

THE HOUSE DETECTIVE

BEING A MODERN VIEW OF JUSTLY CELEBRATED OLD DISEASES AND THEIR REMEDY

BY IRVING S. COBB

"GEE, but I feel ill to the hum," lamented the House Detective, as he slumped down on the bell-boy's divan in the lobby of the St. Beckies, and crossed his streaming nose with a handkerchief.

"That's too bad," said the Hotel Clerk, sympathetically. "Tell me, have you a feeling in your head like a merry-go-round?"

"She's a bit 'somethin' fierce," said the House Detective. "Ain't let up a minute since I got out of bed."

"And is your tongue furried?" asked the Hotel Clerk. "Or do you happen to be one of those Christian Science persons that don't believe in furries?"

"Is it that?" said the House Detective. "My tongue is as furried as the fur on a dog's back. I feel like as if I had a wool mitten in my mouth—an old veteran G. A. R. mitten that ain't been used any too kindly, and oughter be in the retired list. I'd trade tongues, sight unseen, with anybody I know, and I'd take a chance on most any stranger."

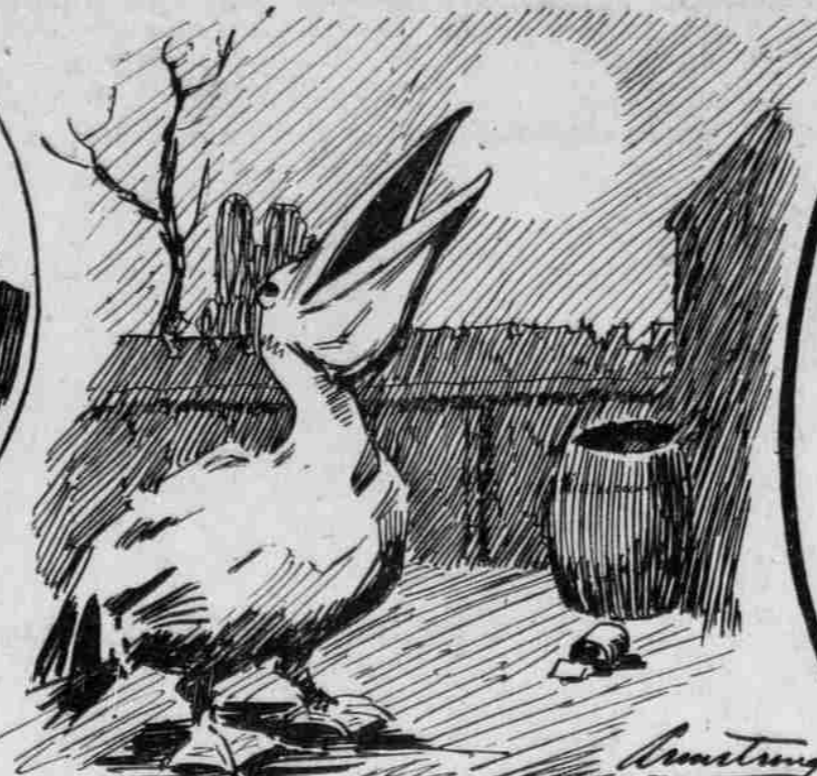
"I'm sorry for you," said the Hotel Clerk. "I always liked you, Larry, and I'd hate like anything to see you cut down in the flower of your life, and you still owing me that last two you borrowed to make it even ten."

"You don't think it's anythin' serious, do you?" asked the House Detective, anxiously. "Had I better be seen the doctor right away?"

