MR. OWEN PEPPER KEEPS HIS WORD

And Sends a Man With a Glass Eye to the Old Man's Saloon as Per Contract.

"There's one o' them parabolic stories into the Scripter," said old man Greenhut, "what tells about a spo't put up a tol'able slick job onto a feller what was playin' th' strong arm game some successful. 'Pears this here Strong Arm was tellin' how he c'd break a bar of iron in two with his bare hands, an' the spo't josned him.

"'I reckon you can't break hickory twigs in two,' he says, aggravatin' like, an' he rubs it in till Strong Arm says he c'n break all the hickory twigs they is, an' Spo't puts up ten dollars he can't.

"Then he ties an all fired big bunch on 'em together, so solid they're as strong as the trunk o' the tree, an' Strong Arm of course lose the bet.

"All them parables into the Good Book is told for to clinch a moral, an' this one ain't no 'xception. 'Pears the prophet was tryin' to teach the children of Israel the necessity for 'solidicity.'"

"Whoa, there!" said Jim Blaisdell. "Back up a minute, Greenhut, an' tell us somepin' about that there solidicity. What sort of bird is it? I reckon we uns don't none on us know what solidicity is."

"S'arch the Scripters, Jim," said the old man calmly, "an' you won't have to be askin' so many fool questions. Solidicity is Greek f'r standin' together, an' the hull prosperity of this here c'munity comes f'm havin' a man like me to put practical religion in operation.

"You uns knows as well as I do how as there wa'n't no reel scientific poker played in Arkansas City 'fore I organized a game. I ain't sayin' as how they wa'n't no good players here, f'r there was, but it were a case o' dog eat dog all the time. There wa'n't no public sperrit showed, bein' as they hadn't nobody knowed enough to p'int out the way to get solidicity.

"Them days you uns was playin' poker tol'able righ all the time, but you was winnin' an' losin' amongst your own selfs, an' the c'munity didn't get no benefit. Outside o' the bar trade there wa'n't nobody havin' up nothin.' When a outsider set in, like there would sometimes, he was just as liable for to win as for to lose, bein' as there wa'n't no solidicity into th' game.

"Right there was when the scrutable ways o' Providence come in. The Bible says there ain't no such thing as a vacuum, an' no more there ain't. When it comes time f'r a man to show hisself in order to fill up a empty space somehow or other the Lord makes out for to p'vide the man, an' seein' there was a empty space into you uns' heads, 'pears like I was th' instrument o' Providence duly 'p'inted for to put some sense into 'em.

"Ever since I showed you uns th' advantage o' standin' together an' swattin' the stranger that comes along the c'munity's be'n growin' in reppytation an' riches."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper, who had entered the old man's saloon just in time to hear the last few words. "Judgin' f'm what I've heer'd lately, 'pears there hain't been no gre't growth o' riches recent, an' what reppytation there is is liable for to be took away next time that Natchez crowd comes this way."

Mr. Pepper's temerity in entering the saloon again after what had happened to him on several previous occasions was enough to excite the wonder of the whole party. Joe Bassett, who was impetuous and quick tempered as well, started to pull a gun, muttering with an oath that there were things he could not stand for, but Jake Winterbottom, who had more of a sense of humor, burst out laughing.

"How come you ain't drownded?" he asked Pepper.

"Oh, I don't know," said the travelling man, with a cheerful grin. "I reckon I wa'n't born fer to be killed thataway. Anyway, I was picked up that time you uns got so het up an' throwed me overboard. Saved me consid'able on my expense account, f'r I got a free ride to Natchez, so I don't bear no grudge ag'in ye. What'll you uns drink?"

Shooting a man on the way to the bar for the purpose of treating the house does not comport with Arkansas etiquette, so Bassett put back his gun, albeit with some reluctance, and old man Greenhut, who disapproved of shooting on the premises, began to question Pepper about what he had learned in Natchez.

"Well," he said, grinning again, "I heer'd as how Ike Bamberger an' th' one eyed man has had words. Pears old One Eye wa'n't noways satisfied, 'count o' Bamberger pullin' out after one round into that match game you uns played the night I went down the river.

"He 'lowed Bamberger was some chicken livered, quittin' as quick as he did, an' Bamberger started to shoot his other eye out. More'n likely he'd 'a' did it, too, bein' 't as he drawed, but One Eye chucked a knife at him acc'rate enough for to gash him in the wrist an' spile his aim.

"'Fore Bamberger was done cussin' One Eye was outside makin' tracks f'r cover."

"Did he get away?" demanded Bassett.

"Hain't been heer'd of since," said Pepper.

"Beats all," said Bassett, "how that there pirate gets out o' trouble. I never seen nobody but a eel wiggle out like he does. 'Tain't likely 't he'll ever show up in Arkansas City again, but if he does——"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I heer'd he done got a glass eye down to New Orleans an' rigged hisself out in a new suit, b'sides shavin' his beard, an' he's reck'nin' on settin' in most anywheres now 'thouten bein' recog'nized."

