SOME EUROPEAN ILLUSIONS.

TIME-HONORED BUT UNFOUNDED NOTIONS ABOUT AMERICANS.

The Truth About Fast Eating Here and in Europe—Restaurants as a Rule Better Here—The Hand-Made Tradition—American Tourists Do Not Rush Madly About Europe.

PARIS, July 5.—There are a lot of hoary old traditions about America and the Americans which somebody ought to expose. Whatever truth there once was in these notions they are only pious frauds now. Yet most persons pop down before them as if they were the law and the gospel.

To begin, then, there is the familiar fraud about the fast eating of Americans. The American business man's luncheon has aroused the comment of the civilized world. European writers who flourish through America in three months or less, and write a volume of their impressions, invariably devote a chapter and their choicest irony to the business man's luncheon. People over here read with bated breath that he devotes from five to fifteen minutes to his midday meal. Horrible!

There are plenty of Americans, too—especially American women—who almost shed tears over the brevity of these luncheons. It would appear from their lamentations that no country can be truly great unless its business men devote an hour to luncheon. The poor B. M. are accused of bolting, gobbling and other unpleasant methods of taking food, while the critics point to the European Continent, where men spend an hour at luncheon. The inference is that the American bolts his food, while the European eats decently and deliberately.

This is one of the hoary old traditions which ought to be shown up. The Europeans do spend an hour or more over their luncheon, but, on an average, they eat about twice as much to the minute as the average American man does. They take a meal of four or five courses. They wait ten minutes for the first course and have an interim of at least five minutes between the succeeding courses. At the end of the actual eating they sit and talk and smoke and—yes, even in proud Europe!—pick their teeth for half an hour. All this—except the dental operation—is perfectly commendable. Probably it would be a good thing for the American man to do the same thing. But when one analyzes the time spent at these vaunted European meals one finds that little of it is devoted to actual eating.

The writer has lunched day after day in the Café Roma, the leading restaurant in Rome, and has watched the crowd with a good deal of curiosity. The men almost invariably begin with a great plateful of macaroni or rice. That one dish is double what thousands of New York men take for luncheon. It disappears with a rapidity which is fairly amazing. The diner advances his face to within a few inches of the plate and, with the aid of a fork in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, arranges a sort of endless chain of maccaroni. This he keeps moving with incredible swiftness, pausing at rare intervals only for a drink of sour wine.

It is the same with each succeeding dish. The time devoted to actual eating was only a small fraction of the time spent at the table. The few Americans who strayed into the place couldn't touch the record made by the Italians. These latter were not apparently pressed for time, as business men in New York often are. They were officers who lounged indolently down the street from one café to another, or they were men about town who made of the Café Roma a sort of club, met their friends there and seemed to have unlimited time.

The European table d'hote dinner is another blow at the fraud about American fast eating. When Americans sit down to dinner they like to talk as they eat. That course wont do over here. There is plenty of time spent at the table, but it is divided into short periods for eating and long intervals when you may converse to your heart's content. The Europeans are accustomed to this and they fall to the moment they are served and in an incredibly short time have cleaned their plates. Then, after a drink of wine, they fall to just as energetically on the conversation. The American who attempts to converse during a course does so at his peril. The moment he shows signs of a lull in his attention to his plate the hawk-eyed waiters make a dive for it and he has to cling to it with a desperate clutch if he wants to eat anything more of that course. In fact, he soon learns that unless he wants to be conspicuously eating after the others have stopped he must attend strictly to business and eat with all the speed at his command.

Anybody would think by the eagerness of the waiters to get the plates off the table that the next course was even then knocking at the door. But no! After snatching away the plates the moment the last mouthful has been transferred to the diner's mouth the entire company sits and converses for at least five long minutes before there is a sign of anything else to eat. Things are not quite so bad here in France, but the writer is willing to pit the Frenchmen against the Americans for the record in rapid eating.

Another pious fraud which ought to be shelved is the notion that one gets better service in European hotels and restaurants than in American ones of the same class. Leaving out the cheap places and speaking only of the better ones, it is a fact that the American service is away ahead of what one finds over here. The waiters here are overworked to begin with. As a general thing they are obliged to serve twice as many people as they would be expected to take care of in America. The difference, anyway, is not in the waiters themselves, but in what is expected of them. New York, for instance, demands attention and courtesy, which are not expected from waiters in Europe.

Another illusion cherished by many people is that one gets better food in Europe than in America. By better food is meant a greater variety of dishes, more appetizingly and more wholesomely cooked. This does not mean that the best Paris cooking is not the best in the world. It is. And it doesn't mean that even in the modest French restaurants you will not find good cooking. But it does mean that in a multitude of American restaurants of the upper middle class you will find as good cooking as in the French restaurants of the same class and, at the same time, you will find twice the variety in your choice of dishes. As for the culinary chef d'oeuvres which have made the fame of certain restaurants in Paris, it is by no means certain that New York chefs have not achieved just as great triumphs. The trouble is that in New York the matter isn't handled so well. There is no glorifying of the chef, probably because a glorified chef would promptly give notice and start a restaurant of his own. Consequently the proprietor discreetly keeps his chef in the background, where American diners are too willing to leave him.

Of the cheap American restaurants it may also be said that there is none in the world like them. They are probably the worst that could exist in countries which have any regard at all for human life.

Another tradition of which one gets rather weary in Europe is the handmade tradition. You want to buy something in silver, for instance. The price makes you open your eyes and you begin the familiar refrain of all good Americans, viz.:

"Why! At home we can buy one very much handsomer than that and for a good deal less!"

Whereupon the foreign tradesman smiles a superior smile and says condescendingly:

"Perhaps, madame; but not handmade. This is handmade."

Then you look at it and you feel sure he has told the truth, because no machine could turn out such an apology for good workmanship. Good hand work is, of course, better than mechanical work; but it is absurd to produce designs which are so rude as to defy classification and demand a good round price for them because, forsooth, somebody has hacked them out by hand. In Venice, for instance, they produce spoons, pins, charms, all sorts of things ornamented with alleged representations of the lion of St. Mark's. As a matter of fact it would take a good guesser to tell whether the lion was a pug dog or a range of hills, but the animal comes high because somebody wadded it out by hand.

Said a French woman, loftily, the other day, "We don't give presents over here unless they are handmade. Machine-made presents don't count."

This doesn't happen to be true, but it is an echo of the refrain about handmade work.

Another tradition is the idea that Americans rush more madly about Europe than people of other nationalities do. Perhaps they did so in the early days of transatlantic travel, but at present one sees more dawdling by Americans than by any other class of tourists. The Germans are the most industrious. They are up with the dawn and before 10 A. M. have seen what an American would call a day's grist of sights. Italy was invaded this spring by thousands of Germans who devoted all their ponderous Teutonic vitality to conscientiously visiting everything the guidebook mentioned. They seemed to be always in a hurry at the really critical moments; that is, when they had caught up with a sight they gave it a mere glance and set off in pursuit of another one.

