Things Heard and Seen.

A clear case of absent-mindedness was enacted by a leading grocer of this city the other day. An order came over the telephone from a well-to-do customer for some oranges to be delivered during the afternoon.

"How much are they?" asked the woman.

"Oh, we have them at all prices, from 30 cents a dozen up."

"Well, I am not particular about the price. What I want is the quality and size."

"Wait a moment, please." The grocer went to the window, which contained his choicest fruit, selected a large, yellow sample, and then hurried back to the telephone. Holding the orange in one hand, while he grasped the receiver with the other, he said:

"Will this kind do?"

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Consul James B. Jackson of Alexandretta describes the method in Asia Cinor of providing a substitute for ice:

Snow is gathered in the adjacent mountains and packed in a conical pit, stamped in tightly and covered with straw and leaves. At the bottom of the pit a well is dug with a drain connected at the bottom to carry off the water formed from melted snow. As the cost of collecting and storing is very small the only labor is in delivering to the consumers, which is accomplished by pack horses. The selling price is 10 to 25 cents per hundred pounds, and often cheaper.

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China has, according to a consular report, again decreed the abolition of the culture of the opium poppy and the use of opium or its products in any of its forms, save medicinal. This action, which comes in the shape of an imperial edict, was the direct result of the report of the Chinese commission appointed to visit this country and Europe, and the edict is signed by the heads of both civil and military affairs. This is not the first attempt of China to free herself from the effects of the opium trade. The first effort as made in 1839. That result led to a war with Great Britain, which profited by the export of opium to China, and as a result of the war the edict was recalled and China had to pay an indemnity of about $6,000,000. The Chinese commission which visited England last year found public sentiment far different from what it was three-quarters of a century ago. Hence the issue of this second edict, the abolition of the opium trade, both in the way of home products and imports.

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One of the favorite stories of Corporal Tanner, late commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, gives his appreciation of the complete reconciliation of the north and the south, and his belief that such a thing is possible only in the United States. Here is the picture as the corporal told it recently:

"On an afternoon as I was about to enter my office in Washington I was halted by a prominent member of the bar, who said to me, 'How do you feel? Where have you been?'

"I answered, 'I have been witnessing a scene impossible to see in any other country than ours, and I am feeling a little prouder of my American citizenship than I ever did before.'

"'What was it?' he asked me, and I answered that I had been to Gen. Wheeler's funeral, and there I had seen a great aggregation of people, who came from widely separated localities, people who represented every phase of religious and political belief, and who by their demeanor and subdued expressions showed that they had not gathered in idle curiosity, as is so often the case, but that they were there to testify their sincere sorrow that God had seen fit to call from among us this distinguished son of our nation. There I saw the most distinguished of our land, our highest officials, from the President of the United States all down the line, gathered to do sincere honor to the memory of a man who spent four of the best years of his life in trying to destroy our union. I saw him go to his grave in the nation's cemetery, its starry banner enshrouding his coffin, accorded the highest honors that it is possible to pay to an American.

"What an object lesson it was to the representatives of the monarchies and republics of the world at large there assembled—what a guarantee of the perpetuity of our nation and of its future internal peace."

* * * * *

"The naval medical bureau," said the surgeon general recently, "regrets that the efforts thus far made to fill the vacancies in the medical corps have not met with the desired success. It is evident that qualified young men of the medical profession do not regard the naval service with special favor as a life career. There are several conditions which tend to make the navy less attractive to them than other branches of the public service. Some of these are the time spent at sea, inability to retire after thirty years' service and slow promotion. Sea service is undoubtedly a strong factor against the medical corps of the navy. But the navy exists for sea service. The full truth of the fact is well appreciated by medical students, and weighs heavily with them. However, the proposed increase in the three upper grades of the medical corps, together with voluntary retirement after thirty years' service, will, in a measure, relieve the present stagnation in promotion, and will not only make it possible to reach the grades of medical inspector and medical director at a reasonable date before retirement for age, but will serve to render the naval medical service more attractive as a career to the desired class of graduates in medicine."

* * * * *

A shivering piece of humanity stood in the big crowd in front of The Star building Tuesday night reading the election returns, his companions occasionally making a remark about the absence of his coat. The coatless man listened to the remarks of his friends and seemed to enjoy them as much as they did.

"Well, boys," said the shivering man, "I'm getting pretty well chilled, but I'm not a quitter. I came out here to hear about the election of Hearst, and the news is almost hot enough to keep me warm. If it gets much hotter I'll be able to shed part of these garments and still be warm enough."

The dispatches seemed to indicate that Hearst was making a fairly good run, and his admirers in the crowd felt assured that he had won. Then the air became more comfortable to the coatless man, and he expressed himself as being so warm that he needed a "cooler." He got the "cooler" and returned to the little party of friends.

"What's the temperature now?" one of his friends asked him.

"It's near boiling point now," he remarked as he read a favorable message; "but—but," he added, "it's dropping now," an unfavorable message having been received before he had had time to finish his sentence.

Three dispatches that were unfavorable to Candidate Hearst were received in rapid succession, and the Hearst shouter started homeward, telling his friends it was "chilly times."

* * * * *

A teller employed in one of the local banks, in discussing the ignorance of the average woman in the simplest forms of business, tells the following story as one of his experiences:

A woman entered the bank and presented a check for payment. The teller at once discovered that it was not signed. On handing it back and telling her that it would have to be signed she explained: "Oh, do they have to be signed? What an awful lot of red tape there is in the banking business."

