

WOMEN AS DOCTORS.

Female Physicians in Every Branch of Medical Practice.

"It is only within the last twenty-five years that women have been permitted to enter medical colleges," said a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Chicago. "The schools of America were the first to admit women," continued Dr. Dickenson, "and England was forced into concession. Thirty years ago Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Hoggan was obliged to leave England and attend a school in Zurich to get a medical education. A short time afterward Mrs. Garrett Anderson, now one of the most noted of female physicians, as well as Mrs. Agnes McLaren, had to leave Edinburgh to get their education in Paris. It seems strange that a city like Edinburgh, boasting of the most perfect school system in the world, had no place where a woman might study medicine if she were so inclined.

"There are now four medical colleges in the United States, situated at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago. There are, perhaps, one hundred and fifty female physicians now practicing medicine in this city and many of them are graduates of our own college. Since its existence the college has sent out two hundred graduates to follow their profession and they are scattered all over the world. Some are in California, others are in the East, and a number are in Africa and India. Those who have gone abroad and acting as missionaries. It has been the custom of foreign missionary societies to pay for the education of young women, providing they will pledge themselves to act as missionaries for the space of five years. Many intelligent girls have taken advantage of this opportunity to get an education, and after serving their time will be independent.

"Do women who become doctors incline to any particular branch of medical practice?"

"That depends on where they are located. If they settle in a large city, where specialists can do well, many of them choose some particular branch. In Chicago some have taken up nervous diseases and others the diseases peculiar to women, while I chose to be an oculist. There are also some who are in general practice, and I have no doubt there are women in every special branch of medicine. Now, I want to tell you something you don't know. There is no school in the world that teaches students how to fit the frames of spectacles, although this is fully as important as that the frames should have glasses in them. Unless the frame is adjusted so that the center of the lens is directly before the pupil of the eye the spectacles never give satisfaction, and injure the vision by wearing.

"Opticians have become very expert in fitting spectacles because they study the subject. They have to be responsible for the mistakes of oculists, and have learned to place no dependence on the opinion of the average doctor. Physicians in the country have no possible means of ordering spectacles that will suit the eyes of their patients. They may describe the strength of the lens that they need, but unless the frame is properly adjusted they might as well not order the spectacles. Is it not strange that this simple part of every doctor's education has been neglected and that no college teaches it?"

THE GREEN SPORTSMAN.

What the Old Hunter Thinks of the Novice and His Ways.

The greenhorn is to be found in the woods as well as anywhere else in the world. His manners, his dress, his very carriage, all betray him. His gun is a new one; his shooting jacket and boots smell of the shop. He has an exaggerated idea of every thing about the woods. To his verdant imagination trout are as plenty in the lakes and streams as herring in the mighty ocean. There is at least one wildcat in every tree and a deer feeding in every meadow. To his mind the deep forest is clothed in a halo of mystery, of which he is to be the explorer; and, like Livingstone and Stanley, he is to be the revealer of these mighty secrets. The old woodsman makes nothing of creaking trees, and the weird sound produced by one branch scraping against another would hardly command a passing thought, but I have known a novice to sit half a day by the side of this phenomenon, waiting for a wildcat to show himself from the branches overhead. There is a tinge of disappointment occasioned by the knowledge of the fact which comes later on, that of all solitary places—excepting perhaps the fabulous Great American Desert—the unbroken wilderness has the fewest signs of animal life of any place on the entire continent. You may travel all day and not see a partridge, a deer, wildcat, bear, fox, robin, crow or bluebird, and hardly a squirrel. The deep wood on a quiet day is the very personification of stillness. Game there is, but it gathers in certain localities, according to the season. The newcomer has eyes, but they see not; ears has he, but they hear not; and you can trust him to make noise enough to keep the game just out of sight.—*Forest and Stream.*

—An amiable young female pedagogue residing in the Mohawk Valley prides herself on the close relations of trust and confidence which exist between her and the many little ones in the primary department. One day a little fellow made his way to the teacher's desk, and, with many blushes and much embarrassment, finally managed to say: "You don't care, do you, Miss —, if my pants don't match my coat?"

ARTIFICIAL COLD-AIR.

Houses to Be Cooled in Summer by Frost That Comes Through Pipes.

