

# STORIES OF FAMOUS POEMS

## "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

DR. CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE.

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads; And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap, When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow, Gave a luster of midday to objects below; When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a minute and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver, so lively and quick—I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name: "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder! and Blitzen!" To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all! As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky, So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had slung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow; The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf— And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle; But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Of all Christmas poems, none is as generally known as "The Night Before Christmas," by Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, the learned Hebrew lexicographer. And in spite of the tremendous amount of work that Dr. Moore accomplished in his life time, by a singular coincidence, he is remembered only as the author of that ditty of Santa Claus that has delighted the children for close to a century of years.

Throughout his life Dr. Moore was devoted to his children, whom he took a great pleasure to amuse by the composition of light verses, best among which was this "Visit of St. Nicholas," as the poem was originally called. This poem, destined to remain as its author's most enduring monument, was written as long ago as 1822, as a Christmas present for the children, who hugely appreciated it.

During the Christmas period of its composition the daughter of Rev. Dr. David Butler, of St. Paul's Church, Troy, was visiting at the Moores' house. She was shown the verses and copied them in her inevitable "album," which was, in those days, an article necessary to every young lady—and sent another draft to the editor of the Times, in which paper they were printed a year later, on December 23, 1827, accompanied with a cut illustrating Santa Claus on his rounds and preceded by an introduction by the editor.

The Times did not, however, mention the name of the author, for which fact Dr. Moore was devoutly thankful. Indeed, he regarded the verses lightly and was rather annoyed that they should at all have been printed. But the poem won instant favor, was reprinted year in and year out at Christmas time, and made its way into the "school readers" until in 1844 Dr. Moore was forced to include it in a small collection of his verses.

Since then the progress of the poem has been one of unflinching success. In 1859 an edition of it appeared with illustrations by the inevitable Darley, and thereafter it became a regular "Christmas Book." Few grown-ups of to-day but remember among their most valued treasures during the holiday period was the presentation of this finely illustrated, and highly illuminated copy of "The Night Before Christmas," which could be purchased in all sizes and in many different qualities of paper and binding.

The poem has been translated into every civilized language, and is to this day recited in the German schools. In 1862 Dr. George H. Moore, of the New York Historical Society, secured an autograph copy for that society, and in giving it the author said that his own ideal of Santa Claus or St. Nicholas was the rubicund, Dutchman from whom, as a child, he had first heard the legend. Dr. Moore was considered one of the best Hebrew scholars of his time. He compiled the best Hebrew lexicon of his period, and left as his monument the General Theological Seminary, of New York. And it is

therefore odd that his reputation now rests solely upon these merry Yuletide verses. Born in New York on July 15, 1779, he came of good stock. In the early portion of the eighteenth century, when, as Washington Irving put it, New York was "a little city where everybody knew everybody," Maj. Thomas Clarke, a retired British army officer, owned one of the handsomest country seats on Manhattan Island, and marrying one Mary Stillwell, left four children, of whom the second, Charity—born June 28, 1747—became the wife of Rev. Benjamin Moore, the great-grandson of John Moore, first minister in Newtown, L. I., a graduate of King's college—now Columbia University—and later one of the most famous bishops of the Episcopal diocese of New York. To this couple Chelsea came as an inheritance, and it was there that Clement was born.

The beautiful country place was destroyed in 1850, and the hill upon which it was perched has long since been leveled to fill the water lots on Tenth avenue, but in the days of Moore's childhood it was in the full power of its prosperity. On the south side of what is now Twenty-third street, about 200 feet from Ninth avenue, its retracted lawn sloped rapidly to the Hudson, and the house that crowned it was filled with everything of beauty that money could buy. Here Moore was educated by private tutors until he entered Columbia College from which place he graduated in 1798.

It was originally intended that the young man should pursue his father's profession, but he never took orders and devoted his whole life to teaching. A scholar of real attainment he pursued in ancient tongues he published in 1809, the Hebrew lexicon which was the pioneer of its kind in this country, designed, as its author said, "to enable any person acquainted with the general principles of language, without the aid of a teacher to read and understand the Holy Scriptures in the original."

