A SAD SEA SONG.

A sailor man sailed over the sea,
When the billows were soft and low,
And the winds a ballad of ocean glee
Sang sweetly in gentle flow.

A sailor wife sat out on the shore
And dreamed of a ship on the deep,
But her sailor man she saw no more,
For he slept in a sound, sound sleep.

The sailor sailed away and away,
Where the surges were fierce and wild,
And was lost at the break of a stormy day
To his wife and his little child.

The winds were sad and the waves were mild,
And the sea sang a story of life,
A lullaby to the sailor child,
A wail to the sailor wife!

—David Graham Adee.

Farm Life in Northern Italy.

An Italian woman gives a sad account of the state of farming in the northern portions of her country. Almost all the farmers are tenants. They furnish the team and implements, while the landlords make repairs and pay the taxes. The crops are equally divided. As a rule both classes have a hard time. In regard to the food and drink of the laborers she writes: The light, pure wine, which before the vine disease cost next to nothing, and acted as a corrective to all the defects of diet, has been succeeded by wine which is more heady and less wholesome, and of which the price places it out of the reach of the peasant as a daily beverage. On a feast day he may drink a glass or two at the osteria; but, being unaccustomed to it, it does him more harm than good, and violent quarrels are the consequence. The Italian navvy is still a prodigious worker; nearly all the greatest engineering feats of modern times are the work of his hand. But then, it must be remembered that he eats and drinks better than the peasant. The rural poor can not afford coffee, which is heavily taxed; their drink is water, and not always pure water, and their staple food is maize flour, either prepared as polenta or made into a very indigestible kind of bread. The former is the usual and less objectionable way of eating it.

"Maize matures so late that in wet seasons it does not harden naturally, most of the rich proprietors have introduced stoves for drying the grain; but the peasants are careless and leave it out in the rain till it becomes moldy. Polenta forms the unfailing morning meal; for dinner there is sometimes a minestra or soup made of rice or of the coarser Italian pastes, with cabbage or turnips and a little lard. On fast days linseed oil is a substitute for the lard. Sausages, generally of a home made kind, and raw vegetables with or without oil and vinegar, are added when they can be got, and eggs, cheese and dried fish are luxuries. On dairy farms the peasants get a little milk or buttermilk, and mezzajuoli who keep a cow reserve a small portion of the milk for the children. Those who keep chickens eat one now and then, but butcher's meat is hardly ever bought, except for a marriage or for a sick person. If a horse has to be shot the peasants are very glad to eat the flesh, and some are said to also eat that of animals who die of disease. Hedgehogs, frogs and snails are esteemed as great delicacies."—Chicago Times.

Queer Dwelling Houses.

The Gilbert Islander does not generally care to have any sides to his dwelling. He sets in four corner posts, about four feet high, made from the trunks of screw palms, cut off and inverted so as to stand alone on the stumps of the branches. Lashed from one to the other of these are long, slender trunks of cocoanut palms, and from these again spring pairs of rafters, which, in their turn, support the neatly thatched roof. The gable ends are then closed, and the house is complete. Not a nail or a pin of any kind is used. All the beams, rafters and the thatch are secured by ingenious lashings, made generally from the palm leaf fiber, though sometimes braided from the owner's own hair. The floor space is smoothed off, and then covered with a thick bed of small, smooth pebbles or coral. On this are spread plenty of soft, thick mats, made, of course, from palm leaves, and then, with a supply of young cocoanuts at hand, with a string of shells filled with a good supply of "toddy" hanging outside the house, and the huge fragment of shark, baked in a wide oven in the sand, the islander is content to eat and sleep until hungry again.

In the middle of every village is a "council house." This is a large hut, one that we measured being 120 feet long, 60 feet wide and 60 feet high at the ridgepole, built on the same plan as the dwellings, but intended as a place of meeting, especially for the "old men," who rule each community. These "potent, grave and reverend seignors" meet daily, and hear and decide all complaints, and issue all ordinances for the government of the people. If their decisions and ordinances happen to meet with the approval of a majority of those interested they are adopted. If they don't, another lot are promulgated the next day, and so on until the matter is settled or dropped.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Ranchman's Commissary Department.

