

AT ASCOT ON GOLD CUP DAY

PICTURESQUE SCENES ON AN ENGLISH RACECOURSE.

Arrival of the King and the Royal Party... The Variegated Bookmakers... All Sorts of People on the Heath—Fine Gowns on the Lawn—The Coaches.

LONDON, June 23.—A great moment at Ascot is 12.59. It is the moment that precedes the appearance of royalty. The royal party is scheduled on the official programmes to appear at 1, and punctuality being a royal virtue there is apparently no doubt in the minds of the thousands of spectators that the delay will be brief, if there is any.

This belief is shown by a hurried filling of the seats on the stands and in the chairs and boxes of the enclosures marked off as an American expresses it, for the half sovereigns, the whole sovereigns and the real sovereigns, the last or royal enclosure designated by the colors and its situation near the judges' stand—the finish of the circular course of two miles and a half.

"Of course they'll keep us waiting," says an American girl to a young Englishman with a squat cap and a squat pipe who has just announced that he has come up on an excursion from Dover and it hasn't cost him a blooming penny more than she was forced to pay to come from London, as one railroad has the monopoly and charges \$3 for a distance of twenty-eight miles first class. He also explains that Ascot is Crown property, that the King is present on every one of the five Ascot race days and that on two days he is accompanied by the Queen and the royal party. This is one of the Queen's

had selected a color more in harmony with the mauve parasol, but she seems girlishly satisfied, so it must be all right. Other celebrities are pointed out in quick succession by the English bureau of information which accompanies the American party.

"See, there's Prince and Princess Murat and His Excellency the Count Mendocoff-Pouilly Dietrichstein!" He pronounces it without choking. "Look at the Marchioness of Londonderry in the third carriage and the Countess of Granard and Gosford in the fourth. That's the Hon. Charlotte Knollys in the seventh!"

You don't follow the who's who chatter of your guide, but you do mark the distinguished appearance of the Princess of Pless, a tall, interesting looking woman seated alongside the Princess of Wales in the second landau, gowned all in white. Later you discover that you have picked a winner, for she is catalogued as a great beauty.

"I didn't think he'd do it," he says with a nod toward the winner. "You employ it by listening to the observations and taking mental snapshots, hearing tips and studying types."

There is another loyal subject who was present when the King won the Derby with Minoru, a three-year-old, who wins the fourth race of this Gold Cup day, the St. James's Palace Stakes, against three rivals. Minoru was trained at Newmarket.

"I didn't think he'd do it," he says with a nod toward the winner. "You employ it by listening to the observations and taking mental snapshots, hearing tips and studying types."

"It was a great surprise his winning, and so we didn't know whether he would or not. It might be a risk for some of the rulers, the Czar for instance, right in the



"THEY'RE OFF!"

days, the famous Gold Cup day. Another loyal subject leans forward and answers the girl's ejaculation:

"He's sure to be on time, Miss, he always is. He's a jolly good sort and we're awfully fond of him, you know. He's a fine sport, all right."

The jolly good sort is coming from Windsor, where he stays during Ascot week. It is about five miles away, through a delightful English country, the hedges with an aftermath of hawthorn, the meadows flecked with daisies and primroses and the green of trees and lawns, that living green of Scriptural description. It takes the eight Windsor landaus with four boys to each three-quarters of an hour to make the distance and prompt to the second there is sighted a cloud of dust picked out with flashes of scarlet and gold. A murmur ripples along the enclosures, the heath and paddock, a murmur which suddenly becomes a roar of greeting.

You have a vivid picture of outriders in brilliant liveries, postilions, and on the high seats of the landaus equerries, scintillating as the sun strikes their gold trimmings. In the first carriage King Edward, looking so like his photographs that you can't help being grateful to him, manages to bestow a considerable number of salutes, considering the gait at which he is carried past. He is all in gray, with a silk hat of the same dove tint and a big white boutonniere.

At his right the Queen is as facile in her greetings as her royal consort and bows gracefully to the line of coaches and other unhorsed vehicles which mark the inner boundary of the famous Ascot Heath. She is in white, with a moderate sized hat over which droops a long white plume, and the one note of color is given by the parasol which the American woman would speak of as purple, but which the English woman designates as mauve.

Opposite the King and Queen sit the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria, the latter in baby blue, hat and gown, and you cannot help wishing that the royal taste

thick of the mess with tipsters and touts and jockeys, and the crowd just pressing in, but he didn't hesitate a second. Took hold of the bride and walked there as if he was a plain country gentleman. There's nothing drab about him, not a bit raffish, just a fine sort all through."

