

# This Diminutive World

Continued from page 4

## Most Important

Always insist on seeing the name "IRWIN" branded on the bit you buy to get the **only solid-center-stem auger bit** made in every style and size—guaranteed satisfactory service for every purpose or price refunded. For Home, Farm, Factory or Shop, of 50 different styles and sizes, the Irwin Bits will be found to be the strongest, easiest and best boring bits made. Irwins are used in every part of the civilized world.

They are made from flawless, extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel. Every Irwin Bit is tempered by a secret process which allows no guesswork. Each bit is "headed" and fitted up in the rough, passing through 50 hands and a complication of special machinery, which includes careful turning on a lathe to make them absolutely true and accurate. They are then highly finished—full-polished. The heads and cutters are all carefully sharpened and finished by hand-filing. The Irwin Bits will not clog and will bore in end or side of the hardest or softest of woods without tearing.



**THE IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.,**  
 STA. F5, WILMINGTON, OHIO.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Price Refunded**

Send us the coupon below, properly filled out, and we will see that you are supplied with handsome Irwin Auger Bit Cases or Rolls free of charge.

All good dealers sell Irwin Auger Bits. If you have the slightest trouble in obtaining them, write us.

**Largest in the World**  
**THE IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY**  
 WILMINGTON, O. Station F5.

**Reader Note** Send us this Coupon, filled out as requested, and we will see that you are supplied with an Irwin Case or Roll for 32½ quarters if you purchase \$2.00 worth; or for 20½ quarters if you purchase \$1.00 worth of Irwin Bits at your dealer's.

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.,  
 STA. F5, WILMINGTON, OHIO.

Here is my name; also my dealer has signed his name that I have purchased \$ ..... of Irwin Bits from him.  
 I want an Irwin Case—20½ size ..... or 32½ size .....  
 or Irwin Roll—20½ size or 32½ size ..... (Check which you want, Free.)

My Name .....  
 My Address .....  
 Have your dealer sign his name and say amount of your purchase of Irwin's (\$ .....); also his jobber's name and address.  
 Dealer Sign .....  
 Dealer's Address .....  
 His Jobber Is .....  
 Jobber's Address .....

in the harking back humor, swimming in a strange and beautiful glamour. And all this, mind you, at Glens Ferry, Idaho, in a little shack of a hall, on Saint Patrick's Eve!

After one o'clock, when Ysaye had finished, it was the idea of the committee on arrangements that the "great fiddler"—they knew him not, except as they heard of him from the passengers present—should be properly rewarded for his contribution to the evening's entertainment. And so, knowing no better, the good people, they gave Ysaye a five-dollar gold piece, with their sincere thanks and amid the thunderous applause of all hands. Ysaye, knowing that it would offend them if he refused the coin, accepted it with his wide, dreaming smile.

Many years later I met Ysaye at a New York racetrack, where, smoking a big meerschau pipe and enjoying himself inordinately, he was betting huge sums of money, and generally losing, on the horses—for the great violinist, amazingly enough, considering his temperament, became what we call a most avid "horse bug" while on his later visits to this country. I recalled the Glens Ferry incident to him, and he reached into his pocket and produced the five-dollar gold piece—his pocket piece for all time to come, he told me—that he had "earned" at Glens Ferry.

### One On a Know-It-All

**T**HE diminutiveness of the world was to receive yet one more singular exemplification before we were released from the doldrums of Glens Ferry, Idaho.

A group of us, on the night before we got away, were chatting in the smoking compartment of one of the Pullmans. The subject of mining and big strikes therein came up. The inevitable Man Who Knows It All was present. We had never done any mining, it appeared; but he had dealt in mining stocks. This, it seemed, was ample reason why he should know all and everything about the famous Comstock Lode and the Big Four—Fair, Flood, Mackay, and O'Brien—who achieved such enormous riches from that great strike. The all-knowing one expatiated at great length upon the Comstock Lode. Some of his statements sounded a bit fishy and out of line with the facts of current knowledge as to the Comstock Lode, even to those present who knew little or nothing of the mining business.

When the expatiating one had finished telling what he thought he knew about the Comstock Lode, a quiet bearded young man, sitting in a corner of the compartment with his traveling cap pulled over his eyes, leaned forward in his seat.

"You have been misinformed as to some of your facts, sir," said the bearded young man to the garrulous one.

The know it all person bridled at once. Misinformed nothing! He knew all the facts about the Comstock, all right; had known all about the Comstock before his vis-à-vis, the bearded young man, had been put into long pants! "What do you know about the Comstock, anyhow?" he inquired belligerently, being one of the loquacious kind who hate to be "called," no matter how extraordinary their misstatements.

"I know quite a lot about the Comstock, sir, even if I don't profess to know anything else," replied the bearded young man, producing a card and handing it to the Man Who Knew It All.

