

On Wednesday, Hunyadi Janos, vendor of pharmaceuticals, appeared at noon on the corner of 10th and Dockery. In his hand-made cart there was stacked in place a fair selection of the best available toilet goods. As was his custom, he announced his inventory through a cone of newsprint. "I got Dr. Snow's Amber Petroleum Jelly, I got pure distilled witch hazel, Rosedale Cold Cream, benzoin, glycerine and lithia compounds. I got pearly pink tooth powder, talcum by the sack. I got it all. I got little Puppy Cakes, Mandheling Syrup, Swift's White Ribbon Floating Soap. You name it, I got it."

An elderly and loquacious neutrodyne, carrying a little hand-satchel, asked Janos the direction to Thomas Jefferson Park, saying she wanted to go there to hear the "lovely music of the Chatterjee Brothers," a shorthorn trio.

Janos enjoyed a reputation for gallantry and he was very courteous and patient in explaining the route to the park, and the old neut was mightily grateful. She said to Janos, after fumbling in her satchel, "Take an old neutrodyne's blessing for your kindness and keep this Tampa nugget to remember me by," placing a fat, fine looking cigar in his palm.

"A real Perfecto," said Janos, and was puffing delightedly when the neutrodyne wandered off.

As it happened, a Sergeant-in-Charge came by with an Italian in custody, and at a sudden report, it was thought a gun had been fired. The Italian, accustomed to firearm emergencies, threw himself onto the *banquette*, as did the Sergeant, and both lay still, hoping they were out of danger.

A doorman then emerged from a vestibule carrying a glass of water and poured it on the blazing stump of Janos's nose, at the same time squashing the remnant of the trick cigar with the heel of an ox-blood cordovan.

"Poor Janos," the doorman said, "When it comes to neutrodynes, kindness is often rewarded with novelty, isn't it?"

A railcar halted near the scene and a motorman, from its window, said laconically, "She took you fer a lemon, Hunyadi."

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Striped adders are so thick in a pasture on my farm that they have taken to milking my goats. I found, last evening, that every one in the herd of nine had been milked. I watched the pasture today and every hour or two I saw a striped adder crawl up a goat's leg and begin to milk the animal. There is a sweetish odor aloft when the adders are active. They are quite good in their art, I believe. Those goats never grin that way when I palm the teats. Such is life.

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I was in the City recently, shopping at Saposcats, a national market, for these

items: lighter pine for the belly stove, bricks of D-meat, a tin of Omnicoli Vitalis, some carbolic for killing adders, fresh lumpia, skrada-kaka, wooden matches, monk's bread, sauce diablo, neut repellent, boudin, hag roe, and a bottle of Nunn's Oil.

As I crossed Gravesend Avenue I saw a neutrodyne dragged to death by a railcar. Jumping from the car in a fit of haste he caught his coat on a protruding piece of iron and was dragged over a distance of one hundred feet before the motorman was attracted by the gasps of pedestrians and the car stopped. Again, that sweetish odor quickened the air, as though a stinkbug had been squashed.

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I had an unusual experience while fishing horned pout in Pincenez Brook yesterday afternoon. In an extra effort to throw the line far into the stream, where the grandest pout lie, I slung it high into the air, with the result that the hooks, sinkers, and line became lodged in a tree thirty-five feet tall. I climbed the tree to release the tackle. When I reached the limb on which the line was entangled I found a young jayhawk fast to the hook. The barb had penetrated the occiput and lay in the brain. The hawk had gone for my grub in error and had suffered the price. C'est la vie.

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Xmas is a time of year I much look forward to. I have a little juniper in my pinery that will look fine when it's candled and put in an eastern window.

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Once, in the City, I was bitten by Italian teeth after a trifling fracas in a railcar. I was on a Southbound car when a boy, Tomaso, got on at Flocculus Avenue and, stumbling, stepped on my foot, injuring a plantar wart. I gave him a shove and the boy wanted to fight. He rushed at me in a rage and bit me viciously in the side. I lay around the farm a week, in fear of blood poisoning. Fever came and went. The bite was a bite of many colors. It greened, reddened, blackened, and blued. I considered hydrophobia a possibility. In the end, it all passed and, when it was done, I felt enlivened. I wanted to get out, to travel, to enjoy life again.

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Now, with the deaths of Samuel Sheppard, of # 77 Leda Street, and Nickolina Seravola Black, a poet and acolyte, by fractures of the neck, I would like to see the public bathing facilities on Perdido Street razed to the ground and closed forever in their memories.

There have been other incidents reported at the baths. When the tide is low the water under the springboard is only about three feet deep. Sheppard sprang from the board, in tandem with Black, and both came down as straight as arrows. They were rescued in an unconscious condition by other bathers.

