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## *Jit for Jat*

WHISTLER, the artist, had a French poodle of which he was extravagantly fond. When the dog was seized with a throat ailment, Whistler had the audacity to send for a great throat specialist, Mackenzie.

Mackenzie, upon seeing that he had been summoned to treat a dog, felt incensed, but said nothing. He prescribed and went away.

The next day he sent in post-haste for Whistler to come to his house, and Whistler, thinking it had something to do with his beloved dog, rushed to the home of the specialist.

On his arrival the man said gravely, "How do you do, Mr. Whistler. I wanted to see you about painting my front door."—*Parade*.