



SORRY HE SPOKE.

SON OF THE HOUSE (somewhat of a scorcher—to wealthy old aunt, who is on a visit)—I SHALL BE GOING THROUGH THE VILLAGE. CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AUNTIE?  
AUNT JANE—THANK YOU, DEAR. TAKE FIDO WITH YOU. HE NEEDS A LITTLE RUN!—(Punch.)

victoria and punched the violet upholstering for dust indications.

"You have one bed of feathers time compared to me!" cried Alphonse, with many gestures. "I belong to a get-rich-quick freak. He has the so much more money than he know with what to do that almost he go foolish trying to spend it. I think he has it the idea to die poor. He will

die all right if he keeps on, but too quick to die poor."

"What is his latest, 'Frenchy?'" asked the young German, who answered to "Kaiser."

Alphonse pointed to his bandages, assuming a tragic pose, and then to a twisted, broken French racing car, which hung its head in a corner of the garage.



MADAME—I DIDN'T HEAR YOU LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU CAME IN.  
MONSIEUR—HA! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT.  
MADAME—ACCOUNTS FOR WHAT?  
MONSIEUR—THE FACT THAT I DIDN'T HEAR YOU!

"He send to Paris for this car, the fastest he can buy. It takes me a week to learn the how and what of running it, and I learn like a flash. Yesterday we go for a speed run on the Hudson County Boulevard, across the ferry, into Jersey. He watches me run it while we are in town, and for a while in the country. Then he say he run it himself. 'No, no!' cry I. 'Sure, I'll run it,' says he. 'I buy him did I not?' And away we go like a flash, but not for long. One rock in the road, and we are headed into the ditch. There is a bump, and things break. We go right on out of the car and plough the field on our own accounts."

"Was your owner hurt?" asked one.  
"It is the hospital for his," said the Frenchman; "but he'll do it again as soon as he gets out, and I'll have to endure another breaking up."

This, it seems, is one of the most distressing troubles of the paid chauffeur. The French racing machines which so many of the younger devotees of the sport are purchasing were never built to speed over roads such as those about New-York. Nor are they intended to be operated by amateurs. Even the professional chauffeur has difficulty in managing them. When he has to take a back seat while the owner tries his hand—well, it is usually all over but ringing for the ambulance.

Just then there entered the garage a natty little American, who was hailed as "Professor." He is employed by a big automobile factory to instruct purchasers in the management of their cars, hence the name; and when not at that, he is busy demonstrating to prospective purchasers.

"Had a breezy time last night," he said, after greeting the others by name or nod. "A party of Westerners—Spokane, State of Washington—I believe. It was their first time out, but it did not feaze them for a minute. There were four of them—old 'gent,' two sons and a daughter—and, I take it, they have a full hold of money, to say nothing of a deckload. The girl was a

hummer and afraid of nothing, not even the bicycle cop. She called the car a 'scoot wagon,' and in the end she asked her father to buy her a 'whizboard.' The oldest son, who is at college, thought that 'flying wedge cart' was the best name for it.

"We went through the park and up to the drive without any excitement. Then the girl demanded that I cut it loose. She wanted to see what the thing could do, if it came up to her ponies out on the Washington ranch. I recited the speed regulations and gave an imitation of a police judge handing out the scorcher fine. 'I'll pay the damages,' cried the old man, and I let her go. I'll bet I got thirty miles an hour of it, and not a 'cop' did we see.

"They insisted on repeating the stunt on Fifth-ave., and we streaked along. One of the lads took the number off our stern, and we paid no attention to the 'cops' who yelled at us. I slowed up at Fourteenth-st. and came to a halt at the arch. Along came a 'cop,' who looked for our number. The chap from Spokane was still sitting on it. The policeman would listen to no explanation, and ordered us to follow him to the police station. The old gent got out and gave the 'cop' a fatherly talk and, perhaps, a little else besides. We didn't follow."

It is not often that the "professor" has so easy a time. Training amateurs to run touring cars is not the easiest thing in the world. It is wonderful what attraction telegraph poles have for the beginner, and ditches along the country roads are regular magnets. The approach of another machine which must have room to pass calls for immediate wabbling of which a drunken man would be proud. They back the machine when they want to go ahead and bump into streetcars with staggering thumps. One would think their only object in life was to clip the street lamps from their iron supports. All of these traits the "professor" has to weed out, and during the wedding he must be constantly alert and act in time to prevent all tragedies. A year of it is usually enough, and, unable to



SHOWMAN—THESE QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE COME FROM THE CENTRE OF SOUTH AMERICA. BOY—AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?—(The Sketch.)



TICKET EXAMINER—THIS 'ERE IS NOT THE RIGHT TICKET, SIR.  
LITTLE HARDUP—NOT WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?  
TICKET EXAMINER—THIS ONE'S FOR A WATCH!—(The King.)