

jumps th' Sinator from Californy. 'Stop!' he says, 'wait! 'T is all right enough for th' East t' rule out th' flea, but th' Californian loves th' flea like a brother. We want free fleas.' Then up jumps th' Sinator from New York. 'I don't object t' th' plain or crude flea comin' in free,' says he, 'for there be need of thim, as me frind from th' West says. What amusement would th' dogs of th' nation have but for th' flea?' says he. 'But I am thinkin' of th' sivinty-three theayters on an' off Broadway,' says he. 'Shall th' amusemint industry of th' metropolis suffer from th' incoming of th' millions of educated an' trained fleas of Europe? Shall Shakespere an' Belasco an' Shaw be put out of business by th' pauper flea theayters of Europe? No!' says he. 'I move t' amend th' tariff of th' United States t' read that th' duty on insects, not crude, be one fourth of a cent per pound an' tin per cint. ad valorem,' he says, 'which will give th' dog all th' crude fleas he wants, an' wit shut