Nine years later Dr. Moore presented to the Episcopal Seminary that entire block bounded by Ninth avenue, Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, and extending to the Hudson, a tract even then valuable, but now worth a king's ransom, upon which the seminary still stands. To that institution Dr. Moore thereafter gave most of his attention, and in 1821 was made professor of Oriental and Greek literature, which chair he continued to occupy to the day of his death, which occurred at Newport, R. I., on July 10, 1862. Mr. Moore's father was president of Columbia College from 1801 till 1811, and wrote extensively. The son's last literary work was a modernized form of an old English Carol, entitled "The Life of George Castriot," surnamed Scanderberg, King of Albania. As originally told by Jacques Lavardin, in 1806, Moore's lexicon has long since been superseded and the theological seminary has received new gifts, but "The Night Before Christmas" still continues to enchant the youngsters of each succeeding generation.

(Copyright, 1910, "The Press" Company.)

**Why They Had to Change Names.**  
From the London Chronicle.  
The Danish government recently found it necessary to grant heads of families the privilege of changing their names if they so disposed without incurring any legal costs. This is a necessary piece of legislation for the population of Denmark is divided into three great clans, the Hansens, the Petersens, and the Sorensens. In one town of 25,000 inhabitants over four-fifths bore one or the other of these names. Many of these have taken more distinctive names.

**Extirminating the Deer.**  
From the New York Sun.  
We have no doubt the clamor against the deer, as destructive and oppressively prolific animals, was raised by the heroes in jackboots and khaki who, associated in sporting clubs, were willing to risk their lives to do the Commonwealth a service. Scratch a man whose crops are being devoured, and you will find a "sportsman." The legislature on Beacon Hill will have to deal with the deer problem anew this winter, or in another year or two the deer will be as extinct as the dodo is in Massachusetts.

**Largest Morning Circulation.**

## FUN CONTRIBUTED FOR MICHIGANDERS

### Social Club Makes Merry on Christmas Eve.

#### OLD ST. NICHOLAS ARRIVES

Accompanied by "Merry Christmas," President Wolcott Distributes the Presents from Big Tree, and "Extra Paper," with Puns, Poetry, and Songs Provides Much Amusement.

The Michigan Social Club received a visit extraordinary from Old St. Nicholas and his wife, "Merry (Mary) Christmas," who distributed the presents from their big Christmas tree at Pythian Temple last night.

The programme proved to be the most enjoyable one the club has ever arranged and was full of surprises. The hall was packed with members and their friends, and just as Secretary S. D. Gago was reading the minutes of the previous meeting, and all were quiet, a messenger boy rushed into the hall and handed the secretary a telegram.

The secretary made a good attempt at fainting after he read the message, and handed it to President John M. Wolcott, who read its contents aloud, as follows: "North pole, 4:20 p. m.: I have been detained, but will reach you at 10:30. Santa Claus." It caused an uproar of laughter.

#### Newspaper Startles Audience.

Following a short business session, President Wolcott acted as Santa Claus, and Mrs. Wolcott acted as the wife of Santa Claus. Just as the distribution of the gifts from the Christmas tree was well under way, a newspaper rushed into the hall, calling: "Extra evening paper! Big railroad wreck! Complete list of victims! Buy an extra!"

The members were startled at first and rushed to buy the paper, but the railroad wreck proved to be a story of how a young telegraph operator saved a train from a possible wreck and the list of victims was a complete list of the officers and members of the club, designated as victims of one Santa Claus Jokers.

The paper was cleverly gotten up and had a hand-printed Christmas tree on the first page, with the words, "Extra evening paper, merry Christmas to all." The tree contained twelve pages filled with interesting stories of the early career of some of the officers, puns on names of members, news items, poetry, short stories, and a map of Michigan with the first verse of the Michigan song, which the members all sang as follows:

#### Sung by All Members.

Home of my heart, I sing to thee, Michigan, my Michigan; Thy lake-bound shores I love to see, Michigan, my Michigan; From Saginaw's tall whispering pines To Lake Superior's farthest mines, Fair in the light of the morning skies, Michigan, my Michigan.

The club made arrangements for their annual banquet to be held in February and appointed the following members of the committee on arrangements: Burdette Wilson, chairman; D. J. Edwards, H. D. Gage, A. Van Reuth, and H. V. Bisbee.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS IN ALL THE LAND

Continued from Page One.

sweet "taters," while Virginia gave Lynn Haven oysters for the turkey dressing. Idaho sent a bushel of white potatoes, the pick of the State, and California came to the front with boxes of oranges, figs, and other fruits. Oregon contributed boxes of her finest apples, and New York sent down a young pig, but the continued list of the table North Carolina sent mistletoe, Louisiana boxes of Southern roses, and Florida a huge wreath of orange blossoms.

