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*New Nonsense Novels*

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cue. "But hang it, man, I don't see how one can avoid it!"

"Well, I do avoid it," answered Thornton, "at least as far as I possibly can. I send down my solderist, of course, but personally, unless it is absolutely necessary, I never go down."

"That's all very well, my dear fellow," Fortescue cut in, "but you know as well as I do that you get case after case where the cellar diagnosis is simply vital. I had a case last week, a most interesting thing"—he turned to the group of us as he spoke—"a double lesion of a gas pipe under a cement floor—half a dozen of my colleagues had been absolutely baffled. They had made an entirely false diagnosis, operated on the dining room floor, which they removed and carried home, and when I was called in they had just obtained permission from the Stone Masons' Protective Association to knock down one side of the house."

"Excuse me interrupting just a minute," interjected a member of the group who hailed from a distant city, "have you much trouble