THE OLD CHAMBERLAIN

By Gustav Wied.

FOR 40 years Egelund had been a tenant of the chamberlain, from whose hefrs my brother bought Froeschow.

He had saved up a small fortune and was now living on a farm near the Fjord, on the boundary line between Kaberow and Vindblaes counties.

He was a widower and weighed about 280 pounds. He had a dog cart with a trotter and a heavy jutland horse which did nothing more than to take him round through the fields or on visits to the neighbors. He never went to the city, but the contents of his wine cellar came from Copenhagen, where he dealt with two of the oldest concerns in that line through his housekeeper. People said that his bed was strengthened by little iron girders along the bottom and in front of it stood a footstool upon which he stepped to get into it. He had short, white whiskers and heavy white hair, which he combed down over his forehead, where it protruded like eaves of an old-fashioned house. On his right eyelid near the outside corner was a rather big wart, which was always in motion when he laughed, for he laughed mostly with his eyes. And on each side of the eyes was a fan-shaped mass of wrinkles, the result of many years' jolly good humor. Egelund never smoked tobacco, he said it stopped the humor.

I followed the brook and cut across the fields to Egelund's farm.

In the field near the edge of a pond stood a tall poplar tree with drooping branches. Otherwise there was not a tree to be seen all the way down to the water. Two cows were browsing on a hill and mooed, turning their heads towards the farm. The one had only one horn. Far out on the Fjord a few little vessels were cruising towards the city and on the other shore you saw the woods of Brandersloy and the brick yards of Holmegaard with its red chimney pointing towards heaven. But the brick yard is no longer there because the supply of clay has given out.

Egelund's farm building consisted of four wings built together. The mansion was right opposite the gate with the kitchen entrance on the left and the main entrance on the right.

I walked inside. There was nobody in the hall so I hung up my coat and hat and knocked on the door leading into the living room.

"How are you? How are you candidate," Egelund roared. He was sitting on the sofa at the end of the table sweating. "Excuse me for not getting up," he said, "but where is your brother?"

"Oh, he had some people to pay off and was busy with his accounts."

"Accounts? The devil, that is too foolish and I would rather—"

"What would you rather?" I asked with a smile.

"Well, that is not so easy to tell," Egelund replied and scratched his head, "the fact is that I—would rather have seen him."

"Oh, he will be over here some evening," he said. "He is longing very much to get a taste of your old rum, he told me to tell you."

"Oh, I see," Egelund laughed, and the wart hopped up and down. "You don't drink anything, I suppose," he said.

"Yes, a little."

"Sit down, why don't you sit down," he continued, "it always makes me sweat when I see somebody standing. I suppose it is better that we get something to eat right away.

"Rossberry," he cried and banged the table twice with his fists.

Immediately there appeared through the door near the stove a little housekeeper dressed all in black squeezing through an opening which wasn't any more than eight inches wide.

"Something to eat," Egelund commanded.

And the woman slid back through the crack noiselessly as if she were a ghost.

"But what is if you call her?" I asked when the door had closed behind her.

"Rossberry. That was the name of a pointer I once bought from the baron on Vintorsborg. It always slept in her room and when it died she made a beautiful wreath for it. And now she uses it as a hassock. And then I thought that I also must do something and named her for the late dog. And she rather seems to like it."

The woman came into the room again noiselessly as before. She set the table in front of Egelund.

"How is your crop?" I asked Egelund.

"Fine," he said, "and how is your brother's?"

"Very good."

"He was a lucky fellow to get hold of Froeschow," he said, "but I'm glad of it for it would have been bought for some sleepy-head."

"He is a very good farmer—"

"Certainly he's a good farmer. There is no question about that. But he ought to marry. The devil. It isn't good for a man to be alone under any circumstances, and even less so on a big estate like Froeschow."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, he walks around and gets melancholy in all those rooms."

The little woman came in after a while and took the plate away. Then she brought rum, water and sugar and each of us made a grog.

"Yes, there are many rooms there," I said, "did you ever count them?"

"Forty-two," he said.

"Then you must count the guest rooms and the store rooms."

"Certainly," Egelund said, "they were all in use when the old chamberlain lived there, for the house was always full of guests during the summer."

"Did he have his office where my brother has his?"

"Yes, and then there was the living room with the four windows and the ball room. And in the room next to the billiard room where you now have your work room she had her boudoir. You can't imagine how those rooms looked then, I can tell you. They were full of rugs and couches and paintings and stuffed swans. And in front of the fireplace there was 28 foxtails. And then there was the skin of a bear which he himself had shot in Norway. And on the walls were paintings of the devil and his grand-mother, and all kinds of old platers."

"I suppose you visited the baron quite often, Egelund?"