#### All Tafts at Home.

Christmas Day will be celebrated at the White House much in manner as in thousands of homes throughout the country. The Taft children, Helen, Robert, and Charlie, will join with their parents in a characteristically quiet observance of the day. Robert came on from Harvard to spend the holiday season, while Charlie begged an extra day from his preparatory school vacation in order to have the added time at home. There will be few guests entertained outside of the home of Miss Helen and Robert Taft.

Although the express companies have for weeks been delivering packages big and small at the White House door, not one has yet been opened. They have come from all parts of the world, and represent a small collection of gifts in the custom of waiting for Christmas to see what the day will bring forth, and the President himself has not been allowed to violate the custom. There will be no Christmas tree, but the continued importance of Charlie have resulted in the hanging up of his stockings, and like thousands of other boys, he will this morning be looking over its contents.

Just like hundreds of other shoppers, the President put off his Christmas shopping until yesterday afternoon. With Capt. Butt, the President went out in one of the White House cars, and spent several hours in Washington's shops. Mrs. Taft and Robert went out early in the afternoon. The shopping crowds readily recognized both the President and Mrs. Taft, but bothered them little with attention.

#### President Buys Books.

The President first visited a store at F and Twelfth, where he purchased several books for the remembrance of friends whose names had not yet been stricken off the shopping list. A few minutes were spent in a jewelry store near by and a few articles in silver selected, after which an art gallery was visited. Mrs. Taft and her son Robert spent about half an hour in an F street department store, and the choice of the first lady of the land was sought in Robert's selections for classmates and friends. Mrs. Taft and Robert afterward joined the President and were with him in the White House car.

The President will attend service today, with Mrs. Taft, probably at St. John's, although he may elect to worship at All Souls' Unitarian Church, where he is usually to be found in the pew set aside for him. The young people of the White House have as yet made no plans for the morning, although Miss Helen and Robert, together with their house guests, will probably attend St. John's Episcopal Church.

In many thousands of Washington homes children will inspect the contents of stockings, and the presents hung from Christmas trees. Churches will be filled with worshippers, and the old truths being told again in new words, and missions, hymns will be sung, and in orphanages and asylums good cheer will prevail. Even at the jail, where are herded the city's unfortunates, there is a Christmas greeting for it is Christmas Day, and with thanksgiving, prayer, reverence, and happiness we celebrate it.

## AUTOMOBILE GOSSIP.

Meers, Jones and Kölsier, of the Jones & Kessler Rubber Tire Company, have returned from a trip to Philadelphia, where they went to investigate the condition of the rubber tire market.

Steam propelled automobiles are destined to come into their own, as far as motor racing is concerned during the 1911 season, if the action of the contest board of the American Automobile Association is directed as Chairman S. M. Butler now believes it will be when rules for the coming season are made. The consideration of the steam power machine is the outgrowth of a desire evinced by two or three makers of that kind of automobile to see their product in competition with gasoline cars in the International Sweepstakes race to be held on the Indianapolis motor speed way May 30 next.

The speedway management has received letters from some of the steam car makers, asking if they will be allowed to enter the 50-mile race on Memorial Day, but the permission could not be granted, as the A. A. A. rules do not provide for competition between gasoline motors and steam engines, or, in fact, between steam propelled cars themselves. Chairman Butler was appealed to and asked if there was any possible chance for an arrangement whereby the steam cars could start in the big motor classic.

The A. A. A. official replied that no ruling thus far made would allow steam cars to compete, but that the contest board probably would give them consideration in the 1911 rules and, if possible, arrange on basis whereby steam and gasoline engines would be classed together for certain contests. At any rate, he says, the steam cars will have a class assigned them in the 1911 rules and be allowed to compete together if not with the other motive power.

This ruling will be greeted with favor by the older devotees of the motor racing sport who remember the spectacular performances of the steam cars which were raced on the beaches in Florida several seasons ago. The heavy exhaust of steam, together with the peculiar sounds emitted by the engine, makes the steam car a thriller as far as appearance is concerned.

J. B. Hulett, known to the automobile trade through his connection with the Owen Company, of Detroit, and formerly with the Pope-Toledo works, has joined the Losier forces, and is making a Western trip in the interests of Losier cars. Mr. C. L. Simmons, former Western traveler, is now covering the Southern States.