"Well, that largely depends on what you want to have and how much you want to pay for it," counseled the Hotel Clerk. "By consulting any reliable patent medicine circular you can acquire one of the proprietary diseases, a good, reliable disease, such as can be cured with four or six boxes of the Number 2 pellets, one or more of the plasters described on page 6, and a few half gallon bottles of good Dr. Slopover's Dark Blue Elixir. This is one of the most popular ways of finding out what ails you, and in the long run it's the cheapest. Also, if you write a testimonial, it gives you a fine chance to get your name prominently before the reading public that stands up on streetcars. But if you hanker for something a little more expensive, you can go to a regular doctor on a side street—one of the dollar-a-rite docks that has his office hours printed all over the front window. Of course, now, if your taste calls for one of the exclusive and truly classy maladies, you might take all the money you've been able to save up for the last few years and enjoy a couple of luxurious visits to a real creme de la crematory specialist that wears V-shaped whiskers and talks in words of six syllables. He'll take your temperature with one hand, and your bank roll with the other, and



A REAL CREME DE LA CREMATORY SPECIALIST, THAT WEARS V-SHAPED WHISKERS



THE PELICAN BARKED HIMSELF TO DEATH AT THE MOON



A KIND-HEARTED ELDERLY LADY WITH A LINE OF LIQUID GOODS

safoetida and then taken into a warm room.

"It's only been a few years since we had the appendicitis era. It was what you might call the open season on patients. A stitch in the side meant nine in the bed. During that gladsome era every other person you met had a date up at the hospital tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. He'd go up and they'd invade him, and the next day he'd go home, proud and happy, with his appendix in a bottle of alcohol if he was of a saving and frugal disposition, or leave it behind with 8000 others just like it, if he was of a care-free, generous nature. Nowadays when a man thinks he has appendicitis his family doctor tells him to chew his hard-boiled eggs before swallowing them, and let it go at that."

"Thus we see, Larry, how the profession has progressed onward and upward—that is, the doctors have progressed onward, and many of the patients have progressed upward—until now almost any one of us is able to die of a great number of new and attractive diseases which were totally unknown to our grandfathers. What's more, if you only look for him, you can always find a doctor that'll agree with you that you've got whatever it is you want to have. One doctor says you eat too much and ought to live on chopped hay and protein nuts a few years. Well, you start in to do it, but after two or three weeks you begin to get a little snappish and you can't pass a nice, clean little fat boy without having a longing to bite into him. So you go to some other doctor around the corner from the first one, and he asks you what you've been doing to yourself, and you tell him, and he says, merciful heavens, far be it from him to knock a brother practitioner, because it's not good ethics, and besides it's unnecessary; but, good gracious, it's a good thing you came to him before you were past traveling, and he writes you out a prescription calling for a club steak six inches tall and half a bushel of baked potatoes."

"If you desire a trip, there's always a doctor who's got a brother that is a traveling passenger agent. If you've been drinking too much, you can find a specialist who knows you ought to do the Rebecca-at-the-well act, just as soon as you tell him so, and when you want to resume liquidation it won't take you five minutes to get in touch with a medical expert that will treat with you, and then stay right there with his foot on the rail and let you treat him."

"I kin remember," said the House Detective, "when the doctors used to be mighty handy with their lancets. They don't bleed the patients any more, do they?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the Hotel Clerk. "but not with a lancet."

tell you you've got a new complaint that sounds like the name of a private yacht, and advise you to take a few weeks' trip to Palm Beach, entirely forgetting that after he's collected his bill you won't be able to get as far south as Rahway, N. J., unless you catch an unguarded freight train.

"Of course, on a hasty diagnosis, such as this has been, I can't say exactly, but I think you've got spinal meningitis or a Spring cold. If it's spinal meningitis, you can leave it alone, and let nature take its course, but if it's a Spring cold, you are in a serious condition, and I'd advise you to go right home and take seven or eight drinks of whisky and quinine, leaving out the quinine if you dislike the taste, and then go to bed and sleep it off."

"Got turned you agin' the doctors so?" asked the House Detective, languidly. "When a feller feels as bad as I do, a doctor looks like an angel to him."

"I haven't turned against the doctor," said the Hotel Clerk. "I'm strong for him. He's with us when we come into the world, and he's with us when we pass out of it, frequently lending a helping hand on both occasions. My sympathies are particularly with him

at this time, when the anti-vivisectionists are handing the medical profession so many clouts on the jaw."

"The anti-vivisectionists," asked the House Detective.

