either, but it missed fire. She stared right through Sadie, just as if there'd been windows in her, and then turned to cuddle a brindle pup on the seat beside her.

"Acts like she owed you money," says I.

"We swapped tales of domestic woe for two weeks at Colorado Springs season before last," said Sadie; "but it seems that she's forgotten. That's Mrs. Morris Pettigrew, whose husband—"

"That one?" says I. "Why, she ain't such a much, either. I know folks that think she's a joke."

"She feels that she can't afford to recognize me on Fifth avenue, just the same. That's where I stand," says Sadie.

"It's a crooked deal, then," says I.

And right there I began to get a glimmer of the kind of game she was up against. Talk about freeze-outs!

"I'll show her, though, and the rest of 'em," says Sadie, stickin' out her cute little chin. "I'm not going to quit yet."

"Good for you!" says I. "It's a pastime I ain't up in at all, but if you can ever find use for me behind the scenes anywhere, just call on."

"I will, Shorty," says she, "and right now. Come on down to Sherry's with me for luncheon."

"Quit your kiddin'," says I. "You don't want to queer the whole programme at the start. I'd be lost in a place like that—me in a sack suit and round-top dicer! Why, the head waiter'd say 'Scat!' and I'd make a dive under the table."

She said she didn't care a red apple for that. She wanted to sail in there and throw a bluff, only she couldn't go alone, and she guessed I'd do just as I was.

Course, I couldn't stand for no fool play of that kind; but seein' as she was so dead set on the place, I said we'd make it a 'leven-o'clock supper, after the theater; but it must be my blow.

"I've got the clothes that'll fit into a night racket," says I, "and besides, I've got to get a few points first."

"It's a go," says she.

So we made a date, and Sadie drops me at the studio. I goes right to the 'phone and calls up Pinckney at the club. Didn't I tell you about him? Sure, that's the one. You wouldn't think, though, to see him and me tappin' each other with the mitts, that he was a front ranker in the smart push. But he's all of that. He's a pace-maker for the swiftest bunch in the world. Say, if he should take to walkin' on his hands, there wouldn't be no men's shoes sold on Fifth avenue for a year.

Well, he shows up here about an hour later, lookin' as fresh as though he'd just come off the farm. "Did you say something about wanting advice, Shorty?" says he.

"I did," says I.

"Religious, or otherwise?" says he. "But it makes no difference. I'm yours to command."

"I don't ask you to go beyond your depth," says I. "It's just a case of orderin' fancy grub. I'm due to blow a lady friend of mine to the swellest kind of a supper that grows in the borough; no $2 table-doty, understand; but a special, real-lace, 18-carat feed, with nothing on the bill-of-fare that ain't spelled in French."

"Ah!" says he, "something like Barquettes Bordelaise, poulet en casserole, fraises au champagne, and so on, eh?"

"I was just about to mention them very things," says I. "But my memory's on the blink. Couldn't you write 'em down, with a diagram of how they look, and whether you spear 'em with a fork, or take 'em in through a straw?"

"Why, to be sure," says he. So he did, and it looked something like this:

"Consomme au fumet d'estararagon (chicken soup—big spoon).

"Barquettes Bordelaise (marrow on toast, with mushrooms—fork only).

"Fonds d'artichauts Monegasque (hearts of artichokes in cream sauce—fork and breadsticks)."

There was a lot more to it, and it wound up with some kind of cheese with a name that sounded like breakin' a pane of glass.

I threw up my hands at that. "It's no go," says I. "I couldn't learn to say all that in a month. How would it do for me to slip the waiter that programme and tell him to follow copy?"

"We'll do better than that," says Pinckney. "Where's your 'phone?"

Pretty soon he gets some one on the wire that he calls Felix, and they has a heart-to-heart talk in French for about ten minutes.

"It's all arranged," says he. "You are to hand my card to the man at the door as you go in, and Felix will do the rest. Eleven-fifteen is the hour. But I'm surprised at you, Shorty. A lady, eh? Ah, well! In the Spring the young man's fancy gently turns—"

"Ah, say," says I. "There ain't no call for any funny cracks about this. You know me, and you can guess I'm no Willie-boy. When I get a soft spot in my head, and try to win a queen, it'll be done on the dead quiet, and you won't hear no call for help. But this is a different proposition. This is a real lady, who's been locked out by the society trust, and who takes an invite from me just because we happened to know each other when we was kids."

"Oh-ho!" says Pinckney, snappin' them black eyes the way he does when he gets real waked up. "That sounds quite romantic."