The manufacture of cold is likely to become a large industry. Earlier efforts in the production of cold were toward the manufacture of ice. Later improvements were in the line of cooling-rooms, where products could be stored without the use of ice. This method has been in successful operation for some time in large packing-houses. It is less troublesome and less expensive than ice, but the process involves the use of brine with ammonia and a large outlay of money for a plant. This process is effective only in large concerns, and is limited to the production of moderately cold air, with the objectionable feature of dampness.

The newest process of refrigerating produces a dry, cold air that carries the thermometer many degrees below freezing point, and this degree of cold can be produced so cheaply and is so thoroughly under control that the world is promised the luxury of frost as cheap as heat or light. The concern in Chicago which controls this process is located on the West Side in a pretentious building. In one room they distill the ammonia, reducing the refuse product from the gas house to a pure liquid. This ammonia, known in the trade as anhydrous ammonia, flows in pipes to the cooling-rooms. This pipe enters the rooms and is distributed about the sides like ordinary steam pipes. The liquid ammonia is prevented from entering the pipes in the rooms, but through a faucet the gas or vapor which rises from the liquid ammonia passes into the pipes in the room. This vapor is what produces cold, and the degree desired is regulated by the amount of vapor that is allowed to pass through the pipes. The gas or vapor returns to the distilling-room with its freezing properties exhausted, and is made again into anhydrous ammonia, and is again used for freezing purposes.

Fruits are stored in a room cooled to the temperature of forty degrees. Meats for use in the near future are in rooms a little cooler, and game and delicate fishes for winter use are in the coldest room. In this department the thermometer registers twenty degrees below zero, and the game birds and fishes are frozen as hard and dry as it would be possible to freeze them in the dry cold air outdoors.

The practical uses to which this method may be put do not end with cooling and freezing rooms in a large establishment, for this pure liquid ammonia may be drawn off and carried to a residence in a receptacle something like a soda fountain, and from this the gas can be forced through a pipe in a refrigerator and make that storehouse as cold as may be desired. So far the process has not been used by families to any extent, but the production of the liquid ammonia is a matter of such trifling cost that a raid on the good housewife's kitchen is contemplated, and the company promise that the family refrigerator shall be furnished with dry, cold air cheaper than ice and serve the purpose better. Instead of the daily call of the iceman the cold air fellow will come around once in eight or ten days with his little tank of frost-producer, and after connecting it with the refrigerator pipe carry away with him the old tank of exhausted ammonia.

It is still further proposed to extend the usefulness of this process by making it a means of cooling residences. Pipes may be laid in the streets just as gas pipes are now laid, and as the liquid ammonia will not freeze it may be run into a residence just as gas is, and during the warm weather, instead of sweetening in a hot room the householder may turn a faucet and let the ammonia vapor circulate through the pipes around the ceiling of the room. No one need suffer in his house or office from heat when this point has been reached any more than he need now suffer indoors from colds. Pipes for a house-cooling plant are now being laid in Denver, and during the coming summer the plan will be thoroughly tested there.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE FALL OF FICTION.

A Comparison Between Gin-Shop Toppers and Literary Inebriates.

There is among the very poor in our large cities a class of persons who nightly resort to the gin-shop to purchase a mixture of every known liquor, the heterogeneous rinsings of a hundred glasses. The flavor of this unnameable beverage defies imagination, but the liquor has for its lovers one transcendent virtue—it distances all rivalry in the work of procuring swift and thorough inebriation. Its devotees would not thank you for a bottle of the finest Chateau Yquem, when the great end and aim of drinking—the being made drunk—can be reached by such an infinitely readier agency. The taste for novels like Mr. Rider Haggard's is quite as truly the craving for coarse and violent intoxicants because they coarsely and violently intoxicate. But the victims of this thirst are without the excuse which the indigent toppers to whom we liken them may plead. The poor tippler might say that he bought his unutterable beverage because he could not afford a better. But the noblest vintages of literature may be purchased as cheaply as their vilest substitutes. When we have abundance of exquisite grapes in our vineyards, it is not almost incredible that persons who pretend to some connoisseurship should be content to besot themselves with a thick, raw concoction, destitute of fragrance, destitute of sparkle, destitute of every thing but the power to induce a crude inebriety of mind and a morbid state of the intellectual peptic? It is indeed almost incredible, but the pity of it is, it is true.—*Fortnightly Review.*

POWER OF MEMORY.