My farm, before I came, had been uninhabited about four years. Bees had turned the cellar into a hive and I found a great deposit of honey, a solid mass six inches thick, two feet wide, and fourteen feet high, extending from the basement to the beams which support the first story, and completely filling a section of the wall. The bees entered their storehouse through a knothole. Despite a burlap veil and gloves, I was severely stung. My head blew up to the size of a medicine ball. I was prostrate in the hot sun two days, feverish and unable to lift my head. I managed to shovel a few acorns into my mouth. I spoiled my pants many times. Now the bees and I are on friendly terms. Their hum is a comfort in the cockle of a lonesome night. Were there time enough, or reason to, I'd give them each a name.

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I do love the oysters I get out of Pincenez Brook. Even the famed oysters of Britain, once devoured by the Romans, cannot be compared to the great oyster of the Pincenez, which weighs two pounds and contains a good pearl.

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I have found phosphates on my skin which I feel come directly from the brain. I know that brainwork throws the phosphate of potash out of the top of my eye sockets, for I find this product on the lapel of my robe after excessive brainwork. Therefore, in order to keep well I must have proper food, containing phosphate of potash to quickly and surely rebuild tissue. Postum and Grape Nuts are good for this, as well as plantains and haggis pudding.

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This morning I prayed for those who are compelled to labor on days of rest and refreshment, for motormen serving on the railcars, servants in hotels, and small boys on golf courses.

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While writing in my logbook today, I ran the metallic point of a pen into my finger, making a small wound which bled dramatically. I stemmed the flow with sap of elder.

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Omnicoli Vitalis, an edible product, was developed by Engineer de la Seppes of Alamogordo. I have a tin of it in the pie safe. It has been tested with neutrodynes and found pure. It can be shaped into a sausage, pattied, balled, and cooked in many ways. I suspect indole and saltpeter are the chief ingredients, along with soy meal. To encourage consumption of this commodity, de la Seppes is including a miniature book in every tin. They are coated with beeswax to prevent soilage. The newest title in the series is *The Neuts of Wall Street*, by Felix Grendon, a romance of business and pleasure.

Stifled cries and groans and the heavy breathing of teething neutrodynes under anesthetics resounded through Thomas Jefferson Park today. The bandshell was transformed into a dental office. Twelve chairs were installed and each American settler brought along a neut with a toothache. Four of them were female. They made much less fuss than some of the bucks who approached the chairs. The demonstrations were watched by a large crowd of Italians in a downpour.

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The neutrodyne Home at Rockaway sends out barges every Wednesday. While the dormitories and hospital wards are full, the cotless ones will be barged for entertainment. On the last excursion, more than one-thousand young neuts and mothers participated and their wants were supplied by the Sisters of Comfort, nurses, and volunteers. The barges leave at nine o'clock in the morning and return at six o'clock at night.

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I drink Buffalo Lithia Water of Virginia. I find it excellent for renal calculi and all diseases dependent upon a uric acid diathesis.

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When I went last Thursday to the baths on Perdido there were a bunch of Theosophists standing in a circle around the sodden remains of "the Atwood fat boy." They were trying to coax him back to life with prayer.

I walked over and gave one of them a good crack with my billy bat. I said, "You won't be inflaming that fat ember by stirring the breezes with invocation, I mean it." The blow produced a nutlike hickey above the root of the nose.

A second Theosophist stepped forward and said, "He weighed four-o-six. His waist measurement was seventy-three inches. His death was not caused by a dive in the shallows, but by a fatty degeneration of the heart. If we are allowed to pray, we can restore him. We can have him sipping broth in an hour."

What does it matter, I thought.

I said, "Miracles do happen, boys. Go ahead, pray over that pork and see if you can get it cooking again. I'll go down to Saposcats and have some hag fritters."

As I left, crabs were enjoying their way with the Atwood boy, scissoring fat, yellow lobes from the wide gut.

The Boy's anal part gave birth to a cluster of things like new potatoes.

"Oh, lord," said a third Theosophist, "The death eggs."

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Knabenshue, in his rotorcraft, made a pass over the farm today, his wife beside him in a quill-trimmed chip hat and silk kimono. She looked saucy.

"Moldenke!" he called. "Moldenke!"

I stood in the yard with a disc of mica between myself and the sun, which had

been burning my acres to scabs of late. I'd seen ears of corn burst on the stalk, the dry husks take flame.

I said, "Ho, Knabenshue! I'm happy to see you flying again! Take care not to burn yourselves in that sun!"

The woman struggled to keep the hat on her head.

Knabenshue navigated his ship through a widening arc, toying with devilish updrafts, and dropped my mailsack on the lid of the cistern.

"Good shot, Knabenshue," I yodeled. "Your wife has a nice pair of tickets." Knabenshue always was gratified when his woman's endowments were applauded. It made his mail drops that much more accurate. "I'll bet the nipples are like Pincenez pearls," I added.

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Ten high Germans were killed by an explosion of guncotton, say the papers. They were fooling with a little bale of it at the corner of Leda and Flocculus, poking it with live matchheads when the explosion occurred. Three are blinded.