"It ain't," says I. "It's just as reg'lar as takin' your aunt to a sacred concert."

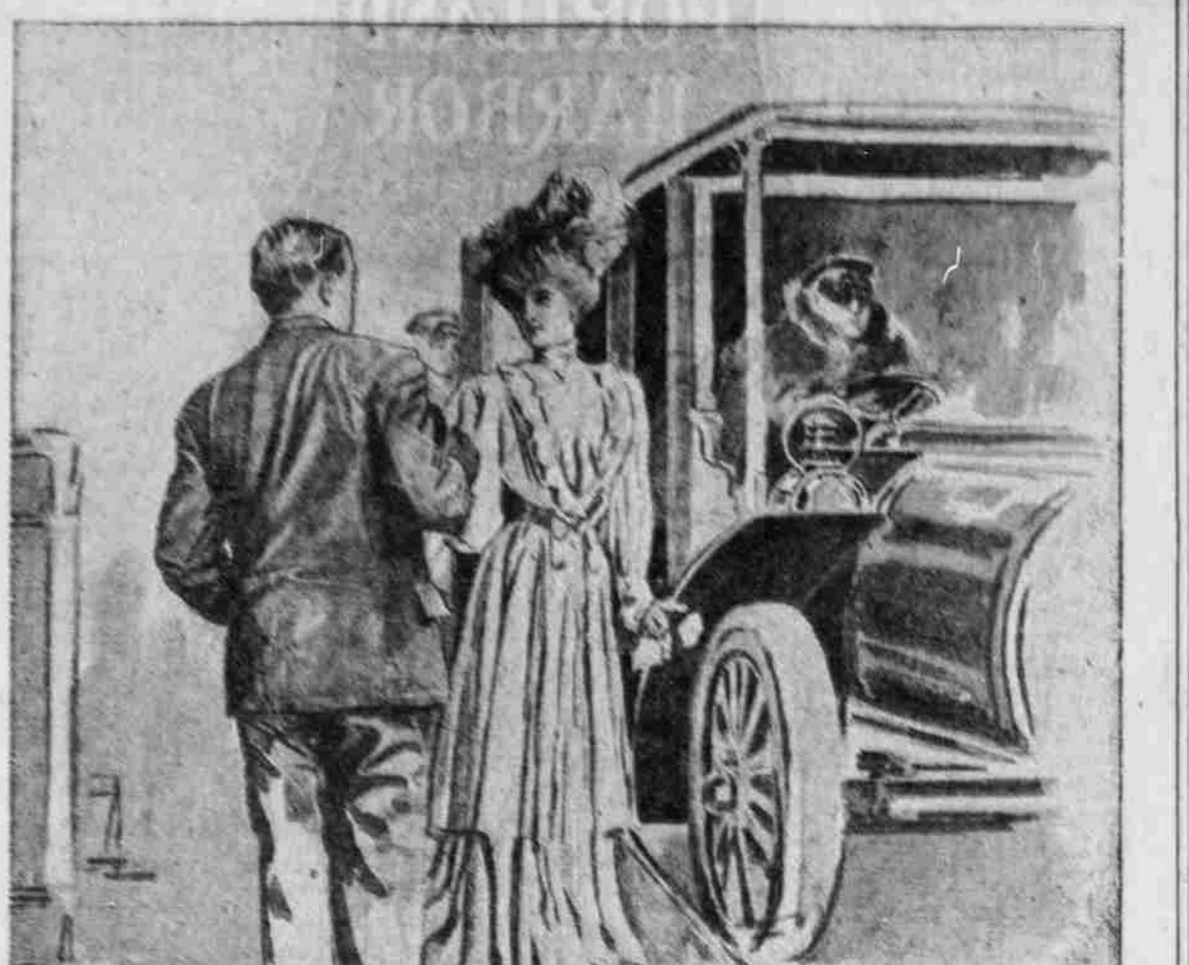
He seemed to want to know the details, though; so I told him all about Sadie, and how she'd been ruled out of her class by a lot of stiffs who wa'n't one-two-sixteen with her, either for looks or horse sense.

"And it's a crooked decision," says I. "Maybe Sadie wasn't brought up by a Swedish maid and a French governess from Chelsea, Mass.; but she's on velvet now, and she's a real hand-picked pippin, too. What's more, she's a nice little lady, with nothin' behind her that you couldn't print in a Sunday school weekly. All she aims to do is to travel with the money-burners and be sociable. And say, that's natural, ain't it?"