"Say," said Bassett, greatly excited, "there's some consid'ab'e feelin' agin you, Pepper, here in Arkansas City, but if you c'n fix it so's 't One Eye 'll butt in here oncet more—just oncet—I'll stand f'r all you ever done an' you'll be as welcome as watermillion season any time you feel like stoppin' over. Think you c'n manage it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Mebbe I mought. I'm goin' up to'rd Helena to-night, an' I hear he's gone up river. If I come acrost him I c'n tell him some sort of a yarn as mought fetch him. Do I get a rakeoff if he plays?"

"Sure," said old man Greenhut. "You know the house rules." And the hospitality of the house was extended to Mr. Pepper.

He took the boat that night, as he had said, and for some days the Arkansas City men discussed the chances of One Eye coming, some holding that he would not venture and others saying that the danger would be of itself a temptation to him. Then one night Sam Pearsall said:

"There's a feller with a glass eye up to the hotel got off the boat to-day, an' one o' the niggers up there tells me he's been astin' where he c'd get into a game. I reckon he'll be along soon."

"Not if I see him first he won't," exclaimed Bassett with sudden fury, as he started for the door.

But with most surprising agility old man Greenhut leaped over the bar and intercepted him before he reached the door.

"There won't be no flyin' in the face o' Providence did, Joe Bassett," he exclaimed earnestly, "not 'thouten I've lost my influence.

"What's the good o' killin' a man afore you get his wad? 'Tain't nothin' to me what you do a'ter this here pirate has had the game he's lookin' for, but I won't have you nor no other man interferin' with my business.

"More'n likely he's got a good sized wad along, knowin' what the game is, an' he's goin' to get a chanct o' leavin' it here afore he's interfered with."

It was hard to stop the big Sheriff on such an errand as he had begun, but the others sided with Greenhut, and at length he yielded, though with a bad grace. As they all doubted his powers of self-restraint, it was agreed that he should not play in the game but that he should be at liberty to act as he chose after the stranger had had his chance.

Soon after this was settled the man with a glass eye appeared and stopping to the bar invited the house to drink.

Even Bassett was puzzled by his appearance, which was not at the first glance much like the One Eye they had known, but when they recalled Mr. Owen Pepper's account of his disguise they concluded that he was the man they were looking for.

It was certain that he was looking for a poker game, for he said so frankly after settling for his drinks, and it was equally certain that he could be accommodated, though only a four handed game was made up. Bassett remained in the front room with old man Greenhut, and Winterbottom, Pearsall and Blaisdell sat in.

Producing a small roll of $10 bills, the stranger called for $100 in chips, after learning that table stakes was the usual rule of the game. The others said nothing, but each silently handed old man Greenhut $500 and took chips for that amount. Then they looked at the man with a glass eye as if expecting to hear from him.

"Looks like somebody 'd have to buy again before long, don't it?" he observed cheerfully, but without showing any intention to dig. "You can't always tell. Mebbe it'll be me."

"Mebbe 'twill," said Winterbottom dryly, as he shuffled the cards; but no one had any suggestion to make, and they cut for the deal, which fell to Pearsall.

It was the stranger's ante, and he put up $5 call $10, rather ostentatiously, as if to declare that he was no piker, and the action began promptly.

Blaisdell came in, Winterbottom trailed and Pearsall raised it $10. The stranger skinned his hand carefully and raised back. Then Blaisdell dropped and Winterbottom raised it $20. Pearsall trailed, and the stranger pushed his pile forward, saying never a word.

Winterbottom covered it and put up another $100, which Pearsall understood to mean that he was not needed, so he dropped, and picked up the cards for the draw.

"You might help your pal," said the stranger with a grin, after Winterbottom had drawn down the outside money, and the latter promptly called for two cards to his three aces. He did not better, and the stranger showed down a small straight.

"Every little bit helps," he said joyously, as he scooped the pot and made ready to deal in his turn.

Blaisdell put up the same ante and Pearsall and Winterbottom dropped, having nothing. The stranger came in and Blaisdell raised it $10, whereupon the stranger again pushed his whole stack forward.

After a little hesitation Blaisdell saw the bet, thinking, as he explained afterward, that it was a bluff and having aces up. He called for one card and the stranger took two. Neither improved and the stranger showed down three sevens.

"Kind of evens things up a little," he said good naturedly as he scooped the second pot, but none of the others spoke.

On Blaisdell's deal they made a jackpot, and after Winterbottom had given out cards the stranger opened for the size of the pot, or $40.

He seemed at least confident in his luck, for when Blaisdell raised it $40 and Winterbottom boosted it again, possibly with an idea of a double cross, the stranger once more pushed his pile forward.

Pearsall was already out and neither of the others cared to stay, so the opener showed down a pair of kings only and took his third pot.

He was just beginning another jovial remark calculated to harrow the losers when the door of the card room opened and a stalwart countryman entered with a gun in each hand. Levelling them both at the stranger, he said:

"Hands up, Bill. I ain't takin' no chances this time."

"All right," said the man with a glass eye, elevating his hands promptly. "You've got the drop on me and I'm not taking chances myself, but, say, I'm doing right well in this game. Let me play a little while longer, won't you?"