The bearded young man was Charlie Fair, son of the late Senator Fair of California, one of the biggest men of the famous Big Four. What the tumultuous young Charlie Fair didn't know about the Comstock Lode could have been written on the upturned edge of a safety match box. He was on his way to France when he was halted by wash-outs at Glens Ferry, Idaho. At that very hour he might well have been in France, where he spent most of his time, and where, years later, he was to meet a tragic death, with his wife, in an automobile accident. But he happened to be in a stalled train in a little railroad settlement in Idaho to confuse a talkative man and to add the third incident of that curious tie-up to prove the diminutiveness of the world we live in.

### Cupid in the Mail

**I**HAVE been so occupied in telling of the Glens Ferry business that I have left myself but little space in which to relate a few incidents bearing on the smallness of the world that have happened to other people of my acquaintance.

In the middle '90's I was on the steamer Colima, which afterward was wrecked with sad loss of life off Cape St. Lucas, bound for Panama and way ports in Mexico and Central America. One afternoon, when the

Colima was not far from Acapulco, Mexico, an American cruiser, bound from southern waters for the Mare Island navy yard, pulled up alongside of us to get her mail. The steamer was bearing the cruiser's mail to Acapulco; but the man-o'-war had left that port a bit ahead of time.

So the ship of war and the steamer paused alongside of each other in mid sea while a spick and span, handsome young Lieutenant came over the wimpling waters in one of the cruiser's boats and boarded the Colima to get his ship's mail. He spent fifteen minutes on board the Colima while the mail was being assembled, and met a number of passengers. Among the passengers was a pretty American girl whose brother was conducting a big coffee plantation in Guatemala. The young Lieutenant seemed to be mightily taken with the girl, and they were exchanging cryptic glances by the time he had reluctantly to go over the steamer's gangway to reboard the ship of war.

Ten years and more later I met this fine young officer of the navy and his wife at a Washington hotel. His wife was the pretty girl he had met when he boarded the Colima to get his ship's mail. There had been no communication between them after that. But two years after the Colima incident he had gone ashore in Yokohama to get his personal mail at a Yokohama service club, and, while leaving the club with his mail in his hand, he had come smack dab upon the pretty girl he had met on board the Colima. She was with her brother, making a tour of the world with him. The three young folks dined together at a Yokohama hotel, and the Lieutenant returned to his ship. He had not communicated with the young woman even after that.

But three years later he was inquiring for his mail at the desk of a New York hotel, when who should trip up to the desk of the hotel, also in quest of mail, but the same young woman he had met on board the Colima and at Yokohama, on both of which

occasions he had been looking for mail. That settled it. The young officer was attached to the Brooklyn navy yard, and the young woman was visiting relatives in New York. They were married three months later. Their first child was a son, and the young officer calmly shouldered the responsibility for the pun when he referred to that boy as his "mail child."

### Even China Is Nearby

**T**WENTY years ago the late William E. S. Fales, an able writing man for newspapers and magazines, was called "The Prince of Bohemians" by those who knew him in New York. He became tired of the title, and of the too flowing life that went with it, early in the '90's, and got himself appointed Vice Consul at Amoy, in China.

When he reached China, Fales adopted Chinese dress and set himself assiduously to the job of learning the Chinese language. A taciturn American merchant in Amoy, who had been in China for fifteen years and had mastered the Chinese language thoroughly, was the man to whom Mr. Fales was sent when he began to search for an instructor in Chinese. The two men had been forgoing as tutor and pupil for more than a year, when one day Fales happened to let drop a remark about the little Long Island town in which he was born.

"I was born in that town myself," observed the Vice Consul's reserved preceptor. "What was your nickname?" asked the keenly interested Vice Consul, knowing that if he was to remember his townsman at all, he would have a better chance to recall him by his boy's nickname.

"They called me 'Smoke,' because I used to make 'em corn-shuck cigarettes," replied the quiet American Amoyan.

"Not Smoke Smith! Great Caesar! you're not Smoke Smith, are you?" yelled the Vice Consul, jumping to his feet and beginning to wring the other's hand.

"That's who I am—or was, rather, Smoke Smith, all right," replied the other, grinning in spite of his taciturnity.

A few days later Smoke Smith happened to drop into the Amoy Consulate when the Vice Consul was addressing a letter to his

## BETTY'S WAVE



Copyright, 1910, by G. G. Wiestersheim

Bathin's jus' the mostes' fun!  
 Take your clo'es off, every one,  
 'En put on some uvver ones,  
 Jus' as cool an' sof' an' light,  
 'En you tie your curls up tight  
 So's 'ey won't get wet a mite.  
 My! the san' feels burnin' hot  
 When you hasn't even got  
 N'enny slippers on, ner socks!  
 Don't wear 'ose wif bathin' fwocks.

Once, when I was littler maid,  
 I use to get dre'ful 'fraid  
 When folks bathed me; 'cause you see  
 The waves looked awful deep to me.  
 Yes'erday I got so brave!  
 Let a fearful gweat big wave  
 Come an' soak me. "Turr'ble wet!"  
 Muvver said. "Take care, my pet!"  
 Guess ther's not many child's, you see,  
 Goes in bathin', brave as me.  
 —Margaret G. Hays