"Yes—but what the devil do you call that grog you have mixed there? It looks, so help me God, like Rossberry's rhubard syrup!"

"I shouldn't like it stronger," he said. "Now listen here my friend," he said, and placed his hand which looked like five big sausages tied together on my shoulder, "you are the devil take me and no real brother of your brothers."

And he would not leave me alone until I had put more rum in my glass. "the other day," I began. "What is that strange story she tells?"

"Yes," Egelund said and his face looked rather earnest. "It was the brother of the chamberlain who ruined her, poor thing. He couldn't see a girl without getting into trouble. She was devilish pretty, so white and red. And he, the old bachelor was always around waiting for the chamberlain to die, for then he would have inherited the whole business as there were no children. But the old man was too tough for him and outlived him. God, how those two brothers loved each other."

"Did they really?" I asked.

"Do you know what the chamberlain's wife once told my wife? Those women can never keep their months shut."

"No," I replied, "what did she tell her?"

"She told her that she ought to just go and get a child with anyone so that they might fool his younger brother."

"That can't be possible," I said.

"But it was, and the most ridiculous part of it was that the only words the chamberlain made was that it must not be with the baron of Findesboy merely because he rode in a carriage with six while the chamberlain used only fours."

"Oh, now you are lying," I said.

"No, I swear it is so."

"But no children came?"

"No." Egelund replied, "the devil understands the ways of women."

"The chamberlain was a doctor of philosophy, wasn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, you bet he was." Egelund laughed, he got that degree once when he came home from abroad, and he was far more proud of it than of his title of chamberlain. But Christian the Eighth was furious at him and he was never invited to court."

"Was he then a chamberlain before he became a doctor?"

"Yes, otherwise he would surely never have been made one and it's very strange that he got any title at all, because of the reckless life he led during his youth. But I suppose they thought that the title would make him tame."

"I have heard something about him," I said. "Was that during your time?"

"No, the worst was over then, and he put on the brakes as much as he could and he was married then. Now he ran the estate himself. What do you imagine. Once he put fire to his overseer and put it out again with a garden hose."

"Now you couldn't make me believe that Egelund."

"Well it is true whether you want to believe it or not," he said.

"The chamberlain had spoken to the overseer several times and asked him if he would let him put fire to him for $20, but the overseer, of course, refused. Then, one day when there was a great stag dinner they filled the overseer full of liquor and he consented to let them do it for $25. They placed him in the yard, poured kerosene on him and put fire to him. And the chamberlain was ready with the hose and put it out."

"Now that must be a lie Egelund," I said.

"I tell you it is not," he replied, "I have it from the overseer himself."

"Now imagine if he had burned to death."

"Well, there would have been a scandal then! And then once when the chamberlain was in bad terms with everyone in the town he came trotting down the road and met old Mette who sold bread and who was walking to town with a basket on each arm. She was not quite right in her head. Do you want to have a ride Mette, the chamberlain asked, and before she could answer he lifted her into the saddle and rode into town with her seated behind him and a big basket on each arm. Mete laughed and grinned, but when they had arrived in front of the mayor's house he gave her a push and she fell down with her baskets yelling like mad. And he trotted out of town as fast as he could—"

"But really—" I began.

"Just listen, there's a much more."

"Of course there was a general outcry and the chamberlain was taken into court and held to pay a big fine and damages to Mette. About half a year later when the whole thing had been forgotten he gave a great dinner for all the officials of the town. There was the mayor and the minister and the county clerk, and the custom officers and the one-legged postmaster, and many others. They sat and ate, and drank and were merry. In the center of the table in front of them stood a big silver dish which nobody was allowed to touch. At the desert the chamberlain told a servant to take the cover off the silver dish, and pass it around beginning with the mayor. Of course, everybody was curious and the dish was so big that the servant had to use both hands to carry it—don't you want another grog, there's plenty of rum."

"No, thank you."

"The mayor had to take the cover off himself and at the same moment 30 sparrows flew out. They laughed but they were furious and nobody more than the mayor, but immediately afterwards they began to sneeze and the minister blew his nose and said something about having caught cold, but then the mayor and the customhouse officials, and the county clerk, and all the servants and the chamberlain himself began to sneeze. I tell you he had sprinkled all the birds with powdered Spanish pepper," Egelund said, and laughed until he was dark red in the face.

"Yes," I said, "that was a good one."

"But there is more to come," Egelund said, "much more. Now listen. They had to run out of the dining-room and down all the stairs, sneezing, and the coffee was served in the summer-house in the garden near the end of the stable. They had brandy and benedictine, and cigars, all of them, and then the chamberlain came himself and asked them in his most innocent manner, if they didn't want to see the view from the roof of his new dairy."