In another case a husband had made a deposit in the bank and gave his wife a check book on the bank. One day she received a notice from the bank stating that her account was overdrawn. She went to the bank and told the teller that there must be some mistake. There were still, she said, a great many checks left in her book.

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Detective Horne tells a story of the experience of two "shell-workers" who attended a county fair in a state not far from this city last fall. When the two men reached the town they found that the magistrate was conducting the arrangements for the fall event, and they feared their game was up. Thinking they would make an effort to get the concession, however, they called upon the magistrate.

"Judge," said one, "we have come to get permission to conduct an innocent game on the fair grounds."

"What is the game?" inquired the dignified official.

"Nothing but a game of hide-y and seek-y," said the applicant, slipping a bill in the magistrate's hand.

"But," said the judge, "what is the nature of it?"

"You just use shells of an English walnut," explained the young man, "and hide a pea under one of them. Then you bet that the patron of the game can't find the pea."

"I can see no objection to that game," said the official of the town, and promptly gave the giver of the bill the necessary permission.

The workers of the game were doing a thriving business near the main attraction at the fair when the magistrate called upon them and asked: "Did you boys bring any picky-pockets with you?"

"Why, no," was the indignant response. "If we see any such persons we always have them arrested."

"I saw some men changing money at the gates," explained the guardian of the law, "and I thought there was something wrong with them. It seemed to me that if you had any picky-pockets with you I might get another bill."

National Apple Day.

From the American Fruit and Nut Journal.

At the Jamestown exposition, to be held next year, there will be a special day set aside to be known as Apple day. The national fruit will have a big showing made in its behalf, commensurate with its deserts as the most popular fruit known. The department of congresses and special events has set aside Tuesday, October 15, as national apple day.

Lady—"And you say you have been brought to this by your wife?"
Tramp—"Yuss, lidy. I got 'er three good jobs, and 'er bloomin' independence lorst 'er the lot of 'em!"—Punch.

LOYALTY IN THE NAVY

"In an interview the other day on the subject of the exclusion of bluejackets in uniform from places of public amusement, Admiral Dewey called attention to the fact that about 95 per cent of the sailors of our navy now are American-born or naturalized citizens," said a naval officer. "This fine showing has only been made during recent years. Up to ten years ago the proportion of foreign-born and non-naturalized citizens in our navy was a discredit to the service. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the foreigners attached to our sea service, whether naturalized or not previous to entering it, would not do valiant work for their adopted country. This has been proven so conclusively in actual engagements that it is not even open to question.

"One does not have to seek very far for a reason for this sentiment among the foreigners in our naval service. The reason is that they are desirous of showing their gratitude to a country in whose service they are treated so well. About nine-tenths of the men of foreign birth serving in the United States navy have put in one or more enlistments in the naval service of their own country before entering the American navy, and when they contrast the severe, skimpy and unnecessarily harsh treatment they endured in the naval service of their own country with the liberal and just treatment they receive in the United States navy they are genuinely grateful, and this sense of gratitude fills them with a desire to have their loyalty to the flag of the great republic put to the test of battle.

"Besides being required to take the oath of allegiance, men of foreign birth applying for admission to the naval service of the United States are asked the question whether, in the event of war between the United States and the country of their birth, they would fight unhesitatingly and zealously for the United States. They are, as a matter of course, required by the recruiting officers to make a positive affirmative reply to this question. After the foreigners have had a taste of the kindness and liberality with which they are treated on American men-o'-war they are generally actually anxious for an occasion to arise that will give them an opportunity to 'make good.'

"With reference, by the way, to this questioning by the recruiting officers of applicants for naval enlistment on the point of their devotion to the American flag in case of war, a recruiting officer on one of the receiving ships mischievously asked a young Irishman, who wanted to ship as a coal passer, whether he would fight against the land of his birth in case of war.

"'Foight agin Oireland!' exclaimed the Irishman. 'Niver, sorr! Shure there'd be no nade for it. Oireland 'ud become nothin' but a big American coalin' station!' This Irishman was shipped.

"Another reason why the foreigners exhibit just as much eagerness for the naval fray as their shipmates of American nativity is that the American bluejackets often twit them, generally in a joking way, but not infrequently with a dash of meaning mixed up in it, upon their foreign birth. An American bluejacket and a German man for'ard are standing at the gangway talking.

"'Well, the papers say that it looks like war,' says the German, alluding to some little war cloud.

"'Well, and what if they do?' replies the American. 'Where would you cut in, you bloomin' squarehead, if there was war?' Thus the good-natured argument is often precipitated.

"Just before the Spanish war broke out there was an English quartermaster serving on an American cruiser in drydock at the Brooklyn navy yard.

"'Well, you blasted lime-juicer,' said one of the Englishman's American shipmates to him one day, 'I s'pose you'll be lumpin' back t' England on a cattle packet now that we're about due t' drub a piece o' Europe.'

"The Englishman, a quiet, middle-aged sailorman, pulled up the sleeve of his shirt and showed, tattooed on the inner side of his right arm, a recumbent lion.

"'When that washes off, matey,' he said, 'I'll be going back to Europe; not before. I'm an old enough man to have been aboard ships in the British navy when th' cat screeched through the air up for'ard. For that reason I've got more cause to get even with Europe than you have, for my back felt the cat more than once.'

