

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETH HARRIS

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"Nels, my friend," said the janitor to his Scandinavian assistant, "I take notice that you're a-getting gay these days. That there cap of yours is got too small for your head and I don't believe the cap's shrunk any at that. What was you abusing that gentleman for just now?—What gentleman? The gentleman with the laundry, the yellow complected gentleman with the slant eyes and the baggy pants that you was a-speaking to so unkindly."

"Chinyman, was he?" said the janitor, with a broad smile of perfect comprehension. "Well, of course that's different. If he was a Chink, I don't know as I can blame you. It's perfectly natural that you'd want to kick him off the premises and make motions to that effect. I s'pose he give you the excuse that he had business here—what? Thirty-eight and twenty-seven gives him their shirts an' flat pieces, don't they? I thought they did. Anyway you done well to let him know that he was the scum of the earth and the offscourings of humanity. He mightn't realize it if he was treated civil and decent."

"When you come to think of it, it's a blessing that there is scum and offscourings for us to look down on and kick around and bawl out once in a while," mused the janitor. "We'd certainly be in a bad way if there wasn't I guess we'd lose all our self respect. I know you've done me heaps of good that way, Nels, my friend. It's been a great comfort to me after the agent has been raising Ned around here for to jack you up and tell you what I thought of a race of people that put fishballs in their soup. I don't know but what I'm going a little too far in calling you a race. You're more like a funeral procession, judging by the most of you that's worked for me. But that's neither here nor there. We can't all be Irish, nor yet American, and it's a good thing as I'm a telling you. Somebody's got to be the goat."

"What makes me sore, and what

rules of this here building against it, so I guess you'll have to stand for it. You get me?"

"Because if you don't, Nels, my friend," said the janitor with sudden ferocity, "I'll beat it into your bone head with a grate crank. Why, you tow-topped, lop-eared, knock-kneed son of a smoked halibut, the first thing you know you'll get that Chink scared and I'll have to be paying out money to have my little bit of a week's laundry done for me."

"And you not even naturalized!" concluded the janitor, with bitter scorn.

LEAVING THE COURSE CLEAR

Little Story That Proves the Value of a Thorough Understanding Between Lovers.

"I think," she said, "we ought, before it is forever too late, to try to thoroughly understand each other. We ought to confess any shortcomings we have, so that if either of us finds that marriage might be irksome or unsatisfactory we may end our engagement and escape what might otherwise be lifelong misery."

"I'm glad you suggested that," he answered. "I have often thought of it, but my position has been somewhat delicate. I could not very well be the one to propose it."

"Oh," she angrily exclaimed, "then you have been anxious to have it all ended?"

"Why do you say that, dear? I haven't hinted that I wished to have it all ended."

"If you didn't you wouldn't have thought of wanting an understanding now. You would have been glad to get me and find out about my shortcomings afterward."

"Am I to assume, then, that you have been anxious to break our engagement—seeing that you have asked me to tell you about my faults at this time?"

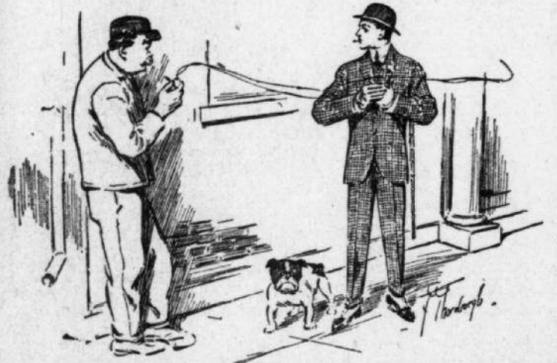
"Of course not. Why should you assume such a thing?"

"For the same reason that you assumed it."

"That's just like a man, I've never seen one yet who could be reasonable."

"Very well, little girl. Let's change the subject."

"Bu, I don't want to change the



"ANOTHER THING THAT GIVES ME A PAIN IS TO SEE A GUY A-SMOKIN' A CIGARETTE."

makes any right-thinking man sore," the janitor went on, "is to see some guy doing something that I don't never do nor never thought of doing, and couldn't do if I wanted to do it. You understand that don't apply to baseball or variety show stunts, but them's about the only exceptions I can think of just now. You take them here golf. I get the willies now every time I take the old woman to the park. Honest, it takes away my appetite for the lunch to see them lunatics. Seems to me a grown person might find something better to do than to put in time swatting a dinky little ball around a twenty-acre lot. I feel like smearing their fingers with molasses and giving them a couple of feathers to play with. That would be a sensible form of amusement alongside of golf, it looks like to me. Some of 'em wear knee pants, top. Gee! What they ought to wear is Russian blouse suits with taller collars and pretty little socks on their pretty little legs. Fierce, ain't it?"