That seems to be the difference between the American and the European travellers. The Europeans spend a good deal of time in getting around from one place to another, but they don't really seem to look at things when they have—to use the expression again—caught up with them. The Americans fret against these delays. You see them slipping through the crowds on the street, weaving, in and out, and visibly impatient at the slowness of the progress. The trains go too slow to suit them, the trains crawl, the interminable red tape and deliberation of officials madden them. The consequence is that they get the reputation of being always on the rush. But when they really reach the thing to be seen they take it more slowly and conscientiously than other people do.

Europe is a great place and it knows it. America knows it, too. But America is a great place and Europe doesn't know it. At least it has a supercilious way of cherishing old traditions about America which is not exactly soothing to the feelings of the loyal American.

COMFORT IN HOT WEATHER.

A Physician's Way of Taking a Bath by Which He Keeps Cool.

As soon as the hot weather begins to get in its serious work people of all degrees of competence and incompetence to speak on the question proceed to formulate and communicate recipes for the avoidance of sunstroke. So numerous are these recipes that if a man attempted to follow out one-tenth of them he wouldn't have time to do anything else. All the efforts of these altruistic advisers seem, however, to relate to the saving of life; none of them considers the subject of comfort, without which life soon ceases to be worth living. For the benefit of such persons as greatly desire to keep cool—and this category includes probably an overwhelming majority of the adult population—a well-known physician, who is himself a man of extensive adiposity and therefore subject to suffering from high temperatures, has formulated a simple plan which is within the reach of any person having access to a bathtub.

"This is a method that I have been trying on myself with great success for three years now," he says. "It begins in the bathtub and ends in the bathtub. There's nothing else to it except a towel. A great many persons advocate tepid baths in hot weather on the ground that a cold bath produces a reaction that heats one up rapidly afterward. Well, I've got nothing to say against the tepid bath treatment. For a person who has a weak heart or who is not constitutionally sound it's an excellent thing, but for a robust man the cold bath is better when taken in the right way.

"The popular shower bath is a fallacy so far as helping one to keep cool is concerned, for five minutes after you are dry your skin is in a glow. The thing to do is to fill your bathtub up with cold water, get into it and lie perfectly still for several minutes. To begin with, three or four minutes will be as long as you will want to stay; later you will find yourself remaining for eight or ten minutes.

"When you are thoroughly chilled through and your skin is cool all over it is time to get out. Now comes the important part. Most people think they must scrub themselves furiously dry with a crash towel. That is all wrong. It simply sets up action of the pores, and there you are perspiring again. The proper way is to press off the drops that adhere and do the rest by fanning yourself with the towel. Then get into your clothes in a leisurely manner and you will find that for three or four hours thereafter you will be cool and comfortable, though all creation around you is melting its collar.

"Take a bath like this just before breakfast, and if you possibly can, another in the middle of the afternoon when the temperature is highest, and you will find the miseries of city life in the heated spell so mitigated that you will forget all about them. I first tried this two years ago when that terrific hot spell hit the city early in August, and, though I had to be in the city throughout the heat, I got through it well and almost comfortably. But it must be remembered that this treatment isn't for invalids or people with weak lungs or hearts. I don't want to be responsible for deaths by heart disease and pneumonia. The safe thing to do is to ask your family physician whether you are hardy enough to stand such a course before you begin."

THE WORLD'S SUNBONNET CENTRE.

How a Woman Started the Flourishing Industry in Indianapolis.

From the Indianapolis News.

"Do you know," said a manufacturer, "that Indianapolis is the greatest sunbonnet manufacturing city in the world?"

The rise of the sunbonnet as an article of extensive wholesale manufacture was accidental and sudden. Ten years ago there were no manufacturers of sunbonnets in this country, as far as known. Sunbonnets were then and had been in use for scores of years, especially the old-fashioned Quaker gingham bonnet. Each community furnished its own supply—every woman made her own bonnet.

It had not occurred to any one that there would be profit in making them by the dozen, or hundreds of dozens. But that thought came to Mrs. M. L. Roberts of West Indianapolis.

A sunbonnet that Mrs. Roberts made for herself attracted the attention of a neighbor. It was not elaborate. It was simply made, but natty, and the tastiness of it added practically nothing to its cost. Would Mrs. Roberts make one for her? She would. She did. That started the trouble. There were other neighbors and friends. Bonnets had to be made by the dozen. Perhaps other women in the city would be glad to get such bonnets? The large retail stores were visited and trial orders were obtained. These orders were soon duplicated. Perhaps there would be a sale of them in Chicago, in Louisville and St. Louis? There was.

Once they were sampled there was too much of a demand for them. Three or four days after there had been a shipment of 100 dozen would come the order, "Ship another 100 dozen at once." Mrs. Roberts had converted sitting room, dining room, bedroom into sewing rooms, but the facilities were overtaxed. Part of the large barn was remodelled and fitted up with sewing machines, cutting tables, &c., but there was no catching up with orders. The large customers seeing that the demand could not be supplied in this way, started to manufacture their own sunbonnets. Sunbonnets were not patented, and there was nothing to prohibit anybody from making even Mrs. Roberts's pattern of them.

As one large factory after another was started with unlimited capital behind it, Mrs. Roberts saw that it was useless to try to compete in the making of the popular cheap bonnet, and immediately set to work to manufacture the better and more expensive kinds and began the making of sun hats. Competition was headed off this time by the securing of a patent in a simple device which enabled the hat and bonnet to be taken apart to be washed and be easily put together again and appear as new.

DOBLEYS LEARN A SECRET.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF THEIR FRIENDS THE FLAGHTTERS.

A Young Couple Who Lived in an Apartment Where the Rules Forbade Everything—Two White Rabbits, a Squirrel and a Setter Pup in the Secret, Which Was Pink.

"I saw Flaghtter downtown yesterday," said Mr Dobley "and he wanted to know why we hadn't been round to call upon them. He seems to feel hurt about it. And do you know, I think he's got what I diagnose as flatitis He says that people who live in houses put on airs over folks that live in apartments. He looks awfully worried, and I told him that he was working too hard. He has reached that stage that he forgets what he said the minute before and calls you by your wrong name. This life in cities saps the energies and makes people old before their time."

"Life in flats does," said Mrs Dobley. "I tell you there's something wrong with the Flaghtters I was round there a month ago and they acted so queerly that I decided not to call again. I was conscious of something queer, well almost criminal about their manner. I never saw people act so strangely in my life."

"How do you mean?" asked Dobley.

