

and after each meal Mrs. Doolittle punched the tickets, her action being closely watched by the suspicious lodgers.

When any ticket became exhausted, and its holder evinced no immediate disposition to quit the premises, Mr. Doolittle would be stirred from his apathy beside the kitchen range, and after girding up his loins, would proceed threateningly towards the lodger in question. If another two dollars were forthcoming, all was well ; but if, as was often the case, the ticket-expired one suggested a system of credit, a struggle immediately ensued. Sometimes the lodger was ejected ; sometimes Mr. Doolittle. In this latter contingency the proprietress was always at hand with a frying-pan, the use of which had won her fame apart from the kitchen, and after a few ringing blows, Mr. Doolittle would find himself installed for another season beside the range, and the ex-lodger would be rubbing his scalp before the sightless windows of M'Gillavery House.

To stir Mrs. Doolittle into eloquence it was merely necessary to discuss frying-pans. On the subject of this necessary, but in her hands not inoffensive article, she was decided.

"Some hold wi' a poker, an' can use it mighty nice," she was credited with having said. "An' once I used to deal with me lodgers wi' an ole kerosene lamp. But one night, when my husband got me riled as I was fryin' steak, I tried the pan on him. A clean hit wi' a frying-pan seems to daze a man, more especially when you take it hot off the range."

This opinion of Mrs. Doolittle, as an authority on the subject, carried its own weight.

When not assisting at an eviction, or nodding, pipe