From February 6 to 11 next, there will be held in the Coliseum, in Chicago, the first really comprehensive and representative exhibition of self-propelled work vehicles that has ever been made in America. Two months before the opening of the show more than fifty manufacturers of complete motor wagons had contracted for space in which to display their latest products, while all of the available space in the gallery and on the second floor of the Coliseum Annex had been taken by manufacturers of component parts, fittings, and supplies for these machines.

In the procession of vastly varied events which hold forth in New York's biggest show building none has yet succeeded in effecting more complete transformations of the interior of Madison Square Garden than the annual automobile shows. For a while the finishing affair for the first time in the history of the Garden shows, is to be an exhibition lasting two weeks, from January 7 to 21, a new precedent for decorative schemes has been worked out. The cost of preparation alone is estimated at \$45,000.

Big gardens and little gardens, aerial gardens and underground gardens will make up the setting for the exhibits for the forthcoming show. A Roman terraced garden of dignified architectural design, with the decorative scheme dominant colors in the scheme, although green and crimson will be strongly in evidence. The gardens of the dome material, rich, azure blue in tone, amid which myriad incandescent lamps will twinkle. Several massive lamps of rustic construction will be pendant from the roof.

Are the horse and the mule to be eliminated from the farm, too? It looks as if they would. In a Kansas City theater recently motion pictures were shown of the successor to the horse and mule. It is a self-propelled gasoline tractor, and the pictures give one an idea of how they plow and harrow ground, also bale hay and do several other things. The farm motor car is shown drawing a plow, mowing, and harrowing at the same time, doing the work of eight horses and four men, and doing it much faster.

The new tax rate upon automobiles which went into force in England, whereby licenses are issued upon the basis of horsepower, makes cars so expensive a luxury that only the very rich or the very extravagant can afford to use them. The new tax rate is from \$488 for a motor bicycle to \$243.25 for cars above 60-horsepower. It is stated that many of these large cars are being freely offered at very low prices, and that there is practically no demand for the 15-horsepower, the most popular at the present time being those under 15-horsepower, the duty on which is not above \$19.67.

Unless this demand has been foreseen by the British manufacturers, it must take them some time to adjust their works to the changed order of things, and this situation seems to offer an opportunity to the American manufacturer of a reliable and reasonably-priced car of low power.

The increased tax is bound to help break down the prejudice against the car of this type, and the American with such a car ought to find this market in a particularly receptive location. The invasion of England by the product of American factories is feared is evident by the proposition, already made, to put an import duty on automobiles and thus preserve the market for the home manufacturer.

#### Completely Pauperized.

From the New York Times.  
Albert W. Hebbard, New York's charity expert, said at a recent dinner: "The great danger of charity is its pauperizing effect. This effect must be avoided, or the recipients will all become Jack Hanches." Hebbard, on the score of bad health, never worked, and the pastor of the Methodist church, a man whose heart sometimes outran his head, sent the latter and his family weekly gifts of food and clothing—supported the whole crew, in fact.

#### On the Ground Floor.

From the Boston Times.  
Lady Custon—Do you keep coffee in the bean?  
New Clerk—Upstairs, madam; this is the ground floor.

## GUN WIELER FLEES

### Italian Shoots Son-in-law and Makes Escape.

#### HAVE QUARREL OVER MONEY

Police Ask Authorities of Other Cities to Look for Frank Manarano, Who Eludes Officers, After Wounding Frank Cristando—Victim of Attack Likely to Recover.

Frank Cristando, the Italian who was shot by his father-in-law, Frank Manarano, fifty-five years old, after an argument about money in the latter's fruit store at 201 Pennsylvania avenue north-west, about 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, is expected to recover, according to the physicians attending him at Casualty Hospital.

After probing for more than half an hour the surgeons temporarily abandoned their efforts to locate the bullet. It is believed the lead lodged in the back near the spine. The bullet entered the side just below the heart, coursed downward, penetrating the intestines and then plowed toward the back.

Manarano is still at large, and is believed to have fled the city. The police have learned he has sufficient funds to carry him a long distance from Washington, and word has been sent to the police of other cities to watch for the Italian.

According to the story told the police, Manarano recently made a present to each of his daughters with the exception of Cristando's wife. When Cristando and his wife came here about two weeks ago from New York, the son-in-law demanded that Manarano give a present to Mrs. Cristando. The police place no credence in the tale.