"Well, I can hardly explain it. They kept running in and out of the room in the most impolite way, and they whispered, and the maid came in and whispered to Mrs. Flaghtter, and when the bell rang she almost started out of the chair. I saw she was awfully nervous, so I came away."

"The cook was going to leave or the iceman hadn't come," suggested Mr. Dobley.

"No, it was something more than that," said Mrs. Dobley. "There was a guilty sort of concealment about it all. And it was mysterious too."

"That's flatitis," said Dobley. "It's a common disease in New York. It is a form of nervous hysteria that comes from always using an elevator. Climbing stairs is one of the most healthful exercises in the world. It drives the blood to the feet and expands them and it keeps the brain cool."

"I should hate to think that they were in any trouble," said Mrs. Dobley. "They seemed so happy when they moved to New York from the South after their wedding tour. It was quite amusing how they enjoyed having a flat. They never lived in one before and I found them in the kitchen one day playing with the dumb waiter. They thought it was great fun until the janitor came up and stopped them and told them it was against the rules."

"They never quite mastered the speaking tube," said Dobley. "Every time I spoke through it I could hear Mrs. Flaghtter begin to cry because she couldn't understand, and then Flaghtter came and swore. It might seem an odd way of welcoming a visitor, but I understood it was their hospitable Southern way of letting one know they were at home."

"They may have some secret sorrow," suggested Mrs. Dobley; "something they feel they must keep to themselves. Perhaps Mr. Flaghtter's health is failing."

"I had luncheon with him," said Dobley "and, despite his worried look, he ate with a most remarkable appetite. No, I don't think his physical health is failing. I'm not so sure about his mind, though."

"Sometimes trouble takes that form," said Mrs. Dobley. "I had a seamstress once who had lost a fortune in stocks and she had to have four lamb chops for lunch. I am convinced that the Flaghtters are in some touble and they are hiding it. Perhaps Mr. Flaghtter has had some financial losses."

"No," said Dobley, "he was telling me of a lucky deal he had made. It's not that."

"That may be just a blind," suggested Mrs. Dobley. "They may be deeply in debt and too proud to ask for money. I think it is our duty to find out what is the matter and help them in some way. We pay so much attention to our friends' physical ills and none to their mental troubles."

"I don't think there really is any trouble," said Mr. Dobley. "They are Southern people, unused to our ways, and life here has made them both nervous. That is all."

"At all events, we shall go around there to-night and see them. We will be just as sympathetic as possible and if they act queerly, why, we will pretend not to notice it. Then we'll talk about things that will lead them on to tell us what the trouble is. Perhaps they have had some foolish quarrel."

"They always seemed devoted to each other," said Dobley. "Why, even yesterday Flaghtter had a squirrel in a revolving cage, two white rabbits and a three-weeks-old setter pup. He said he had bought them as presents for Mrs. Flaghtter."

"Of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "Now, don't you think that seems queer? I do believe that living in New York has turned their heads. We must be very cautious and delicate in our investigations."

That evening the Dobleys started for the Pyramid, the apartment house in which the Flaghtters resided. Mr. Dobley was stocked with good cigars and Mrs. Dobley had some flowers.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Flaghtter at home?" asked Dobley of the elevator boy.

"I don't know," said the boy. "I was told not to say. I'll take you up and you can see for yourself."

The Dobleys glanced meaningly at each other. Here was mystery already.

"Just ring the bell," said the boy, "and they'll open that sliding panel in the door. They've had it put in."

He disappeared from view and the Dobleys stared in amazement at the panelled doorway. Sure enough, there was a square sliding panel set in the woodwork.

"They can't be running a faro game in a flat," said Dobley.

"Perhaps they have one of those society poolrooms," said Mrs. Dobley. "It's quite a fad to have them nowadays."

"We'll ring at all events," said Dobley, pressing the button.

A muffled colloquy and some scuffling were heard and after some delay the panel was pushed back and the face of Flaghtter was pressed to the opening.

"Ahoy there in the look out," said Dobley. "We'd like to have a few turns at the wheel."

"Oh, is that you old man?" said Flaghtter. "Just wait a minute and I'll let you in."

Dobley winked at his wife. After a pause the door was opened and Flaghtter admitted them.

"We'd like two pipes," said Dobley.

"I hope you'll excuse the delay," said Flaghtter, "but the fact is Mrs. Flaghtter was putting some things away."

"The layout I suppose," said Mr. Dobley. "You needn't mind us Flaghtter. Why don't you have a password and a grip?"

Flaghtter laughed feebly. "The fact is," he said. "One has no privacy in these apartments. You never know when the janitor may pop in. I try to induce Mrs. Flaghtter to move into the country, but we have signed a lease made out with seals and witnesses and all sorts of specifications. We didn't know until we read it over the other day all the promises we had to live up to."

Mrs. Flaghtter was perturbed but greeted the Dobleys warmly. "Your ring quite startled me," she said. "We have the funniest janitor. He is always coming around to fix the gas fixtures and things at the most unseemly hours. In reality he peeks about trying to find out things."

"I shouldn't let that make me nervous if I were you," said Mrs. Dobley. "All janitors act that way."

Just then in a mirror both Mr. and Mrs. Dobley were surprised to see the reflection of a maid who stood in the doorway at their back She was beckoning mysteriously and making signs with her fingers to the Flaghtter's.

"You go, please," said Mrs. Flaghtter to her husband.

Flaghtter hastily left the room much confused.

"What a charming place you have," said Mrs. Dobley easily. "I don't wonder that you are in love with the apartment. Such a breeze!"

"It is lovely, of course," said Mrs. Flaghtter "if we can ever get used to the rules. They hedge one around so with regulations and we can't seem to get accustomed to it. We feel as though we were in an institution."

At this moment from a distant room came the sound of a voice, unmistakably Mr. Flaghtter's, although subdued, almost muffled. He was singing.

"In the sweet bye and bye," he crooned.

"Is that Flaghtter?" asked Dobley, with interest.

"Yes—no—yes—that is—he often goes off that way and sings," said Mrs. Flaghtter.

"I can't say that I think it is a sociable habit," commented Mr. Dobley. "Why doesn't he stay here and sing. I'll go and hunt him up."

"No, please don't! I beg of you!" cried Mrs. Flaghtter, throwing herself in Mr. Dobley's path.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Dobley gayly, "that's just the way Mr. Dobley does. He goes off by himself and whistles and hates to be disturbed."

"You never heard me go off and sing 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,'" said Mr. Dobley.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Dobley, "I think business men need a rest; especially in literary walks. They get irritable and tired."

"We get tin soldiers in our heads and they won't drill," said Dobley. "Yes, I think Flaghtter and I might find a week in a sanitarium beneficial."

A servant came in and made motions to Mrs. Flaghtter.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Flaghtter, wearily, seeing that the Dobleys noticed it.

"Mr. Flaghtter wants some warm water and a can-opener," said the maid.