"Not much," said the countryman. "You'll come with me right now," and he snapped handcuffs on the other's wrists with quick dexterity.

Then, turning to the Arkansas City men, Greenhut and Bassett having followed him into the room, he said:

"Sorry to break up your game, gents, but there's a big price on this man's head, an' he goes back to New Madrid with me on the next boat. He's wanted up there f'r murder, an' I'm a dep'ty sheriff."

Then, on Greenhut's demand, he displayed a document which that worthy recognized as a warrant and insisted on taking his prisoner away forthwith. The only delay he permitted was for the purpose of allowing the man with a glass eye to cash in his chips. And the next boat up the river took the two away.

The gloom in old man Greenhut's saloon was not dissipated before Mr. Owen Pepper happened in again, and they told him what had happened, reproaching him with bitter injustice for having misled them into mistaking this particular stranger for the original one eyed man.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I run up ag'in old One Eye, like I said I was liable to, an' he said he an' his new pal had put up a new job what he reckoned 'd fool you uns proper. F'm what you tell I reckon they done it."

A Permanent Rose Scent.

From the Girl's Realm.

A word about the making of rose paste. Steep the petals in water until they are soft enough to be macerated easily. Mix in a few drops of attar of rose and a little gum.

This is a very suitable mixture to enclose in amulets or charms, for it is sweet but not sickly, and it keeps its sweetness, and, if run into a little fancy mould while soft and allowed to set and harden there, when turned out it will make an ornamental as well as an effectual perfume for a box of handkerchiefs or some of our pet possessions.

Robbed Ostriches.

From the Arizona Republican.

J. H. Blevin and J. H. Rinehart were arrested yesterday charged with the theft of feathers from ostriches.

The feathers show that they have been pulled out of the ostriches and not plucked in the regular way. This is always a damaging proceeding and sometimes results fatally. At any rate a feather will never grow in the socket from which a feather has been pulled. Blevin and Rinehart were sent to the county jail.

SALOME AND STUFFED PEPPERS

Major and Mrs. Max Consider Two Topics of the Hour at the Same Time.

Mrs. Max had had brought to her and set forth on the otherwise cleared dining table some green bell peppers, some lemons, caviar and other foodstuffs which engaged her thoughtful and the Major's lively interest. Mrs. Max was measuring with a tape the middle circumference of the lemons and the tops of the peppers.

"You weigh things sometimes," remarked the Major, "and measure them in receptacles sometimes, but this surveying engineer work is new to me. Are we to have something to eat which has first been triangulated as it were, whose curves and gradients have been established?"

"I'm going to try the Churchill pepper," Mrs. Max replied, "and I must have two slices of lemons which are wide enough to cap the tops of two peppers. I find it will take rather large lemons and medium sized peppers.

"It's Russian originally, but Russia is so far away and so—so anarchistic I thought I'd try the recipe for us first before I taught the cook; though, to be sure, Mrs. Jack wears a Russian peasant blouse pattern for an automobile coat, so she would probably like them anyway."

"The effect of a taste in clothes on the taste in food is something which interests me deeply," the Major said. "I think it would do rather well as the subject for a chapter in my book. Isn't there something about the Snark having 'the taste of a coat that's too tight in the waist'?

"First, however, I must try to analyze the subject of popular amusements. I have seen it recently stated that the Salome dance is the chief attraction at seven first class theatres, four roof gardens, six vaudeville shows and one negro minstrel show. The opera season, of course, is yet to come."

"Now I cut off the blunt end of these two peppers, the stem end, you see, for the pulp there is not as highly flavored as at the other end, the pointed end. The caps I cut off are thrown away."

Mrs. Max was suiting her actions to her words, and when she had scraped the pulp and seeds from the headless peppers, leaving a firm wall of rind, she put the pulp and seeds on a plate and directed the Major to throw out the white seeds.

"While you are doing that," she added, "I will be chopping up fine two cloves of garlic, and when you have removed the seeds then chop up the pulp and mix it with the garlic. Why Salome?"

"It is owing," the Major replied, conscientiously busying himself with his task, "to a revival of interest in the Bible. As, of course, only those who know the story, a part of which the dance is supposed to illustrate—interpret is the word, though—can have any possible interest in the dance, the fact that there are not theatres enough open in New York to accommodate these students shows how great and widespread is that revival."

"When we have them finely chopped and mixed I shall need a little sauterne to moisten them. I hadn't thought of the theatres as Bible classes, but such curious things do happen. Why do they dance?"

"Interpretation, as I was saying," the Major explained, chopping vigorously.

"You see, the head of John comes in. Of course it comes in after John has expressed his views as to Herod and Herod's sister-in-law, Herodias. When the head of John comes in the other parts of him do not because they have parted company.

"It appears that Herodias, who was Mrs. Philip, as it were, became peevish over a point of view which John not only held but expressed to Herod. The story is one calculated greatly to interest such New Yorkers as crowd the roof gardens and negro minstrel shows where it is being interpreted, and it is educational in the higher thought theatre managers to aid this, as it were, higher Bible criticism.

"That they profit by it is no matter. They can't help that. The point is that they are determined to push along this revival in Biblical study no matter how little their Salome may be willing to wear—so long as the police do not interfere."

