

Wilhelm, entering New York harbor. He had just finished a successful autumn season abroad, singing in various capitals and receiving the decoration of the order of St. Michael from the hand of the king of Bavaria. But—

"Eet eez all not'ing," said Caruso. "I seeng. I have always done that. What eez zat to me—heh? Bene, bene, tra-la-la-la!" And a little shower of golden notes rippled out over the North river.

"Be careful," I suggested. "You're losing money."

"Money?" The big shoulders drew up in an Italian shrug that shoved



Caruso's picture, drawn by himself, only numerical figures entering into its composition.

the fur collar of his overcoat over his ears. "What do I care for ze money? Eet goes like waterrr! Ever-r-ry-body want money—excep' me. I no care. Br-r-r-r-r! Eet eez cold."

"What do you care about?"

"Me, I like to be an artist—what you call artist—to draw. Not pretty paintings or like zat, but cartoons, car-ic-a-tures."

"Then why don't you?"

"But I do. Only, I am so beezy. No tempo. I can only draw when zere is not'ing else to do. Yet I draw, almos' every week, caricatures for

my frien' Marziale Sisca, to use in his giornale, ze newspaper, La Follia di New York.' I no charge him for zem—I give zem to him. An' I no draw for anybody else in ze world. Zat eez friendship—to give wizout return.

"But eef I deed not have to seeng, I would be better artist."

"It's a sad world," I admitted. "What else would you like to be, signor?"

"Ugh—a rob-berrr!" The tenor's swarthy face took on a demoniac look. Lips curled, eyebrows bristled and eyes flashed.

"Again," I suggested rudely, "you're losing money, signor. Broadway would pay to see that."

"How of-ten moost I say I care not for ze money? Eef I were rob-berrr, I rob for excitement an' glory."

"What sort of robber would you be? A bank robber—a train robber—a pirate?"

"To hold up un treno an' roba ze passeggeri, zat would be fine. But 'pirate'—what eez zat, signor?"

"Why, a sea robber."

"Gr-r-r-reat!" shouted Caruso, striking another hundred-dollar pose, raising his big, ivory-headed, gold-filigreed cane and holding it like a pirate captain's cutlass. "I weel command a pirate sheep. I weel sail to inferno. An' I weel draw caricatures of all ze men I make walke ze plak.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

A CHILD TAXPAYER

Sarah Rector, who will pay the largest income tax in Oklahoma, is a child of ten years, and of mixed blood. She is the descendant of a Creek freedman and received her allotment of 160 acres, which has become extremely valuable, owing to the fact that the "Jones gusher," the biggest oil well in the midcontinent field, is on the property. The well produces about \$2,500 worth of oil a day, and she receives one-eighth as her share. She, it is said, never saw the land on which the gusher was struck.