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At Saposcats I bought a painting of Potiphar's Daughter, which once hung in the parlors of the Continental Hotel in Chicago. Those jews stung me for \$49.50. I nailed it just above the mantelboard. I was afraid the butter lamp there would scorch it.

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A pedalboat on the Pincenez overturned today and drowned two Sisters of Comfort. They will be laid up at Lamanno Panno Fallo, morticians, on Outerditch Road.

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My vegetable man arrived in his mulecart. He had mirlitons, okra, seng, garlic, tabasco peppers, wild onion, purple hull peas, mushmellon, blueberry, mayhaw, pawpaw, peanuts, various cucurbits, and a selection of choice greens.

His name was Claude Bourgeois, out of French Settlement.

I said, "Il est dommage que vous n'avez pas de pommes de terre."

He said, "Moldenke, I couldn't trade my balls for a spud at the national market."

"That's life," I said.

"Take a mellon, Moldenke. They are all pulp. Take my word. Don't make me plug one for show. It would be a waste."

I agreed I'd have a mellon, and a pint of berries to sweeten my sop, and a pound of okra for a gumbo.

"What else, Moldenke?"

"Well, you let me have a handful of those mayhaws, so that I can make a jelly sometime, and a head of garlic for the heart and, say, Bourgeois, what's the news from your Settlement? Have the neutrodynes been cutting up?"

“Indeed, Moldenke, in fact seven of them have been put under the knife to stop their criminality. It was the first experiment of its kind performed by de la Seppes. Chief Abbot, of the Life Saving crew has instituted the practice of performing operations upon the neuts in his charge when medical opinion renders such a course likely to prevent a criminal career. There were two operations on the forepart of the brain, three on eyes, and two minor operations for nervousness, and all, it is believed, will be successful, thanks to de la Seppes. Chief Abbot is likewise a favorite of the people. Our settlement has entered a period of sanity and progress.”

“Good news, Bourgeois. Any *lagniappe* today?”

“Let me see. I have these dessicated rooster combs. They are A-number one bait for hag, and I have a pair of hen’s feet, which are excellent to catch the crabs, or you may boil them with yellow hominy.”

“Oh, I was just fiddling with the idea of fishing the afternoon away down at Pincenez. I’ll tie those feet with twine and milk a few prize bluepoints from the water and add them to my gumbo. I must say, I haven’t caught a good hag in two or three years.”

“The combs will draw them to your line, Dink,” said Bourgeois. “You can’t beat them.” He packaged the bait in newsprint.

I gave him a sawbuck and received a surprising amount in change. I tipped him a jitney and he was gone, his mule having left a puddle of scours in the road where she had been. I kicked soil over it to discourage the generation of white worms. It stank of molasses.

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Hammerstein has made arrangements for neutrodyne children to see big Machnow, a Russian giant. It was announced yesterday that Machnow would hold a reception, neuts only, in Thomas Jefferson Park.

At half-past four o’clock on Sunday afternoon the big Russian, accompanied by Hammerstein, will parade up and down the Mall, and will shake hands with any children who desire to meet her there.

She tells children to bring sacks, since they will get roasted peanuts and *nonpareils*.

The giant will leave Victoria Theater in a White Steam Touring car a little after four o’clock. She will drive up Flocculus Avenue, through the Skatole Tunnel, to 9th Street, along North Loop to the Paseo, across Esplanade, thence through Duff Lane to the entrance of the park.

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During a quarrel in the saloon of Bartholomew Donohue, at # 169 Varick Street, on Saturday last, I slapped a Theosophist. In falling, her head struck an iron radiator, and she was dead when picked up. By the time the Sergeant arrived, Donohue and I had washed the woman’s face and brushed her clothing clean.

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The last time I went to Alamogordo I ran into my friend Myron, the art typist. In the year since I had last seen him he had produced a brief-bag full of attractive pictures on his Underwood machine.

But, sadly, he was down with a case of the "shank." It first made its appearance in red spots, he said, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot the girth of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle formed a heavy, dry scale and gradually dropped off. A light discharge of basal substance oozed out. He used Nunn's Oil to soften the spots.

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Monday, when I returned to the farm, I found that someone had gained entrance through the cellar and that two tufts of grass were lying on every step of the stairway and in the hallways at intervals, while matchboxes were laid in several places, and matches with the heads fired and the sticks unburned were thrown everywhere.

I concluded the intruder must have been stung senseless by my bees and wandered off. There were signs of rooting in the medicine cabinet.

I got my jenny out of the shed and rode her to the back fields. I came on the body of a well-dressed, elderly neutrodyne woman. The head was twice its original size, as were the feet. In her satchel I found an empty laudanum bottle, a pair of trick cigars, and some seven-and-a-half grain bichloride of mercury tablets.

Tuesday I went back with a bucket of lamp oil and burned her. From my porch I watched the smoke churn up and soot the sky half the afternoon. The odor was a bit sweet, like silage.

I saved the cigars for Fool's Day.