"Now," said Mrs. Max, after studying her recipe, "we mix these two, the pepper pulp and the garlic, moisten them into a firm paste with the sauterne—about like that, I suppose—and let them season each other while I prepare the caps."

She cut thick slices from the middle of two lemons and pared off only the yellow of their rinds, leaving the white part.

"But what," she asked, "does Salome have to do with the head of John in the dance? I thought she danced before poor John's head was cut off, not after.

"That's the way it was in my Bible. It was that horrid woman Herodias who wanted the head. It's all dreadful, anyway, and not a bit like a vaudeville, seems to me. Please open the caviar."

"But your Bible and the Bible of New York theatre managers differ, perhaps," the Major suggested, doing as he had been directed with the caviar jar. "Their Bible seems to tell them, or they may learn this from profane sources, that Salome, Herodias's daughter, did not share her mamma's disesteem of John, but, on the contrary, quite otherwise.

"This interesting state of affairs lends a zest to the stage interpretation which I should think must be much enjoyed by those who enjoy that sort of thing. It is evidence of a refinement in public taste which should much encourage the theatres. What am I to do with this caviar?"

"Now," said Mrs. Max, "I've got to think. I must add to this mixed pepper pulp, garlic and wine enough caviar to stuff the peppers. I think I'll give the whole mixture, caviar and all, a good stirring first. Nearly everything is better for a good stirring, you know."

"Yes, indeed!" declared the Major. "Even the public conscience would stand a little of it, and possibly if a few more vaudeville shows and negro minstrels kindly consent to interpret the Bible for us—as they know the Bible—the public conscience may be stirred. What do you do next?"

Mrs. Max had stuffed her peppers, capped each with its slice of lemon and looked about for something which would hold them in the oven, cap sides up. For this purpose she decided upon a muffin tin and it answered the purpose.

"I am to bake them in a very hot oven until the shells show signs of sagging. Then they will be done. Now, if these creatures pretend that Salome loved John, what a preposterous notion to make her dance with the head!"

"You are mistaken, my dear," said the Major, dutifully following Mrs. Max into the kitchen and putting the experimental peppers into the hot oven for her.

"But the recipe says so," declared the lady—"bake until the shells begin to sag, take from the oven and serve at once."

"But I was referring to your thought that it was a preposterous idea for the dancer to use a property head of John to dance with—under the circumstances discovered by the higher critics. That is not preposterous. It doubtless adds to the strength of the interpretation and also to the box office receipts.

"It is all a delicate and sweet thought. I hope no other city will exceed us in the number of theatres, operas and negro minstrel shows which offer this dance as chief attraction.

"It has become a habit of late among our critics in the provinces to deny our superior cultivation. This Salome rage will refute the base slander. We are at the head of the nation in all the elegances of thought; in all matters of sweetness and light we are it. My dear, I hear it sizzle, and there is an aroma which, ascending to heaven, will direct the nostrils of angels earthward! Do let me open the oven and look at them!"

The look confirmed the Major's fondest hopes; the bright and shiny skins of the peppers were dull and wrinkled.

"They're done!" exclaimed Mrs. Max.

"Anyway," she declared as a little later the Major was addressing his individual attention to the trial dish, his usually calm eyes lighted in rapt delight, "I don't think the Bible needs any interpretation by dancing creatures."

"Not forgetting the negro minstrels," the Major said between mouthfuls.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

THE TIDES AND MOSQUITOES.

Digging of Drainage Ditches a Simple Preventive of Pest Invasions.

It is not generally known that the responsibility for the mosquitoes which scourge the Atlantic coast rests primarily with the tides, which for a few days each month rise to a height considerably above the normal.

On these days the sea water enters into numerous pockets and depressions along the edges of the uplands which are not reached by the ordinary tides and is there trapped to form stagnant pools undisturbed till the next high tide. It is in these places that the salt marsh mosquitoes, Culex sollicitans, are bred. They may be easily recognized by the black and white rings on their legs, and they fly long distances.

The eggs are laid in the mud, and development starts with the arrival of the high water; in a few days they are on the wing. This accounts for their sudden appearance in hordes.

It is a common error to believe that they breed all over the salt marshes; if they did the seashore regions would be uninhabitable by man. On the contrary, there is no larvacide equal to fresh sea water; it is vastly cheaper than kerosene and is automatically applied. No mosquitoes breed in places flushed by the daily tides; the eggs and larvæ are washed out and devoured by the small fish.

It is therefore extremely cheap and simple to cut ditches into the higher pools along the uplands, which will cause them to be flushed by the tide every day. This is the principle which has been followed in the work that has been done on parts of Long Island and New Jersey looking toward the extermination of the pest.

Of course this can not stop invasions from outside regions, but it serves to prevent the invaders breeding in the neighborhood and vastly improves the situation over large territories.

Most farmers whose acres border on the salt marshes could stop breeding on their places by two or three days work in cutting ditches. It is not to be expected that this simple fact will ever penetrate their skulls, or that if it does they will take the trouble to dig the ditches until some enlightened Legislature makes it a misdemeanor for any one to maintain such a pestiferous nuisance as a mosquito hatchery and compels enforcement of the law.