"It's quite human," says Pinckney, "and what you've told me about her is very interesting. I hope the little supper goes off all right. Ta-ta, Shorty."

Well, it began frosty enough; for when it came to piloting a lady into that swell mob, I had the worst case of stage-fright you ever saw. Say, them waiters is a haughty-lookin' lot, ain't they? But after we'd found Felix, and I'd passed him a ten-spot, and he'd bowed and scraped and towed us across the room like he thought we held a mortgage on the place, I didn't feel quite so much as if I'd got into the wrong flat.

I did have something of a chill when I caught sight of a sheepish-looking cuss in the glass. He looked sort of familiar, and I was wondering what he'd done to be ashamed of, when I sees it was me. Then I squints around at the other guys; and say, more'n half of 'em wore the same kind of a look. It was only the women that seemed right to home. There wasn't one in sight that didn't have her chin up and her shoulders back, and carrying all the dog the law allows. They treated them stiff-necked food-slingers like they was a lot of wooden Indians. You'd see 'em slip their wraps on one of them lordly gents just as if he was a chair. Then they'd plant themselves, spread out their dry goods, peel off their



"WHY, SHORTY M'CABE, IS THAT YOU?"

elbow gloves, and proceed to rescue the cherry from the bottom of the glass.

And Sadie? Well, say, you'd thought she'd never had a meal anywhere else in her life. The way she bossed Felix around, and sized up the other folks, calm as a Chinaman, was a caution. And talk! I never had so much rapid-fire conversation passed out to me all in a bunch before. Course, she was just keepin' her end up, and makin' believe I was doing my share, too. But it was a mighty good imitation. Every now and then she'd tear off a little laugh so natural that I could almost swear I'd said something funny, only I knew I hadn't opened my head.

As for me, I was busy tryin' to guess what was under the silver covers that Felix kept bringin' in, and rememberin' what Pinckney had said about forks and spoons. Say, I suppose you've been up against one of those little after-the-play-is-over suppers that they serve behind the lace curtains on Fifth avenue; but this was my first offense. Little suppers! Honest, now, there was more'n I'd want if I hadn't been fed for a week. Generally I can worry along with three squares a day; and when I do feel like havin' a bite before I hit the blankets, a swollerkase sandwich does me. But this affair had seven acts to it, and everyone was a mystery.

"Why, I didn't know you were such an epicure," says Sadie.

"Me either," says I; "but I'd never let myself loose before. Have some more gully from the carrousell, and help yourself to the—the other thing."

"Shorty, tell me how you managed it," says she.

"I've been taking lessons by mail," says I.

"You're a dear to do it, anyway," says she. "Just think of the figure I'd cut coming here by my lonesome. It's bad enough at the hotel, with only Mrs. Frusset. And I've been wanting to come for weeks. What luck it was, finding you today!"

"Say, don't run away with the idea that I'm makin' a day's work of this," says I. "I'm havin' a little fun out of this myself. There's worse company than you, y'know."

"And I've met a heap of men stupider than Shorty McCabe," says she, givin' me the jolly with that sassy grin of hers and lettin' go one of those gurgly laughs that sounds as if it had been made on a clarinet.

It was just about then that I looks up and finds Pinckney standing on one foot, waitin' for a chance to butt in.

"Why, professor! This is a pleasure," says he.

"Hello!" says I. "Where'd you blow in from?"

Then I makes him acquainted with Sadie, and asks him what it'll be. Oh, he did it well; seemed as surprised as if he hadn't seen me for a year, and begins to get acquainted with Sadie right away. I tried to give her the wink, meanin' to put her next to the fact that here was where she ought to come out strong on the broad A's, and throw in the dontcher-knows frequent; but it was no go. She didn't care a rap. She talked just as she would to me, asked Pinckney all sorts of fool questions, and inside of two minutes them two was carryin' on like a couple of kids.

"I'm a rank outsider here, you know," says she, "and if it hadn't been for Shorty I'd never got in at all. Oh, sure, Shorty and I are old chums. We used to slide down the same cellar door."

S'elp me, I was plumb ashamed of Sadie then, givin' herself away like that. But Pinckney seemed to think it was great sport. Pretty soon he says he's got some friends over at another table; and did she mind if he brought 'em over.

"Think you'd better?" says she. "I'm the Mrs. Dipworthy of the 'Drowsy Drops,' you know, and that's a tag that won't come off."

"If you'll allow me," says he, "I'll attend to the tag business. They'll be delighted to meet you."