"There are exceptional cases, naturally, among these foreigners in the American naval service. A young Englishman was shipped on an American cruiser as mess attendant a few years ago in Honolulu. He was devoid of tact or even of common sense. He had not been on board the ship for two days before he began to attempt to emit British roars and to disseminate a sort of Rule Britannia spirit up for'ard. The substance of his comment was what a simple task the English navy would have in sweeping the American navy from the seas in case they ever came together. The cockney was thrashed a dozen times before he had been on board the ship a week. He complained at the mast about it, but he did not state the occasion of the thrashings he had received, nor did the men who were called before the skipper reveal why they had pummeled the English mess attendant—American sailors hate unnecessary talk.

"They never tell anything at the mast, even to clear themselves. Had they told the commanding officer that they had licked the Englishman for giving utterance to disloyal sentiments they would have been instantly squared and the Englishman would have been beached. After the cockney mess attendant had made an offensive nuisance of himself aboard for nearly two weeks, he went ashore one day. There were six ex-British sailors serving on board the American cruiser—solid, loyal men. They went ashore in a body after their countryman. They met him in an English saloon in Honolulu. The eldest Englishman of the bunch of sailors, a deep-voiced gunner's mate, took the cockney mess attendant by the ear, screwed the ear a couple of times, and said:

"'We 'ave decided, ye dirty little cove, that you're not to return to the ship. Ye're to stay ashore and keep on being the crawlin' little beachcomber that you was when you were taken on board a Hamerican man-o'-war and fed and treated like a white man, which you are not. Ye're a foul-tongued little tripper, and ye're not gyme to live among men. If you come back to the ship, it'll be the worse for ye. Ye won't be taken as a deserter. We'll fix that. But don't ye come back to the ship.'

"The cockney didn't return to the ship, being in fear of his hide. The Englishmen serving on board the ship went to the skipper in a body and told him about what they had done and why they had done it when they returned to the ship—and the cockney mess attendant was not picked up as a deserter."

Tragedy of Alpine Tourists.

From the London Express.

The close of the Alpine season has been marred by the most terrible accident of the year. Four tourists were found dead roped together on the Plan-Neve glacier at the foot of the Paschen peak, a mountain nearly 9,000 feet high.

The unfortunate tourists, whose names are not yet known, arrived on Saturday afternoon at Les Plans, above Bex. From their conversation it was gathered that they came over from Lausanne for the week-end and that they were students. The hotel keeper tried to persuade them not to climb the peak, but they laughed at his fears, and one said: "Do you think we are rich Englishmen?" Another remarked that he had climbed the Swiss mountains for years without guides.

They left the hotel about 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, and nothing more is known of their movements. When they set out the guides warned them to be careful, as much fresh snow had fallen, and many places were exceedingly dangerous.

When their bodies were found today by two Swiss woodcutters they were almost unrecognizable. Nearly every bone in their bodies was broken, and the blood they had lost was frozen to their clothing.

From the traces they found in the snow the woodcutters surmise that two of the climbers were experienced, and the other two novices. The rope is believed to have broken at an awkward turning after two of the men had slipped, and dragged the others with them.

They must have fallen a great distance. Three of the bodies lay a few yards part. The fourth lay about fifty yards away.

Where Blooms the Julep.

From Puck.

Colonel Pepper.—"Have you seen Majah Killduffer recently, sah?"

The Bartender.—"No, colonel; he hain't been in for half an hour!"

In Japan every male over twenty-five years of age and paying a direct tax of 10 yen ($5) is entitled to vote.

JOBSON AS A PROPHET

When Mr. Jobson gets out of bed on the wrong side in the morning his rebellious mood makes him "agin" and "forninst" any and all ideas that Mrs. Jobson may express. This is the way it was on election morning. Mr. Jobson came downstairs to breakfast with a grouch. Mrs. Jobson observed the grouch. Therefore, to "start something" pleasant, she said, as she poured the coffee, "Well, this is a fine day for the election, and I suppose that Mr. Hughes is already just as good as elected."

Mr. Jobson had been a Hughes man right along, and, naturally enough, in the circumstances, Mrs. Jobson figured that she was making a kind of a hit. But Mr. Jobson looked up at her from his newspaper with a baleful glare.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he inquired of her in that breakfast-table tone. "Huh! That settles it! If you say so, Hughes wins in a walk. You know all about it, of course. The situation's got all of the gray-haired old politicians and heelers of New York tied in bowknots, trying to study out what's going to happen, but you know the whole thing. Fine! By the way, what job do you suppose Hughes is running for, anyhow? I wouldn't be surprised if you thought he is running for dog catcher of Buffalo. What's he running for, if you please?"

"Why, for governor of New York, of course," replied Mrs. Jobson.

"Well, you did get something right, for once," said Mr. Jobson, with a disappointed look. "I didn't know but what you might be imagining that Hughes was running for caliph of Bagdad or nizam of Hyderabad or grand llama of Thibet or school trustee of Keokuk or roadmaster of Kokomo or something like that. That's the way women generally get things hashed up. And so you're for Hughes, hey? What for? What makes you think it such a cinch that he's 'already elected,' as they say? Who told you all this?"