There are many miles on both the north and south sides of Long Island and along the Sound, such, for instance, as the marshes at the mouth of the Bronx, where mosquitoes are produced in large numbers, unhampered by any attempt at restraint. From these regions they drift on the light winds to New York city and other distant places, as we have been forcibly reminded in the past weeks. That such invasions are without excuse is recognized by those who have studied the subject.

A SURPRISING WEDDING.

It Quite Shocked the American Until She Saw the Camera.

An elderly American authoress asked me a few days ago to conduct her to a place where she could see a workman's wedding, as she required it for her new novel, writes the Paris correspondent of the *Gentlewoman*. To oblige the lady I took her to the Lac Saint-Fargeau, an establishment at the top of the steep Rue de Belleville.

It was still early when we reached the place, and no brides or bridegrooms were visible as yet. At last two char-a-bancs drove up to the door, and a noisy company alighted, all smoking cirgarettes, including the bride, which shocked my friend exceedingly.

The company then sat down to luncheon and we watched them from a distance, while a photographer took up his position near us. The meal did not last very long, and ended in the bride performing a jig on the table, while the guests danced around her. They then started games, hide and seek, &c., and while the bridegroom had his back turned the bride threw her arms round the neck of a red haired youth.

This led to a fight between the two; the melée became general, the bride pulling off her wreath and throwing it at her father-in-law's head. My friend looked on in breathless excitement, while the guests jumped over the tables and chairs, but when the bride turned a somersault, alighting on the bridegroom's shoulders, the good lady's indignation rose to a high pitch, and it was only then that I told her what I—and the reader, no doubt, too—guessed long before, that they were a party of acrobats rehearsing a scene for a cinematograph company.

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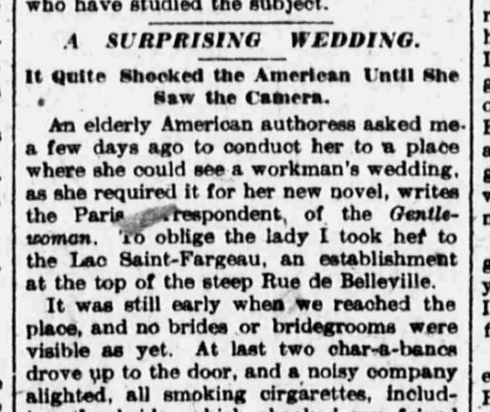

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MRS. RUBBERINO HAS HER DOUBTS

About All the Fine Things Her Friends Tell Her About Vacation Trips.

"Well, of all the wild, improbable, blowy-braggy stories ever heard of, these folks coming back from their vacations now do tell the worst," said Mrs. Rubberino to her caller. "Only day before yesterday that creasy faced little snip, Mrs. Shuvvin, came panting over to tell me—and as if she really expected me to believe it, too!—that she shook hands with the Prince of Wales at the Quebec celebration. Likely, wasn't it? But then I believe I did read that the Prince of Wales did have to shake hands with half the ragtag and bobtail up there.

"And so you're just back from Europe, are you, my dear? You returned by one of the ten or twelve day boats, I presume—from Glasgow or some place like that? No? Oh, you came on the Mauretania. Odd I didn't see your name mentioned among the arrivals on the Mauretania.

"I suppose you had a gorgeous time. How long were you gone? A couple of weeks, I presume. No? Really, have you been away more than two months! How perfectly astonishing! The way time does fly!

"I suppose you were on the go every minute of the time following the Cook's courier around and—— How? Oh, you didn't make one of the Cook's tours then? Just you and your husband, eh?

"I don't know how I came to imagine that of course you went with one of those parties of school teachers or something on a Cook's tour. Perhaps I thought that because it seemed as if you had been away such a short time. You know how those personally conducted parties have to gallop around with a guide book always in front of their noses and see things on the jump, and of course——

"Oh, talking about jumping, that giddy-iddy Mrs. Cuttadash was here a couple of days ago, and she told me that she saw some of the Olympic games in London, and the way she did brag about having been for a minute in the same enclosure with Mrs. George Keppel, and she thought I was believing every word she said, like all the rest that come running over here to tell me a lot of fairy stories about what they did on their vacations.

"Why, she even had the impudence to tell me right to my face that for a little while she was in the royal enclosure at the races at Epsom Salts—Downs, is it? well that's what I said—Epsom Downs. Yes, she did, positively! I couldn't help for the life of me but ask her if the bobby who promptly put her out had been very rude, but she pretended to take that as a great joke, which is a way she has for turning matters off when she is stung.

"You know that frumpy, frowsy Mrs. Dressindark, don't you? Well, she was here too the other day with a long, long story of how she had been spending several months at the Italian lakes, and she had the funniest collection of junky looking earrings and bracelets and things on her, and what do you suppose she told me about the brassy looking stuff? Why, she said—now don't laugh—that she had bought the stuff from the Queen of Italy!

