

not spoken I should not have recognized you; you have changed so; for one thing, where have you left your hair?"

"My hair, sir? Well, I s'pect I been and left a hair or two in every place I've been waitin' between here and Lucerne, where I seen you last, sir, and being so many places, I've kind of sort of run out of hair."

"You have been roaming, then?"

"Yes, sir, I have. Shall I carve the bird, sir?"

"Please; and Butterfield, I know so little about your Yankee cellars. Is there such a thing to be had as a decent light wine at this place?"

"There are dozens on the wine list, but only one fit to drink, sir. A small bottle?"

The Englishman nodded. Butterfield carved the bird with extra care and fetched and opened the wine.

"Your taste is still good," was the verdict after the first half glassful.

"Great country, this. I suppose you are making your fortune like all the rest?" The conversation drifted from one thing to another, jerkily, with respectful interruptions from Butterfield as to the serving details.

BY the time dessert was finished the great garish room was almost empty. Buss-boys were flitting here and there in the background, and one of the waiters in the middle distance was dozing against the wall. An economical management had reduced the number of flaring electric lights, so that the offensive brilliancy of the place was mercifully subdued and all within it mellowed. The corner where Butterfield's guest sat was half shut away from the rest of the room by well-placed bay-trees upon the one side and a large gilt pillar on the other. There was a branched candlestick at the far edge of the table and it gave forth just enough light to reveal the banquet and the face of the diner, but the waiter's was in semi-obscurity. They talked of London, Budapest, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, San Francisco, but no more of Lucerne until the black coffee was upon the table.

"How long is it since you last saw Pilatus wearing his cap and helped old Gustave settle the weather for the day by the look of the mountain, Butterfield?"

"Aw, er—a light for your cigarette, sir?"

The Englishman closed one eye while the match was being held to the tip of the cigarette, but he fixed the open one sharply upon Butterfield, and after the first puff repeated his question.

The waiter was suddenly conscious that he was tired. He leaned against the gilt pillar and answered, "eleven years, sir."

"Time enough to shear you and silver me." The gentleman sighed. "Lovely Lucerne, eh, Butterfield?" There was friendly banter in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever curious as to how it looks now? But you keep track of somebody there, doubtless."

"No, waiters never does, sir. It'd keep 'em busy and busted buying stamps if they kep' track of folks in every place they went to. Waiters is hoboos, and hoboos never write no letters." He flipped his napkin at a non-existent fly.

"The Rigi is still enchanting, cloud draped, towering, ever dominating—but you have probably forgotten the bally peak."

"No, sir. Nor I ain't forgotten them quays. Say! Ain't they the great places for promenadin'? Do they still clip the trees along 'em, sir? And play the searchlights from the mountain over the lake—an' all?" His usually listless tones were eager. He seemed hungry to hear of the old environment, and so the Englishman whimsically related the history of each change in Lucerne itself, its environs and its ever-shifting crowds of tourists, but not a word of the restaurant where they had met until Butterfield asked hesitatingly if it still existed.

"Oh, yes; same as ever; a little more white paint, perhaps, but otherwise the same."

"Is Gustave, the porter, on earth still, sir?"

"He was last spring, and redder-cheeked than ever. Madame is growing almost too deaf to take the cash, but still sits at the desk, nevertheless. All the waiters are new to you except Alphonse, as naturally they would be in eleven years. Alphonse was there the day they opened for business and until they close the doors forever or until Alphonse dies, there is where he is to be found, it appears. The Cafe Lilli would not be itself without him."

"And Angeline?" asked Butterfield, at last, seeing that he must ask of her or go unenlightened.

THE Englishman smiled. "Angeline, eh? Why do you think of her particularly?" Then he laughed. "Bah, my good Butterfield; I, in company with all the world, knew that she was the one woman ever created as far as you were concerned." He leaned forward, his face full of kindly curiosity. "Why did you leave Lucerne and Angeline between

night and morning, too, by gad? Oh, I had the story from Madame, who shed tears all over me and gave me too much change."

"I betcha Angeline never shed no brine," remarked Butterfield, challengingly.

"Not in my presence, at any rate."

"Could I get you anything else, sir—a liqueur, maybe? That's one good thing about this here Maxmum's, the liqueurs ain't to be beat."

"Forget the liqueur. I want that story."

"There ain't much of a story to it, sir. You see, I was workin' at the Cafe Lilli and I just got tired of it suddenly, as a fool waiter is always doin'; so I just up and blew, and I been blowin' from one place to another ever since. That's all, sir." He poured water in a fingerbowl and pushed it suggestively forward.

"Fiddlesticks! You can't get rid of me even if you hand me my hat, coat and stick, but if it is any



"He arose and allowed himself to be helped into his coat."

comfort for you to know it, Butterfield, I shall be going soon. Now then!"

"Oh, will you, sir? I'm sorry to hear it. Well, sir, it was like this, arter I'd been workin' at the Cafe Lilli for a year, and had the language down pretty fine, and quite a few regular customers like yourself, sir, the boss, bein' nuthin' but one of them fish-blooded foreigners what thinks girls are for their men folks to dispose of like they see fit, takes it into his head that I'm a good guy for his niece."