A ranchman's life is certainly a very pleasant one, albeit generally varied with plenty of hardship and anxiety. Although occasionally he passes days of severe toil—for example, if he goes on the round up he works as hard as any of his men—yet he no longer has to undergo the monotonous drudgery attendant upon the tasks of the cowboy or of the apprentice in the business. His fare is simple; but, if he chooses, it is good enough. Many ranches are provided with nothing at all but salt pork, canned goods, and bread; indeed, it is a curious fact that in traveling through this cow country it is often impossible to get any milk or butter; but this is only because the owners or managers are too lazy to take enough trouble to insure their own comfort. We ourselves always keep up two or three cows, choosing such as are naturally tame, and so we invariably have plenty of milk and, when there is time for churning a good deal of butter.

We also keep hens, which, in spite of the damaging inroads of hawks, bob cats and foxes, supply us with eggs, and in time of need, when our rifles have failed to keep us in game, with stewed, roast or fried chicken, also. From our garden we get potatoes, and unless drought, frost or grasshoppers interfere (which they do about every second year) other vegetables as well. For fresh meat we depend chiefly upon our prowess as hunters.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

ASTOR LIBRARY'S "GUARD."

Watching for Petty Thieves—Some Very Strict Rules—The Dishonest.

"What's the matter with you? Are you bilious?"

"If I am, you can't cure me!"

This was the only reply that a fashionably dressed man could draw from the tall, slender, white whiskered guard in the entrance hall of the Astor Library yesterday, who had silently taken the man's cane away from him and given him a check in return. The guard's name is Morse. He is reticent, severe and strictly polite, especially to women. So much petty thieving in former years was going on the trustees were obliged to create the guard's position, and the present incumbent has many curious experiences. Sitting in the classic atmosphere of the marble corridor, beneath the gaze of marble busts of Socrates, Aristophanes, Seneca and the Cæsars, he daily watches the modern world with a sharp eye. No one is permitted to carry a satchel, reticule, lunch box, shopping bag, book or bundle of any kind, cane or umbrella up stairs; and in cases already detected it has been proven that it would be an important additional protection to the library if overcoats were laid aside also before entering the dignified portals of the upper rooms, where the priceless collection of books is open to public perusal.

This indispensable functionary down stairs who enforces the rules must be an expert, for cranks are frequent and irascible representatives of the alleged gentler sex difficult to be quieted when their parcels are taken away. The reason and necessity of writing a description of any book that is carried in does not appear on the surface, and nine out of ten patrons require an explanation. "It is easy to take up a ten cent book and walk out with one worth as many dollars," said the guard to a reporter. "Fifteen out of every twenty men will leave their canes and umbrellas up stairs, and then come back to find them lost if I did not keep them here with checks on them. There would be no end of talk and confusion inside to disturb the readers. Hand bags are too convenient for concealing volumes when the patron takes his departure. Some put books under their coats but are likely to be caught, because I scrutinize every one. Hundreds of dollars a year are saved in this way, and still, with all precaution, you cannot stop the thefts entirely. The ladies do not like it, but we have to put every one through the same inspection, so as to make sure of finding the dishonest."—New York Tribune.

Charitable Fair in Switzerland.

After dinner we went to the vente, or charitable fair, which the young ladies of the town were holding in one of the public buildings. It was bewilderingly like the church fair of an American country town, socially and materially. The young ladies had made all sorts of pretty knick knacks, and were selling them at the little tables set about the room; they also presided, more or less alluringly, at fruit, coffee and ice cream stands; and—I will not be sure, but I think—some of them seemed to be flirting with the youth of the other sex. There was an auction going on, and the place was full of tobacco smoke, which the women appeared not to mind. A booth for the sale of wine and beer was set off, and there was a good deal of amiable drinking. This was not like our fairs quite; and I am bound to say that the people of Aigle had more polished manners, if not better, than our country town average.—W.D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

Street Car Conductors and Drivers.