"Here I am telling you not to laugh, bu positively I myself had to laugh out lou right in the woman's face, it was so perfectly ridiculous. Then she went on to say that the Queen of Italy had charge of a jewelry booth at a charity fair somewher on Lake Macguire—Maggiore, is it? That's what I said—on Lake Maggiore and tha that was how she came to buy the hideous assortment of trinkets from the Queen. Of course she made that up as she wen along when she saw how I wasn't swallowing her yarn, and she was just as peevish when I broke out laughing!

"Did you get that hat in Paris, darling? No? Well, now, to tell the truth, dear, really didn't think it looked like a Paris hat, but I thought it would please you if I asked you that. All of these folks just getting back from Europe—and some that only say they're just getting back from Europe—get all swelly and puffy and preeny and plumy when folks ask them if they got the things they're wearing while they were abroad. Of course I know that you're not like that, dearie, but——

"By the way, did you see many sheath gowns while you were abroad, dear? Don't you think they are the vulgarest things? I wouldn't wear one of the things to a dog-fight, and if——

"How's that? They're not meant for extremely thin people? Oh, is that so? By the way, you did gain a lot of flesh while you were away, didn't you, dear? You'l have to watch that, you know. I know, or at least I have heard, of a fat reducing system that you ought to investigate. Some Danish woman—I can get her address for you—is introducing it here. The thing you'd like about it is that it allows you to just eat and eat and eat and gorge yourself while you're taking the treatment.

"The Danish woman was, I heard, a perfect pig for weight herself before she discovered this system of hers—indeed, I heard that she weighed 178 pounds. Er—you don't weigh much more than 190, do you, darling? A hundred and sixty-nine? My, what a dreadfully poor guesser I am!

"But to get back to sheath gowns, you've met that—er—well, yes, I will say it, for she is doubtful—you've met that doubtful Mrs. Gitbye, that lives right above us here? Well, she got hold of a Paris model of a sheath gown goodness knows where, and she put it on the other evening and came traipsing down here to show me how she looked in it. That is, she pretended that she wanted to show me, but she timed her appearance so that she knew she'd find my husband at home.

"She sailed up and down trying to make out as if she was unconscious of how roof-gardeny and outrageous she looked, and my husband's eyes almost popping out of his head, the silly creature, and I just guess maybe I didn't send her spinning when I told her that she looked like something I'd seen on an amateur night at a moving picture show, and of course we don't speak as we pass by now, and if she ever dares to show her face in this apartment again I shall certainly——

"By the way, my dear, I quite forgot, 'deed I did, that you are a second cousin of Mrs. Gitbye's. Why in the world didn't you remind me of it before? Well, well! Of course I shouldn't have mentioned this matter to you if I had remembered your relationship.

"Did your husband enjoy the trip? Poor man, I fear he sadly needed it, for the last time I saw him he looked perfectly dreadful. He was walking along as if he didn't have a particle of ambition in life.

"Did you meet anybody you knew while abroad? Not, of course, that that was likely, for you do go about so very little here in New York, don't you, dearie? 'Deed one hardly ever meets you anywhere. It's a shame, really, that you and your husband don't endeavor to—er—well, I mean to say that you'd have so much better times if you were to seek to establish yourselves thoroughly, don't you understand?

"Because life does become dreadfully dull when one sticks around one's apartment all the time. That, my dear, is what makes you so fat too. If you make a genuine effort you know you surely will not lack for invitations, and you and your poor dear husband would be so much better off for mingling more in social affairs, don't you really think?

"Surely you are not going already? Well, really, I am perfectly charmed, dear, to think that you thought enough of me to come right over and tell me about your delightful fortnight abroad—I mean, about the nice time you had while you were in Europe this summer.

"Your first trip, was it not, to the other side? Oh, dear, no, my husband and I have quite got over our former inclination for European travel. We used to go quite often, you know, but now everybody, or nearly everybody, goes, you know, and one does meet such terrible Americans in Europe, don't you think?

"Now, my darling, you mustn't fail to come and see me often, and—oh, yes, here is the address of that fat reducing Danish woman—and don't forget what I told you about at least making an effort to be asked out oftener, and—— Good-by, dearie. Be sure and come again soon!"

After caller's departure:

"Well, I guess I put the bee on her, as my husband says! Fat old creature, coming waddling over here to gloat over me about her miserable old European trip! Well, she had a fine time trying to gloat over me, yes indeedy, and her face looked as long as a window when she went out, and I'm gladdy, gladdy, gladdy!"

DOFF HATS TO OHIO!

Source Whence All Our Blessings, Including Presidents, Flow.

Ohio is the most versatile and prolific State in the Union according to the *Ohio Magazine*, which of course must know.

In Columbus they make more buggies than anywhere else on earth. Also, wherever one sees an American citizen resplendent in regalia or a uniform, or even wearing a modest little badge, the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that his adornment came from the capital city.

In Toledo are vast enterprises in manufacturing, of the type commonly called industrial, and there is made also the finest cut glass produced anywhere.

At Marion are made the steam shovels that have developed the interior of Siberia and South America and are now busy with their great jaws uniting the two oceans across the Isthmus of Panama.