"Great Scott!" said Dobley. "I believe he is having a chafing dish party all by himself!"

"I hear you have such a dear little—" began Mrs. Dobley.

"Hand me the smelling salts," said Mrs. Flaghtter sharply to Mrs. Dobley.

"Squirrel," went on Mrs. Dobley.

"And two of the loveliest white rabbits," said Dobley.

"And a setter," said Mrs. Dobley. "It must be too sweet for anything."

"Where is the menagerie?" asked Dobley.

"Oh, we—that is—we gave them away," said Mrs. Flaghtter. "They are among the things we are not allowed to have."

"What a shame!" said Mrs. Dobley. "We hoped to see them."

Flaghtter came in with his hair rumpled. "It's too bad," he said, looking with terrible meaning at his wife, "but I must ask you to look at the canary. It has red spots on its forehead and it objects to being gagged with the handkerchief."

"Why, you'll kill the poor thing," said Mrs. Dobley. "What a dreadful idea!"

Mrs. Flaghtter rushed from the room with an exclamation of horror.

"How sympathetic Mrs. Flaghtter is," said Mrs. Dobley. "You men shouldn't try to take care of birds. Why, Mr. Dobley nearly killed a parrot we had teaching it to smoke."

"But it recovered," said Dobley, "and now it has tobacco heart."

Strange sounds began to percolate through the flat. They were long drawn out, yet stifled. It certainly was not the canary this time. Mrs. Dobley grew pale. Dobley offered Flaghtter a cigar.

"We have a beautiful music box here," the host said hurriedly, proceeding to wind up an ornamental case upon a table. "It plays all of Sousa's marches, with a full orchestral effect."

The box struck up a most tremendous din. Flaghtter smiled as though he enjoyed it hugely.

"It's a little loud!" shrieked Dobley, trying to be heard above the noise.

"It's intended to be!" shouted Flaghtter.

Mrs. Flaghtter appeared at the door, her face a picture of misery. "Oh, how can you!" she wailed. "Stop it! Stop it!"

"It won't stop," said Flaghtter. "It's got to play now for ten minutes."

"Put it on the fire escape," said Dobley. "Throw a hand grenade at it."

Flaghtter lifted the box and placed it on the fire escape and Dobley seized a siphon from the maid and sent it crashing at the music box, which immediately struck up the "Washington Post March" in splendid time.

"It's like a gas meter," said Dobley, "the more you try to stop it, the better it works."

One of the maids rushed through the room with a scared face, a Turkish towel and a hot water bag. The bell rang loudly.

"Let no one in," commanded Mrs. Flaghtter. "Oh, what shall we do? I am afraid to answer the bell. It may be the janitor."

"I'll go," said Dobley, boldly. "It may be the police."

"Say we are all out!" pleaded Mrs. Flaghtter.

Dobley opened the panel in the door and peered out.

A small boy stood waiting.

"Run away," said Mr. Dobley. "You can't come in."

"I don't want to come in," said the boy. "I have the things from the drug store."

"Leave them on the mat," said Dobley, "and go away!"

"There's the Swellem's Food, the Cowless Milk and the paregoric," said the boy. "The boss says if it cries give it some gin."

"Holy smoke!" said Dobley; "are you sure it is here?"

"Of course," said the boy. "In a sealed package and I was to be quiet about it."

Dobley went back with the packages. Mrs. Flaghtter was crouched at her husband's side. He had removed his coat and held a poker. Mrs. Dobley was in the rear. The music box was playing the "High School Cadets."

"Is it the janitor?" shouted Flaghtter. "Tell him to come on. I'm ready for him!"

"Calm yourself," said Dobley. "It's the boy from the druggist's with the Swellem's Food, the Cowless milk and the paregoric. The boss says if he cries give him some gin. I suppose it's the canary."

A silence fell on the party. It was broken by a low, pugilistic, unmistakable wail from another room.

"By all means," said Mr. Dobley, "give it some gin."

"Is it a dog?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"A dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Flaghtter, indignantly, "it's the dearest, sweetest—"

"Mrs. Flaghtter!" exclaimed Flaghtter, hoarsely, "remember the lease."

"I don't care!" said Mrs. Flaghtter, beginning to sob; "I'm not going to hide it any longer as though it were something horrid! Besides—" she lowered her voice and clutched her husband's arm, "they will keep our secret."

"To the death," said Dobley.

"Then follow me," said Flaghtter.

They marched solemnly through the hall. Mrs. Flaghtter paused before a door.

"Hush," she said, "are the doors all locked?"

"And bolted," said Mr. Dobley.

"Lower the lights in the hall," said Mrs. Flaghtter, "and don't speak a word."

She pushed open the door. The room was all pink. Ceilings and walls were padded with pink. There was a pink cradle and a pink baby sat in a bath tub in the centre of the room, eyeing its visitors with some amazement. It clutched a sponge and proceeded with its ablutions. Two white rabbits and a small dog completed the picture.

"Muzzer's wittle wosebud!" said Mrs. Flaghtter, sinking on her knees beside the tub.

"The little darling!" said Mrs. Dobley, following her and gazing into its pudgy face. "What a beautiful child! Its eyes are exactly like Mr. Flaghtter's."

Dobley and Flaghtter shook hands. Dobley gave him a cigar.

"Think of having to keep that a secret!" said Mrs. Flaghtter.

"For three months," said Flaghtter.

"And the janitor doesn't know," said Mrs. Flaghtter, "but I think he suspects. I don't care! He can have his old flat."

"He'd put us out if he knew," said Flaghtter. "They don't allow 'em. It's in the lease. It's all right except when he cries."

"And he always cries when he is not with us," said Mrs. Flaghtter. "That's why we got the music box, to deaden his cries, and we padded the walls; but it's no use! He seems to know that he is a secret, and he cries all the louder."

"What would you do about it?" asked Flaghtter.

"There is only one way," said Dobley. "Win the janitor's friendship; appeal to his better nature; remind him that he was a baby once himself; picture to him the days when he toddled about, and when the object of his life was to chew up his worsted shoes. Call up the scenes of his boyhood and the old farm—"

"Yes," said both the Flaghtters, eagerly; "but he is not at all sentimental."

"Then the only other way," said Dobley, "is to bribe him. In fact, it might be well to try that first."

BACK TO HIS OLD LINE.

The Discouraging Experience of a Canvasser With a Book on Dogs.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I've gone back to my first love, the great Celebrated Compendium of Universal Knowledge,' bound in calf and sold at a price within the reach of all," said the book agent with a sigh. "The other day the head member of the firm that I am proud to represent called me into his private office and showed me a book on dogs, telling how to take care of them, what to feed, what to do for the mange, how to tell a mastiff from a pug, how to handle a mad dog—in fact, it was a regular dog encyclopædia, bound in cloth and sold at a popular price.