"How often do street car conductors and drivers miss their cars in the morning?" "Not often, I tell you," said an employe. "When we miss our car we go to the foot of the list and take our chances with the new men. Sometimes it is nearly a year before we can get another car regularly. I have seen the boys running to the barns in the morning half dressed. Once I saw a driver in the winter rushing through the snow in his bare feet, his boots in his hands, yet, poor fellow, he was two minutes late after all. He had a big family, and I noticed he went around behind some cars. I was a good friend of his, and slipped around at the risk of missing my own car to comfort him a little, and found he had broken down and was taking a good cry. Luckily, he got back in two weeks."—Chicago Tribune.

Safety of Building Associations.

The co-operative banks, sometimes called building associations, although they never build directly, are the very ingenious outgrowth of an endeavor to make the savings of men of moderate means yield a higher rate of interest than savings banks pay, and also to distribute these savings in small loans among the same class. They have proved eminently safe and successful in both respects. But here, also, the borrower must have a "margin," albeit a smaller one will pass muster than in the savings banks. This is no indication of insecurity, for the loan is at its maximum and the "margin" at its minimum only at the outset, for the monthly payments immediately and constantly increase the latter and decrease the former.—Boston Herald.

Grave of Alexander the Great.

Saida, the town at which has been discovered the sarcophagus supposed to contain the remains of Alexander the Great, who died in 324 B. C. from a fever contracted while surveying the marshes around Babylon, and to which he was the more susceptible because he had just got over a protracted drunk, is about twenty-four miles from Beyrout, in Syria, and is the ancient Sidon or Zidon. In 1850 gold coins of the time of Alexander, valued at $40,000, were unearthed there, and it was while at the head of the French exploring expedition there in 1860 that M. Renan picked up a good many of the points which he used in his famous "Life of Christ."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rolling Out Rifle Barrels.

By means of recently invented processes in the manufacture of rifles as many as 120 barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels per day. With the old rifling machines twenty barrels were about the limit of a day's work, but the improved machines attend to everything after being started, and when the rifling is completed ring a bell to call the attention of the workmen.

WAGES OF FAMOUS COOKS.

Prices Which Rich New Yorkers Pay for Culinary Skill—How Chefs Dine.

Previous to W. K. Vanderbilt's culinary extravagance in hiring a $10,000 cook Cornelius was supposed to have the most expensive one in town, paying Fred Hemmerle, his chef, $150 a month, the highest salary paid by any private family in New York. Mrs. Langtry is not so far behind. She pays Constant Migirard, who gets up her meals and travels with her, $100 a month. Ogden Goelet gave Valtat $100, but Judge Waterbury bid a little higher and has him now. John Jacob Astor has a Frenchman, Joseph Pacteau, who gets $100 a month and who has little to do this winter, the family being too deeply in mourning for even the smallest dining. Eliot Shepard, another Vanderbilt son-in-law, is fond of good cooking, and pays a good price to Mathies, a man who used to be assistant cook in the Jockey club, of Paris.

Whitelaw Reid is the only newspaper man who can afford a famous chef as caterer to his appetite, but he pays a good, round sum to have his meals prepared by Gaillet. His rich father-in-law, D. O. Mills, pays no more to Menier, who presides over his dinner parties. August Belmont imported his cook himself, having found him in rather an obscure Parisian restaurant, and has never had reason to be dissatisfied with his discovery. W. B. Astor employs Gustave Berand, and pays him $125 a month. The Marshall O. Robertses and Bradley Martins have English cooks, being strictly Anglican in all their appointments.

When these chefs have a night off they never dine in their own place, but seem to take great delight in sampling the food of their rivals. I have seen Fred Hemmerle in Delmonico's with all the head waiters fluttering anxiously about him while he critically examined the menu, and no millionaire was as carefully served as he. Delmonico's head cook goes up to the St. Cloud and to the restaurant of the Hotel Normandie when he has an evening away from city, and while he is dining it's very nearly impossible to get waited on, for the waiters all get nervous and forget your order while they hang about the famous cook and wait to see upon what food doth this our Cæsar feed and then rush off to the kitchen to see that his orders come up hot and in perfect shape. I was told on one of these occasions by a hysterical waiter, whom I corraled with a half a dollar and induced to give me some attention, that these great cooks order the simplest sort of food. They themselves adjure most of the sauces and gravies with which they stimulate the jaded palates of the public and, looking carefully over the bill, pick out just those dishes which require, through their simplicity, perfect cooking to make them palatable.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Incompetent Railroad Engineer.