"The one with the flat roof." I asked, "there is really a beautiful view from there."

"Indeed there is! And they were all merry and all went, and when they were up there the chamberlain carried away the ladder, took off his hat and shouted good-morning gentlemen. They all laughed for they thought it was another joke of his, but suddnely his carriage comes with four stallions, and the chamberlain jumped into it." If anyone dares touch that ladder before he sees me riding down Skovboeller hill I will discharge him on the spot, he shouted to the farm hands. And away he went.

"Of course those people never visited Findesbov again," he asked.

"Don't you believe that I often went down to a game of L'hombre with the county clerk after that affair. The old man had a fine wine cellar I tell you. While I think of it I have a paper from that time that you must see."

"Rossberry," he roared and the little woman appeared immediately in the crack of the door.

"The lamp," Egelund commanded, and the woman disappeared.

"Now I will make two grogs," he said and filled up both glasses with very much rum and very little water, "you must drink it," he said, "and then look in my desk on the right-hand side in the upper drawer. Have you got the letter?"

"Power of Attorney Christian Egelund of Froeschaw," I read.

"Yes, that is it. Come over here to me, and read it aloud, it is a long time since Rossberry read it to me."

"With pleasure," and I read it:

Power of Attorney for Christian Egelund of Froeschow.

As I, because of the unhealthy climate of Kamerow, cannot spend very much time on my estate, I hereby give to Christian Egelund full power of attorney to manage my estates Kamer, Skovbemon and Viby no matter whether I am here in Fineun or abroad. He has to look after all my men to see that they don't cheat men or fill me up with lies.

Christian Egelund is to be my personal representative during my absence, and all my people from the overseers to the night watchmen must obey his orders as if they came from me personally, and anyone who does not obey his orders is to be discharged without pardon and pension. As I treat all my people, and particularly my overseers, so well that they couldn't afford to change positions with any royal officials, and I have reason to believe were it not for the fact that I have studied men for years, that they would look after my interest as if they were their own, by the experience has proven to me that nothing is less foolish than ideas of this kind, and that nothing is more true than the old Latin proverb 'Procul a Jove, procul a fulmina,' or as we say in Danish, when the cat is away the mice will play."

I want Christian Egelund to pay particular attention to my chief overseer that he does not fall asleep, but fulfills his duties faithfully and energetically, to be proved indeed that he is no black swarn or ungrateful for the high wages that I pay him, and appreciates tha fact that I have forgiven and forgotten some of his passed irregularities.

Egelund must particularly see to these things:

1.—That the chief manager sends to me his monthly statement promptly, and keeps me posted on everything which happens on my estates, and not fill me up with foolish talk to be proving either that himself is an idiot or that he considers me one. He should know from experience that I am not the kind of man who is satisfied with loose talk, but look into everything myself as far as my feeble intelligence allows me, and consult others in matters which are above my understanding.

2.—That my chief overseer, whom I consider an honest, but lazy fellow, sees to it that my peasants and tenants pay their taxes and rents promptly. Times are at present so good that it would be no excuse for my peasants not to pay in time.

3.—Egelund must furthermore see to it that out of the money, which comes in from the sale of some of my farms, $80,000 is used to pay off a mortgage on my estate.

4.—He must keep an eye on the Forester Langer, who is an ungrateful soul who likes to play the gentleman, and he must immediately inform me if he plays any tricks for which he ought to be discharged.

5.—At no time should the chief overseer be allowed to have more than $2,000 in cash in his safe. Any amount above that he must turn over to Egelund, whose receipt is as good as my own. AMEN.

I write this power of attorney on ordinary paper because I have no stamped paper in the house.

Dated, Knakolte, Nov. 5, 1845.

Signed, C. F. VON ACHEN,
Doctor of Philosophy and Chamberlain.

Egelund had been sitting quietly listening to the reading.

"Yes, he was a splendid fellow," he said, "people may say what they like, but he was a powerful man, but the last few years of his life was sad, and then he went altogether to pieces, poor fellow."

"Yes, I know," he said, "he was insane."

"Yes, you may call it that," Egelund said, taking a swallow from his glass. One night it happened that he came here, the Swede, and then the accident happened—I suppose you know the story?"

"No," I said.

"Yes, the chamberlain had been sitting looking over our books until about 2 o'clock or so. Then he went to bed. There was always a small lamp standing in his room on a small table behind the screen. About 3 o'clock he woke up at the sound of somebody moving about in the room, and when he sits up in bed he sees a long fellow standing at the foot of the bed leaning against it. The blood was running down his face. The chamberlain wakes up his wife and asks her if she, too, can see him. And she says yes. And then they ask him who he is and what he wants, but the man says nothing. The chamberlain jumps out of bed and makes a rush for the other and they begin to fight. And the Swed roars and bites, and kicks like a wild beast. The chamberlain's wife rings the bell and runs out into the hall crying for help. But before the servants had time to dress and come up stairs the Swed had caught hold of the chamberlain's hair and knocked his head against the floor. At last they got the fellow outside in the hall after one of the servants had hit him in the temple knocking him senseless. Oh, that was a terrible thing."