"The moment I set eyes on that book I saw great possibilities in it. I knew from bitter experience that nearly every one kept a dog, and no matter what kind of a cross-eyed purp it might be the owner couldn't be convinced that his own particular dog wasn't the finest dog on earth. I made up my mind that there was a fortune in the sale of that book, and I secured the exclusive right to this city before I left the office. Cautioning the head member of the firm to keep the presses going, so there would be no possible chance for a shortage, I started out to place the great work before the public. The first house that I struck my hopes received a sudden chill.

"I was no sooner in the yard than a big dog came tearing around the corner of the house and made for me. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I made for a tree that was near and managed to get out of the way before the beast arrived. As he showed no desire to leave, I yelled for help. A man came to the door, and after calmly looking the situation over, asked what I wanted

"'I am selling a work on dogs,' I said rather weakly from my position in the tree. 'It tells how to cure the mange, what to feed, what to——'

"'Well,' said he, cutting in, 'explain it to Tige and if he cares about it I'll buy it.' With that he went inside and shut the door.

"For two mortal hours that miserable cur sat under the tree and licked his chops. Then the owner came to the door again and said it was time that Tige had his dinner and that I could finish explaining the book to him after he got through. If he hadn't called that dog away just as he did Tige would have had his dinner right under the tree, and the firm would have been short one book agent. As far as I am concerned, every cussed dog in this city may die of the mange. In fact, I hope they will!"

KENNY'S ROYAL FLUSH.

IT WAS A LONG TIME COMING, BUT IT PAID HIM WHEN IT CAME.

Old Man Greenhut's Story to Show the Value of Persistence—A Bartender Who Stuck to His Theory of Poker Through Many Discouragements and Won Out at Last.

"It's a most surprisin' thing," said old man Greenhut as he set the bottles away behind the bar, "that folks don't seem to 'preciate the importance o' bein' persistent. Now, that there Si Walker, 't just come in here an' took a drink an' went out 'thout sayin' a word to no one, is a bright an' shinin' example; never doin' nothin' worth while, 'cause he don't never stick to it. Gits discouraged like, an' sets down an' thinks about it, when if he'd on'y spit on his hands an' take a fresh grip he mought come out a four-time winner. Why, I tell you that man might 'a' been a Justice o' the Peace an' married the Widow Baker with four hunred acres o' good farm land, no end o' stock an' farmin' utensils an' money in the bank, on'y fer that fatal habit o' his o' not stickin' to it. Just give up, he did, 'cause he got beat out in two 'lections an' wouldn't run fer office no more, an' when the widow said no three or four times he 'lowed she didn't want him an' got out o' the game, when the blame fool'd oughter knowed that all she wanted was a man with gumption enough to keep on courtin'."

The old man turned his back for a moment while he slyly poured a little water into a whiskey bottle in which the liquor was running low, and then placing it with the other bottles he came out to his favorite seat by the window and sat smoking for some minutes.

"Beats all," he said after a while, "how folks lets go like that. Don't seem to have no sense o' religion. The Good Book says, 'Go to the ant, you sluggers. Consider her ways and be wise.' Now, there ain't no p'ints about an ant that's worth considerin' 'cept their almighty stick-to-it-iveness. Stands to reason, it means fer us to keep peggin' away till we git there. 'F Si Walker'd on'y pegged like the ants does he mought 'a' been rich an' respected.

"There was Pete Kenney that dropped off'n a boat here some thirty year ago an' just stayed There didn't seem to be no reason why he should 'a' come here in the first place or why he should 'a' stayed after he arrove, but he did. Some said he must 'a' dropped onto the boat by accident somewheres up the river, an' the captain put him off at the first landin', him not havin' the regulation fare in his jeans. However, 'twas he come, an' he remained. More'n that, he's well fixed now an' pays taxes.

"There warn't no reason fer it, fur as anybody could see, 'ceptin' Petes' all-fired persistency. He was a bright enough sort o' man an' might 'a' settled down in business fer himself, fer he got a job as bartender down to the hotel an' made money. They do say as how a steady, industrious bartender in a hotel where there's a good run o' business an' a boss that drinks some himself can have a saloon of his own in a few years, an' I reckon it's pretty near true. I kept bar in a hotel myself when I was young.

"That wasn't Pete's lay, though. Pete used to say that there was one way of establishin' yourself in life that laid over any other, an' that was to hold a royal flush in a good stiff game o' draw poker. Then, he says, it's on'y a question o' how much the others has got to inspire their confidence an' how much they has to bet with that fixes the amount to be gathered in, on which a man can retire an' be respectable fer the rest o' his natural life.

"Some o' us reasoned with Pete at times about this. We told him that royal flushes was sca'ce game, an' that four of a kind was good enough fer a careful player to get rich on, but Pete 'lowed that a royal flush was the on'y thing a man could be dead sure of. Seems he'd had four queens beat when he was young, an' he'd larned consid'able caution from th' experience.

"'As to a royal flush bein' sca'ce,' Pete says, 'It stands to reason that a man's goin' to get it sometime, if he plays long enough. Stick to it,' he says, 'an'' sooner or later yer goin' to git a royal flush. The on'y thing needed is to stick to it.'

"Consequences was that Pete, havin' found his theory of business success, devoted himself to the workin' on it out, with a persistency that would a' growed wool on a nigger's heel 'f he'd devoted hisself to that particular form of effort. Talk about Si Walker an' the widow. Ef Si had stuck to the widow with one forty-'leventh part o' Pete's persistency, the widow'd 'a' melted like butter in a blast furnace. Why, Pete'd give his nights an' days to poker. He never allowed business to interfere with a game 'slong's he'd money to play with.

"Just naturally his theory of the game interfered with his general success. Mostly it does interfere, I've noticed, when a man gets theories in his head an' plays the game different f'm the ordinary run o' people. These here sharps that figgers out some particular thing in the game as bein' a dead certainty, always loses money on it, for you can say what you like about the great American game, but it certainly does beat anything else for the preponderance of uncertainty that has to be calculated on, whenever you have a dead sure thing in your mind—all excepting a royal flush, as Pete used to say with ondeniable wisdom.

"Pete's mind bein' fixed, so to speak, on that royal flush, you can see for yourself that it warped his judgment on the question o' drawin' cards. Many a time I've seen him split a pair of aces, an' draw three cards to a ace an' queen, or ace an' ten o' the same suit. Once I even seen him split two pairs, aces an' queens, an' draw two cards to the ace, queen an' jack o' diamonds, an' Joe Hooker says he seen the blamed ijjit split three kings to draw to three hearts just because they was all court cards o' the same suit. An' the first card he picked up in the draw was the fourth king. Shows how a man'll overlook the blessin's o' Providence right in his fist, reachin' out after things he hain't no reason to hope for in the natural course of events. Stands to reason a man'll lose money defyin' fate with such monkey shines as them.