"The anti-vivisectionists," repeated the Hotel Clerk. "Meaning by that, Larry, the people who think it's unnecessary to excavate into a bunny rabbit or inoculate a tabby cat with the cigarette habit in order to find out what ails a grown man when the circumstances are similar or sometimes different. All classes are enlisting in the crusade, including some of the humanitarians who go to shooting matches and blow the giblets out of tame pigeons, a number of philanthropists who like to fish with live frogs for bait, a strong delegation of the ladies who wear deersong birds on their hats, and scores of those kindly gourmands who always want their lobsters live broiled."

"To be sure, Larry, it's barely possible that the vivisection game may have been overdone in certain quarters. I suppose when a bright young man from a medical college gets his first kit of nice, shiny, new tools, he's actuated by the same ambition that induces a 10-year-old boy to want to hack off the Grand Rapids legs of the

Chippendale sideboard with the toy hatchet he got off the Christmas tree. I read in the scientific journals sometimes where the eminent Dr. Cullen-slash tells about mixing the vital organs of a pelican and a pug dog. As a result of this interesting and congenial experiment, he is now able to report that the pug dog drowned himself while diving for minnows, and the pelican went out into the backyard and barked himself to death at the moon. All of which is highly interesting, but speaking purely as a layman, I fail to see where the present mode of treating hives in small children has been materially benefited thereby."

"I myself, Larry, am a great lover of our dumb animal friends, such as the night-blooming tomlawsonet, the talking parrot, the early rising hound pup, the non-extinguishable canary bird, and the gentle guinea pig—no, I'd cut out the guinea pig, because he's not as dumb as the others I've named, although quite dumb at times when you try to teach him a few graceful and sprightly tricks. I regret it deeply when in the interests of research, the operating table claims a worthy Belgian hare that is the gale support of a large and growing fam-

ily of little Belgian heirs and heirs-esses. I deplore the frequent sacrifices of white rats with pink eyes and poor circulation in their cute little tails; but just between you and me, Larry, I'd rather any rabbit I ever knew should have Asiatic cholera twice than that I should have it once.

"And, anyway, we've got to admit that medical science has made great strides during the last century. It hasn't been such a great many years since a surgeon used to break into a patient, the same way the Red Leary O'Brien gang broke into a safe. If the lord of the manor was aroused by a knock at the door, and found a husky party standing on the doorstep with a pot of glue in one hand and a crosscut saw under his arm, he didn't know whether the gentle stranger had come to mend the drain or take off the cook's leg. Fifty years ago when a citizen got the smallpox it was a signal for his relatives to pick out the putrefiers and hold family prayers—but not on the same premises. If a man had it, and by any accident got well, he went around the rest of his life with his face looking like an oyster plate.

"If a pioneer had a touch of fever, the doctor arrived totting a crock of

white powder and gave him half a pound of it on the end of a knife, and kept the rest of it to make the death mask with. Or if the sufferer resided in the backwoods, there was always some kindhearted elderly lady in the neighborhood who turned up with a line of liquid goods that she'd brewed out of sassafras root and poison ivy and oak galls, and other delightful medicinal products of the field and the forest. She wrapped the invalid up in buffalo robes, and deluged his interior with a gourdful of this pleasing mixture every fifteen minutes, and sweated the impurities through his hide until he was as open-pored as a piece of tripe. No wonder so many of our ancestors had floating kidneys. If a kidney couldn't float, it drowned.

"I came along at a comparatively recent period during the vogue of the brunette pill that was the size of a California plum, but not so tasty. In my happy childhood if I carelessly sniffed in the home circle I was rubbed with mutton suet and asafoetida in equal parts, only the asafoetida attracted the most attention. It was very hard for a growing boy to become unduly concealed and think too much of himself when he had been freely anointed with mutton suet and

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"The conductor had almost forgotten this occurrence when, some 10 miles further on, the front brakeman came to him and said, in a tone of bitter disgust: "This here half-fare dodge is gettin' a little too hot for me, boss. Why, there's a bunch of children up in the smoker what plays poker, drinks whisky and wears whiskers."