"But what was the matter with the Swed?" I asked.

"Oh, the chamberlain had scolded him in the morning because he didn't take off his hat when he passed him, and in the evening he got drunk and had begun to fight with a tenant of a small farm in Kastljerger inn, and while he was walking home the idea suddenly came to him that he ought to give the chamberlain a thrashing."

"But how did he get in?"

"Oh, there are so many doors, and very often the windows are open, and when a man is drunk he very often finds a way to get in that he wouldn't find otherwise. But since that affair the chamberlain was always afraid to stay alone. He saw the Swed's face everywhere. And when his wife died he didn't last but half a year longer."

"Did he care much for her?" I asked.

"Well, the devil knows those people in that way." Egelund said. "For when we were up there evenings he often kissed and petter her, and couldn't think of all the good he would do for her. But then there were times when he didn't open his mouth to her for many days, and after all how is a man to find something to talk about to a woman all the time. But they always played cards together every evening when they were alone whether his humor were good or bad. I liked to visit them when there were not many people there." Egelund continued with a smile, "for then he was always natural and pleasant. That was in those days and now a person is growing old. It is never right when a person has to take something to be able to fall asleep. Of course, you don't understand that young man, but if I don't take a couple of stiff throat scrapes before I go to bed I will lie awake until 4 or 5 o'clock. Indeed I do, and then I swear so. Want another?"

"No, I thank you. It's already 11:30."

"Then it is really time to go to bed," he said. "I didn't think it was as late as that. Rossberry," he cried.

The woman appeared.

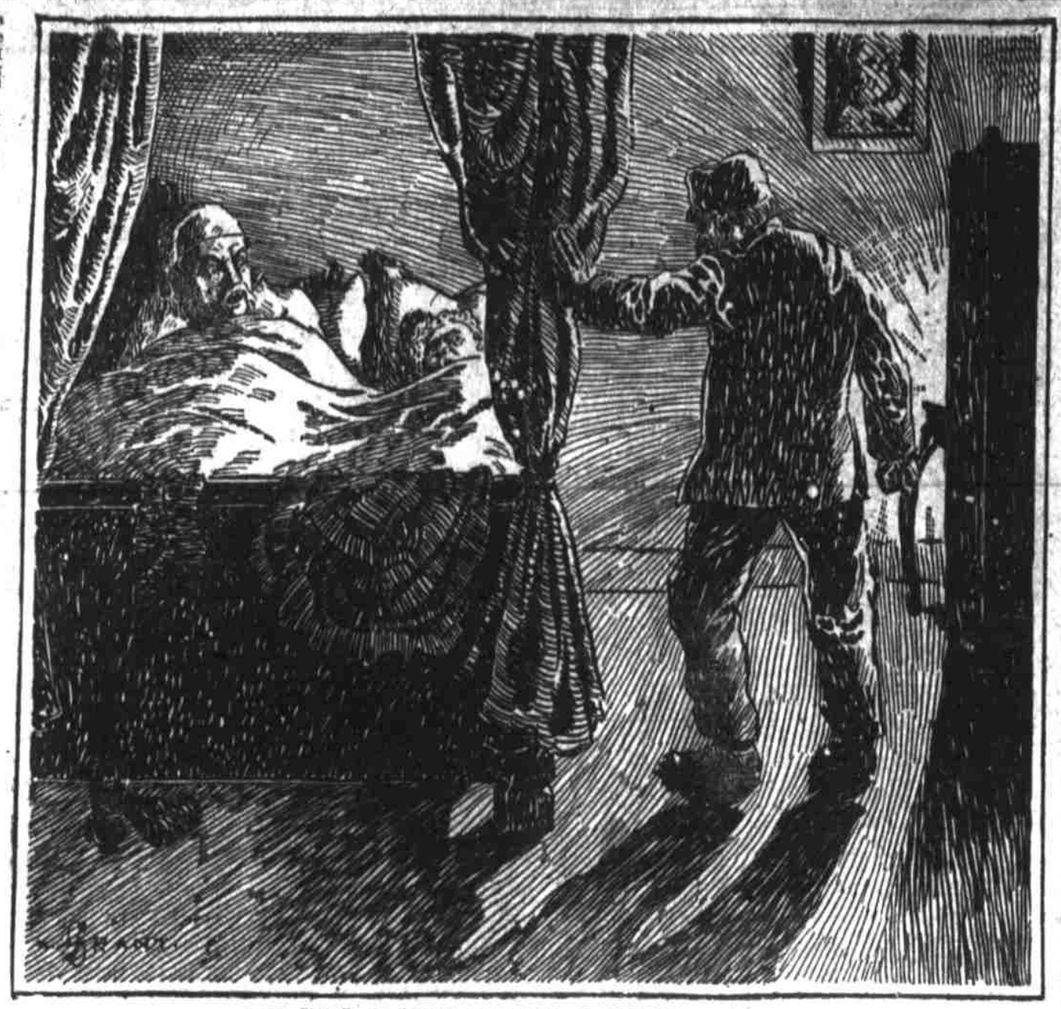
"Throw that bandit out," he said.