Your eyes fall on one of the most interesting and picturesque features of the Ascot course, the bookmakers, who, like the King, look exactly like their portraits, only more so.

There are several hundreds of them scattered over the course, principally in front of the five shilling grand stand and at favorable places along the Heath. They are diverse in costume, but all have the mark of the race course, hard lines even in the youngest faces that tell of strenuous moments, every possible accent is heard with the Cockney in the lead.

Each has a semi-circular railing protecting his allotment of space, and on this he sits or on the ground itself polishing the brasses of his kit, seeing that his numerous canvas and leather bags are within reach, and even in the preliminary moments keeping a wary eye on his rivals. Each man's name is announced on a placard or is spelled in huge black letters across some part of his paraphernalia, so that it may easily be seen at a distance. There is a specially high placard which turns on its six foot pole so that none on the course or about it may be ignorant of the fact that Sam Jacobs attends Ascot in 5 ring, the slanting line being the accepted shortening for the shilling. You are glad to know that, as you were worried about Sam.

Bill Scott, Wat Harper, Ben Clench, Dais Patte have equally modest ways of suggesting their presence.

One of them is a short, stout personage of middle age. His Ascot costume is of white flannel, full and short as to trousers, the rolled up ends showing green socks which match the long, flowing white under a Byronic collar, a green kerchief also generous in its proportions protrudes from the pocket of his light weight

GOOD-BYS OF MARRIED FOLK

THEY SEEM TO DISPROVE AN OLD HOT WEATHER JOKE.

And Have Convinced the Railroad Gate-man That Marriage is Not a Farce and That Nineteen Husbands Out of Twenty Are in Love With Their Wives.

The day gate man at one of the ferry railroad stations pulled his watch, studied it for an instant and then waved his punch at five or six couples, evidently married folks, who were unduly protracting their goodbys.

"Only a minute and a quarter, folks," the gate man said to them warningly, and then the women gave them men a final hurried kiss and the men gave the women a final pat on the shoulder, and the women rushed for their train.

The men thus left behind gazed rather wistfully through the gate down the long platform, waiting for their wives to turn, just before boarding the train, to wave da-da-da at them. Not one woman failed to do this. When the train pulled out the men moved away from the gate looking distinctly blue.

"Now, take a look at those fellows," said the gate man. "Down in the mouth looking bunch, eh? Well, that's about the way pretty nearly all of 'em look when their wives are going away."

the reason that that moss-grown old hot weather joke doesn't go with me.

"If some of these gloomy sociologists who talk about marriage being a farce were on this job for a while, particularly at this season, they'd have to revise their theories. They'd find out, for one thing, that about nineteen men out of twenty are dead in love with their wives and that even the twentieth fellow who isn't so demonstrative over his wife generally looks sort of depressed when he sees her looking down the asphalt to her train.

"Why, say, nearly all of the married couples that stand around here doing the good-by thing when the wife is outbound on her summer trip—nearly all of 'em talk sure enough baby talk to each other for fifteen or twenty minutes while they're waiting for the gate to open. I am not referring especially to the young newlywed couples either, but to all of 'em, including couples that look to've been spliced long enough to have at least celebrated their silver wedding. They do a lot of furtive hand holding and the man sort of sighs and scratches his head a lot and they just buzzbuzz foolish things right up to the minute of the getaway."

"Is it sure goin' to be a good by?" says the woman, looking at her man half earnestly and half quizzically.

"Betcha it is," says he.

"'Cross my heart 'n' hope to die," says he.

"And it isn't goin' to drink at all, 'ceptin' a little beer in the evening?" says she.

"That's what it isn't," says he.

"'Promise!" says she.

"'Hope I may never!" says he.

"And it isn't goin' to stuff itself with horrid old pie and awful indigestible things at lunch?"



A FORTUNE WON AT ASCOT.

striped coat, and his soft felt hat has a green band. His name is Higgins.

A contemporary is attired in clothes showing huge tobacco tinted checks, over which sprawls a red tie, a gold watch chain capable of tethering a winner to a stake and a gray bowler. A third sports a scarlet corduroy coat worn smooth and slippery.