"Why," began Mrs. Jobson, "didn't you yourself——"

"You can get into more trances in a given space of time than any of these cabinet mediums that give six performances a night at two bits a throw," cut in Mr. Jobson. "Hughes, hey? It's a pipe for Hughes, is it? All over but the shouting for Hughes, hey? Fine! You have said it, and it goes. You're a wonder. You're great. Hooray for you!"

"But," once more began Mrs. Jobson, vainly, "didn't you yourself tell me that Mr. Hughes would be——"

"Where'd you get that Hughes prophecy, anyway? Been reading the goose-bone? Or did your washlady tell you that Hughes was going to connect?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Jobson, "I got it from you. You've been saying right along that Mr. Hughes would surely be elected, and of course I thought you knew all about it, and I——"

"Never said Hughes would be elected in my life," declared Mr. Jobson, resolutely. "Never dreamed of such a thing. I wish you'd stop eating apples and candy before you go to bed—you trance all these things, and your dreams are so vivid that you believe 'em yourself, and then you throw 'em up to me in the morning. I never——"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Jobson, "don't you really think that Mr. Hughes will be——"

"Madam, I'm not losing any of my natural rest plugging for Mister Hughes, as you call him," said Mr. Jobson. "I don't know anything about Mister Hughes, except that he's got a bushel or so of whiskers. What's Mister Hughes to me, anyhow? What did he ever do for me? What did he ever do for anybody except Mister Hughes? Do you think I'm going out in the back yard and throw my hat up in the air for a fellow who parts the hair on his face with a whisk-broom, just because you tell me that he's all right, and that he's going to be elected to the job he's hunting for?"

"But," said Mrs. Jobson, deprecatingly, "you yourself have often said during the past month or so that you wouldn't care to see Hearst elected, and that——"

"Mister Hearst, if you please, madam," cut in Mr. Jobson, severely. "He's just as much a Mister as Hughes, and you only show your narrowness in giving one of 'em a handle to his name and chopping the other one's off. Mister Hearst is——"

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, "you don't really think that he has a chance in the world to be elected?"

"I don't, hey?" said Mr. Jobson. "Well, there's another spot where you've got an additional guess a-coming. I not only believe that there's a chance in the world for him to be elected, but I think that he ought to be elected. How's that?"

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Jobson, astonished, "haven't you been declaring right along that his election would mean anarchy in this country, and that if he——"

"And that he ought to be elected, madam," repeated Mr. Jobson, wholly ignoring her remark. "Ought—to—be—elected—and—will—be—elected. That's what I said and am saying. These fellows with whiskers that mumble platitudes don't get anybody anything. What I want to see in this country is some action. This fellow Hearst—Mister Hearst, I mean—is doing things. He has done things. He knows hoy to do things. He's incorruptible. He's got a bank roll that would clutter the main feed pipe of the filtration plant, does't want any more, doesn't care two hoots about money, anyhow—everybody knows that. Nobody could buy him. He is ambitious, of course, but they've got to show me that ambition is any crime in this man's country. They cackle that he wants to be President of the United States. I suppose he's the only one that wants the job, eh? It's a crime for him to hanker for that billet, is it, when it's only a worthy ambition for the other ones to scheme for it? Fine? Well, me for Hearst—Mister Hearst—and him for me. That's all."

"But," ventured Mrs. Jobson, "haven't you really charged your ideas a good deal since you said that his election would mean a panic, and that everybody would tighten up, and that——"

"You want to stop mixing up my remarks with the editorials you read, Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, severely. "I haven't used the word panic for thirty-five years, and you know it. This Hearst duck—Mister Hearst, I should have said—has got a gnarled club after these trust people, and that's going to win for him. Folks are getting pretty tired of all these hot-air promises when it costs 'em about twice as much to get anything to eat or wear now as it did ten years ago. I'm for the man that's showed he knows how to do things, and that's the reason I'm for this—for Mister Hearst—with him from soup to nuts, and that's all there is about it."

"And you really think he will be elected, then?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Did you ever know me to get in wrong with an election prediction?" inquired Mr. Jobson, preening himself. "You bet he'll be elected. He'll have a landslide in his favor. He'll sweep the state of New York like a typhoon. Just remember what I'm telling you, please, for future reference. I want it to go on record. Mister—Hearst—will—be—overwhelming—elected. Got that? All right. Remember it. Say, this coffee is rotten, and the butter's rancid, and the eggs taste stale."

Then Mr. Jobson, still in possession of his wrong-side-out-of-bed grouch, departed for his office.

Mr. and Mrs. Jobson went down town together on election night to get the returns. Mr. Jobson's grouch had disappeared during the day. He was in a flowing, rollicky humor. They hadn't been in front of the bulletin board for a minute before it was perfectly plain to them that Hughes had won.

"Oh, I suppose I'm the bum political prophet, hey?" gurgled Mr. Jobson, as he nudged Mrs. Jobson. "I suppose I was never right in my life about an election, eh? Ye-eh. It's only a walk for Hughes—he'll win by 50,000 easily. What did I tell you? D'ye suppose intelligent voters of a great state like New York are going to let a lot o' wild-eyed cranks and fat-heads seize possession of their government? D'ye suppose all this hot-air junk that Hearst has been getting off about the trusts and the oppressed common people and all that sort of rot really fooled any of the folks that cast——"

And so forth, and so on, with a whole lot more of the same kind, right up to the time they took a car for their home and went to bed.

And Mrs. Jobson's reply to every one of Mr. Jobson's triumphant gurgles was: "That's right—you certainly did seem to be strongly for Mr. Hughes."