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"I know a woman in Park Lane whose husband used to stay out continually till 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning."

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"Oh," said she, "I haven't been sitting up for you, darling. I've just come in myself."

In Praise of Pajamas.

Eddie Foy, the comedian, at a theatrical supper in New York, made a funny speech in praise of pajamas.

"Always wear pajamas," he began. "Never wear a nightgown. I have never worn nightgowns since I heard the horrible experience that Fritz Sausage, a German waiter of Chicago, has with his pesky things."

"Fritz Sausage used to come home every evening from the cafe with his pockets full of dimes and quarters—his day's tips, you know. His wife, after he had fallen asleep, would get up and raid that silver mine. Fritz said nothing though he thought it was an unkind thing for her to do."

"At last he decided he wouldn't stand these nocturnal raids any longer. So the next night he came home he wore his wife was asleep and then he got

Sowing Crops From the Ocean

(George M. Bowers, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, in the National Geographic Magazine.)

THERE are very few countries that engage in the cultivation of marine fishes and crustaceans and none that conducts the work on nearly so extensive a scale as does the United States. The only other country that deserves mention in this respect is Norway, which undertook the pioneer operations in marine fish culture, and has continued the cultivation of one species of fish at one hatchery up to the present time. Oysters and other mollusks are extensively cultivated in France, England, Japan and other countries, as well as the United States, but only as a private enterprise.

The comparatively slight attention given to artificial propagation of marine fishes and other free-swimming creatures in Europe and all the other continents except America may be explained in several ways. In the first place, government fish culture is almost unknown in most countries, and this form of agriculture is not practically profitable for the private fish culturist, who would not be able to reap the exclusive harvest from his labors. Then, many governments are naturally disinclined to believe that man cannot permanently reduce the abundance of fishes by his fishing operations, however destructive, and that the abundance of fishes will increase their abundance by artificial means, however extensive. This view is far from being established by competent evidence, and is not generally entertained in the United States elsewhere.

At a very early period in the history of the National Bureau of Fisheries it was determined by the Bureau and its associates that, in view of the Government's lack of jurisdiction over the coastwise fisheries and its consequent inability to enforce adequate regulations, the most feasible add that could be rendered by the Government would be through artificial propagation. The Bureau therefore took up the necessary experimentation looking to the adoption of extensive cultural operations, and soon determined the apparatus and methods applicable to the different species. The work has been conducted on a gradually increasing scale, and three Government hatcheries, located at Gloucester, Woods Hole, Mass., and Boothbay Harbor, are now maintained for the purpose. The fishes regularly propagated are cod at all the stations, flounders at Gloucester and Boothbay Harbor, and mackerel, tautog, sea bass and scup—have also been hatched from time to time. Lobsters are raised at all the stations, but the largest quantities of young are produced at the Boothbay Harbor station, recently established by Congress as a special lobster hatchery. The great justification of marine hatching operations as conducted by the United States Government lies in the fact that a vast majority of the eggs taken would be totally lost if the fish culturist did not come to the rescue. As to the few remaining eggs that might be extruded and hatched naturally, the increased efficacy of artificial propagation must be conceded.

Old eggs are obtained for the hatcheries in three different ways. The most prolific source is the catch of the fishermen on the Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts coasts. Experienced spawntakers board the fishing

boats either on the fishing grounds or on the way to port, and take the eggs from the dying or dead fish, fertilize them, and then as soon as possible send them to the hatchery. This work is carried on in mid-Winter, involves great expense and hardship, of a nature to be felt by the most stolid fisherman. The second method of securing cod eggs is to catch the mature fish with hook and line on the outlying shoals, take them to the hatchery in the belly of smacks and hold them in live cases pending the gradual ripening of their eggs. At regular intervals the fish are transferred to the ripe eggs, packed and fertilized. Several thousand brood fish are thus handled at the Woods Hole station each year. An improvement on this practice has recently been tried at Woods Hole, as a result of personal observations in Norway by the Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries. The brood fish are held in a large covered compartment, and are allowed to spawn naturally; and the eggs, rising to the surface, flow over a shallow sluice and are collected in scrim bags or on a wire-mesh tray, whence they are transferred to the hatching apparatus. By this method the laborious task of forcibly expressing the eggs from the brood fish is avoided, and spawning is completed. Pollock eggs are obtained from the boats of the market fishermen. The pollock is an egg-bearing fish, caught in immense quantities, and its artificial propagation is being conducted on an increasingly extensive scale.