One Burchard has a good clientele about him, although the day is still young. His bulletin announces for the Gold Cup race Siberia and Santo Strato in the lead as favorites, ignoring Langtry's Yentoi, entered first on the official list as "Lady de Bathe," with turquoise and fawn hoops with turquoise cap. It also eliminates Bomba, who wins the race.

Burchard is said by the guide to be a safe man. "He's never been a welcher; never run away with the people's money and has had his stand in the same place for fifteen years."

It is further explained that all the bookmakers have not Burchard's virtuous record and that the police are rather lenient regarding punishments inflicted by an indignant public on welchers.

"I saw one of them tied to a coach by a rope over on the heath," the Englishman goes on. "He didn't have a very good reputation and the fellows that put their money up with him wanted to know where to find him when the race was over. They couldn't get him all the time, you know; it gets tiresome."

A looker-on vouchsafes the statement that he saw one of the tribe get a good start in a cab once but he was overtaken, thrown by the mob into the river and the cab after him. "It was hard on the cabbie, of course, but he ought to have known better than to be in such company, don't you think so?"

The tipsters are a class higher apparently than the bookmakers, if leisurely methods count for aught.

"That is Fred Bailey," points out the guide. "He is the king of tipsters and

comes from Newmarket. Here's another celebrated chap. See how quietly he's dressed; looks, by jove, like a city man, black bowler, tweeds and all. You wouldn't take him for a tipster, now, would you?"

Just before the race the mounted police trot smartly up and down the turf of the course, and the crowd that has to that moment covered it return to their seats in the enclosures, the stands, the coaches and motors on the heath, to the standing room offered to non-ticket holders. There is no confusion and no protest to authority. The police are followed by men with big canvas bags who in a trice have picked up all the rubbish, the flying paper that might frighten the horses. Others sprinkle fresh cut grass on the places worn too smooth and by the time the crowd has settled into the place the turf is ready for the racers, which are soon announced by cries from thousands of hoarse throats.

"They're off! They're running double. They're closing up! Sir Archibald wins!" You leave the descriptions of the respective merits of American, English and colonial riding to take your first intimate look at the Heath. Your first impression is that it certainly deserves all the fame it has achieved.

Separated from the turf by fences and rope barriers where necessary, the Heath extends to far off highways and byways is at the edge of the course a motley array of vehicles, mostly coaches, which have been driven down from London or from neighboring places filled with picnic crowds who have big straw hampers bursting with luncheons on which they are already beginning to nibble. There is great rivalry for place, and as early as 10 in the morning some are in position at choice spots.

Some of the coaches are filled with fashionable, eight, ten or a dozen, as the case may be; others are frankly and freely "middle class" with a bit of chawf-

fin' now and then, you know," and continual laughter. There are many American touring parties and frequent stag parties, the men in top hats set far back on the head as the style of the moment demands and long cutaway coats. They are persistent bettors and do not seem to notice the lack of feminine society.

You remark certain peculiarities, that the pipe is less prevalent than it has been and that scarcely a cigar is seen, the cigarette being a general favorite. A large percentage of the city men wear long waxed ends to their heavy mustaches, which suggests a German influence.

Further along the Heath toward the royal pavilion is the motor enclosure, where there are more picnic parties, although the majority of the Ascot followers who come in this fashion leave the machines for the high priced seats on the stands and for the clubs and private parties, specially placed. The neighborhood of the motor enclosure is marked

'Arriet chews gum in a determined, serious manner, and 'Arny, whose small cap is held in place by flapping ears, is so prismatic that it hurts to look at him as at Coney Island fireworks.

There is a young city man who sets a pace for smart dressing which hundreds of others apparently try to emulate with meagre success. He has champagne colored shoes and his rolled up trousers show mauve socks, his shirt with broad mauve stripes is not concealed entirely by the green tie and forms a pleasing contrast to the huge red rose in his buttonhole, the large blue stone in his scarf pin and an amber ring. He wears besides a perfectly satisfied expression, and has a pair of field glasses slung with studied ease over his right shoulder. You cannot, if you would, forget the stanza of a poetic contemporary:

He may show the last cry at the races,
He may act the swell chap at the track;
But you'll soon find his real occupation
If you notice the curve in his back.



TWO SIDES OF A FENCE.

by the "petrol cough," which is London's latest affliction; it is said to be caused by the gasoline in the air, and will probably abate the moment the season is over.

About the coaches swarm the thousands of types which inspire the question if there can be any one left in London. There is no ticket of admission required and no restraint is placed upon personal liberty; no signs warn you of the grass; there is no surly policeman to prod you into moving on. England is not over advertised as the land of the free, but everywhere you are met with the rule of official and personal letting alone.