The housekeeper brought my hat and cane from the hall.

"Well, now you promise me to come back soon and bring your brother along," Egelund said.

"Yes, thank you. Good-bye and sleep well."

"Good-bye, good-bye. Excuse me that I don't get up."



"HE SEES A LONG FELLOW STANDING——"

MUST *The* WORLD MUZZLE *The* FLEA?

Continued From the First Page of This Section

Since the discovery of the disease spreading function of the mosquito, many lives have been saved by observing proper precautions. Thus, in the Campagna, where one third of the railway employes formerly died every year, mortality from ague has almost been abolished by the simple precaution of having the doorways and windows of houses covered with netting. In the southern part of the United States, in Panama and South America, yellow fever has been stamped out through war on the mosquito.

While fleas spread the plague, they are not affected by the bacilli. The breaking out of a plague epidemic has usually been preceded and accompanied by the death of rats. These rats, according to W. J. Simpson, professor of hygiene at the King's college, London, are usually found teeming with fleas.

An interesting observation has been made by Dr. J. M. Clarke in Indiana. While a plague prevailed at Iquique not a case was found on a territory immediately adjoining on the Pampas, situated about 3,000 feet above the sea. In that section were large deposits of nitrate of soda. Persons were accustomed to go back and forth, no sanitary precautions were taken, yet the people in the charmed territory remained unharmed.

Dr. Clarke took a number of fleas into that territory and within an hour all died. The nitrate of soda made life impossible for the insects. Where the fleas died the people remained unscathed by the plague.

When a case of bubonic plague was found in San Francisco, in May, 1907, an immediate war on the rat—and through the rat on the flea—was begun. More than 100,000 rats were captured, and twice that number were poisoned. More than 500 men were kept constantly employed, and $50,000 a month was expended.

Dr. Walter Wyman, chief of the bureau of public health and marine hospital service, declared that fleas were responsible for the infection. The fight is proving successful, however, and with the destruction of the rats the disease is being stamped out.

In advocating the formation of a national society for the destruction of vermin, in England, Sir James Crichton-Browne declared that, although there was a time when England was free of rats, it is now actually rat infested.

By offering a reward for all rats killed, declared the baronet, Japan had freed herself from the pests. India, the worst plague stricken land on earth, is the country most plagued with rats.

Within recent years the Salvation Army has conducted cat farms in India, with the purpose of destroying the rats and lessening the danger of plague epidemics. It is said the rat fleas do not seek harbor on cats.

The present scourge, according to Professor Simpson, originated in Yunnan, in China. With the acquisition of Hong Kong by the British, in 1841, the exclusive barrier with which China surrounded herself was broken down. In 1871 M. E. Rocher, a Frenchman, visited the country; he found parts of the country almost depopulated by warfare and pestilence.

Although the origin of the plague in Yunnan is unknown, it is believed to have been introduced by Mohammedan pilgrims returning from Mecca—just as it was introduced into France during the present year by persons returning from "the Holy City of the East."

During subsequent years the plague spread itself through the country, and in 1894 reached Canton, where, in less than six months, the mortality reached 40,000. According to Dr. Mary Niles, it was "noticeable that rats in infected houses died and that one of the officials, who offered 10 cents cash for every dead rat brought to him, collected 2,000 in one day and 35,000 in one month." During the year, it is said, from 80,000 to 100,000 persons died.

From Canton the plague spread to Hongkong, 80 miles distant. The deaths there did not exceed 3,000. During this epidemic the plague bacillus was discovered by Dr. S. Kitasato of Tokio. The plague disappeared, reappearing in 1879 and 1898. With Canton, Hongkong, Macao and Pakhoi infected, the plague spread over southern China. It broke out in Bombay, India, in 1896, where it had not appeared for 200 years. Many claim it was carried to Bombay from Hongkong. There was a slow diffusion from Bombay along the coast, and in 1898 61,000 deaths were recorded.