The danger of running on an engine handled by an incompetent engineer or a man who has remained at some other business long enough to get rusty is not fully understood by the traveling world. I had an experience of that kind that drove me off the road and into more pleasant lines of labor. The Iowa legislature passed a law in 1877 holding all railroads responsible in heavy amounts for loss of life or injuries incurred in their service, and to offset the liability the railroad addressed a circular to all employes asking them to relinquish their claims. One morning I had fired up as usual, and run the engine around to await the freight which we were to take west from Burlington. Before the hour an agent stepped up and asked the engineer to sign the agreement. He refused and was discharged on the spot. A new man was put in the cab. He had an engineer's license, and everything looked straight, so far as papers went. During the talk my fires had run down, so I filled in coal until steam was hissing out of the safety valve, and then I opened the furnace door.

Having taken our train, an hour later we were spinning along nicely when I turned to feed the fire. Throwing open the door I observed the crown sheet and rivets showing through the fire box, and looked up at the gauge only to find that we were running with a dry boiler. I yelled to my partner, and he started out on the running board with a hammer in one hand. The pump had stopped working. The new man struck the metal gently to loosen the plunger. That's all I saw. I started over the coal in the tender and, climbing up on the side of the first car, was not long in putting twelve or fifteen cars between me and that engine. Reaching the caboose and sitting on the cupola, I waited for the explosion. If that fool with his hammer had succeeded in starting that pump he would have gone into eternity the next second, for the boiler was at a white heat. I wasn't in a suicidal frame of mind, and that's why I lit out. But the old adage about fools and children proved true, for that engineer had to stop, draw the fire and wait for a relief engine. We had only run fifteen miles, but the damage in half an hour took three months to repair.—Globe-Democrat Interview.

A King Who Hesitated.

The king who hesitates is very often lost, just as much as though he were an ordinary mortal. A very interesting discovery of recent date shows that if Louis XVI had only been a little less dilatory he might have prevented the taking of the Bastile, and possibly changed the course of history. It is now clearly proved that early in 1788 he had given his conditional approval to a plan for demolishing the Bastile and for laying out the site as a garden; and a plan was actually prepared showing how the proposed change could be effected, but the king, unfortunately for himself, did not at once approve this plan when it was placed before him. He said he would think about it, and while he was thinking other and more stirring events followed, till presently, on July 14, 1789, the Parisians, tired of waiting for the king's consent, pulled down the Bastile on their own account. The original plan for laying out the site as a public garden is still in existence, and may be seen by the curious among the historical treasures at the National library at Paris.—London Figaro.

Dakota Editor and Staff.

Stranger (to Dakota landlord)—I noticed a party of scarred and crippled gentlemen at a table in the dining room. War veterans, I s'pose, enjoying an annual dinner?

Dakota Landlord—No, sir; it's a press dinner, given by the editor of the Daily Paralyzer to his staff.—The Epoch.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

Rembrandt Peale's Account of How the First President Sat for His Father.

Rembrandt Peale, the artist who painted the famous, but horrible in its subject and suggestiveness, picture, "The Court of Death," was a son of the also famous Charles Wilson Peale, who painted from personal sittings several portraits of Washington. In a recent interview he said: "Washington gave sittings to Stuart and my father at the same time, and I was often with him. This was when he was president—about 1794. He sat for my father in the quiet early morning, before his state toilet had been made, and when he appeared to the eyes of the charmed observer simply as George Washington, the man and citizen. He was then about 62 years old, and the toils and trials which he had passed through as the commander of the army, and the quite as great cares of six years of the presidency, added to the weight of increasing years, had told with no little severity upon his tall, stately and still imposing frame and features. His somewhat thin hair was gray; years and fears and cares had all left traces on his face, and his teeth being gone, the lips and cheeks and lines about the mouth were somewhat depressed and contracted. My father's portrait of him," repeated Mr. Peale, "was exactly of Washington as he really was while he was the man only, and before he had prepared himself, as president, to enter upon his, more especially then than now, arduous duties as chief executive of the great but very young republic."