There are 'Arrys and 'Arriets, with arms always locked stopping at the invitation of "a penny drink in front of a fruit stand, or lurching from the top of a wagon piled with fried butterfish.

Jostling him close come a trio of itinerant musicians who play cracked melodies on loosened strings. They are shabby in velvetens and look road worn. A spry woman with a red scarf and yellow shawl tells a fortune for a young woman who leans from the top of a coach and crosses her palm with a sixpence. A jester in flapping trousers of bright green waves his fool's bells and makes jokes in a high cracked voice. Tommy Atkins is here, there and everywhere, grinning at a strange girl, or looking shamefacedly at the lass clinging to his scarlet arm.

On the lawn you see hundreds of English beauties escorted by the typical well-tubbed, newly groomed Englishman. On the clean grass trail the long gowns of delicate chiffons, satins and the latest novelties in silken weaves. Tailor gowns are conspicuous by their absence; the few shown are relieved by scarfs, the inevitable marabou boas and costly sables, for the day is not too warm for furs—if rich and handsome enough.

Every woman is gowned as if for a royal garden party. The many parasols of bright colors make the enclosure look at a distance like a flock of slowly settling butterflies or a parterre of show blossoms, and near by may be studied with increasing admiration the examples of feminine thoroughbred stock framed becomingly with a background of clear blue sky, or waving foliage, or red gables far off, and stage setting of magnificent detail in the middle distance.

Mrs. Payne Whitney is pointed out in a gown of champagne colored mouseline de soie, embroidered and trimmed with Venetian lace. Miss Alexandra Carlisle has a gown of old rose chiffon and a big picture hat covered with black plumes. A gown worn by an unknown beauty has the tunic effect in drapery; it is of blue Wedgwood chiton and the lace is of the same delicate tint.

At those crazy skylarking collie dogs on their way to the bath, or that listless maid in box socks. Repeat those words after me, sir, just like this: Socks in work basket in box socks in couch box. "Yes, sir, I've got 'em in my work basket in box socks in couch box," said he. "Say, I haven't got any time for such fool things as socks. It's your going away that's got me about—what the deuce I can't stand here and mutter my thoughts to you without your ringing in work couches and socks and birds and raspberry puddings and such junk?"

"Yes, sir, I've got 'em in my work basket in box socks in couch box," said he. "Say, I haven't got any time for such fool things as socks. It's your going away that's got me about—what the deuce I can't stand here and mutter my thoughts to you without your ringing in work couches and socks and birds and raspberry puddings and such junk?"

"Say, Helen, I heard a man say to his amateur looking little wife the other day a few minutes before she was due to pass through my gate, 'member that rough-outer I could see in her eyes were sort of moist and that she felt it to have him come amok dab out and confess his little ornerness in that way."

"Yes, that's pretty fringed and out-worked stuff about the hubbies being so all-fired delighted over the departure of their wives for the summer. It's just exactly the other way around, and any gateman who's been in the summer job for a week will tell you the same thing."

THE MOHAWK VALLEY WOMEN

THEY ARE DOING MAN'S WORK AND TAKING MAN'S PLACE.

Changed Industrial Conditions Which Send Wife to the Factory and Keep Husband at Home—Women Who Seek No Favors and Ask No Votes.

FORT PLAIN, N. Y., July 10.—Although ambitious and progressive, the Mohawk Valley is in a way reverting to certain customs in vogue when Indians roamed its forests and fished its streams. Then the squaw remained at the settlement and did the real work; now the wife in hundreds of instances labors in store or factory while the husband attends to practically all the household duties—cooking, washing, etc.

This change has been brought about through the shifting of industrial conditions in the Mohawk Valley. Foundries and other manufactures of the men employing sort have gone to the coal and iron centers or to the West and middle West in order to be nearer their customers and have been succeeded by industries in which women can earn better wages than men.

In one little village in central New York there are several expert workers in iron and steel who are full fledged housekeepers, while their wives do work in knitting mills and earn from \$1.50 to \$3 a day. These people generally own their homes, having paid for them in the iron or work for men days and have lived in the village for years. The wife instead of having the family follow the foundry has adapted herself to the new conditions and gone into a mill, while the head of the house remains at home over the tubs.