"'Twasn't no use to argue with Pete, though. He were as obstinate as a mule an' stuck to his notion o' gettin' a royal flush like a sick nigger sticks to the Methodist Church. You couldn't persuade him. One day I says to him, 'Look a' here, Pete, a royal flush is most unquestionably a good piece o' property, but what show hev you got o' gettin' one. You put me out o' patience. Look at the pots you might 'a' scooped with two pairs an' three of a kind if you'd only drawed like a Christian,' says I, 'instead o' puttin' your trust in strange gods, an' sacrificin' your good chips an' the principles o' the game in a strange an' foolish endeavor. It's flyin' in the face o' Providence,' I says to him, 'an' you'll go down to your grave unhonored, unwept an' unhung if you persist in it. More'n that,' I says, 'you'll be dead broke all the days o' your life.'

"But you couldn't convince him. 'There's four royal flushes in the deck, aint there?' says he, 'an' them five cards is just as likely to come as any other five, aint they? An' if there's anything certain in this here world o' trouble an' oncertainty, 'tis that a man'll get 'em sometime, if he keeps on tryin'. An' say! When I do get 'em if the Lord spares me till that happy day, I wont do anything but swat the gang.'

"'The Lord can spare you easy enough,' says I, disgusted, 'an' so can the community if you go on tryin' to break up our national institutions by propagatin' sich revolutionary idees. It's worse'n socialism,' I says. 'It's ridiculous.'

"But there wasn't no movin' of him, an' we just had to leave him to the error of his ways, an' what we thought was the inevitable vengeance of heaven. An' the boys calculated that bein' as how he was a self-app'inted vessel o' wrath, an' bound to be skinned in the game as long as he continnered to play it, it was a sort o' missionary work to assist in the skinnin'. Most of 'em devoted themselves to the missionary work, too, with such holy zeal that Pete was broke most of the time.

"He was good grit though. Nobody never heard him complain, for he seemed to be sustained by a calm confidence in that royal flush, an' every time he went broke he'd go back to work as chipper as a catfish an' stick to it till he had a stake to sit into the game with.

"That was another thing I used to talk to him about while I was trying to show him the error of his ways. 'Supposin' you do get a royal flush sometime,' I says, 'how can you expect to get a legitimate profit out of it, if you go broke all the time trying to get it? You wont have no money to bet with,' I says.

"But all he ever said to that was, 'Oh! the Lord will provide. You don't suppose things is goin' to be so ordered, do ye, that heaven's richest blessin' would come to a man, an' him not have the means to back it up?' Which was next door to blasphamy as I told him frequent, but he on'y smiled. An' when the time come, as it did finally, when his faith was justified, an' he reaped the reward o' persistency, it were developed that he had good reason to smile, for he had provided for that there contingency with a wisdom compared to which the guile o' the sarpent was as the babblings o' babes an' sucklings. Oh! Pete was a polished article even if we did size him up for a deluded fanatic all them years.

"It went on for a matter o' fifteen year or more an' Pete's royal flush come to be a standin' joke in town. Fellers would laugh about it every time he set into a game, an' it were esteemed a great piece o' wit for some feller to say, 'I'll bet a thousand to one in town lots that Pete wont get a royal flush to-night.' 'Course, nobody ever took it up, but every body'd laugh, an' Pete would laugh with 'em, for he was good-natured, an' he'd say, 'I'll get it sometime, boys, if I don't to-night.'

"An' he did. If ever a man won success by long-continued, persistent strugglin' for it, Pete Kenney did, an' things fell out about as he'd always said they would. It was a pretty good game from the first, for there was a couple o' cross-roads gamblers who had come to town lookin' for blood, an' it happened that there was two planters just back from New Orleans with their crop money in their pockets, an' they was lookin' for excitement. One of 'em knowed Pete an' liked him an' asked him to join in the game that was started just about the time they got off at Arkansas City here, an' Pete havin' a hundred in his clothes, just naturally did.

"He played lucky from the start. It happened fortunately that he didn't get a chance to make one of his fool draws more'n once in half an hour or so, an' as his play outside o' that was fairly good he managed to scoop in some rattlin' good pots on flushes an' fulls, besides two or three that he took in on deuces and nerve, or some sich hand.

"Anyhow, he had near a thousand in front of him when there come a big jack pot with fifty in it before it was opened. Pete sat next to the dealer an' he passed, havin' on'y a king, jack an' ten o' clubs, an', o' course, not bein' permitted to open under the rules. The next man opened it for fifty, the next three come in, an' Pete raised it a hundred. That was his fool play. Whenever he'd see a show for a royal flush he used to play as if he had it, for fear he wouldn't get the good of it when it did come.

"Well, it worked pretty well. One of the crossroads professionals dropped out, but the other one had a seven full, pat, an' after the two planters had come in, he raised Pete another hundred. Pete came back at him with another and one of the planters dropped. The other had a four flush and he stayed. The gambler, for some reason, didn't raise again, but simply saw the raise, and there was $1,300 in the pot.

"In the draw Pete got the ace an' queen o' clubs. I suppose if I'd a caught them cards under the circumstances, I'd a dropped dead with surprise, but Pete never turned a hair. There was a kind of a drop to the left side of his face an' it looked a little droopier than usual, for a minute, but he gave no other sign, and the others thought he had three of a kind at the most. The planter filled his flush, an' so Pete had two good hands to play against, which was as much as anybody could expect. He had about six hundred on the table to bet with, besides, and more'n that, he had resources that nobody at the table knew about.

"The planter sat next to the opener, who had dropped out, and as it was his first bet and he had a flush, he pushed up a hundred, not carin' to go too heavy against the gambler who had stood pat and who had stood the third raise before the draw. The gambler raised, of course, pushin' up three-fifty.

"Things was goin' Pete's way, but he never grinned. What he had to do was to make the others think he was bluffing, so he studies his cards careful for a while an' then says, sort o' desperate like an' sudden, 'I'll see that, an' I'll go you two-fifty better,' an' he pushes his pile to the middle of the table, barrin' fifteen or twenty dollars he had in loose change.

"The planter's flush was king high, so he saw it, but didn't raise, an' the gambler raised it five hundred, thinking that Pete would drop out. 'That's more than your threes are worth, I reckon,' he said with a sneer, but Pete never answered him. He studied his cards a while longer and then said, pretty slow, 'I havn't got the cash to see you, but I've got the deeds to some property here that's pretty valuable, an' if you'll take that for security, I'll raise you a thousand.'

"He pulled some law papers out of his pocket as he spoke and laid them on the table, but the gambler spoke up, very nasty, an' says: 'I ain't buyin' no property without looking at it, an' money is the on'y thing that talks in this game.'