Susan Strong's Latest Enterprise.

From the Westminster Gazette.

It would not be difficult to compile a list of celebrated people who in recent years have engaged in two occupations, sometimes exceedingly incongruous. But it has remained for Miss Susan Strong to combine singing and fine art laundering. Her explanation of an unconventional proceeding is that she finds it difficult to make a satisfactory living from singing alone. So she has started on her new work at a house in Baker street.

OLD-FASHIONED GUM

"I observe that the man who first put pepsin into chewing gum has just died," said the man who notices things. "I'm warned by this one that the gum-chewing habit hurts the eyes and eventually destroys the vision, and by that one that it swells the muscles of the jaws and makes the human face look as if it had been put on sideways; but I chew a whole lot of gum, all the same, and I like it, and believe that it agrees with me and does me good. Trouble with the blamed stuff is that when I work on a wad of gum for a long time it tires my countenance, like walking down town on election night tires the feet; and still, for all that, I have a hard time letting go of it. I know that my jaws ache, and that the gum is making me nervous and mad, and yet I can't muster the determination to chuck it away for a long time, till, finally, in a fit of desperation I blurt out, 'Doggone this gum!' and then gather myself for the herculean effort of getting rid of it.

"'Member the things you used to chew when you were a tike? I do. Makes my face ache even to think of 'em. You never hear any more of the kinds of gum that used to be chewed when I was a shaver. The gum-chewing kids of today have all the best of it, as, for the matter of that, they have in every other respect, over the young 'uns that did their growing up a generation or so ago.

"Take that spruce gum, for example, that we used to gnaw on. Wasn't that a ghastly horror? I don't know what it was made of. It was supposed, I believe, to be the natural gum of the spruce tree put through a process, and it may have been, at that. It tasted like the piney smell of woods, sort of balsamic and foresty—at first, that is. The sprucey taste of a wad of it would wear off, though, after it had been used for four or five weeks, and after that it wouldn't taste of anything except pain and misery. It certainly was hard work to chew that spruce gum after it had been working for a month or two. You see, that spruce gum had the peculiar habit of becoming harder and harder the more it was chewed, until eventually it had the consistency of a sort of partly malleable gutta-percha. I'd just about as lief, now, try to chew tire-rubber as to tackle a hunk of that old-time spruce gum.

"Used to chew a lump of it all the time that I wasn't sleeping or eating, and several times I went to bed and to sleep with a gob of it in my face. Once when I did that it got into my hair and spread itself all over my head. Nothing doing in the way of combing my hair next morning, and of course my mother had to go to work on the job of getting it out. There wasn't any chance to get it out, though. She first soaked my head in turpentine and tried to loosen the gum up that way, but it wasn't any use. Then, after washing the turpentine off, she saturated my top-piece with sweet oil. Gum still stuck just as hard as ever. Then some neighbor came along and suggested to my mother that she try soaking my head in goose grease, and I rebelled—crawled under the shed and stayed there till my mother had promised that she would flag the goose grease. Only thing she could do was to take me down to the blacksmith's and have him shear my hair close to my skull with his horse clippers. That suited me all right, at that, even if I did look like a youthful Bill Sykes when it was over, for with skull-tight hair I didn't have to waste any time in drying it after I sneaked off and went in swimming.

"Once in a while I'd forget to take the gum out of my mouth when I went into school, and I'd go right on gnawing it after I'd taken my seat and opened up my books, and then teacher'd notice the way my jaws were moving, and she'd call me up and ask me what I was chewing, and, with the gum underneath my tongue, I'd tell her, 'Nothin', and then she'd squeeze my jaws with her fingers to try to force the gum out, and I'd deliberately swallow it. Uh-huh, just swallow a lump o' spruce gum as big as two butternuts, just for the sake of making a lie stick—it sure is queer how proud small boys are of their lies and to what uncomfortable and injurious extremes they'll go to make their lies good. I've had those swallowed lumps of spruce gum stay in me—I knew it and felt it—throughout an entire summer vacation, but I never said a word about it to anybody—not much.

"As a general thing, though, upon entering the school room I'd stick my hunk of gum underneath my desk and let it stay there till school was ready to let out, when I'd grab it again. Now, I left school very suddenly when I was a growing tike, on account of the death of one of my parents. Moved away from the little old town altogether. About twenty years later, which was five years ago, I went back to the little old town to have a peek at it. It was during the school vacation, and so I visited my old class room and sat down at the very desk where I had sat as a boy—there were my big, sprawly initials on the side of the desk, surreptitiously carved with my first pocket knife one evening when I'd been kept in after school. While sitting at the old desk, I suddenly remembered where I'd kept my gum in school, and I reached under the desk, and there, sure enough, was a lump of gum stuck in the same old place. But it wasn't my gum—the piece I had left behind when I quit school. It was a hunk of modern, sanitary gum, left there at the beginning of the vacation by the kid occupying my old seat. When I felt it there I kind o' hoped it might be my old gob of spruce gum, and it made me lonesome to see that it wasn't. Where are the gobs of yesteryears?

