

fever in New Orleans, and of course was assured that there was not. Surely if the Jap could face it I ought to. But I thought I had contracted a slight touch of malaria in El Paso, feeling a feverish heat in the palms of my hands. So I debated the question until the shades of night were falling, blotting out the fascinating landscape, thinking one moment that I must surely spend a day at least in the Southern capital of so many attractions, and the next that I could afford to take no chances. So we got to New Orleans and the Jap left me. The Illinois train was waiting for us after we had been ferried over the Mississippi, and, as a last appeal, I asked the ticket-taker at the gate about yellow fever. He laughed, as he exclaimed, "Why, certainly, no danger at all. The President was here the 18th."

"How long did he stay?"

"Came in the morning and left at night."

"Ah, the night's the time when the mosquito would get in his work."

"Well, a great crowd came in from all around to see him."

"The President travels with a bodyguard of policemen and private detectives, who would take good care that no mosquito got a lick at him."

"Well, you might stay over night, and go up in the morning train," observed he, good-naturedly. Then he called a car porter over and propounded the question to him. The porter confirmed his advice. I hesitated.