"Pete looked at the planter but he shook his head. 'I wouldn't mind as far as I am concerned' he said, 'but there is an objection made. I don't see how I can help you.'

"'Very well,' says Pete, pretending to look troubled, 'then I'll have to ask for a few minutes time till I can get some money to play with. 'Sam,' he says to the nigger that was bringing them drinks, 'take these papers over to Mr. Stevens an' ask him if he will loan me a $10,000 on them.'

"Then there was a little wrangle. The other gambler who had dropped out objected to the delay, but the two planters spoke up for Pete and the gambler who held the full house said he was willin' to wait while the gentleman got some more money as he was goin' to win it anyhow, so Sam went over to Mr. Stevens's house. Stevens bein' the President of our bank an' a gentleman with proper sporting habits.

"Some of us that was lookin' on was guessin' for fair. We never knowed o' Pete havin' no property, an' we thought he was bluffin' but we couldn't see just how he reckoned he could work it, or what he expected to do. I says to myself 'I reckon he's caught that royal flush, but what this move means is more than I know.' Anyhow, there warn't nothin' to do but wait, an' I waited as all the others did, for it looked as if there'd be some fun.

"Pretty soon Mr. Stevens came back with the nigger, an' says 'what's this mean, Pete? The nigger says you want to borrow $10,000.'

"'Yes, I do,' says Pete.

"'Well,' says Stevens, 'you can have the money on these deeds, of course, if you'll come to the bank to-morrow, but you'—

"'I want it now,' says Pete, interruptin', an' as he spoke he picked up his cards from the table where they had been lying, an' holdin' 'em kind o' careless, just so that Stevens could see 'em, but pretendin' not to notice that they could be seen.

"'Oh!' says Stevens, 'you want the money to play with, do you? But certainly you ain't goin' to bet on that hand?'

"'You'll oblige me,' says Pete pretendin' to get in a terrible rage, 'by sayin' nothin' about my hand. It may not be the strongest hand in the deck, but its the best one out. Besides its my own business what I do with the money. The question is whether you'll let me have it?'

"'Oh yes,' says Stevens, 'I'll let you have it all right. That is, I'll give you my personal check.'

"'I reckon that's good,' says Pete, an' so it was, for everybody on the river knowed Stevens.

"It was the neatest play I ever expect to see, for them papers wasn't worth the ink that was on 'em. It seems that Stevens had come to know about Pete always playin' for a royal flush, an' had joked him about it, knowin' Pete pretty well an' likin' him as a man gets to like a bartender that treats him right, an' Pete had got him to promise to lend him all the money he needed to play with, whenever he should get the royal flush. Then when Stevens came over to lend him the money if he really had the cards, him knowin' that the deeds was a bluff, he was sport enough and liked Pete well enough to help him along with his little remark about not betting on that hand.

"Of course when they heard that the other players thought sure he was bluffing, an' Pete jollied them along till he cleaned up $18,000. Then he quit playing poker for good an' as I said became a respectable taxpayer. It all shows what a man can do by stickin' to his ideas of what to do in this world."

CURED OF BOHEMIANISM.

Its Adoption at Home Makes Her Satisfied With the Old Ways.

From the Washington Post.

I suppose there doesn't live a girl who hasn't at one time or other in her life been possessed of a desire to be Bohemian. It's a frame of mind that usually sets in during the later 'teens or early 20s, and then there's a deal of sneering at conventionality, and railing at the ridiculous rules of society, and saying profoundly cynical things about dear old Mrs. Grundy. I have a girl friend who has just been having a most virulent attack of that sort of thing. She caught it from some art students she had been great chums with, and the things which she has been saying would turn your hair white to hear. She has learned to smoke cigarettes and to flip the top of a beer stein open by hitting it in some mysterious way on top. She takes in a lot of ragged-looking magazines, and she has taken to doing her hair in a wild, untidy, but unmistakably artistic fashion. Recently, when she began to rebel at the chaperone habit, her mother decided that things had gone far enough, but being a woman wise in her day and generation she lay low and said nothing till one day Francine—it used to be Frances—announced that Miss Wildways, the artist, was coming to dinner.

"And for goodness' sake, mother," said she, "let's try to get away from the deadly commonplaces of existence. Miss Wildways simply can't endure conventionality. Let's not be banal. I want things to be a little out of the ordinary, for she'll be so dreadfully bored if they are not."

Well, the day and Miss Wildways came. Mother was not dressed to receive her when she arrived, but mother didn't let that stop her. She ran downstairs in a kimono and greeted the guest cordially.

"Don't mind my dress, my dear," said she. "This is Liberty Hall, and we all do as we please. It was really too much of a bore to dress. Francine, dear, do run out and tell cook to send over for some ice cream. I forgot to order it."

Father came in a moment. He was smoking a pipe and wearing a smoking jacket. He didn't apologize for either, but he was as jovial as jovial could be. At dinner he calmly laid off the jacket when he rose to carve the roast, explaining to Miss Wildways that he believed in being comfortable instead of conventional. Mother echoed the sentiment, and, taking out a package of cigarettes, almost forced one on the guest. Then she herself, Francine's elegant, conventional mother, lit one and lay back in her chair, puffing it serenely, while she sent brother Will out for a bucket of beer. It was the most agonizing dinner poor Francine ever lived through, but it was unconventional and as far removed from the commonplace as anything you can imagine.

It was only a day afterward that Francine began to pay some visits she had scorned to make for months, and she asked her mother to go with her. She has scarcely stirred out, in fact, without maternal chaperonage since that awful day, and she hasn't said Bohemian once. Francine has learned a lesson that she will not soon forget.

A CHANCE FOR CLARENCE.

OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN WITH THE POLITICAL GERM.

The Meeting of the Society for Silent Thought Offered Just the Opportunity Needed to Begin a Career of Oratory—The Silent Thinkers Evidently Enjoyed It—A Mystery.

"Clarence is all right in some ways, but he's got the political germ. That's what's the matter with Clarence. The last time he was in the hospital they must have inoculated him with the Demosthenes virus. Now he thinks he's the original font of eloquence and he's shaping up for the coming campaign. He's got the orations of Patrick Henry bound in morocco and the eloquence of William J. Bryan bound in calf and the poems of Edward Atkinson bound in yellow dog. He sits in the corner and studies them when he ought to be making an honest living and when the shades of night are falling fast he gets up in his hall bed room and plays he's the original human megaphone. What he yearns to do is to go on the stump for Bryan this fall. He's putting in his time nowadays hunting the stump.