"But why," it was asked, "the two portraits being painted at the same time, should Stuart's be so very unlike your father's?" "Simply because," continued Peale, "as I have already stated, Washington gave his sittings to Stuart on the same day, but after a careful preparation of his state toilet; and he was exceedingly, almost austerely nice in all matters of conventional dress and deportment. Indeed, the remove from the manners and customs of England's monarchy was so recent and so slight that the social atmosphere of the White House partook largely of the etiquette of the court, and the expected and practiced deportment of the executive chamber was as formal in degree as that which had been necessary in order to have audience with the king.

"This state toilet, among other things, included the careful combing and powdering of the hair and the tying of it in a cue; also a discreet "make up" of the face, and, most noticeable of all, the fitting into the mouth of a full set of false teeth. Now, the art and skill of the dentist in those days had not attained to a very perfect imitation of nature, and the plates being large and clumsy, gave to the mouth and whole lower portion of the face that flat, full, square and unnatural appearance which all careful observers of Stuart's great portrait cannot fail to observe, and which is very often questioningly remarked upon. This portrait was adopted as harmonizing more fully with the courtly conception of what the personal appearance and habiliments of one in so great authority should be; but as a portrait, it is of the president rather than of the man, and is to be regarded as the ideal, rather than as the real Washington."—A. S. Pease in The Saratogian.

Who Is Never Crazy?

There are many firm believers in the theory that most people are crazy at times, and facts seem to support their belief. The following, from a source unknown to the writer, will likely remind a number of our readers of some incident in their experience, which at the time of its occurrence seemed to them most unaccountable.

"A wise man will step backward off a porch or into a mud puddle; a great philosopher will hunt for the specks that are in his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog. A working girl had been feeding a great clothing knife for ten years. One day she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late she woke out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed, and she sat by her machine a temporary lunatic and had watched the knife approach her own hand.

A distinguished professor was teaching near a canal. Walking along one evening in summer he walked as deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was brought to his senses by the water and mud and the absurdity of the situation. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, but though the damage was thus great, he still laughs over the adventure. Our mail collectors find in the iron boxes along the streets all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose motions the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theatre ticket, goes in, and on goes the person, holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent mindedness, but is a brief lunacy."—Scientific American.

A Soldier's Special Pension.

Benjamin Franklin, of the Second Minnesota volunteers, is the only man on the government pension rolls who sacrificed both hands and feet in the late civil war, and as there is no provision of law applicable to such special cases, a bill will be presented to congress increasing the pension he now receives to $150 a month. He now receives the pay provided for a soldier or a sailor who has lost both hands or both feet.—New York World.

Not a Word of Praise.

Mrs. Frou Frou—George, dear, you have never said a word in praise of my reception gown; the blue one, with the V-shaped back, you know.

Mr. F. F. (with a deep drawn sigh)—No, dear; my mental obtuseness is due to the thoughts I had of the V-shaped greenbacks which that dress represents.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Flowers for Wall Street.

Among the many expenses that Wall street brokers have to face every year is the item for flowers with which they brighten and adorn their offices. Winter and summer, spring and fall, huge bunches of expensive posies are kept on hand in many of the very attractive offices. It is reckoned that the average expense for an office is $10 a day. At dusk the office boys and lesser clerks divide the flowers.—Chicago Herald.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE STAGE.

The Opinion of London Professionals on Omens and the Like.

Mr. Toole, the comedian, being interviewed on the subject, says that although not intensely superstitious himself, he still believes in ghosts—not the ordinary ghosts, but one that walks every week—on pay day. As for omens, he confesses that when he passes the theatre at 7:30 and sees a crowd of people right across the street waiting for the doors to open, he usually considers that a good omen.

Mr. Edward Terry, another prominent London actor, is very fond of Friday. He says that his new pieces have invariably been produced on that day, and that he always travels with a company of thirteen people. The same boldness is a characteristic of Mr. Marius. His opinions of stage superstitions are as follows:

"I would rather produce a successful play on a Friday than a bad one on a Saturday. I would rather receive £13 than £12 at any time. I would rather sit down thirteen to a good dinner than twelve to a bad one. I do not believe in unlucky theatres or unlucky actors, but I believe in a good play well acted, drawing good houses, wherever it may be. If there is one superstition I have it is to get the best of everything at the cheapest rate."

