

foods, her epiglottis and thorax will shut up shop and begin to turn wrong side out with a sickly gurgle.

The whole company struck. They very sensibly remarked that if the troupe had to keep up that sort of thing and eat every new breakfast food that came out, the things needed were not men and women, but a herd of cows. They gave me notice that they one and all intended to leave at the end of the week, and that they positively refused to eat anything whatever on the stage.

I went to Perkins and told him the game was up—that it was good while it lasted, but that it was all over now. I said that the best thing we could do was to sell our lease on the theatre and cancel our ad. contracts.

But not for a moment did my illustrious partner hesitate. The moment I had finished he slapped me on the shoulder and smiled.

“Great!” he cried, “why not thought of sooner?”