

from her the mild remark, "You'd better give me that girl, and see if I can't quiet her." And I, who had been hammering with my slipper, in impotent rage on the other side of the wall, lay down rebuked and ashamed, and quite sure that the woman who could rule her tongue and her temper under such circumstances was *all too good for the presidential chair*. Then we had again our comical Doctor from Chicago, and several others of the outgoing party whom I have not introduced you to, and a sweet piquante Neapolitan, and a ruddy, happy, musical young Swede, who played the song of the boulevards, while I and Baby clapped

our hands on that stray note, and enjoyed it infinitely.

One day as I sat dreamily in my deck chair, living over again the pleasant days and scenes and people I have tried to bring before you, I heard from three females, who I presume were medical students, the following conversation: "Well, I did enjoy the vivisection classes more than anything. I think they were fine. Do you remember the day the Professor showed us the cat's brain? Wasn't it lovely? And that day we had the dog?" "Ye-e-s," said a lazy-looking blonde. "His heart beat five times, plainly, I saw it." "I think that rabbit was good,



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