Facts in Proof of the Existence of Plurality of the Attribute.

It is manifest that there is not one memory only, but many memories, in each mind, and that one kind of memory is pre-eminently developed in one person and another in another. "Memory," says Ribot, "may be resolved into memories, just as the life of an organism may be resolved into the lives of the organs, the tissues, the anatomical elements which compose it." Referring exclusively to the perceptive faculties, we need only mention a few thoroughly recognized facts in proof of this statement. Persons having a strongly developed organ of what the phrenologists call "individuality" receive peculiarly distinct impressions of external objects, and, therefore, of persons; hence they immediately recognize them on seeing them again and easily picture them to themselves from memory. Persons abundantly endowed with the organ of "locality" exhibit an astonishing power of finding their way in regions previously unknown to them and of remembering the character of those they have visited. Persons, thus endowed, when strongly impressed by the contents of a passage in a book they have read, remember exactly the part of the page in which the passage occurs, and whether the page itself be a left hand or a right hand page. The number of degrees of capacity of perception and recollection of colors is scarcely less remarkable—the power of recollection of them being always proportionate to the power of perceiving them and signaling their differences. Similarly, he who possesses the musical faculty in an eminent degree possesses in a like degree the power of learning and remembering the pieces of music to which his attention is directed. A striking proof of the distinctly individualized character of our various faculties and memories is presented in the often observed fact that the perception of time, though both alike essential in the mental constitution of a good musician, differ greatly in their relative strength in different individuals—so that while one may be a skillful musician he may be an indifferent timeist, and vice versa. In the former case the orderly succession of notes of a musical passage is easily remembered, but the time intervals, which are a distinctive feature of it, are remembered less easily; whereas in the latter case the memory of time is stronger than is that of tune. Equally notable is the fact that persons who are especially able as calculators recollect numbers with peculiar facility. Moreover, persons especially gifted with the faculty of language have a proportionate facility of recalling words and of quoting from memory long passages which they have never heard or read: "Cardinal Mezzofanti, who is said to have known more than one hundred different languages, used to declare that he never forgot a word that he had once learned."—*Westminster Review.*

RUSSIAN RELIGION.

How It Displays Itself in the Streets and in Railway Cars.

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in St. Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church or a shrine or a holy altar, he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern Church. In Moscow the number of shrines is so great, and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering, that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street. In St. Petersburg the number is much less, but it is still sufficient to keep your ivostchick's arms in tolerably active exercise. One thing puzzled me much. In St. Petersburg the women very seldom crossed themselves. For one woman who would make the sign of the cross in passing the shrine at the entrance to the Gostinnoi Dvor it would be made by a dozen men. In Moscow the women were more careful to perform their devotions, but in St. Petersburg the males were much more devout to outward seeming than the women. Of the women who did obeyance to the holy places in St. Petersburg all were poor. I did not see one well-dressed lady cross herself in the streets all the time I was in Russia. Officers and gentlemen were not so particular as the ivostchicks and workmen, but it was no uncommon sight to see them making the sign of the cross. I traveled with General Ignatieff from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The moment the train started the General crossed himself twice, remarking that although you should always pray, it was especially incumbent upon you to do so when starting on a journey. The number of shrines in Russia where candles are burning before holy pictures is very great, and such greater importance is attached to the science of genuflection than is easily creditable to the non-ritualistic Englishman. Sunday was much more generally observed as a holiday than I expected. The shops on the Grand Morskaya and the Nevski Prospekt are almost all shut all Sunday. St. Petersburg is not Sabbatarian by any means; it is more a day of amusement and of visiting than of devotion, but there seemed to me to be a much more general cessation of labor on Sunday in Russia than either in Germany or in France.—*Contemporary Review.*

—A new acquaintance, who lately offered Edwin Booth a cigarette, got the information that the actor was a man able to hold a pipe.

PUTTING AWAY CLOTHES.

How to Take Care of Summer Clothing Through the Winter Season.