"In India," writes Professor Simpson, "every year the area of the plague's activity widens. Each recurring epidemic seizes on new districts, besides maintaining a hold on the old. At the end of eight years the annual mortality had risen from less than 30,000 in the first year of its prevalence to a little less than 1,000,000 in 1903. This represents nearly one sixth of the annual mortality of India.

"In the first months of 1904 there were over 500,000 deaths, while during the first six months of 1907 the deaths numbered 1,060,000, and of this number 632,000 occurred in the Punjaub district, which has a population of 25,000,000. This was at the rate of one person in every 40 dying of the malady."

In Africa and South America, according to Professor Simpson, the plague is steadily dotting the country.

"Plague is slow in its progress and development," he says, "and evidently has difficulty in adapting itself to new conditions; not infrequently it remains for years in a more or less quiescent state and then breaks out in a destructive and expanding epidemic."

Most effective of preventive measures, recently declared Dr. J. Ashburton Thompson, head of the public health department of New South Wales, Australia, is to render buildings rat proof. The total destruction of rats and rat fleas, he says, is impossible. Therefore, there is one escape—the barrier against the rat and its parasite.

With the introduction of the Clayton system of fumigating ships with sulphur polyoxide, modern science has evolved a successful means of destroying rats, vermin and bacilli in ships coming from infected ports.

To try to combat a disease, the means of the dissemination of which is unknown, is to fight in the dark. With the crime of infection fastened upon the flea, science now knows where to direct its attacks.

Plague is divided into bubonic, septicemic and pneumonic, with atypical types, such as cellulo-cutaneous, carbuncular, intestinal aud cerebral. From 70 to 80 per cent of the cases appear with buboes. The incubation of the disease varies from a few hours to five days. The symptoms in man are fever, severe headache, giddiness, congested eyes, extreme mental depression, staggering gait, stammering, painful swellings, delirium and occasional eruptions of the skin. Death ensues in the larger percentage of cases in three to five days.

According to J. P. Papon, who has collected a chronological list of the great pestilences, there were 41 epidemics of plague during the course of 1,500 years before the Christian era; during the first 1,500 years of the Christian era there were 109, and between the years 1500 and 1720, when the plague visited Marseilles, Aix and Toulon, there were 45.

For centuries the disease carried on its ravages unresisted. Cities, towns, whole districts of country were depopulated as though swept by fire. Cities became cities of the dead; houses were closed; streets were deserted.

With the formation of a national society, war on the flea will be waged in all the dependencies of Great Britain. Perhaps the war will be carried to the centers of the plague—the focal stores of the earth. Who can tell but science may yet muzzle the flea.

OLD STORY IN JAPAN.

They Had their Limerick Craze 1,000 Years or So Ago.

From the New York Sun.

And now it appears that the present popularity of the limerick is nothing very new, at least not within 1,000 years or so, and it is Japan that politely remarks: "Honorably excuse me, but it was 1 who did this, so many years ago."

There was a time when scientists announced that the perfection of the modern camera had enabled them to photograph birds in flight so quickly that they had discovered motions of the wings which previously it had been impossible for the human eye to see. But, alas! some one directed their attention to the fact that these wing motions had been accurately depicted in old Japanese drawings.

In regard to the limerick, it seems that 1,000 years ago there was a limerick fever in Japan which amounted to a social craze. It manifested itself wherever there was a gathering of people.

A host would propound the beginning of a limerick for his guests to supply the missing lines. Or perhaps a general would offer the same amusement to his subordinates. And the ladies practiced it themselves in the privacy of their boudoirs, if indeed there were such things 1,000 years ago.

So engrossing was this contest of the wits that it followed the soldiers even to the field of battle. There are many stories relating how prisoners gained their liberty by cleverly supplying missing lines.

One such case was that of a young chief who was captured by Yosh-i-yo, the head of the Minamoto clan, in the great battle of the Highlands. The young prisoner was quietly preparing to die, and his great calmness moved his captor to remark, with regret:

"To-shi-o-he-té,
I-to-i-no-isu-re-no
Ka-na-shi-sa-ni."

(It is indeed a sorrow to me to see this tangle of the threads [the feud].)

But the young prisoner quietly replied:

"Yo-ro-i-ne-so-de-wa,
Ho-ko-ro-bi-ni-ke-ri."

(I, too, sorrow over the threads—the threads of my good armor, which are torn.)

As a reward for his point of view the Highlander received his liberty.

The Japanese limerick is called choka. It contains five lines of 31 syllables. The first and third lines contain five syllables, and the other three seven. In a contest the first three lines are given, to which the last two must be supplied.

All the famous "One Hundred Poems" of Japan belong to this cho-ka form of verse. Many of these are the work of kings and queens.