"'Member that measley, onnery, tallow-white sweet gum, sold in little flattened-out penny cakes, that we used to buy when we were kids—the color of white wax candles, and sprinkled all over with glistening sugar? I used to always feel that I got cheated when I came into possession of a gob of gum like that, for it wasn't lasting. After you'd chewed on a lump of it for three or four weeks it would begin to gradually grow soft, and not hard like the spruce gum. It would get so soft that, at the end of six weeks or so, it would begin to sort of wither away, and you'd swallow a lot of the particles of it. It was never money's worth at all, I considered. When I was a boy I wanted gum with staying qualities and the ability to go the entire distance—gum that I could trade off with some other boy for marbles or chalk or spikeless tops or something after I'd used it three or four months. You could never trade off that whitey-tallowish gum.

"Then, too, we used to chew shoemaker's wax when we could get hold of a hunk. I had an old German shoemaker on my staff when I was a youngster. I sent all of the shoe-repairing trade of my family in his direction in order to make this hit with him. In return, he would once in a while give me a little black lump of shoemaker's wax that he had been using for ten or fifteen years to add strength to his threads and strings. It would be as black as soot, but it was shoemaker's wax all right, and the fact that the shoemaker had been handling it all those years and that it had been kicking around among the tools of the grimy old bench since before I was born never made the slightest difference to me. I'd scrape off the outer cuticle of black grease and imagine that I was having the time of my life chewing it. I'd show it to the other kids before beginning on it to make 'em jealous, and their eyes would stick out with envy, and they'd want to fight me to get hold of my piece of black shoemaker's wax. As I recall it now, it tasted like—um—well, like shoes might naturally be supposed to taste, but it went all right with me then, and I'd extract great enjoyment from it. Trouble with the shoemaker's wax was that it wouldn't stick against anything when I'd try to paste it away for future reference. It would always fall down a minute or so after I'd left it, and then, when I tried to find it again, I'd find it on the floor or on the ground, and I'd have to take my penknife and remove the feathers and lint and such like from the surface of it before I could chew it again.

"Then, too, we used to hang around the pavers when they were putting down wooden blocks to get hold of chunks of tar to chew. It would be full of grit and would get our teeth horribly on edge, but that didn't make any difference, either. There wasn't anything exclusive or stuck-uppish about me when I was a boy. We used to chew slippery ellum, too—not 'elm,' understand—we never called it that; we always called it 'ellum,' and 'ellum' it's got to be. Used to go up into the woods and ruin about fourteen fine elm trees barking off about a bushel of slippery ellum. What we didn't chew we'd use for a morning's kindling wood to save work.

"Those were the days."

Authorized by Shakespeare.

Prof. Skeat, in National Review.

Shakespeare has "sixt" for "sixth." Doubtless he so pronounced it, for he was credited with having written the three parts of "Henry the Sixt," and he certainly wrote "The Life of Henry the Fift," as the old edition has it. And it is worthy of notice that "fifta" and "siexta" are the Anglo-Saxon forms.

WASHINGTON PLAYS

That Are Claimed to Depict Life in the Capital.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

Selected From Official and Social Circles Here.

INEVITABLE STAGE SENATOR

Representatives All Appear to Hail From Texas — Diplomats, Private Secretaries and Journalists.

It is gravely announced that no less than three of "our leading dramatists" are engaged upon plays "depicting Washington official and social life."

This is a cheerful report. Washingtonians are tremendously fond of the play "depicting Washington life." It takes them so far away from home, enables them to peer puzzledly into a realm of the wholly unfamiliar. It soothes them with its atmosphere and aroma of a strange remoteness. It portrays men and women and things and customs and manners that they have never seen or heard of.

Who would not visit Tangier or Teheran? The average Washington play is just about as faithful a picture of life in either one of those places as it is a portrayal of life in Washington. There have been Washington plays that breathed the spirit of Timbuktu and exhaled the effluvia of Topeka. And I ought to know. I wrote one of them myself. Who does not know the unfailing characteristics and the inevitable characters of the Washington play? Let us pull some of those perennial puppets out of the box and look them over.

The United States senator of the Washington play, to begin with! Isn't he always the gay old cut-up? He is hopelessly addicted to pearl-colored clothing, with frock coat, and to four-in-hand cravats more crimson than the flamingo of Paraguay. Generally he has a blacking-brush hirsute chin-piece. He rarely or never walks on or off or around the stage. His method of locomotion is a sort of dance, or hop, skip and jump. In his multitudinous moments of elation he spreads his coat tails out, fan-wise, in his hands and trips through the convolutions of the Czech mazurka. In his soberer moments he portrays thoughtfulness by pulling reflectively at his hirsute chin-piece.

Chummy Old Senator.

He is powerfully chummy with everybody in the play. He whacks his private secretary on the back and calls him by the diminutive of his first name. He has a roguish eye for the ladies, halting not at chucking some of them beneath the chin. He bubbles with boyishness, effervesces with an almost hysterical enthusiasm. He has a supernormal insight into legislative jobs, and he is supernaturally above permitting himself to be the beneficiary of any of them. He says breezily smart things to the ambassador about the effeteness of monarchical states. He confounds the lobby, shames his sinister colleagues engaged in playing into the hands of the lobby, fetches all of the young folks together and pronounces a rattling benediction over them, pays off the mortgage on his faithful old black messenger's Virginia farm, and is a sort of Citizen Fixit from canape to coffee. Rubicund and roystering he wears the ineradicable smile. In a word, he's just the sort of man that the late Roland Reed or the late John T. Raymond would have been had they served in the United States Senate.