Although the putting away of the summer clothes does not involve as much labor or time as the winter, yet the careful housewife knows that any care expended on this work now is amply repaid when the clothes are wanted for use in the warm weather. Some women who are extremely careful when putting away winter clothes, are very careless in regard to summer clothing. If there are woolen goods among them, such as soft, light-weight flannel, so popular nowadays that a person's wardrobe is not thought to be complete lacking a suit of this kind for summer wear, they are treated in the same careful manner as those of the winter. But the rest of the summer garments are but indifferently cared for. As moths do not thrive on a diet of cotton, there is little need of precaution in regard to their invasion, consequently the summer clothing is generally hung or packed away carelessly.

There are some women, most excellent housekeepers, who when putting away wash dresses, such as lawns, cambrics, prints, etc., always have them washed, starched and done up, so that when taken out in the spring they only need an airing to make them ready for use. This is not a good plan, for clothes put away in this way are sure to cut. Clothes of this kind should not be starched, but if they are, as in the case of being ready to wear, and the change of the season forbidding it, the starch ought to be washed out, and the garment put away rough dry. If the dresses are hung in a closet or room, they should always be covered with a cambric curtain. Long cambric bags are used by some housewives for putting away dresses, and where there is room enough, they are excellent, but where there is a large family, more particularly where there are children, this plan could not be followed successfully. Where a woman has a roomy house, she has very little trouble in deciding where the clothes shall be laid away, but where she is cramped for room, it is hard to decide what shall be done with them. Some women, who was boarding, and was confronted with this same problem, had a long, narrow pine box made with hinges at the top, so it would open like a trunk. This she lined with white cambric, and covered the outside with cretonne, first putting a cushion on the top. In this box she put her superfluous clothing. Her winter garments were placed in it in the summer, and her summer clothing in winter. When closed it made a pretty divan, and with castors on it could be moved to any part of the room. A soap box, covered in the same manner, answered the purpose of a hat box.

All garments needing repairs should be mended, if possible, before putting away. It seems a little thing, and it is mostly very convenient and tempting to place them away just as they are, trusting to mend them early enough in the spring. Usually there is so much to do at the latter season that the repairing of summer clothing is wholly forgotten, and only remembered when wanted for use. There are few things as discouraging to a housewife as a pile of summer clothes waiting repairs when her time is required for other work, consequently, if the summer mending is done ere putting away, it will not have to be done after the spring cleaning, when the housewife is exhausted in body and mind.

Woolen garments will need to be cared for the same as winter clothes, using a good piece of camphor, and doing each garment tightly in newspaper or trunks, fastening the edges so as to exclude moths. Sunshades brush well, do up in paper and place away in drawers or boxes. If hats with velvet or feathers are to be placed away put away the same as woolen garments, as moths revel in feathers. Lisle thread or any of the common summer gloves may be washed in warm suds, rinsed and dried, and they will look almost new. Before putting away the clothes make a memorandum of all the articles to be placed away, and you will find it a great help when readjusting the family summer wardrobe.—*Boston Budget.*

A Gotham Fairy Tale.

"You see," said a Broadway car conductor, as he registered two fares on the indicator in response to three just received, "it isn't as easy for us conductors to cheat the company as the public seem to think. We are required," he continued, "as he collected five fares and rang up three in a buoyant manner, 'to obtain five cents from every passenger, and then to register each fare on the indicator. Of course,' he observed, 'meanwhile ringing up one in exchange for two fares taken in, 'each passenger sees me ring the indicator for his or her fare, and it is impossible not to do so without being found out. 'Why,' he added, 'jerk the rope so gently that the indicator didn't ring for the two fares he had then pocketed, 'if I did not register every fare I receive I should deem it proper for any one to have me arrested for dishonesty.' So I had him arrested.—*Puck.*

—"Ma," said a little student of natural history, "do frogs go to Ireland in the winter time, when every thing is frozen up?" "No, my dear, what makes you ask such a question?" "Because teacher says they always hibernate in winter," was the reply of the observing young hopeful.