The first of the collection was written by the Mikado Tenji, who reigned from 828 to 836, and the last by Mikado Yozei-in, whose rule was from 868 to 876. It is also interesting to note that almost as many of these poems were written by women as by men.

In the game of one hundred poets, played extensively in Japan on New Year's day, the first three lines of the cho-ka are written on the card, which the player may take by supplying the last two.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE SHOP

There Were Many Safeguards, but Still Customer Kicked.

From the New York Sun.

"This towel," said the attendant to the patron, "has been subjected to extreme heat, and is thoroughly sterilized."

"Good!" commended the patron.

"We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection or contagion. This soap," continued the attendant, "has been debacterialized, and the comb and brush are thoroughly antiseptic ized."

"Glad to hear it," said the patron.

"The chair in which you sit has a daily bath in bichloride of mercury and its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 187 degrees, which is guaranteed to destroy any bacillus that happens to be present."

"An excellent idea."

"The razor and the lather brush are boiled before being used, and the lather cup is dry heated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs clinging to it."

"Fine."

"The hot water with which the lather is mixed is always double heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled."

"A wise precaution."

"Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are antiseptically treated every day; and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze. The shoe polish at the bootblack chair is boiled, then frozen, and the——"

"Say," observed the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the germ-proof towel all this time, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some sort of germ that you've got to talk me to death?"

"I'm not the barber, sir."

"You're not? Where is he?"

"They're boiling him, sir."

TALE REVIVED.

An Anecdote, Not New in 1895, Going the Rounds Again.

A while ago an item started the rounds of the college papers, beginning, it appeared, with the Daily Illini, at the University of Illinois, and working like a soft nosed bullet both ways through the college publications. The story was about what was called a recent happening at Dartmouth. It detailed how the tax assessor of the district of Hanover, New Hampshire, decided recently that the students of Dartmouth college ought to pay taxes. Thereupon the students decided that if they could be taxed they also could vote.

So at a town meeting the students, who far outnumbered the other residents, united in support of two projects. One was to have erected a schoolhouse 500 feet long and one foot wide, and the other to have laid a boardwalk from Hanover to Lebanon, about five miles away. Immediately thereafter the tax assessor made up his mind that the students need not be taxed.

"Well," said a Dartmouth, '95 man when he was told about the anecdote, "that used to be a favorite story when I was in college. I wonder who started that up again."

SOME EASY CARD TRICKS--No. 1

By Orton E. Goodwin

CARD parties, of one kind or another, are now so much in vogue that the amateur who is able to puzzle and mystify his friends during some lull in the proceedings is everywhere in demand. With this in view the present may not be inappropriate for letting Journal readers into the secret of some of the simplest, yet to the onlooker most amazing, of card tricks, which, while almost impossible of detection, require no especial skill in the performance.

For the first trick take any 21 cards out of the pack, let them be thoroughly shuffled and mixed by the onlookers; this done deal them in rotation into three piles of seven each, one at a time, asking some one to note some particular card and only to tell you which pile it is in. Pick up the three piles, placing in the middle the one indicated by your friend. Repeat this altogether three times, each time taking special care to place between the other piles the one selected by your friend as the depositary of the card he noticed.

During the third time of dealing the cards note particularly the fourth or middle card of each pile, so that whichever pile is selected you may be able to mention the middle card in it. This card will be the one you want. By putting the piles together the card can be found by counting the cards under the table and producing the required one, which will be the eleventh. An effective way to finish the trick is to find the required card and make it project, say an inch, beyond the others in the pack, after first slipping the card to the top of the pack. If the pack be now dropped on or thrown to the floor the required card will float and fall face upward.

Other Tricks.

Yet another way of finishing the preceding and other similar tricks depending on the production of some required card, is to make the card project about an eighth of an inch toward the hand holding the pack, then while the thumb and forefinger grip the pack the two middle fingers should hold between them the card. If now sone one can be got to sharply knock the pack out of your fingers, the missing card remains between them.

In the success of the next trick much depends on the aplomb of the performer, who must remember that his remarks, like those of the conjuror, may somewhat be lacking in accuracy, while adding in finish to the performance.

After shuffling the cards, the position of some one card should be noted, so that it can be produced at any moment. In actual practice it will be found more convenient to note the face of either the top or bottom card—of course, without attracting the attention of the watchers.

The cards should then be spread in a large semi-circle on the table and some one of the onlookers asked to come forward on the condition that he has no objection to being hypnotized. Looking the subject in the eye, tell him that you are going to make him bend to your will.