#### Had Wordy War.

But there seems to be little doubt of the fact that Manarano and Cristando had a word battle in the fruit store just before the shooting. They started the argument in a rear room, and then entered the front room for more space. It is said that Cristando removed his coat as though he contemplated a fist fight. Manarano, it is alleged, then drew a revolver and fired.

Sombody shouted the police were coming, and both men left the shop. Cristando walked to his home at 116 B street northwest. He stuffed a rag into the wound to stop the flow of blood, and was eating with his wife when Policemen Quinlan and Conrad, of the Sixth precinct, entered the house and found him. Cristando said he was not hurt and refused to go to a hospital, but an ambulance was summoned from Casualty. After a surgeon examined the wound and found it to be serious, the Italian was persuaded to go to the hospital.

While Quinlan and Conrad were searching for the wounded man a half dozen policemen from the Sixth precinct, under command of Capt. Byrnes, were trying to locate the father-in-law. It was learned that Manarano purchased the fruit store from John Anselmo several months ago, but had failed to finish paying for it. At Anselmo's home at Third and F streets it was learned that Manarano had been there about 2 o'clock.

Manarano said that he did not want the store, and did not intend finishing the payments. He said he was going to leave town, and told Anselmo he had better take charge of the store. Manarano disappeared, and has not been seen since. Anselmo did not hear of the shooting until he was told of it by the police.

## PLAYS WITH FIRE; MAY DIE OF BURNS

### Young Girl's Clothing Is Consumed by Flames.

Burned from head to foot as the consequence of playing with fire, Louisa Bryan, five years old, lies at the Children's Hospital, while a corps of physicians are making a fight to save her life. They say the child has equal chances of recovery, but they have been unable to determine yet whether she swallowed flame. If the fire was breathed by the girl, her death is only a matter of hours, they say.

The child was alone in her home at 364 K street southwest yesterday afternoon, when she went in the kitchen and started cooking a stick in the front of the range. How long she played there alone and just how her clothing was ignited has not been learned and probably never will be known. The girl remembers nothing of how the accident occurred.

Neighbors heard her terrified screams when she ran through the front door of the house and collapsed in the yard. A number of persons ran to her aid and threw coats about her to smother the flame. Their work was almost needless, for the child's clothing was almost entirely consumed before any one could reach her.

Police of the Fourth precinct were notified and the child was removed to Emergency Hospital. Physicians there gave her first-aid treatment and then removed her to the Children's Hospital, where the facilities for attending children are more modern. Mrs. Bryan, who is employed in a department store, was notified of the accident and hurried to the bedside.

She did not remain at the hospital through the night, but asked the physicians to notify her in the event there was a change in her daughter's condition.

#### GUARD FOR COUNTESS.

Woman Taken from Hospital to Father's Home by Stealth.  
Chicago, Dec. 24.—The Countess: Irma Kilgallen de Beauvoir is one of the home of her father on Michigan avenue. She fled from St. Luke's hospital, where she has been ever since the accident that resulted in a broken leg and other injuries, for fear of the count, according to reports.

Count Jacques Alexander von Moulik de Beauvoir has made many attempts to force himself into the presence of the Countess since he was banished from the hospital. The countess has been in a highly nervous state, and the ever-curling fear that the count might create another scene has retarded her recovery.

At the Christmas season, too, her thoughts naturally turned toward home. Arrangements were made for taking her secretly out of the hospital and to avoid the watchers hired by the count. Now she is at home and a guard has been established there that is every whit as strong and effective as the guard that was set over the countess' room in St. Luke's.

Australia produced gold valued at \$2,222,222 last year.



**BARGAINS** In Second-hand Cars—both electric and gasoline.  
We can show you some first-class Automobiles—guaranteed—at a mere fraction of original cost.  
**CARPENTER AUTOMOBILE CO., 17th & U Sts.**

**GASOLINE STEAM ELECTRIC IMPERIAL GARAGE**  
Phone N. 2056 1214 V Street N. W.  
UNEQUALED FACILITIES

**Overland** We Are Making 1911 Deliveries.  
**OVERLAND WASHINGTON MOTOR CO.,**  
829 Fourth Street.  
R. C. SMITH, President.

Several Second-hand machines, in first class condition, for sale at bargain prices.  
**CHAS. E. MYERS, 1429 L St. N. W.**

**EMPIRE AUTO TOP AND BODY CO.**  
AUTOMOBILE TOPS.  
GENERAL REPAIR WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
GIVE US A TRIAL.  
FACTORY: 1217 E STREET (REAR) NORTHWEST,  
Phone Main 7452.