Washingtonians who have found the toga wearers at the north end of the Capitol to be a decidedly gloomy lot of old men, always heartily enjoy the stage portrayal of "The Senator." Washingtonians are just as appreciative of things that are "different" as other folks.

The stage member of the lower house of Congress is pretty much the same as the stage senator, only he is purposely made rougher, and he generally wears a long black frock coat in combination with baggy trousers and a broad-brimmed black slouched hat—the invariable raiment of all representatives, as everybody in Washington knows. The stage representative is pretty likely to talk about the pee-pul, and to advert to his deestric' pretty often—he never calls it district—and in some of the Washington plays he carries a gun the size of Alkali Ike's in his right hip pocket, presumably for the purpose of shooting up persons who leer at him for eating lemon meringue pie with a knife.

All Appear to Be From Texas.

Oddly enough, the great majority of the stage representatives appear to be from Texas. The uniform they wear, at any rate, would help along that presumption. No matter whence he hails, however, the stage representative is nearly always a rough diamond, even if he does employ the triple negative, spit at casual targets, go cuffless from principle and heap eloquent ridicule upon persons who use such effete things as finger-nail files. Washingtonians will surely miss the stage representative when he drops out, if he ever does. He, too, is so different—just as different as the monkey-faced variety theater cop with the hunter's green whiskers is from the policeman you see at the crossings. And if we don't want different and novel things, what do we want?

The lobbyist at the Washington play is the sad dog for you. He always wears a fur-trimmed overcoat, a top hat that for gloss makes the brook of Narcissus look like something opaque, and a canary diamond in his shirt-front about the size of an unhusked hazelnut. He smokes long, black cigars all the time, and he never takes the gilt bands off the cigars—he wants you to know that the smokes are the real thing. He flicks the ashes of these cigars all over folks' carpets and rugs without apology, but they take it good-naturedly, for they know the lobbyist to be a powerful and dangerous individual, who has most of the national legislators crushed under his heel or reposing helplessly in the hollow of his fat hands. Dissipated-looking, middle-aged chap, too, as a rule—you can all but see the concentrated beads of old vintage standing out on his evil forehead. He bullies eminent legislators something scandalous, corrals them in shadowy corners of drawing rooms and threatens them, and hisses at them that if they don' do what he wants 'em to do he'll fix 'em, all right—and they cower and quail under his baleful glare, just as natural as anything you ever saw in your born days. He always carries a tremendous roll of yellow money in his outside overcoat pocket, and you are to suppose that all of this currency is in the form of $10,000 bills. Everybody here knows, from having been told so since before the patent office fire, that when lobbyists "do business" with legislators they invariably use $10,000 bills, that being the sort of money least liable to attract attention when the venal legislators begin to spend it.

In the Washington play the lobbyist, as a matter of course, always gets it where Hiawatha wore the elks' teeth before the final curtain. To some folks it seems a mistake and a pity to polish him off in this way, for he certainly appears to be just as good a chap as any of the rest of them, and a swell spender besides. Anyhow, is the lobbyist with the fur-trimmed overcoat always "foiled" in actual Washington life? When it comes to that, are there ever any lobbyists in actual Washington life with fur-trimmed overcoats? I never saw any just like that, but the playwrights and novelists who "do the Washington thing" have apparently seen them on all sides here, and they ought to know what they see, hadn't they?

The Washington Adventuress.

Perhaps the adventuress in the play depicting Washington official and social life isn't the alluring damozel! She doesn't often show up before the second act, and then she walks into the senator's or representative's committee room, diked out in a black lace, sequin-covered costume en traine—just the kind of dress that you commonly see in the corridors of the Capitol, only perhaps it is cut a trifle more decollette—yes, bless you, it's always a low-cut corsage, with straps instead of sleeves—didn't you know that all Washington adventuresses commonly navigate around among the Capitol committee rooms dressed exactly that way? You can't know your little old Washington, then. The Washington play adventuress is a strapping, gorgeous creature, with milky skin and Judith-black hair, and she doesn't walk; she just oscillates hither and yon with that long, wavy, sinuous, serpentine stride. When she observes, gayly, to the worried-looking senator that she has only dropped into his committee room for a smoke, you crane a bit forward, for you know that it's going to happen. Yes, she's doing it in the same old way—lighting her cigarette, that is. She produces a gleaming gold cigarette case from somewhere or other—not from her pompadour, surely, but from some place—and she takes one out, and she walks over to the committee room mantel and daintily picks out a match that suits her, matches being so different, and then—there's the inevitable part of it! She leans over, raises her left foot behind, exhibiting a most fascinating French heel tittivatingly obscured in filmy lace, and she of course scratches the match on that French heel, wholly ignoring the scratcher on the side of the box from which she took the match, and then you catch another little gleam of the creamy lace as the French heel goes down—and there she is, with her smoke!

She, too, it appears, has got a whole raft of senators and representatives just about where she wants 'em. They're powerless in her relentless grasp. They're mere marionettes, and when she pulls the strings they've sure got to dance. You think, viewing the tremendous clutch that she has upon them, that it's a wonder these old legislators wouldn't behave and not get themselves so irrecoverably in the cru-el power of these sumptuously beautiful creatures who go ha-ha-ing around their committee rooms, blowing smoke rings at 'em and ordering 'em to vote this way or that. All the same, you've a sneaking sort of fondness for the adventuress in the Washington play—if for no other reason than that she is so wholly unlike anything ever seen on the earth or in the waters beneath the earth.