—The genius of America is stepping high about these days. The average number of patents issued weekly is over three hundred.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The man who said that marriage resembles a lottery labored under a misunderstanding. When you patronize a lottery you have some show of coming out ahead.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—Dudekin (who had just put on a new suit of clothes in the shop)—"Wait a minute, I'll go over to the bank and get a check cashed." Tailor (going out with him)—"Well, I'll follow suit."—*Washington Post.*

—The young wife who makes a shirt for her dear hubby not only runs the risk of shaking his confidence in her, but also of losing all her former admiration for him when she sees him with it on.—*Terre Haute Express.*

—It is amazing how quick the bakers find out when flour goes up, and how awfully deaf and blind they are when a slump in the market knocks \$2 off the price of a barrel. They must want to make some money out of the business.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Dutiful daughter—"Now, mother, don't ask me to marry that man. I admire and respect him, but I do not love him." Practical mother—"O, that don't matter. You won't see him often enough to grow tired of him. He's a politician."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—It's well known that there are absolutely no genuine chamois skins in the market; but, notwithstanding, an English firm is manufacturing a new cloth in imitation of the imitation skins. They will be just as good as the real skins, it is claimed, and will be sold as imitations.

—There ought to be a law in this country providing that none but pretty women should ever wear veils. Then all the homely women would break the law for obvious reasons, while the pretty women would discard the veils through vanity—and the eyes of man would be gratified.—*Journal of Education.*

—Wife (reprovingly)—"The great trouble with you is, John, you buy a good many things you don't need simply because they are cheap. That is false economy." Husband—"Here is a lady's watch I bought to-day for twenty dollars that's worth every cent of thirty dollars." Wife—"O, thank you, John; why, it was a real bargain!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—One of the latest feats of endurance is that of playing the piano for thirty-six hours in one inning. It is the player, and not the listener, who is awarded the prize for endurance. The listener generally becomes exhausted and wants to die in the fourth hour.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Miss Clara (blushing)—"Do you know, Ethel, that young Mr. Sampson proposed to me last night and I accepted him?" Miss Ethel (heartily)—"I congratulate you sincerely, Clara. Mr. Sampson is a noble young man." Miss Clara—"Do you know him well?" Miss Ethel—"O, yes. It was only a few months ago that I promised to be a sister to him."—*Time.*

—Mother, take or send your son to the barber when his hair needs cutting. To be sure, he may get his little head full of political and meteorological chaff from the lips of the loquacious knight of the shears and razor; but on the other hand, the boy who habitually has his hair cut by his mother is likely to grow up a social pariah, if, indeed, he does not develop into a red-handed villain.—*Boston Transcript.*

—In the course of a discussion about the Holy Writ recently overheard a lady remarked that the Bible was a history of men; that her sex was rarely and but incidentally mentioned as compared with the space devoted to men. "I confess," she added, "that it strikes me as being most singular. There might have been more said about us." "O, I don't know," replied her friend. "The authors of the various books had probably studied womankind, and knew they'd be able to speak for themselves."—*Harper's Bazar.*

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

A Chapel Crypt in Paris Full of Relics of the Great Revolution.

One of the most interesting places in Paris is now open to visitors. This is the crypt of the famous chapel of the Carmelite friars, whose convent was used as a prison and also as a human slaughter-house during the "Terror." The crypt has been thrown open to the public since the beginning of last week. It is situated in the Rue de Vaugirard, which may be reached easily from the main boulevard. The chapel-crypt contains many relics of the age of blood, which was inaugurated by the great revolution, among them being the skulls and bones of the priests who were massacred in 1792. These victims were about 200 in number, and they were literally hacked to death by the marshallies, to whom they were delivered up by Mallard. In March, 1793, the garden of the convent was turned into an *al fresco* dancing place called the "Bal des Tillous," where the "Grilles d'Egout" and "La Goules" of the day distinguished themselves by their choreographic coquenneries. Later on the convent prison contained within its walls Josephine de Beauharnais, who had been marked for the guillotine, but became wife of the First Consul Bonaparte; the lovely Mme. Tallien, the Mme. Gauthereau of the directory, who also wore Greek fillets like her modern imitator; Vergniaud, Mme. de Custine, and the two poor mountebanks, the Loisons, who were found guilty of treason against the powers that were by having dressed one of their marionettes in their "Guignol" theater in the Champs-Elysees as Charlotte Corday and made it sing out, "Down with Marat!" To a comparatively recent period some of the inscriptions written on the convent walls by unhappy and illustrious prisoners were still visible.—*Paris Cor.*

—London Telegraph.