**NATIONAL ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.**  
1330 NEW YORK AVE.  
Everything for the Automobilst.

The Famous APPERSON Jack Rabbit Cars, \$2,000 to \$4,200  
Detroit Electrics, All 1911 Models. REGAL Cars, \$900 to \$1,850  
**EMERSON & ORME, Distributers,**  
Temporary Location, Rear of 1219 K St. N. W.  
PHONE MAIN 7085.

**BUICK 1911**  
Salesrooms,  
1028 Conn. Ave.  
Phone Main 6300.

HEADQUARTERS FOR ROLLER SKATES.  
ALL THE BEST KINDS AT 75c TO \$4.  
**BARBER & ROSS, 11th and G Sts.**

The **ECKSTEIN'S** Deserves a Trial.  
The BEST LUNCH in Town.  
12 to 3

#### THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

Words and Phrases Carelessly Appropriated from Chinatown Dens.

From the New York Herald.  
Among the many words and phrases which in our careless habits of speech we are only too glad to appropriate—no matter from what source—are certain now familiar terms that spring direct from the opium dens of Chinatown.

The word "joint," now freely used to characterize resorts of every description, formerly signified an opium den, because an opium pipe is made of a single joint of bamboo. "Dope," and its many derivatives, originated in San Francisco's Chinatown. Underneath the old emigrant wagons swung a bucket of black axle grease, and the stick with which it was applied was called the "daub stick," which in time was corrupted into "dope stick," while the paste itself became known as "dope." It was quite natural for the pioneers in overland travel to apply the word to opium, which is a black, pasty substance, in appearance like the wagon grease.

From this came such terms as "dopey," meaning drugged, and "to dope," signifying to dream out a plan. The word "hit," used in such phrases as "hit the pipe" or "hit a beer," had its origin in an opium joint that flourished in Fourteenth street thirty years ago behind a rifle gallery that was run as a "blind." Frequenters of this place used to remark significantly that they were going in to "hit the pipe," and from them the phrase spread through the land.

#### PASSING OF "BUCKWHEATS."

New Jersey Said to Prove False to Old Gastronomic Ideals.

From the New York World.  
The news that the consumption of buckwheat cakes has seriously fallen off within five years comes from a former stronghold of that breakfast table delicacy, New Jersey. It was from New Jersey that a decreased production of applejack was recently reported. Is the State proving false to its old gastronomic ideals?

As for the buckwheat cake, its loss of favor is variously attributed to the influx of patent breakfast foods in the wake of a large commuting population, and to dearer pork, which militates against the inseparable concomitant of the sausage.

Whether the presence of wheat-middlings in the flour has anything to do with it need not be considered. But the primal moving cause of its decadence is no doubt to be found in a commercialized cuisine and in the deterioration of the art of making buckwheat cakes.

This is a native art, one not acquired in intelligence offices. Given the old culinary conditions under which it flourished, with buckwheat cakes of the kind that used to appeal to the masculine palate, and there would be no occasion to deplore the passing of the nutritious and appetizing article of diet. The appetite is still there. The trouble is to prepare buckwheat cakes in a way to satisfy it.

## Speedy Repairs

We do not mean that such repairs are a quick and satisfactory but we do claim that we can repair or remagnetize your magnets better than any one else. Our workmanship and results are our strong point, embodying quick, good, and lasting repairs. We furnish and install both high and low tension magnetos, magneto transformers, and coils. See us before you think your ignition apparatus will have to go to the factory. We can help you, and advice costs nothing.

**THE MILLER-DUDLEY CO.,**  
(Formerly with National Electric Supply Co.)  
735 13th Street N. W.

## WINDSHIELDS Wind Deflectors, TROY

We can supply the Automobile trade at factory prices, and put our goods on the car to look and stay right.  
Eight models of the Famous TROY Shields in stock. Auto Wind Deflectors to fit any car.  
**HALL & CO., 920 N. Y. AVE.,**  
Phone M. 8031.

#### Erred in Telling Her Age.

From the Rochester Herald.

Toward the close of a recent lawsuit in Massachusetts the wife of an eminent Harvard professor arose and with a flaming face timidly addressed the court: "Your honor," said she, "if I told you I had made an error in my testimony, would it vitiate all I have said?"

Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while his honor gravely regarded her. "Well, madam," said the court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What was it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady, more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was thirty-eight. I was so flustered, you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."