Stage Diplomatists.

The foreign diplomatist, whether ambassador, minister plenipotentiary or plain attache, in the play depicting Washington life is generally a sort of composite of a waiter in a Hungarian table d'hote, an Etrurian bandit in tweeds and a Giuseppe chaperoning a hand organ and a monkey. If he hails from continental Europe, he dances around the stage like a hen on a hot rock, cutting geometrical figures in the atmosphere with his never-resting white spats, and the gibberish pidgin English that he unreels makes the conversation of a newly arrived Slavonic section hand sound like a pedagogue's English by comparison. If he's an English diplomatist, he always wears a long, drooping, tallowy mustache, upon which he never ceases to tug, and he's there with a D'Orsay drawl, such as would infuriate the mildest and most benevolent Englishman that ever lived if he had in actual life to listen to it for two minutes at a stretch. These horribly fascinating attaches in the Washington play are forever pretending, for some grim and sinister purpose not made known to the audience, to be desperately in love with the stout and not particularly attractive maiden sister of the representative or senator. In fact, the attitude of the diplomatist toward all women is invariably pictured as something esentially wicked. Horribly bad lot, these foreign diplomatic persons—on the stage. People who live in other cities and who don't know anything about the actual Washington, when they see these Washington plays, wonder how we Washingtonians contrive to tolerate the presence "in our midst" of such outrageous libertines.

The wife of the senator or representative is usually shown in the Washington play as a fat, bulgy, breezy, waddling dowager, clad in all the hues of the rainbow, with twisted, crazy bonnets, with a hilariously funny way of misapplying common words and a Jim Bludsoe patois. Her one ambition in life—Washington life—appears to be to make the first lady of the land—i. e., the White House lady—look like a social piker and to marry her flaccid and unresisting pinheads of daughters—congressmen's daughters in Washington plays are always pinheads—to dooks and vizzcounts and markees and sich like.

Dissipated Private Secretaries.

The senator's or representative's private secretary in the Washington play is infallibly exhibited in the act of getting drunk or recovering from a drunk of the previous night. He's either got katzenjammer or paving the way for it. He's a sporty-looking chap, in a natty covert coat, who is always in love with the senator's or representative's daughter—the comedy, ingenue daughter—but who never appears to get sufficiently sobered up to tell her so or to make any real effort to cut out the dooks, and markeezes and things who are trying to steal the comedy daughter's young affections. You wonder how these congressional private secretaries ever contrive to do a lick of work for their bosses, with all of that rum percolating through and leaking from their systems.

The private secretary knows all about his senator's or representative's most intimate affairs, some of them pretty shady, at that, but, pickled as he is most of the time, he never peaches and is never pumped by the opposition—he always has enough sense to keep his head closed at these critical junctures. But all the same the private secretary of the Washington play is such an astounding, Brobdingnagian joke that sure-enough private secretaries of congressional folks who have seen him on the stage have been known to go into absolute hysterics of laughter over him.

The "journalist"—i.e., newspaper man—in the play depicting Washington life is a Chuck Conners-looking chap in gigantic checked clothes, who hands the presiding officer of the Senate a wallop on the back and calls him "Pete," who hides in committee room cubby holes in order to overhear the talk between the lobbyist and the legislator, who talks about "scoops" and "beats" without intermission, who chucks all of the typewriter girls under their cute little chins and calls 'em "tweet" and "cunnin'," and who, in general, is the most unmitigated "shine" and the most hopeless ass of the entire performance.

In addition to the foregoing, there are others—several of them. But these are enough. It is delightful to think that we are probably going to see 'em all over again, with three of "our leading dramatists" engaged upon plays "depicting Washington life." CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

Truth About the Pianists.

From the Musical Age.

It would appear that a crisis has been reached in the business of employing professional pianists to commercially exploit American pianos. In the past enterprising manufacturers by offering large fees have induced the best of the world's talent to tour this country, using their instruments. These tours were seldom, if ever, conducted under the auspices of the principal employing agency — the piano makers. Instead, some one of the well-known managers was secured, and to all intents and purposes the public was impressed with the idea throughout that the pianist was simply making a tour of the country, and of his own volition had selected one piano to play during the tour. The concerts were always well advertised by the piano maker and his local agents, and in many instances were marvelously successful. To one or two houses alone is due the credit of bringing to this country in this way a half dozen men who in all probability would never have seen these shores.

While these concerns profited financially through the enterprise displayed by them, a debt is due them by the American people, who were thus enabled to hear the famous pianists of the world without the heavy expense which would have been incident to the exploitation of the artists through their own machinery. However, due to several recent articles in some of the leading monthly publications and to the exposes of some of the principal newspaper writers of the country, the public is gradually waking up to the fact that the selection of a piano by the artist is largely a matter of dollars and cents. This condition of affairs has, of course, militated against the value of the artist's testimonial to the piano manufacturer, for if the public is once convinced that the artist is paid to advertise a given make of instruments the advertising value of the artist is reduced to a mere commercial equation.

Strenuous efforts are being made on the part of some of the houses who have adhered to the old policy to convince the public and the music trades that the artists playing their instruments have selected them because of the merits of the pianos and from their own choice.

As practically every well-known pianist in the world will tour America this year, and as the prosperity of the times has produced an almost superhuman fight for superiority in this direction, it will be interesting to note the experiences of those engaged in the fight at the close of the season.