

By SEWELL FORD

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Training Cuyler the Squeeze

And it looked like there was nothin' doin', too. Say, it ain't often I can work up a feelin' like that in New York either. But you take a pay day afternoon in the bow-wow days, when the asphalt gets to softenin' up and the excursion trains are bein' sent out double headed, and it's then Broadway comes nearest to givin' an imitation of Main-st. in Skowhegan.

"Is it a new deal in bathin' suits, or what?" says I to Cuyler. "Mental costume of some sort," says he. "Oh, one of them rug peddlers, eh?" says I. "He must have strayed from the island. Wait till I try him with the Duke's distress signal."

With that I puts my thumbs to my ears and wiggles my fingers, just for a josh. Ever have them funny fits, when you feel like you'd got to do some thin' but it does it again, I guess it must have been the effect of bein' so long with Cuyler. He's always as serious as if he was buryin' his grandmother, and as stiff as if his spine was a zinc rain pipe.

Course, I wa'n't lookin' for any answerin' move from the mummy. Them folks never seem real human to me. I've watched 'em squattin' cross-legged in show windows, and you couldn't tell whether they was alive or just wound up. But some way this play of mine seems to make a hit with this one. He jerks his chin up, and them big black eyes of his come open wide.

So I does it again, I had'n't more'n started before he untangles himself and stands up. And say, when he straightens out his joints he's a good deal of a boy—six foot two if he was an inch, and built as lean and stringy as old Fitz.



"Geel" says I. "That's no great stunt. How's this?"

business no way. If I was you I'd chase back to the island and get on the job again. Skiddoo, now! Mushong!"

FACTS ABOUT FINGERS.

You Use Them Daily, but Your Ignorance of Them is Shocking. There is a very ancient belief, says the Boston American, that a blood vessel extends from the base of the fourth finger of the left hand to the heart.

But that didn't do any good. "He says you have spoken to him as people in his hand speak to the beasts," says Frenchy. "He is sad that the son of a sheik should find him so unworthy."

AN UNEXPECTED GIFT.

(Youth's Companion.) As the brisk philanthropist thrust her fare into the cabdriver's hand she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half hour of pouring rain.

"It's a great thing to have such winin' ways," says I. "But he is up against it, ain't he? What do you say to carmin' him up to town and tryin' to find some of his friends?"

TWO JUDGES.

(Argonaut.) A western judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked: "What is the amount in question?"

Mostly he keeps his lamps glued to me, lookin' kind of awfully and brotherly, but he don't take any more notice of Cuyler than as if he hadn't been there at all. When we gets across the bridge, we has Jules steer down to lower Washington-st. where there's a whole colony of rug sellers and such, thinkin' that our Ayrah would be right to home amongst that gang.

BARBER'S NEW WRINKLE.

Place Where Customers' Clothes Are Dusted With Vacuum Cleaner. (New York Sun.) There is at least one barber shop in New York where they brush your clothes with a vacuum cleaner.

"Hello!" says I, spottin' Mr. El Boom in the far corner of the front office, "where did you pick up the Arab?" "That's a souvenir I brought back from Coney," says I. "Don't want an A-1 camel driver, do you, Florrie? He says his name is Hassan El Boom."