This does not by any means indicate the full extent to which woman is taking man's place in central New York; neither does it cover the unusual vocations to which she is resorting. She is prominent and successful as a grower of ginseng; she is frequently successful as a hop grower; she is frequently a general farmer, and in one instance a mother and several daughters have long handled a big farm without any male help whatever, the husband and father having died years ago.

This woman and her daughters have erected a barn and other buildings for the farm; they build and repair all their fences, do trenching for drainage, have dug and walled wells, do their own ploughing and in fact do all the work incidental to a well conducted dairy farm in New York State. Recently one of the daughters hiked hurriedly to the Adam-less hearth and took unto herself a husband, and great was the indignation of the mother and sisters thereat.

The Mohawk Valley has several woman lawyers and doctors, and one member of the latter profession lives in a rural community and her practice is so big that she keeps four horses and has a man for a driver. Spring, summer, fall and winter, in all sorts of weather, no matter what the condition of the roads may be, she drives by day and night to the homes of patients. Only those who have spent winters in the Mohawk Valley can fully realize what such work means—mercury away below zero; howling, face cutting winds; fierce storms of rain, snow and sleet; mud deep or snow in the highways to a depth breaking for men (or woman) and beast, and nights of inky blackness.

Another woman has long been the superintendent of one of the largest knitting mills in the Mohawk Valley and in the world as well, and another, this a very young woman, has for several years had full charge of a textile manufacturing plant. Her father owns and for a long time managed the business, but a few years ago he became all but helpless through illness.

She has since picked up the reins, went driving right ahead and has overcome many difficulties and met with success in a field hard for even men to enter. She has planted a peach orchard, but also goes into the markets in New York and other big cities and sells the output under trying conditions.

If the above instances of woman's pluck and resourcefulness are criterion, she cannot in the Mohawk Valley seek special favors on the weaker sex argument, and she clamors for the privilege of breaking into further hardships via the ballot route.

IN EXTREME HOT WEATHER.

Fish, Birds and Animals All Suffer by the Heat Just as Men Do.

"Humans," said a nature lover, "are by no means the only sufferers from intense summer heat; there are plenty of lower creatures that suffer."

"Fish, for instance, are oppressed by the heat just as men are, and if they can't find shelter from it they may be killed. In shallow fresh water ponds by the hundred, fish sometimes die by the hundred, killed by the excessive heat of the water, armed beyond their endurance by the beating sun."

"In streams fish seek the shady stretches and the deep places and the spring holes where they can keep cool, and in salt water fish go away from the shallow over-heated water close to shore and seek the cooler depths."

"Birds suffer in the same way, oppressed by extreme heat, and how they do welcome a chance to get cool! Look at the sparrows in the city streets when at the spinning cart goes by leaving in the hollows of the pavement little pools of water that will serve them for bathing places. How eagerly the sparrow seeks this bath, and it will bathe, if it gets the chance, a dozen times a day."

"It is just the same with domestic fowls. Extreme hot weather distresses them greatly; at such a time you can see chickens with their beaks and nostrils panting to escape the heat, and then they want plenty of water."

"Cows? Of course. On the very hot days they seek the trees if there are any in the pasture lot, to stand in the shade, and then if they are bothered by flies the cows seek shaded pools or brooks to stand in them in water up to their bellies or deeper to escape the heat and for cooling refreshment. How horses and dogs suffer with intense heat everybody knows."

THE ARMY'S MAIL MAN.

Daily He Comes From Governors Island to Fetch and Carry Letters.

When the General Hancock, the ferry-boat that plies between Governors Island and the Battery, comes across the bay at noon each day there is on board a figure familiar to many persons who spend their luncheon hour in the park. In khaki uniform, with a cap and a small material bag and tan shoes, he is a fine specimen of the Regular Army man.



TYPES AND TIPS.

"Not it! Don't you worry 'bout that. And it isn't goin' to even so much as look at any other horrid woman while its girl is away?"

"Aw, now, you know different from that. I wouldn't give your little finger for all of 'em, except the one you're married to. And it isn't goin' to play nasty horrid old poker later than midnight and not oftener than two times a week?"

"Oh, maybe I'll send you a postal once in a while, said she, trying to look up at him merrily, but I could see out of the fall of my eyes that she wasn't any merrier than he was, but was only sticking up a bluff."

"And it's goin' to come down and see it? 'Tis a sure as shootin', you can gamble."