"Angeline is pretty clost to sixteen, and he thinks it's time she was married off his hands. He finds out that I have a little money put by me. Madame all the time was threatening to quit bein' cashier, and he thinks that if me'n Angeline match up she can take the desk and I can keep on bein' waiter, with a percentage extra if I kick for it. That would keep us both in the business, and them Swiss are great for family affairs."

"Well, he sighed, and then grinned, as he reflectively rubbed his bald head, 'I had plenty of nerve them days, sir. I knowed I was pretty near twenty years older'n Angeline, and homely as a order of clams, even if I did have hair then, but I thought sure she must have loved me, and I never had no idee but what she was tickled to death to go walkin' an' talkin' with me along the quay after workin' hours. Lord! the conceit of some folks, sir! Angeline, she smiled at me, but what sense can you expect of a kid of sixteen?"

"I usta see her talkin' to Alphonse sometimes, but I never paid no attention. And every evening we walked on the quay an' I was perfect'y satisfied. Say, them big, brown eyes of hers would satisfy the most particularest gink ever borned. Then an

aunt of Alphonse's leaves him a little money and he suggests it to me that we pool our capital and take a little place for rent not far from the Kursaal and go in the cafe business for ourselves. I said all right, kid, I'm on, and Angeline she said she would be cashier and everything looks fine."

"We got an option on the place, and one afternoon I go alone and look at it, leavin' Alphonse and Angeline laughing and cuttin' up together at the Cafe Lilli, they havin' got to be the best kind of friends since it's known me and Angeline are going to get spliced pretty soon. Sometimes we even took him along to promenade with us, and onct, me bein' fierce tired, he took Angeline to the kiosque to hear the band concert. Madame started out with them for chaperon, but they soon shook her."

"This afternoon I'm tellin' about I looked over that dinky little place and I got the blues proper."

I could see myself toilin' and slavin' there all my life to make a livin'. Onct we got into it I knew I'd have to stick, and good-bye to seein' any of the rest of the worl' or anything. I could 'magine Angeline an' Alphonse a joshin' an' laughin' while I'd be workin', and to put it plain, I got cold feet."

"I found a old chair in the kitchen of the place and I set down and figured it all out. Matrimony didn't look good to me. I knowed I'd have to explain to everybody and to Angeline, and I knew I'd sure make a mess of it, so I just took the quickest way out of it. That night I flew the coop without hiring no band to take me to the train, and here I be, sir. Do you wonder I ain't crazy to spin the yarn?"

THE Englishman, after a prolonged stare, shrugged and asked for his check. He paid it and put down a good tip for Butterfield. Meditatively, he arose and allowed himself to be helped into his coat.

Then he took his stick and started for the door, but retraced his steps.

"My word, Butterfield, you're an infernal liar! Angeline told me all about it. You saw that she and Alphonse were in love with each other and so you stepped out, and left them your savings for a wedding present, by Jove! Your pedal extremities may have been cold, but your heart was warm."

Butterfield looked ashamed of his utter failure as a romancer. "What I want to know," he grumbled, "is why Madame still takes the cash and why Alphonse is working at the old place, instead of bossing a new one for himself."

"Simple enough," said the Englishman. "Alphonse has inherited the place and is now proprietor, and since Angeline has quite enough to do at home with four kiddies about, it befalls Madame to remain cashier. Well, good-night."

"Good-night, sir. Four, did you say, sir?"

"Yes, four, the oldest of whom is named Butterfield Alphonse."

"No! The devil you say!"

"I said nothing of the kind. I said Butterfield Alphonse, precisely, and I ought to know, for I stood sponsor for the precious infant and he yelled like mad all through the ceremony, to pay me for my pains."

"Jiminy!" said Butterfield, dazedly. "I must be respectable all right with kids named after me. Now I gotta save up to buy him a mug, I s'pose."

"Quite right," said the Englishman, departing at last.

## Beating the Trusts

ROOSEVELT and Taft whacked the trusts. Roosevelt and Taft are great men. Roosevelt and Taft and the Supreme Court of the United States dissolved the Standard Oil Company because it paid dividends of fifty per cent. a year. Fine! The Standard broke up into a number of small companies. The gross dividends paid in 1913 by these small companies was equal to more than one hundred per cent. on the old Standard Oil stock. Yes, Roosevelt and Taft whacked the trusts.

## Public Lawyers

(The Edmonton Journal.)

THE JOURNAL has already suggested that methods like those insisted on by Lord Mersey and by the late Judge Maybee, of the railway commission, could with advantage be applied to the ordinary courts. The Canadian Courier follows this up by pointing out that recently the Jews of Toronto decided to establish a tribunal of their own, so as to settle all disputes between themselves cheaply and quickly. They find the Canadian civil courts wholly unsatisfactory. This must be the case, so long as a lawyer is paid according to the number of letters he writes, the length of the brief which he prepares, and the number of hours he appears in court. The Courier thinks that some day we shall see public lawyers as well as public doctors, such as Lloyd George has succeeded in establishing in Britain.