"Say," says I, soon as he'd left, "don't be a sleve, Sadie. Just forget auld lang syne, and remember that you're travelin' high."

"They've got to take me for what I am, or not at all," says she.

"Yes, but you ain't got no cue to tell the story of your life," says I.

"That's my whole stock in trade, Shorty," says she.

I was lookin' for her to revise that notion when I sees the kind of company Pinckney was luggin' up to spring on us. I'd seen their pictures in the papers, and knew 'em on sight. And the pair wasn't anything but the top of the bunch. You know the Twombley-Cranes, that cut more ice by July than the Knickerbocker Trust does all Winter. Why say, to see the house rubber at 'em as they came sailin' our way, you'd thought they was paid performers stepping up to do their act. It was a case of bein' in the limelight for us, from that on.

"Holly chee!" says I. "Here's where I ought to fade."

But there wasn't any show to duck; for Felix was chasin' over some more chairs, and Pinckney was doin' the honors all around, and the first thing I knew we was a nice little fam'ly party, chuckin' repartee across the pink candle-shades, and behavin' like star boarders that had paid in advance.

It was Sadie, though, that had the center of the stage, and I'll be staggered if she didn't jump in to make her bluff good. She let out everything that she shouldn't have told, from how she used to wait on table at her mother's boarding-house, to the way she'd got the frozen face ever since she came to town.

"But what am I expected to do?" says she. "I've got no Hetty Green grip on my bank-book. There's a whole binful of the 'Drowsy Drops' dollars, and I'm willing to throw 'em on the bonfire just as liberal as the next one, only I want a place around the ring. There's no fun in playing a lone hand, is there? I've been trying to find out what's wrong with me, anyway?"

"My dear girl," says Mrs. Twombley-Crane, "there's nothing wrong with you at all. You're simply delicious. Isn't she, now, Freddie?"

And Freddie just grinned. Say, some men is born wise. "Professor McCabe and I are exchanging views on the coming lightweight contest," says he. "Don't mind us, my dear."

Perhaps that's what we were gassin' about, or why is a hen. You can search me. I was that rattled with Sadie's nerve display that I didn't follow anything else real close.

But when it was all over, and I'd been brought to by a peep at the bill the waiter handed me, I couldn't figure out whether she'd made a bull's-eye or rung in a false alarm.

One thing I did notice, as we sails out, and that was the stout Pettigrew person who'd passed Sadie the pickled pig's foot on the avenue that afternoon. She was sitting opposite a skimpy little runt with a bald head, at a table up near the door where the waiters juggled soup over her feathers every time they passed. Her eyes were glued on Sadie as we came up, and by the spread of the furrows around her mouth I see she was tryin' to crack a smile.

"Now," thinks I, "here's where she collects chilblains and feels the mercury drop."

But say! would you look for it in a dream book? What does Sadie do but pass her out the glad hand and coo away, like a pouter pigeon on a cornice, about being tickled to see her again. Oh, they get me dizzy, women do!

That wa'n't a marker though, to the reverse English carom Sadie takes after we'd got into a cab and started for her hotel. Was there a jolly for me, or a "Thank you, Shorty, I've had the time of my life?" Nothin' like it. She just slumped into her corner and switched on the boo-hoos like a girl that'd been kept after school.

"Enjoy yourself, Sadie?" says I. "Only remember that this is a hansom, not a street sprinkler."

That didn't fetch her; so after awhile I tries her again. "What went wrong?" says I. "Was she stringin' you, or was it the way I wore my face that queered the show?"

"It's all right, Shorty," says she between weeps. "And nothing's wrong, nothing at all. Mrs. What's-Her-Name's asked me to stay a week with her at their Newport place, and old Mrs. Pettigrew will turn green before morning thinking of me, and I've shaken the hoodoo at last. But it all came so much in a lump that I just had to turn on the sprayer. You know how I feel, don't you, Shorty?"

"Sure," says I, "just as well as if you'd sent me a picture postal of the place you boarded last."

But say, I turned the trick, didn't I? I didn't know what was comin' out of the box, of course; and maybe I was some jolted at throwin' three sixes to a pair, but there they lay.

No, I ain't goin' into the boostin' line as a reg'lar thing; but I guess if any amateur in the business gets a rose nailed on him, I ought to be the gent. Not?

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All seem to wish that they was not.
—Webster's Unabridged.

