

horse entered, therefore, must be put out of the race.

(2) The psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital is ward No. 23, and, in the vernacular of the hospital surgeon—"Twenty-three for his," is equivalent to "He's crazy."

(3) In numbering the rooms of a certain new hotel, the numeral "23" was inadvertently omitted. The clerks therefore used "Show the gentleman to room 23" as a signal to the "bouncer," when an undesirable applicant came for a room.

(4) The expression originated from the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "Therefore the Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

(5) The expression originated from a passage in "A Tale of Two Cities": "She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count 'Twenty-two. * *"

The great trust magnate was acting queerly, and his friends began to worry about him.

With a regularity of clockwork he thrust his hand in his pocket, withdrew it with a dollar therein, and dropped the dollar into a box. This he kept up with monotonous regularity.

The committee of friends tried in vain to ascertain the meaning of it. Finally they ventured to ask the trust magnate.

"Whist!" he hissed. "I'm contributing my dollar to the Republican congressional campaign fund."

Francis Baylies, a historian of note, on returning from a church meeting one Thanksgiving Day, met Nicholas Tillingham, one of the most humorous and also one of the most eloquent of the members of the Bristol County bar, in the sitting-room of a hotel.

In the course of the conversation which ensued, Mr. Baylies said to Mr. Tillingham:

"I have deposited a ten-cent piece in the contribution box, to be placed on instant until I reach Heaven."

Mr. Tillingham replied:

"Ah, yes!" That will amount to a very large sum before you will be admitted there."

A young minister in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Prof. A., teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration of Roman mythology, there is Prof. B., ready to trip me up for my little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am covered by the presence of the learned man that teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:

"Do not be discouraged, preach the Gospel. They probably know very little of that."

Notes on Whistletoot.

They had been talking about the slowness of messenger-boys. Then the conversation drifted to slowness in general. Then a scientific tone crept in, and Kasson remarked that the coast of New Jersey was rising at the rate of three-quarters of an inch a century.

The hotel rates down there are doing better," observed Judge Crabtree. "But speaking of slowness, I know the slowest thing in all creation."

"What is it?" inquired Major Dodge.

"An underground pipe," replied the Judge.

"Personally I was not aware," returned the Major, "that the common municipal underground pipe was expected to get up and hustle. I never saw a mounted policeman trying to catch an underground pipe."

The Judge ignored the interruption.

"You know, three years ago I went up to live at Whistletoot-on-Hudson. I was—"

"I told you to come down to Skeeter-hurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream," broke in Kasson.

"I did go to Skeeter-hurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream first," retorted the Judge, with a touch of indignation. "Saw the leading real estate agent; told him I must have, of all things, a dry cellar. Said he had just what I wanted. Ten minutes' walk from his office. Spent the half-hour it took us to walk there telling me how dry the cellar was. So dry they had to keep a wet sponge in it, like a cigar-case, to prevent the potatoes from shrivelling up. Got there. Still raving about dry cellar. Rather dark—suddenly disappeared—a great splash. I got down on my hands and knees, and made out the man floundering around in six feet of water and clinging to the cellar stairs, which were floating about and holmboobing with the refrigerator and a school of kindling-wood. Called the life-saving

crew from the beach, and they saved him."

"You made the mistake of going at high tide," said Kasson, quietly.

"Skeeter-hurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream cellars are dry enough at low water."

"I suppose so," replied the Judge.

"No doubt I could have got used to the excessive dryness of that cellar, but I was afraid of sharks. So I went up to Whistletoot. The only cloud I noted hanging over it was a village improvement society. I knew it had a village improvement society as soon as I saw that the fences were gone and the rocks along the back streets white-washed. You know, a village improvement society always pools the fences and sells 'em to buy whitewash. Still, I've nothing to say against Whistletoot-on-Hudson—far from it. I've seen some of the prettiest sprinting for the 3.57 train there that I ever saw anywhere. I never encountered such esprit de corps as exists in the ranks of the Whistletoot commuters. I one morning saw a Whistletooter, a strong Republican and a Baptist, cast a galoche while racing down the north sidewalk for this train. Another commuter, a life-long Democrat and an Episcopalian, who was making the run on the south walk, saw the shoe go up, turned into the street with one bound, caught it on the fly without stopping, and restored it to its owner on the train. The first man never stopped nor looked back when he threw the galoche, because he knew some one would get it and bring it along."

"On arriving at Whistletoot I announced that I wanted to buy a house, and an agent took charge of me. I told him that I must have all modern improvements. He led me to a very pretty cottage. It was just what I wanted. The fence had escaped the Improvement Society, though one could see where they had worn the bark off by lifting on the posts. Personally I think that suburban improvement societies would do better to let the fences and rocks alone, and establish good cinder paths to the station for the commuters."

"The cottage was new and apparently well built. I asked concerning the modern improvements, and the agent began to talk about the view. I told him I had enough view, having spent the summer at the Mount Earlcourt House, where we didn't have much else. I insisted upon knowing about the improvements."

"Oh, he said, 'they're all right. Range in the kitchen, hard-wood floors, electric door-bell, speaking-tubes, clothes-reel in the back yard. Just come around and see that clothes-reel!'"

"Gas, I suppose, of course?" I said, and I fixed him with my glittering eye.

"Well—er—you see—oh, yes, gas, of course—practically," he replied. "Gas-main down on the next block, sir; going to be extended through this street next week."

"And city water?" I continued, nailing him to the side of the house with my gaze.

"The same as here, sir, the same as here," he answered. "See that man working with the shovel?"

"Yes," I said.

"Breaking ground for the extension of the city water-main," he answered, with enthusiasm. "That water-main is going ahead like greased lightning. Be through this street before you can move into the house."

"So I bought the cottage. This was three years ago. And the Judge paused."

"Surely they have both gone through before this," said Kasson.

"If they have, they've done it in the night," replied the Judge. "And I've been up a good deal nights, too, protecting my fence from the Improvement Society. No, these pipes have not moved an inch in three years. The man I saw digging was the president of the Improvement Society smoothing off another spot on which to place a stone for the secretary to whitewash, the report at the meeting the night before having shown that there were two quarts of whitewash in the treasury."

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

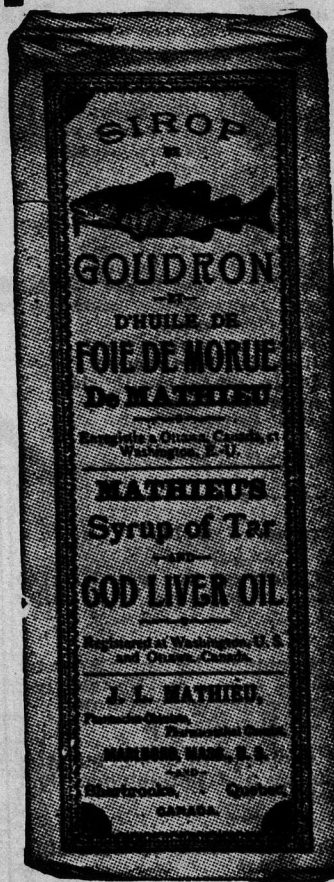
"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father. "You must have a bite with us."

"No thank you," said the little girl, with dignity. "I have already bitten."

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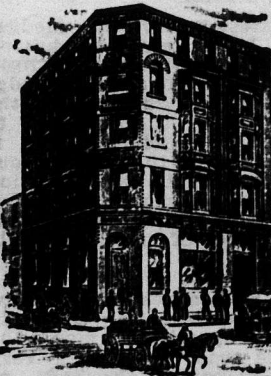
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