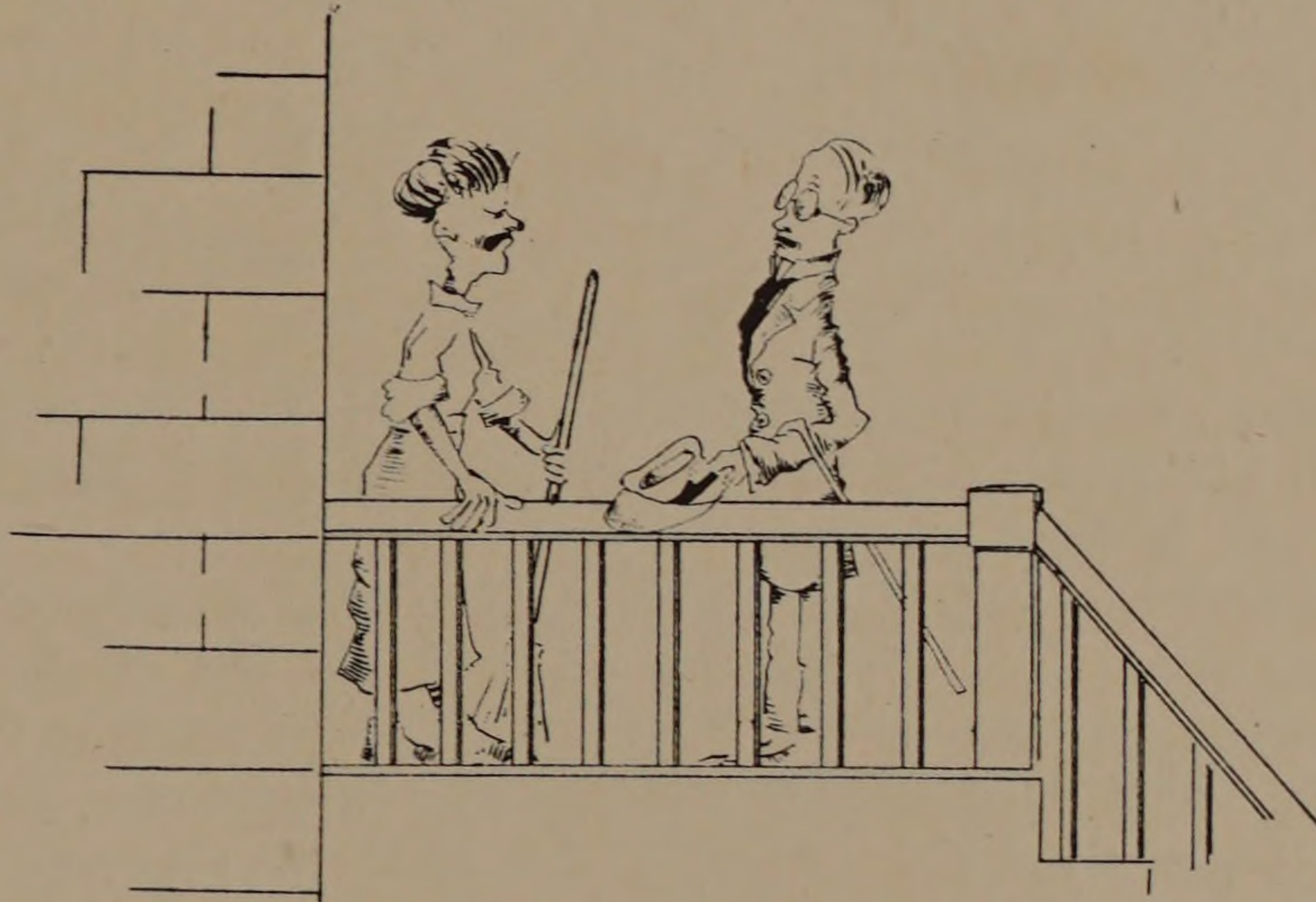


HUMOR

were anybody else, I would have resented this as a reflection on my maturity, but in this case I decided to pass it up, and replied, "Quite well, thank you. How are you?" "Sick in bed," he replied. "I've got lumbago of the brain." This unfortunate predicament certainly elicited my sympathy, and I proceeded to tell him so in rather eloquent words, if I do say so myself. I was cut short by the curt reply, "Quit yer kiddin'." I assured the professor that I had no such intention and, to avoid a dispute, I thought it best to proceed at once to my delicate assignment.

Before I could recall the first question of my carefully planned interview, I was puzzled by the query, "Have you got the 'makin's?'" I was speechless for a moment or two, but finally stammered, "I believe I have the makings of a literary genius, if this is the profession to which you refer." I could see that this answer did not wholly satisfy my subject, who went through some queer antics of tapping the base of his cerebellum and emitting a low, hollow sound through his mouth, occasionally remarking that there was no one at home, although the house seemed well populated. I could not account for this strange action, but I have heard that all of the really great are just a little eccentric.



I decided to pass this up, and put to him the first question of my interview. "And now, Mr. Bruce, would you be good enough to tell me how you came to make this wonderful discovery?"

"Which one?" he queried.

"Why, your noted one," I answered.

This seemed to please him, as he invited me to "wear out a chair," and stated as follows: "Well, you see, I saw this bird had speed to burn, and the old pill was breezin' by the place at sixty mile an hour."

I assured him that I could readily perceive the difficulties he must have encountered in taking his measurements when the earth was revolving so rapidly; but he did not seem to mind my interrupton, continuing right on in his allegorical account, which I am sure will greatly interest you.

"Our men first went up to the plate, hung the stick on their shoulder and just hoped for free transportation—no chance of connecting. If they did git on, they died in their tracks—couldn't even sacrifice 'em in."

I was astounded at this statement, as I had not been aware that there had been any casualties attending the discovery. I wondered why this fact had not come out before, but I attributed it to the strict censorship regarding all details, and thought best not to again interrupt the inventor. But the thought of these heroic souls dying in the tracks unnerved me, and I almost fainted.