"Another thing that gives me a pain is to see a guy a-smoking a cigarette. That's something there ain't no excuse for that I can see. Anybody can get a clay pipe, and a couple of month's steady smoking'll make it as sweet and juicy as need be. A pipe is a man's smoke, though I ain't got no objection to a cigar once in a while—about election time. Same way I'll take a tub of suds when I'm dry and I've got the price, but if you're bound it's your treat and I happen to feel like it you can give me a little rye. But mine's beer as a general thing. That's one thing I'll give the Dutch credit for: they may have a poor language and disgusting ideas on the subject of cooking, but they're all right when it comes to a steady and sensible drink. Most drink is good in moderation, though, as long as it's not mixed. The only thing I draw the line at is Scotch. What I say is, patronize home industries. I've no use for Scotch or a man who will drink it."

"Yes, sir," said the janitor, emphatically, "I'm against golf and bridge whist and cigarettes and Scotch. Like-wise I'm opposed to spaghetti and cabbage soup and Bismarck herring and chop suey and four o'clock tea. I'm an American citizen. At the same time I don't claim that Dagos and Kikes and Chinks and Hunkies and Scandehovians ain't got no right to live, and I don't feel called on to kick 'em around when I get one of 'em off by myself, any more than I'd feel called on to have a chunk of coal at a tenant because he had had his finger nails manicured. I don't have my finger nails manicured, but I can control my feelings."

"I'm willing to admit, Nels, my friend, that there Chink ain't got white eyebrows and a complexion that looks like it was fresh-billed. He's got a good deal the same cheek bones that you've got, but then, he braids his hair and works fourteen hours a day and eats rice oftener than what you do. I know that's aggravating and there ought to be a law against it, but there ain't no law and there's nothing in the

subject. I want you to know all that is worst about me, so that if you don't want me you needn't take me."

"All right. Tell me what is worst about you."

"I—I don't think there is anything worst about me. Now tell me what your faults are."

"Well, I think I, too, am perfect."

"Harold! Do you really mean that?"

"Certainly."

"I'm so glad we have had this understanding and that now there is no danger of our making any mistake."

Prodigal Parent.
Col. Roosevelt, one evening in Marquette, told a group of newspaper correspondents a number of stories.

"If more of us were materially, but not mentally, like the Arkansas backwoodsman, it would be well for the nation," said the colonel.

"Once, while traversing Arkansas, I dismounted at a log cabin and asked if I could have dinner. Yes, they said, I could, and while I waited on the bench before the door I noticed a baby playing with a loaded revolver."

"Goodness me!" I said, "you shouldn't let that young infant play with a loaded revolver. What a terrible risk!"

"Risk?" said the backwoodsman. "Aw, I dunno. I got 'bout fo'teen mo' chillun round the place somewhere."

Sensational.
"He has written a new play."

"Original?"

"Yes. The heroine is a married woman."

"Oh, I know. And falls in love with another man."

"No. There's the original part of it. The play shows marriage to be a sacred relation that some people take seriously and get a good deal of 'appiness out of."