The several hundred million eggs of the White Tomcod, a native fish, incubated each season are deposited naturally by captive fish held at the hatcheries in tanks of running water. The fish spawn at night, and practically 100 per cent of their eggs are fertilized and hatched. Under the most favorable natural conditions a large percentage necessarily escapes fertilization, many are devoured by other fishes and many are washed ashore.

The operations of the Bureau of Fisheries in behalf of the lobster fishery are of the most beneficial character. Notwithstanding the enactment, by all the states interested, of stringent laws against the sale or possession of egg-bearing lobsters, and laws, as every one knows, have always been evaded or ignored by a large proportion of the lobster fishermen, especially in recent years, when the prices of lobsters have been high. It is an easy matter to strip the eggs from a lobster, and the fisherman who would return a lobster to the water simply because it was a "berried" female would be regarded by his associates as a crank. Seeing how the destruction of lobster eggs was going on, notwithstanding the efforts of the local fishery authorities to prevent it, the Bureau took up the matter with the states and secured a modification of the laws, by which lobsters are now allowed openly to retain seed lobsters until agents of the Bureau take them off their hands, the fishermen receiving the ruling market price for their catch. The lobsters are first taken to the hatchery, where their eggs are gently scraped from the abdominal appendages, and are then carried offshore and released in deep water. In this way not only are millions of lobster eggs saved each year, but many thousands of mature female

lobsters are given a new lease of life.

Since the establishment of the lobster hatchery on the Maine coast, egg-bearing lobsters bought during late Summer and Fall are held in large inclosures, or "pounds," until the following Summer, and are then relieved of their eggs shortly before the time they would hatch naturally. Practically the entire New England coast is now patrolled by agents of the Bureau in quest of seed lobsters, and the work is limited only by the attitude of the fishermen and the facilities and funds available.

The eggs of most of the marine food fishes float at the surface, and therefore require entirely different treatment from that given the heavy eggs of salmon and trout on one hand and the semi-buoyant eggs of the shad and whitefish on the other. The incubation of immense numbers of floating eggs has been made possible by an invention of a very ingenious device known as the automatic tidal box. Such boxes, arranged in series in the compartments of a long trough, consist of wooden frames work open at the top and covered with cheese cloth at the bottom. The water is supplied to each compartment by means of a tube which discharges into a little well, from which the water escapes with some force through a small aperture in the center of the back of each box; this current imparts a double rotary movement to the mass of eggs. In the front of each compartment a siphon works automatically and permits the entire renewal of the water every six or eight minutes. From 400 to 500,000 cod or similar eggs may be placed in one box and these hatch with little attention from the fish culturist, owing to the complete oxygenation afforded by the circulation and frequent change of water. The young emerge in 10 or 11 days when the water temperature is 45 degrees or 47 degrees F., but the hatching may be deferred for 30 days in water of 21 degrees F.

The eggs of the lobster are semi-buoyant and are susceptible to the same methods of hatching as the eggs of the shad—that is, in glass jars from which the young escape as they come from the egg and swim in the zone of water in the top of the jars. As the larval lobsters are cannibals from the moment of their emergence from the egg, it is necessary to keep them constantly stirred and to plant them as soon as possible in order to avoid wholesale mutual destruction.