On the other hand, Mrs. Bernard Beere confesses that she is exceedingly superstitious. Miss Millward is even more so and Miss Fanny Leslie, the burlesque actress, considers it unlucky to place an umbrella on the prompt table, and also to drop the play book during rehearsal. Black cats she believes are very lucky, but she will never sign a new contract on Friday. Miss Letty Lind has some strong opinions on the same subject. "I am peculiar enough," says Miss Lind, "to believe the number thirteen to be very lucky. It was the number of my dressing room at the Gaiety theatre when a London audience was kind to me for the first time. On my return to that theatre I shall ask to be allowed to have the same room. At one time I went to see a manager and met a woman with an evil eye, or rather a cross-eyed women. I walked deliberately back again, knowing that the manager in question would not believe in me. White flowers, I believe, are very unfortunate. Go under a ladder I will not. And I have found that if I happen to meet any one on the stairs when I am going on for a dance I don't get an encore."

From these few examples it may be seen that the English actors and actresses, though not quite so superstitious as their French brothers and sisters, are yet not wholly free from the same influences.—Philadelphia Times.

An Extraordinary Mental Power.

I know of a case where the person who recognized evidence of a power of influencing another's mind through some sympathetic action, was most unwilling to be convinced. He was a doctor and opposed to all belief in faith cures, and to all which seemed to favor the doctrine that mind can influence mind. He had conceived also a strong feeling of personal dislike for the thought reader—an American of some celebrity or notoriety, I will not say which. He offered himself as a "subject," believing that the exhibition was chiefly humbug, the other "subjects" mostly confederates. He mentally located a "pain"—that is, he thought of a pain—in a particular nerve. To his surprise the thought reader began to pass his hand over his (the exhibitor's) right jaw, and presently marked with his finger the precise course of the nerve along which the doctor had imagined the pain to extend.

We see in such experiments an inchoate form of the power which seems in some cases to have been possessed by persons under strong mental emotion, of influencing others at a distance. I do not know how the evidence can be rejected showing that on certain occasions such power has been exerted—usually without any conscious effort. It seems much more incautious to reject the evidence, than to admit the existence of such a power—not, however, as something supernatural, nor even as preternatural or extra natural, but simply as a quality not yet explained or understood, and recognized, as it seems to merit, special investigation.—Richard A. Proctor in Boston Globe.

The Wife of Theodore Thomas.

Very few people know anything of Thomas' domestic side, which is a very happy one. Some twenty years ago Miss Porter, who teaches the far famed girls' schools at Farmington, Conn., undertook to educate a young girl to be her assistant and eventual successor. Just about the time she had crammed her full of Greek and the higher mathematics she very unwisely invited a certain musical German up to the school to lecture before her pupils on orchestral effects and composition. The learned young graduate followed the example of other young women less learned, and fell promptly in love with the lecturer. He was wise enough to return it and Miss Porter lost an assistant, while Theodore Thomas gained a wife.

It is the proud and uncontradicted boast of this classical and mathematical scholar that in all the past twenty years her husband has eaten but three inferior meals in his own house. She comes of a race of "notable" New England housekeepers, and the inherited instinct is so strong that the theory that learned women are lacking in domesticity—if true—has no demonstration in her. They are a thoroughly affectionate and congenial couple, and Mr. Thomas' domestic existence is as happy as his public career has been great. There is a pretty daughter just growing up who does not appear to greatly resemble either parent, as she is but a mediocre musician, and despite the fact of being a student at the Harvard Annex, is considerably more concerned with the fashions than with differential calculus.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"One day a man whom I met," said the Chicago man, "had occasion to go from his home to the county seat. He was a man of more intelligence than most of his fellows, but he had never in his life been away from home before. He had never seen a town. The nearest approach to one he had seen was the collection of houses about the store where he sold his truck and bought his bacon. When he got back from the county seat I asked him what he thought of what he saw. 'Well,' said he, 'all I got ter say is this: If this world is as big on the right uv us as it is on the left she must be a reglur whale.'"—Chicago Times.