The little city of Coshocton turns out more advertising novelties than any other place in Christendom. Compare these trifles with the iron horses from the shops of Collinwood and the vast products of steel and iron from Lorain and Ironton.

We turn to art in the unrivalled Rookwood potteries of Cincinnati and the fine and useful ware produced at East Liverpool and Zanesville.

The little town of Delaware is not counted as an active volcano on the map, but it won immortal fame and eternal gratitude by giving the Delaware grape.

Springfield is noted the world over for its agricultural manufactures, but it is even entitled to greater renown because it produces more flowers than are grown in any other one place on both hemispheres. Millions of roses and other flowers go annually from Springfield to brighten the gardens and the homes of the world.

Perhaps half the hoarded wealth of America is in safes made in Canton and Cincinnati.

Akron gives the world the greater part of its breakfast food, and incidentally takes a large part of the world's rubber supply.

Down in Chillicothe and Circleville they can one-fourth of all the corn preserved in the United States.

In Newark and Piqua are turned out stoves innumerable to warm the households of the land and teach the rising feminine generation how to cook.

All along the lakes we build ships to carry human and other cargoes, but in the thriving town of Washington Court House the people content themselves in promoting another and an earlier form of carrying trade, by maintaining there one of the largest horse markets in the world.

Shoes in Ohio are turned out by the millions, and the list of shoe factories and the towns they largely support is endless.

In Sandusky they make as good wine as is produced in the United States and rival the foreign article with the excellence of their vintage. As for beer, the breweries are still legion, notwithstanding the dryness of the period. Meanwhile in Newark, for the accommodation of these and other industries, are made more bottles than anywhere else on earth or in Mars, so far as we know.

At the same time the volume of all this business—and the greater part of the volume of the whole world's retail business—is recorded by the cash registers that are made in Dayton.

Reverting again to Toledo, do they not astonish the world with their airships? Let it not be said that Toledo is up in the air, because she is not; but her inhabitants are destined to get there first in the evolution of aerial navigation.

The rural town of Millersburg, in Holmes county, raises more Democrats to the square inch than are produced on any other spot beneath the cerulean concave; and in Warren, the thriving metropolis of Trumbull county, the same annual crop is raised for the Republicans; while in Cleveland, under Tom L. Johnson, they manufacture all kinds of politics while you wait. Last but not least, Xenia, the seat of Greene county, challenges all America and a part of Africa in the production of "coons."

But after all is said the crop of which Ohio is proudest and for which it is most famous is its babies. A poet has declared that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world"; but it is not so in Ohio, with all due respect to our noble motherhood. When the Ohio baby passes the maternal care he becomes President and does the ruling himself.

Indeed it is a great State—the greatest if you please. It is the best place that God has given man to live in, and as for the leaving it, each and every one of us who was fortunate enough to be born a Buckeye can only say, with Lucien Seymour, who has so gracefully expressed the truth of the situation:

When the burdens of life I am called to lay down,
I hope I may die in Ohio.
I never could ask a more glorious crown
Than one of the sod of Ohio;
And when the last trump wakes the land and the sea,
And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
You may all go aloft if you choose, but for me,
I think I'll just stay in Ohio.

VEHICLES ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Proportion of Horse Drawn to Power Driven as Noted on a Rainy Day.

A man, shower bound in a Fifth avenue hallway above Twenty-eighth street, beguiled the time by counting the passing vehicles. His impression before he began to count was that there were passing more power driven than horse drawn vehicles, for the stream of automobiles seemed almost continuous; but that impression turned out to be mistaken.

In the course of fifteen minutes there passed this observer a total of 156 vehicles of all sorts. Of this total ninety-seven were horse drawn and only fifty-nine were power driven.

The horse drawn vehicles included a few trucks and a considerable number of delivery wagons of one sort and another, but the majority were cabs and carriages, mostly public. The power driven vehicles included the Fifth avenue stages and a few motor driven delivery wagons, but the great majority were public cabs and private automobiles.

So it was shown that even here, in that one of the city's thoroughfares in which automobiles might be expected to be most numerous, the horse drawn vehicles still largely outnumbered the automobiles.

COW ALLEY'S WATCH HOUSE

POLICE STATION TO BE TORN DOWN HAS A HISTORY.

After the Old Night Watch Gave Up the Building at Delancey and Attorney Streets It Was the Home of Engine 41—Proof Whereof Is in a Coal Hole.

Lightning Louie Zeltner, C. O. D., was all lit up about the fact that something which made a sound like "copy" was to come off in the Ghetto. To be sure everything does come off sooner or later, as the seal sadly observed, thinking of its skin, so there seems to be no special reason for getting excited about anything unless, as Louie shrewdly remarks, it has copy sticking out all over it. Copy is anything you can sell to a newspaper.

Very well, then; Louie learned that the Thirteenth precinct police station, at the corner of Delancey and Attorney streets, is to be demolished just as soon as the new station at Delancey and Clinton can be built. Instantly Louie, all lit up, as has been said, scattered himself broadcast looking for readable material to lend an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. When Louie got himself together he wept with joy, for he figured out that the readable details he had gathered would measure three or four columns. But he has not had large experience in judging the size of a bunch of copy before and after it has passed through the planing mill over in the corner, where the copy readers sit. No, indeed.