The magnitude of the fisheries to be aided and the area of the waters to be stocked have necessitated the most extensive fish-cultural operations on the part of the Government. The yearly output of the hatcheries must be counted by hundreds of millions, and the efforts should be annually increased in order to offset the increased drain on the supply occasioned by the growing demand and larger numbers of fishermen engaged. Lack of facilities has up to this time prevented the rearing of lobsters and marine fishes, and tremendous destruction of the delicate newly hatched fry must thus be discounted by planting the young in far greater numbers than would otherwise be required. During the past ten years the Bureau has planted in New England waters more than 4,500,000 artificially hatched fish and lobsters. The output for 1907 was 654,080,000, which was much larger than for any previous year.

The difficulty of determining the results of fish culture is greater in the case of marine operations than in any other branch. The products of the hatcheries

are free to roam, so widely and mingle with other fish to such an extent that it is almost impossible to separate the results of artificial propagation from those due to natural reproduction. Indeed, so little conclusive evidence can be adduced in support of marine fish culture that many persons are entirely sceptical as to its benefits.

As already stated, the Bureau of Fisheries has proceeded on the hypothesis that the effects of man's improvidence with regard to the shore-inhabiting species can be counteracted by sufficiently extensive artificial measures; and it has had ample justification for a continuance of its operations in the widespread popularity of the new method of seed lobstering, as evidenced by the testimonials received in the last 20 years, showing the apparent increase in the abundance of the species handled at the hatcheries.

It was about 1880, some 10 or 12 years after cod cultivation was systematically begun, that the first results began to be marked. School-bus cod, a fish of no marketable size, appeared on inshore grounds that either had never before had runs of cod, so far as known, or had been almost entirely exterminated by the new run of fish, and it was estimated that the Bureau had traced the annual growth of the artificially hatched fry in the coastal waters, and had left little doubt that the immense bodies of cod that had recently appeared were the direct outcome of the hatchery work. The fishermen were quick to take advantage of the new run of fish, and it was estimated that in 1888 the fishermen of Southern New England had caught cod to the value of \$200,000 on grounds where regular cod fishing had been almost entirely abandoned. The abundance of the so-called "hatchery cod" in the inshore bays and sounds has continued without interruption, and a definite fishery has been established. Furthermore, was absolutely sure that a fishery has been built up on the shores of New York and New Jersey.

The downward trend of the lobster fishery had, up to a year or two ago, been apparently uninfluenced by the annual planting of large numbers of lobster fry; but there is now considerable evidence that the increasing output of the hatcheries is bearing fruit. Fishermen are reporting more undereasted lobsters than they have seen in many years, and in various places where fishing has been abandoned, because it did not pay, the fishermen are now making good catches. It is difficult to understand how the annual planting of the progeny of 20,000 to 25,000 fry can fail to influence the available supply for the market, even if only one lobster fry in each hundred planted reaches maturity; and the Bureau has occasion to feel gratified that this decline has now been positively arrested in localities where large numbers of fry have been deposited for a series of years, and where there was absolutely no reason to look for any betterment, if nature had remained unaided.

Stories Told of Prominent Men

The Naive Duke.

THE late Dr. William M. Stenshill, said a college settlement worker of New York, "was called the Bishop of the Bowery. It was a title of affection. The Bowery loved this good man."

"He sometimes used to laugh over the naïveté of his Bowery auditors. He used to say that in their frequent audible comments on his sermons they reminded him of the famous Duke of Cambridge—the old Duke, you know."

"From his great pen the Duke rambled out English criticisms and criticisms every Sunday morning. It would be said Dr. Stenshill, 'something like this: "Preacher—Let us pray."

"Preacher prays for rain."

"Duke—No good in that so long as the wind is in the east."

"Preacher (reading)—Zacchaeus stood forth and said, 'Behold, Lord, the half of my lands I give to the poor.'"

"Duke—Too much. Don't mind substituting, but can't stand that."

"Preacher quotes certain commandment."

"Duke—Quite right, quite right; but very difficult sometimes and tedious."

"Preacher quotes another commandment which need not be indicated."

"Duke—No, no! It was my brother Ernest did that."

Rather a Misnomer.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the talented English actress, said the other day of an English critic whose methods she dislikes:

"The man is not a critic at all. He has not enough intelligence to be a critic. In fact, he believes his name like—like—"

"She smiled.