We will presume that the card you have noted is the ace of hearts, then ask your "subject" to touch this card. He may, of course, touch the card you want and then of course you trick is finished. He is, however, more than likely to touch one of the remaining 51. Immediately he does so, pick it up quickly so that the spectators cannot see what the card actually is. Then ask for the latter card, and when you have that, again for the one you later received. Do this to the extent of say, five or six cards. You have now asked, we will assume, for five cards, four of which are actually in your hand. "To save time, I will take the last card myself, which is the . . . ," asking for the last card you took up. It is almost unnecessary to say that you pick up the card, the position of which you noted at the beginning of the trick, quickly shuffle the cards in your hand, and then, "There you are, ladies and gentlemen." The more closely the cards are examined, the more favorable will be the result to the trickster. If carefully done and previously practiced once or twice to gain confidence, detection is rather difficult.

Don't Repeat.

With regard to this, and indeed to all tricks, there is one invariable rule, never repeat the same trick twice in the one evening. In the first place every one will be looking out for your methods, knowing beforehand what the result will be. Another golden rule to be observed is never to tell beforehand what you are going to do.

In the next trick you apparently take the four kings and put them in different parts of the pack, then after a single cut the cards may be dealt and the four kings come out together. Pick out the four kings and spread them fanwise, but behind the second king slip a couple of knaves, so that they cannot be observed. Close up the fan and lay it with the cards face down on top of the pack. Taking up the top card, carelessly show it to your friends and place at the bottom of the pack. The next two cards, which are of course the two jacks, slip one at a time into the middle of the pack, without showing, whilst you leave the fourth card at the top of the pack, telling the spectators accordingly. Any single cut, which should be made by one of your friends, will now bring the bottom king to the top, where are the other three kings, so that on dealing out the cards their majesties are found in conclave together.

To tell the cards in the pack one by one—For this trick secretly divide the pack into halves, placing them back to back. You are then able to tell the cards one at a time by reading the card faced to you while you tell the previous one. First glance at the bottom card and hold up the pack and tell it, at the same time you can plainly see what the value of the card is turned to you. Put the pack behind your back and slip off the card you have just described, turn the pack and tell the name of the card then showing to the audience while again you prepare yourself for the next card, by again reading the one facing you.

Above all things this trick should not be carried on too long lest by any careless slip the method of doing it be questioned too closely and found out. The easiest and best way is just to go from one trick to another so rapidly that you give no time for close observance.

To tell selected pairs—Deal out 20 cards from the pack and ask any of your friends to place them in pairs and to remember which cards they paired together. Pick up the pairs in any order, taking care that the pairs are not separated. All that now remains to be done is to deal out the cards in accordance with the following formula: Mutus dedit nomen Cocis, which being translated means, Mutus gave a name to the Coci; however, the translation has nothing to do with the trick.

Word Meanings.

On examining the sentence it can be easily seen that the words consist of 10 letters, each repeated twice; then taking each pair to be numbered this is the way the formula is used:

M	U	T	U	S
1	2	3	2	4
D	E	D	I	T
5	6	5	7	3
N	O	M	E	N
8	9	1	6	8
C	O	C	I	S
10	9	10	7	4

You must now imagine that these four words are on the table, each letter taking the place of a card as laid above. Deal the first card on the imaginary "M" in Motus and the second on the imaginary "M" in Normen, the two next cards on the imaginary "U's," and so on until the whole 10 pairs are exhausted. Now ask each person in which row or rows his pair of cards appear and you can at once name them. If you be told, the cards are in the first and second rows you know the cards are represented by the letter "T," and naming the cards is thus easier than it looks.

A suitable trick to follow this is somewhat similar in principle,—the only variation being that 24 cards are taken, instead of 20, and arranged in triplets. The cards are then taken up as before and again arranged according to a formula, which in this case is:

L I V I N A
L A N A T A
L E V E T A
N O V U T O

The first three cards are put on the "L's," the next three on the "I's," and so on as before.

Although the formula may be a little harder to remember, the performance of the trick will repay for the trouble of memorising.

Women on Railroad Track.

From the Boston Herald.

"The locomotive engineer has many things to look out for and numerous nerve-racking experiences, but there is nothing in the whole category of his troubles that he dreads quite as much as the presence of a woman on the track ahead."

The speaker was Assistant General Manager Hustis of the Boston and Albany. He was riding in his observation engine with a number of officials and reporters on a tour of inspection.

A woman crossed the track about 200 yards ahead, hesitated, recrossed and waited till the train passed.

"There," continued Mr. Hustis, "is an illustration of what is happening every day. You saw how the engineer slowed up when he saw that woman on the track. He knew just what she would do. But if he hadn't seen her or anticipated her action she might have had a narrow escape.

"I have ridden thousands of miles on the front of our observation engines and I have seen hundreds of women do that same thing. No one can explain why it is, but if a woman sees a train coming when she is crossing the track she will invariably go across and then change her mind and go back to the place from which she started."