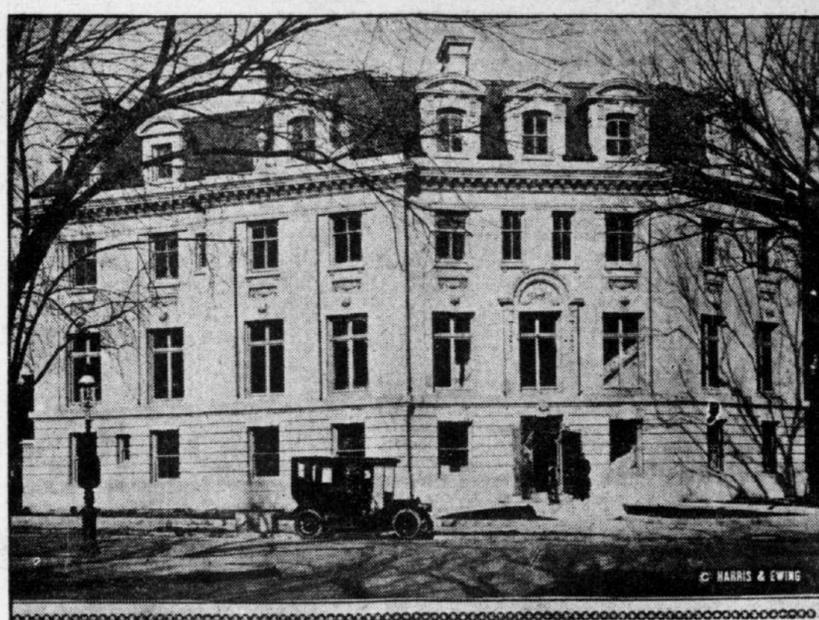
Found That Hogs Could Jump.
A Geary county (Kan.) farmer built a "hog-tight" fence around his feed lot just before he received a big shipment of Arkansas "razorbacks." The next morning the hogs were scattered all over the county. It was found that most of them could clear the fence with a standing jump, although some of them were compelled to make a running jump of it. But all of them could jump it.

Don't Take the Lawyers Seriously.
A lawyer in a courtroom may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain or thief, and no one makes complaint when court adjourns. "If a newspaper prints such a reflection on a man's character," says the Hill City New Era, "there is a libel suit or a dead editor. This may be owing to the fact that the people believe what an editor says."—Kansas City Star.

Keeps Informed.
"What is your politics?"

"You should say, 'What are your politics?' There are a large number of brands out, and I have a little of each."

LEGATION FOR THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC



One of the finest residences in Washington, the home of Mrs. Henrietta B. Huff, at 1600 Hampshire avenue, has just been bought for \$300,000 by the Argentine government as a permanent home for its diplomatic representative in Washington.

TROUBLES OF A KING

Alfonso's Second Daughter Born Deaf and Dumb?

Reports indicate there is a "curse" upon Spanish Royal Family Depsite Failure of Many to Assassinate Young Monarch.

Madrid.—It may be, as believed by many, that King Alfonso leads a charmed life, but it reports are to be believed, there is a curse upon the Spanish royal family despite the failure of the many attempts to assassinate the gay, young Spanish monarch. It is said that the king's second daughter, Infanta Marie, like his majesty's second son, Don Jamie, will be deaf and dumb. This has been officially denied, but so at first was the deafness and dumbness of the Infanta Don Jamie.

Pity poor Alfonso! Forever dodging anarchists and maniacs. Ever uncertain of just what moment another attempt may be made to kill him. Then, in addition to this, which is enough to make the average man's hair turn gray, he has many other bur-

mind, in the shape of his aunt, Infanta Eulalia, who is living in Paris, having long since renounced court life. The infanta is a novelist, and has persisted in writing things for publication that the king did not approve of. Alfonso has threatened to cut off her allowance of \$50,000 a year. She has done two things that horribly shocked the Spanish court—approved in writing of divorce and woman suffrage.

Now comes one of the worst shocks of all. It is announced by an American author, Harvey J. O'Higgins, who is editing and revising Infanta Eulalia's autobiography, that this work "gives royalty an awful wallop," and that the infant's "viewpoint of nobility and their capers is pretty nearly the same that a typical American would take."

This seems to forecast the worst, and poor King Alfonso is waiting in trepidation to see what terrible breach of royal etiquette his aunt has now committed.

But the saddest of all of King Alfonso's sad blows is that his little daughter, Infanta Maria, is to be deaf and dumb. Maria-Christina-Teresa-Alexandra-Guadalupe-Marian de la Concepcion, Ilde-fonasy Victoria-Eugenia, was born December 12, 1912, and was the cause of much rejoicing.

Infanta Don Jaime, the second child of the royal couple, was born deaf and has never spoken. He is now five years old. In addition, he has never been in robust health, and has repeatedly been operated on for affections of the nose and throat. In August, 1911, Queen Victoria took him to Friburg to consult a Swiss specialist, but the operation at that time failed to be a permanent cure.



Alfonso, Crown Prince of Spain.

dens and annoyances upon his shoulders, not to mention the many heavy cares of state. In the face of all this, he somehow manages to remain blithesome and gay, although it is rumored about Madrid that the gayety is kept on tap by his majesty for public appearances.