"The Topfloor Debating Club gave him the chance of his life the other day. He'd been spouting around there till most of us were threatened with this fancy new ear disease and we appointed a committee to devise ways and means of shoving a spike in Clarence's cogs. Why didn't we expel him? Oh, we didn't want to do that. Clarence is all right if he didn't have that hot air habit so bad. Bill Pratt calls him the balloonatic. It was Bill that put up the game. Bill goes down to Fourteenth street every now and then and pulls a salary out for looking pleasant. Right next to the office where he'd work if his father wasn't head of the firm, so that he gets the same salary without the trouble, there's a sort of one act assembly room. All kinds of societies that have got the price to pay in advance go down there and reform things. Last week there was a scrap for the room between the Society for the Suppression of Insect Life in Our Midst and the United Greek Pedlers' Five Dollars-a-Week Police Benefit Organization. That's just to show you what kind of belfry bats flit around that locality. When the Insects and the Greeks got through with each other the assembly room was suffering with abrasions and severe internal injuries. The agent for the joint turned them all out and let his place for three days to the Society of Silent Thought. Bill Pratt took a look in at their first meeting and came out with a smile on his face like a long drink on a hot day. He saw that outfit was just made to order for Clarence.

"You might think that Bill would have put the rest of us on at the start. That isn't Bill. Bill has an anise-seed bag smothered to death when it comes to foxiness. This was his game and he did the Silent Thought act as if he was a member of the gang. All we had to know was that Clarence had been invited to deliver an address before the Society of Silent Thought and that three or four of us were to go along to see that he got a fair shake from the referee and nobody rubbed oil of mustard on his legs. There wasn't much time for preparation, but that didn't change the odds on Clarence. We all knew that he had his winter's supply of oratory stored away from wind and rain. Know it? Why we hadn't had a chance to forget it for ten weeks!

"'I'll give 'em the Influence of Monetary Fluctuations on the Rights of the Common People,' said Clarence.

"Maybe he didn't have the hot debate with the club looking glass that evening. The rest of us stood around and gave him an occasional hand on his good work, but it was a wild night upon the sea, pilot. Clarence is one of those windmill orators. When he gets fairly buzzing the air is fuller of arms and legs than a trussmaker's show window. He took two hours to that rehearsal, and when we dragged him off for fear of laryngitis the mercury was peeling off the back of the looking glass. The next night we boxed him up in a frock coat and escorted him to the Silent Thought meeting.

"'Now Clarence, my boy,' said Bill Pratt, 'these people are a little on the freak, but they're all right at that. Their stunt is to sit very still and think very hard. That's the way they absorb ideas. Don't be discouraged if they don't give you the glad hand. They'll appreciate you all right.'

"Then he led Clarence in and turned him loose on the Silent Thinkers. There wasn't any silence doing around there for the next five minutes. Clarence opened up with a few of his megaphone whoops and then he began to do calisthenics. Say, you never saw anybody more pleased than that bunch of queer ones was. They were just tickled pink. What seemed to suit them best of all was Clarence's ground and lofty calisthenic gestures. He'd wave and waggle and twiddle his fingers, and pretty quick they began to get awake and respond. For a man that's always been reasonably sure of getting home before 6 A. M. that was a shaky experience. We fellows on the outside began to wonder what Bill had run us up against. It looked like a signal corps doing fancy practice without their official wigglers.

"'Clarence,' says Bob Rink, from the doorway, 'they're trying to flag you. Break away before the train comes.'

"Did it touch Clarence? Not by a thousand miles. You couldn't have got him away from that audience with a bag full of thousand dollar bills. He poured the Monetary Fluctuations into them and as fast as he fluctuated they fluctuated with him, till Bob Rink began to complain of sea sickness. All of the Silent Thinkers were on the broad grin, but they never said a word. When it comes to sticking to your principles the Society of Silent Thought is a pretty strong jar of cement. They ought to establish a branch in the temperance movement. It might have been half an hour, or it might have been an hour, and Clarence had begun to break into the rights of the people line when Bill Pratt said to the rest of us:

"'Here's where we adjourn. I think the Society's had enough. Do an exit when I give the signal.'

"Then he broke loose in a yell that made Clarence sound like a penny whistle and let loose a lot of these big torpedoes, and down the stairs we all went, yelling 'Fire!' 'Murder!' and 'Police!' Clarence passed us in the stretch, though we'd left him at the post. But it struck us all as very much on the twist that none of the society came along. It didn't seem like it was any occasion for silent thought. Anyway they stuck, and when he found that out Clarence had a powerful hunch to go back and have a relapse. We hollow-squared him and took him back to the Topfloor Debating Club to talk it over.

"Theories were thick and plenty about the Silent Thinkers and the general opinion was that Bill and they had put it all up. Some way, though, the finish didn't fit in with that idea. All the time we were discussing it and Clarence was getting fretty and humid around the collar Bill did the wise owl and never said a word. Finally Bob Rinks said that unless Bill opened up and gave us a full diagram he was going back home to have the place raided as a private annex to the Home for Associated Maniacs.

"'That's all right,' said Bill comfortably. 'Don't worry about their not being sane. When it comes to sanity they've got Clarence in a padded cell.'

"'Didn't you get 'em in the Eden Musée?' one of the fellows asked.

"'Now, here, it's this way,' Bill said. 'Clarence has been having the seven-year itch to blow himself to some oratory and I promised I'd get him the chance. When I found out about this Society for Silent Thought I knew he couldn't do 'em any harm and it would be good practice for him.'

"'What do you mean about not doing them any harm?' said Clarence, doing a Roman candle sputter.

"'Why, they're a club of deaf mutes,' said Bill.

"Afterward none of us could remember just what Clarence said, but it was oratory all right. Patrick Henry would have thought he was a deaf mute himself if he'd gone up against that spiel. When Clarence went away with that proud and haughty look of his we asked Bill what the Silent Thinkers thought they were in for anyway.

"'Oh, that's all right,' said Bill. 'I told 'em that my friend would give 'em a comic lecture in the sign language.'

"'Clarence says he's going to resign from our club."

CONSOLATION SERVED QUICKLY.

Prosperity of the Business-Like Saloon Keeper Near the Cemetery.

The old business maxim that to be successful the business man must appeal directly to that part of the public which passes his door is well exemplified in the case of an ingenious and therefore prosperous saloon keeper on the outskirts of Brooklyn. His place, which is a small and unpretentious one, is near the entrance to a big cemetery, though not on the main road usually followed by the funerals. Recently extensive repairs to the main road have sent the funeral parties around past the little saloon. The saloon keeper didn't let a day pass before he had up a huge sign, ornamented with a foaming schooner on one end and a large bottle on the other, and inscribed with this legend:

BEST LINE OF
BEERS, WINES AND LIQUORS.
FUNERAL PARTIES QUICKLY SERVED.

Now there is hardly an hour in the day that there isn't a line of returning funeral carriages radiating from that saloon, and the proprietor has had to hire extra waiters to fulfil the representations of his sign.