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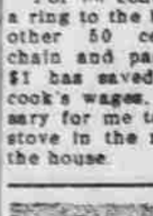
For the best suggestion each week the lucky contributor will be presented with an excursion ticket for a walking tour around the world.

Last week I found a hen's nest in the barn which had just been vacated. By borrowing a few tail feathers from a rooster I met, I made a fetching hat, which I shall give to my wife for Easter.
STIVE FISH.

For 50 cents a blacksmith riveted a ring to the kitchen range. For another 50 cents I bought a pretty chain and padlock. This outlay of $1 has saved me $20 a month in cook's wages, for it is simply necessary for me to chain my wife to the stove in the morning before I leave the house.
John J. Cobastor.



SOCIAL HINTS

by Count Boni De Castor Oil.

Dear Sir: My wife is great on society, but our house has only three rooms. What is the best way to accommodate a large swell party?
Jefferson de Peyster.

Invite some of the guests to come at 8 p. m. and the rest to come at 9. When the second relay arrives, coax the first lot out of the back door, which you can then immediately lock. Stand ready with a club for such guests as may try to climb in again through the window.

Earnest—Black eyes are worn more in memory of the giver than as mere ornaments. Red neckties harmonize well with them.

Would-be Pa—Always give your fiancee strong, durable gifts, so that, if returned, you can use them on the next one.

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If the water refuses to come out of the garden hose after it has been turned on, apply an eye to the nozzle and look in sharply. You will probably see it come all at once.

A simple, practical way to prune off the fingers in the spring is with a sharp sickle.

Young lawn mowers will often pine away in captivity unless they are permitted occasionally to vary their grass diet with a few of your wife's geraniums and border plants.

To prevent insects from feeding on lily blossoms later in the season, plant the bulbs upside down now.

For an early crop to keep the weeds down, raise a son.

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Widespread Slang in Paris

Quite as Rich in Picturesque Expression as New York.

PARISIANS are almost as much given to the use of slang as Americans. Some of their expressions survive only for a meteoric career of a year or two. Occasionally such an expression travels to this country in time to secure a new lease of life over here.

That was the case with the use of "lobster" as a term of contempt. Back in 1895 to be called un homard in Paris was the limit of contumely. Later the use of the word was imported to this country and about the same time it declined in Paris.

But not all their slang is transient. Much of it is in use from year to year, and the traveler who is familiar with it is sure to find it a mighty handy weapon sometimes. So it is good news that Professor Charles Marchand has compiled a list including about 900 of these words and sentences which are in common use in Paris.

Many of them are good enough to be admitted to this country without duty. Others have a singular family resemblance to American slang expressions.

For instance, in speaking of a fool they say he has "a room to let," which corresponds with our "upper story to let." But they also say of him that "he has a spider on his ceiling" and that "he loses the map" and that "he is stamped," meaning he is stamped for the asylum. One of the most vivid of these phrases is "he has moved out."

If they want to express an absolute refusal, as we do when he say, "It will be a cold day when I do" they say it will be hot, or that it will be "the week with the four Thursdays," or "on the thirty-sixth day of the month." More briefly, they respond with a simple "On Sunday!" or "Oftener!" Or they explode with "Medlars!" or "Turnips!" intimating that you won't get anything else.

Parisians have always a grim humor for the dead. Out of a score of cheerful forms of announcing a man's departure from this life the following are especially picturesque: He has swallowed his fork; his teeth do not hurt him any more; he eats salad by the root; he has unscrewed his billiard table; he has greased his boots; he has dismissed his baker; he has lost his taste for bread; he has put his cab in the barn; he has lost hold of the banister; he has changed his gun to the left shoulder.

They have some apt expressions of course for the use of those who look upon the wine when it is red and the absinthe when it is green. Taking an absinthe is described as strangling a parrot. They speak of crooking the elbow and wetting the whistle. They also ask a man to have a drink by saying: "Will you change your breath?" A man who is inclined to be bibulous is said to have "a hole under his nose."

A lazy man is said to have perpendicular ribs, as that arrangement of his anatomy would account for his seeming inability to bend over to work. Another expression to describe a loafer is "Nobody ever saw him perspire." They say of a conceited fellow: "Oh, the King isn't his cousin."

A man out of work "is on the pavement; to be in the height of fashion is to be "from the last boat"; when a woman receives with a lot of ceremony she does it with "grand tralala." A man with plenty of nerve is said to have "du culot," that being a large base, as of a lamp, giving a solid foundation. A brave man is said to have dog, which is similar to the slang phrase current here some years ago "to put on dog."