"An incident will supply my simile," she said.

"On one of my voyages to the States the weather was extremely rough. As I lay in my berth my luggage and the fittings of my stateroom were dinged about horribly. All of a sudden there came an extra heavy lurch, and something struck me on the head."

"I was stunned. The blow had been severe. When I recovered my senses and looked up I saw what had so nearly done for me. I beheld an admirable contrivance marked, in great black letters, "Live-Saving Apparatus."

Going Up.

Miss E. L. Todd, the talented young New York woman who, having invented an aeroplane, has abandoned the typewriting business and begun the formation of an aeroplane-building company, was congratulated the other day on her changed circumstances.

"It is rather a rise, isn't it?" she said. "Something like the raise of a lawyer I once knew."

"I don't see young Lawyer Browne at all any more," she said. "He has quite dropped out of our set."

"Lawyer Browne tells a different story himself," said a second lady.

"Indeed? What does he say?"

"He says he has climbed out of it."

On Marriage.

Mark Twain at the remarkably beautiful dinner that Robert Collier gave at Sherry's, in New York last month, sat beside Miss Ethel Barrymore.

Miss Barrymore, the story goes, talked the great humorist about marriage. She spoke of the odd views on marriage that are held by H. G. Wells, by George Moore, by George Meredith and by Mr.

up out of bed, took all the silver from his pockets, climbed back under the sheets again and very quietly tied the money up in a corner of his nightshirt.

"Then he turned to himself. He couldn't help thinking how disappointed his wife would be when she tipped across the dark room in the cold and went through his pockets and found nothing."

"He fell asleep as happy as a child. He awoke in broad daylight. His wife was bending over him tenderly.

"Oh, Fritz," she said, "thank you for the presents."

"What presents?" said he.

"Why, said his wife, "all that money tied in my nightgown."

The Belfitz Ghost.

"Your place, sir, will never be filled," a reporter said to Heinrich Conrad, the retiring director of the Metropolitan Opera-House, of New York.

Mr. Conrad shook his head and smiled.

"There was a ghost," he said, "a ghost in Belfitz, by native Belfitz. I was told by a friend of mine that he had seen the ghost in the inn. Nobody minded him, for in Belfitz he was well known; but an Englishman stopped at the inn one night in the season, and to him the ghost had not been explained."

"So the next morning the Englishman came down to his breakfast pale, bloodshot and with a feverish gleam in his eyes."

"Landlord," he said, "tell me, is not my room haunted?"

"Why, yes," said the landlord.

"Of course, I did not know! What do you mean, sir, by putting me in a haunted room?" the Englishman stormed.

"But the old fellow is quite harmless," said the landlord reassuringly. "The old fellow."

"Yes," said the landlord. "The ghost. The old fellow who built up the business. He built it up, you know, and died, and now he can't rest easy because it goes on as well as ever it did without him."

A Prephrey.

It was a pleasant day in June. And great was the convention— The sun was shining high at noon. And the land was full of attention. "Alabama" called the clerk. When a U. S. marshal showed his head he in the setting sun and said, "Count 20 more for Tatt!"

The Cannon men turn pale as ghosts. And the Hughes men gasped for breath. "California" boomed the clerk. As colorless as death, he puns to guests. "Arkansas" the clerk exclaimed. And the Hughes men shuddered. When a spy postmaster, white of hair, Hopped to the main deck of his chair. And cried, "Eighteen for Tatt!"

The Fairbanks men exuded groans. And the Cannon men uttered nine but means. That once had uttered cheers, "California" boomed the clerk. And the whole convention laughed when a revenue collector rose. And shrilly whistled through his nose. "Count 20 more for Tatt!"

The Hughes men looked at the Cannon men. And the Fairbanks men, from grayers. And graying, joined the others when they pulled their Teddy Bears. And they all rushed up on the platform high.

As men who had made ready. And when the dust had settled some inside. The candidate was "Ted for Tatt!"

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