However, the points of the tip stand out fairly well. To begin with, the front third of the station house as it stands today was built in 1798 as a watch house. [Note.—Call up the reporter covering the Building Department and ask him to dig out something to verify and fatten this.]

It was used as a station for the night watch [consult Mrs. Lamb to see what the cops were called then] until the early '40s, then for a time as an engine house by the old Volunteer Fire Department, and in 1850 again used as a police station. [Old Pop Gibson could give some bully stuff on this point.]

The reporter starting out with these and many other hints was lucky enough to find the present doorman of the old watch house to be Matthew McCullough, who, with the other members of the Second Fire Zouaves, enlisted in the Seventy-first New York Volunteers for the civil war.

Did he know that this old building was once a fire engine house? Did he know his own name? Any Vet who didn't know that old Forty-one used to lay there (that's what Matthew said, "lay there") wasn't worth swapping yarns or taking a drink with.

What's more, it was old Forty-one which lay there and old Six which lay over in Henry street, when volunteers used to have fights that were fights. And yet again, what's more, who was one of the noted fighting members of old Six? Oh, nobody; nobody at all, of course! Only a husky young chap named Tweed—Bill Tweed. Perhaps you heard of him, remarked Matthew McCullough.

This was more than confirmation of Louie's fondest assertions as to the historical value of the old building so soon to be demolished. As Doorman McCullough figured it out, the old watch house was a two story brick building, about 45 feet on each of Delancey and Attorney streets. This is a story less than the present building and only one-third of the present depth. But evidence was found in the present coal hole where old Forty-one used to lay to corroborate Doorman McCullough's views.

The present coal hole was once on Delancey street level, but that it is now at the foot of a steep flight of stairs is not the fault of the old watch house. For the last generation or so they have been building and rebuilding the approach to the Williamsburg Bridge along Delancey street in that neighborhood and succeeding staffs of engineers have had differing ideas as to what should be the final level of Delancey street. First they lowered it so that customers of the neighboring shops had to climb a stepladder to get into the ground floor. Then they raised it so that the stepladders came in handy to climb down to the ground floor. Since this second level there has been a successive series of levels which has induced some shopkeepers to connect their main floor with the street by a bridge such as connects ferry wharves with ferryboats.

However, down in the coal hole McCullough and the reporter found still in place original building material which seemed to bear out Lightning Louie's hard earned reputation for facts exact. They are such building material, such well made brick and mortar and solid oak beams, as would give the building another century of life were it not doomed to make way for a synagogue.

A few days ago an auctioneer appeared at the southeast corner of Clinton and Delancey streets and offered for sale the buildings at Nos. 118, 120, 122 Clinton street, and they were bought by some Hebrews for $145. The nails will have to be saved to get that amount of salvage out of the old timers, which must have been landmarks when the watch house was built.

These are the buildings which are to make way for the new police station, and they are historical because back of them is a vacant acre of land which within the memory of people of the neighborhood was a dairy farm. In fact some of the old timers thereabout refer to that vacant land now as Cow alley, and they will tell you that not more than half a century ago one Gottlieb Schlecht used to feed and milk cows there and deliver his product by dipper out of a tin can carried about on a pushcart. Billy Ault, marshal of the Fifth District Municipal Court on Clinton street, between Broome and Grand (and, by the way, old Forty-one in its fighting days lay in that identical building when the coppers put the firemen out of the old watch house)—old Billy Ault says that he has seen Herr Schlecht delivering milk. Lightning Louie, who was born in the Ghetto thirty years ago and can remember events there forty years ago, if it's half a column, and for a column can by an effort recall interesting details of half a century ago—Louie has himself seen Gottlieb Schlecht. Sure!

If this is not confirmation enough you are reminded that that block on Clinton street is still called Politicians row; as well it might be, for there were born and thrived State Senator Seebacher and Pat Gavin and Assemblyman Edward Rosenstein and—oh, a lot of men who have helped things along politically down near there. Some of them were talking about the old watch house and recalled that one of the early police captains in charge there was a certain Capt. Steers, father of the Inspector Steers of a later generation, and a Capt. Kelly who was there before the war and foresaw the growth of the neighborhood so clearly that it was he who recommended that the station house should be much enlarged.

OFF THE SPROCKET.

Little Mishap to an Automobile Wagon Easily Set Right.

Not so many things happen to automobiles now as once did, but even so not all mishaps are as easily and quickly adjusted as was this.

Going around a corner the drive chain on one side of an automobile delivery wagon came off the rear sprocket, a mishap which the driver almost instantly discovered. When the wagon stopped the man with the driver picked up a pair of gloves and jumped off and ran around to the wheel from which the chain had dropped.

He lifted up the chain and set two or three links of it over as many teeth of the forward upper part of the sprocket wheel, and holding the chain there he called to the driver:

"Back her."

And the driver backed gently, the man holding the chain, and in a moment the chain clicked back all right on the sprocket wheel.

"That sounds good to muh," said the man, and then he ran around and climbed to his place on the wagon seat again, and the next moment the outfit was again on its way.