To be kept after school or after hours is to be glued or stuck. A high official is a big vegetable. A bald head is "a caillou," a round, smooth stone.

Other slang expressions for the head are the lemon, the pear, the caisson and the gourd. There are many terms referring to money, but the most impressive is simply "that." They say of a rich man "Il a de cu" or "He has some of that."

They also describe a rich man as having hay in his boots and bread on his shelf. They say that he has made his butter, and that he has "monacos," the reference, of course, being to Monte Carlo. A monaco is slang for a franc piece.

A bankrupt is said to be "a fond de cale," which Professor Marchand gives as "in the steerage," but which really means a much lower depth than that.

The list of expressions applying to bankrupts and the hard-luck brigade is a long one. These unfortunate individuals are described as without a radish, in the soup, in the puree, in the molasses, on the straw, living on fresh air, of the firm of Misery and Company.

The extreme of astonishment is indicated by saying "I turn blue at that!" Many of their common exclamations seem queer to us; as, for example, "Boutique!" which, while being the simple word "shop," may be translated "What a shop!" or "What a layout!" Another is "Good hundred."

Then there are Thousand bombs! Thousand thunders! Name of a name! Name of a dog! Name of a pipe! But perhaps the most utterly inconsequent way of relieving one's feelings is by exploding with "Sac a papier!" which being interpreted is merely "Paper bag!"

Little boys are addressed by such pet names as "my big rabbit," or "my little rabbit," or "my raccoon," while little girls are called "my angel," "my love," or "my beauty."

To get bald is to lose one's feathers, "se deplumer"; the opposite expression, "se remplumer," means to get fat after an illness. To be guillotined is to be "shortened." It is more or less clear why to tattle or to repeat gossip is "to cancaner."

A dry goods clerk is "a calico." An old actress is "an old feather." A faded beauty is "an old picture." The pawnbroker is not one's uncle, but one's aunt. "Monkey" is the name the soldiers give their canned meat.

A cab taken by the hour is "a gnawing worm," because it keeps eating up one's money. A drink of absinthe is simply "a green" or "a parrot." The peanut gallery is the chicken roost.

A swallow-tail coat is "a codfish tail." Bullets are prunes. An office boy is "a gutter jumper." Twenty-five francs is "an egg sur le plat"—that is, shirred. The explanation is that a silver 5-franc piece with a gold 20 francs on it would be like the white and the yolk of the egg.

The slang expression for one's wife is "ma legitime," a phrase which is rich in suggestion. The nickname for a comedian is delicious. It is "a have you seen me?" By the way, if one wants to say a thing is delicious one says: "It's butter."

A negro is "a chocolate" or "a badly washed." For the cheering of those who ride in Paris it may be stated that the nickname for a cab driver is "un collignon"; Collignon having been the name of a cabby who murdered his passenger for the latter's money. The bill is "la douloureuse."

A ruffian is an apache; a gorgeous dinner is a balthazar; a too full cup of coffee is a footbath; a boarding school is a box; old shoes are "des bolleaux" or water drinkers, because when the streets are wet they drink the water.

THE DEATHROLL IN THE ALPS

OFFICIAL statistics for last year's accidents in the Alps are now about complete, and they show that 75 persons lost their lives in the French, Swiss, Italian and Austrian mountains. The Germans take the lead in the mortality record, the English come second and Italians third. The gradiest cause of mishap, fatal and otherwise, was, as usual, the insane practice of undertaking dangerous ascents without a guide. The deadliest regions are the Bernese Oberland, the Grisons, the Pennine Chain and Monte Blanc and Rosa.

Fourteen persons were killed picking wild flowers in risky places. Several of these were women, and not young women either in six cases.

The number of serious injuries recorded which did not result in death is 250; probably the number of all who were hurt in going through the mountains came near to 1000, but no figures are kept unless bones are broken or the victim is confined to bed for one or more days.

A proposal which has been discussed in former years is now being agitated again for uniform legislation by the Governments in whose territories the Alps are distributed to reduce the number of mishaps. The idea is to make it an offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to undertake any trip classified as dangerous without the aid of licensed guides. Each locality would be required to prepare a list of the dangerous peaks and passes and keep tourists posted regarding them. The mountains lie partly in France, Switzerland, Italy and Austria, and at present there is no law at all to prevent the rawest schoolboy from taking risks that the hardiest mountaineers shrink from, as witness the case of a young German student who not long ago attempted to ascend the Jungfrau by himself and was swept away by an avalanche.