"That's the way I heard a couple passing back on the train that stout male and they were a fat and wholesome couple of 40 or so each, at that. When she waved the final da-da at him just before stepping on the train that stout male party—substantial, square jawed citizen, louch-moched away, with his shoulders slouched forward as if he'd lost his grand-mother, although his wife was only bound for one of the Jersey beaches two or three hours ride from New York."

"'Gosh a mighty, I overheard a man say to his pretty little wife—pretty even if her hair was decidedly grayish—a couple of afternoons ago, 'I sure am going to miss you, dogged if I'm not. Don't know what I'm going to do without you around, blamed if I do.'"

"'Oh, you'll forget all about me in a day or so,' she answered banteringly, 'a good many of 'em pull that on their men folk, by the way, of course to draw them out.'"

"Say, don't say that, Alice—sounds ornery, you know, and it isn't right, he protested, and he was in earnest, too. 'You know dang well that I'm a plain everyday mutt and all up in the air when you're away from me.'"

"'Why, gosh, you're all alive,' said she, pitching her voice in a tone of great

surprise, 'you don't really mean to say that you actually like me after all these years?'

"He looked her over with a glance of heavy hearted disapproval. 'Aw, come, now, flap that stuff,' he said to her. 'Like you? Well, blame it all, I wish it weren't any worse than that. Say, look a-here, now; you're going to write me every day and none of those skinny, skimpy letters either.'"

"'Oh, maybe I'll send you a postal once in a while, said she, trying to look up at him merrily, but I could see out of the fall of my eyes that she wasn't any merrier than he was, but was only sticking up a bluff.'"

"'And, say, look a-here, he went on earnestly, 'if you get kind of lonesome down there any more, and don't feel like staying any longer, why, you'll know that the little old fat back this way is hankering for you, and that you can pack up your duds and beat it back any old time you want to and that I'll be tickled to death to see you any old minute you pop back—'"

"'You know all that stuff, don't you?' said he, looking at her with a look of scorn. 'You can't chase any scare into me by saying that,' he replied out of hand. 'Sooner the better.'"

"'Another conversation that I overheard right between a man and his going away wife the other day was a funny jumble of sheepish lovelomaking on his part and solicitude on hers as to how things were going to run at home during her absence.'"

"'Well, you look pretty good to me, young feller, now that you're hikin' off,' he said to her. 'Look pretty middling right to me any old time, when it comes to run at home during her absence.'"

"'It begins to look to me that I'm mashed on you beyond all redemption. If it does you any good to have your man make that kind of fool schoolboy speech after our fifteen years of the matrimony thing, why, you're welcome to it, that's all.'"

"'Well, I'll take mine out in thinking, dear,' she replied, 'and I'll write all of

my foolish things in my letters. Now, you're honestly going to remember to feed the canary every day, aren't you? The maid can attend to cleaning the cage, but you yourself will feed little Dickie every single day now, won't you? Promise me again, so I can feel comfortable.'"

"'Sure, I'll feed the bird, Say, I've just been noticing those brown eyes of yours. You're sure got 'em all skinned when it comes to brown lamps, and—'"

"'Such silliness,' said she. 'Now listen. You won't be getting Melinda to cook you those awful blackberry dumplings that you're so crazy over and that always make you sick, will you? Promise me. Now promise solemnly once again, please.'"

"'Yes, sir, I'll remember the blackberry dumplings, just as solemn as you want it. Going to be a mighty dismal, dreary, gloomy old imitation of a flat without you, sis, and don't you ever forget that. It sure does get me gully around the gurg works to see you nudging off, and I find that it's getting harder every summer. One of these old summers I'm going to pour an awful gob of grief all over you by being right along with you on your summer trip. How about that, hey?'"

"'Oh, that's what you're always saying, but I don't believe you'll ever tear yourself away from your old office long enough to—' but, see here, Jim, another thing: I darned up all of your socks day before yesterday, but I forgot to put them in your drawer, and you'll find them in my work basket, and my work basket is in the box couch in the sitting room, and for heaven's sake put 'em in your work basket so that you won't tear the whole apartment to splinters looking for your socks, won't you?'"

"'Now, there you are, with a faraway look in your eyes, and you're not hearing one single, solitary word that I'm saying to you.'"

"'G'way, I've heard every word you've said, but I don't believe you'd sew those buttons on the box couch in the spare room, and that—'"

"'Now, just listen to that!' said the little woman, raising her eyes aloft supplicatingly. 'Listen to me, sir—stop looking