CALIFORNIA DIAMONDS.

One of the Precious Products of Butte and Amador Counties.

Diamonds have long been known to exist in California, though none of large size have been found. The principal fields are along the north fork of the Feather river, in Butte County, and in the Volcano gravel region on a tributary of Dry creek, in Amador County. At Cherokee, near the north fork of the Feather, sixty or seventy diamonds have been taken out. They are found in the gold diggings in coarse gravel. In the Volcano fields nearly as many have been found. The formation at Volcano is similar to that at Cherokee. There is, however, at Volcano a bed of gold-bearing cement or conglomerate, so hard that it is worked in a stamp mill, a microscopic examination of the tailings from which shows pulverized diamonds in considerable quantities. This cement gravel contains enough gold to pay well for the crushing, and the owners do not believe they would be justified by the number or value of diamonds it contains to attempt the difficult task of breaking it up in such a way as to try to save them. Microscopic particles of diamonds have also been found in some instances in the tailings from other mills in California.

Last winter a diamond expert from the fields of South Africa, a Mr. Atkins, examined the diamond-bearing placers at Cherokee and Volcano, and came to the conclusion that the stones from there had at some period been brought from a distance, and that these gravel fields were not their original bed. The same view, it may be added, is held regarding the gold deposits for which the mines are worked. Cherokee and Volcano are in the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada, the latter place being about one hundred miles southeast of the former. The present topography of the country is not looked to as giving any clue to the source from which the precious deposits have come, as it is evident that the entire region has been completely changed by earthquakes and volcanoes, and the hills are now in many cases composed of lava which has overflowed and covered the ancient rivers, mountains and valleys. The best gold gravel mines on the eastern slope of the Sacramento valley are in the beds of ancient rivers. These beds have been traced for long distances, in many cases passing under mountain spurs or being cut off by valleys. In other instances violent upheavals have so disarranged them that the prospectors, following up a well-defined and paying river-bed, suddenly lose it, finding it broken off like a pipestem, and frequently through prospecting has failed to find the continuation of the bed, or it has been found miles away, showing that the earth had been cracked at right angles with the stream, and the two sides of the crevice had slid in opposite directions for miles.

Mr. Atkins did not think California a promising field for the diamond prospectors, and left for the Puget Sound region, since which time nothing has been heard from him.—*Jewelers' Review.*

RESULTS OF FRUGALITY.

Chauncey Depew Tells How a Man Made a Fortune by Economizing.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, besides having an inexhaustible fund of funny stories, has excellent ideas about how to live on a moderate salary. The other day one of the New York Central Railroad employes called on Mr. Depew and complained that his salary was not large enough to live comfortably.

"Well," said the railroad magnate, "I'll tell you a little story. Some years ago a man was in our employ, getting a much smaller salary than yours is, came to me with the same complaint you are now making. I asked him how many cigars he smoked a day and he said four.

"And how many do you give away?"

"About four more."

"Well," said I, "economize in your tobacco and you will learn to be saving in other things."

"I told him to try my advice and see how he liked it. I didn't see any thing of him for about a year, but one day he came in and asked me how he could best invest \$1,000 which he had saved. I advised him to buy New York, New Haven and Hartford stock, which was at that time very low. He put his money into \$5,000 worth of stock, happening to strike a particularly good bargain, and to-day he is worth \$300,000. Now, I do not claim that this man's success is attributable to my suggestion, but I do declare that if a person tries to economize he will be surprised at the result."

The applicant for an increase in salary listened with keen interest while Mr. Depew was talking, and then remarked that he guessed there was something in economy and that he would try it on for awhile.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

The One Thing Needful.

"Yes," said the young lady demurely to Billy Bliven. "Papa has given me every educational advantage. I can sing in Italian, you know, quite readily."

"Yes," said Billy, "I know."

"Then I can converse in French and Spanish and compose verses in Latin."

"Yes," said Billy, "but tell me one thing more."

"What is that?"

"Can you bake bread in English?"—*Merchant Traveler.*