One of the young king's greatest worries is his mother-in-law, Princess Henry of Battenberg, who distinctly does not like or approve of Alfonso. She considers him a dissipated youth, and it is said that the princess would even sanction her daughter, Queen Victoria, leaving her royal husband, Alfonso is said to be genuinely afraid of his mother-in-law. On a visit to Osborn Cottage, Isle of Wight, several years ago, Alfonso came into close contact with Princess Henry, and actually fled in terror.

There is another load on the king's

MEDIEVALISM OF THE FRENCH

Seeking Miraculous Cures at Grave of Unorthodox "Saint" at Little Village.

Paris.—From the little village of Magny-sur-Tille, near Dijon, there comes a story reminiscent of the superstition of the middle ages.

A few years ago there died in this village an old woman named Françoise Souvestre, who had the reputation of being able to effect miraculous cures. Her reputation survived her and her tomb was reputed also to possess miraculous properties, which led to its becoming a center of pilgrimage while the dead woman was unofficially canonized by inhabitants of the surrounding districts.

Eventually the Bishop of Dijon was compelled to prohibit the cult of this unorthodox "saint," but to no purpose, and recently the report was spread about that Françoise Souvestre's body had resisted decay. This led to the fanatical believers in the "saint" demanding and obtaining authorization for the opening of the grave. The exhumation took place last week in the presence of two doctors, a notary and some four hundred of the "faithful," the last named wearing medals and rosaries.

When the coffin was opened the believers were at first stupefied to behold nothing but a skeleton. But their fanaticism immediately revived and in hundreds they descended into the grave, mingling the ashes of the defunct with their handkerchiefs, their crosses, their crucifixes and their medals in order to convert those into instruments of miraculous healing. Some, with a really macabre fervor, mixed such bodily remains as they could find in water and drank the horrid mixture in frenzied exaltation.

FIND GOLD IN COFFEE POT

Workmen Pick Strike Nuggets Hidden by Dead Miners in an Ancient Building.

Denver, Colo.—The moving of a building fifty years old, in Breckenridge, resulted in workmen finding a rusty coffee pot containing gold nuggets worth more than \$1,800.

The building was being moved to the rear of the lot on which it stood by Henry Evans, who intends to erect a modern brick structure on the lot. Immediately after the report of the find hundreds of persons rushed to the scene, and because of their activity with picks and shovels, workmen will not be needed to finish the excavation.

The landmark, one of the oldest buildings in Summit county, was built of logs. In the early days it was occupied by Edward J. Collingwood, who has since moved to Denver. Since then it has been occupied by various individuals and firms as a store, among them being G. B. Watson of Breckenridge.

Evans was advised to tear the ancient structure down, and thus save expense, but, because of sentimental reasons, he decided to move it to the rear of the lot and to use the space which it had formerly occupied for his new building. The moving of the building entailed much digging, and a force of laborers was put to work. One of the workmen unearthed the pot, and cast it on a pile of dirt. When it struck, the lid flew off, and yellow gold nuggets rained over the ground. The contents were weighed and placed in a local bank.

Evans says that unless some one claims the find, the proceeds will be devoted toward building his new store. Enthusiastic fortune hunters crowded the site all afternoon, and Evans, after watching them for a while, decided to dispense with the services of the workmen.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the treasure, the most popular one being that of the old-timers, who declare the gold was hidden there by high graders years

BEAR WINS WRESTLING MATCH

Man Claims \$1,000 for Broken Ankles, But Bruin and Showman Are Gone.

Springfield, Mass.—When David Wagner, a muscular structural iron worker, sauntered into a vaudeville theater the other evening, the owner of a trained grizzly bear known as "Big Jim," was inviting any of the 1,500 spectators to engage in a wrestling match with the bear. "Big Jim" has a side partner in the audience whose duty it is to come forward with alacrity when the challenge is issued and to proceed to try conclusions with the bear which is invariably victorious.

The invitation to wrestle the bear is accompanied by the assurance that \$1,000 will be paid in case the bear harms any person who wrestles with him. The bear's side partner was a trifle slow in starting for the stage on the night that Wagner attended the performance, and Wagner announced to a friend his purpose to "call the bluff."

Wagner vaulted upon the stake. "Big Jim" apparently was de-lighted to meet him. For several minutes the ponderous bear and the hard-muscled structural worker exchanged "toe," "half-Nelson" and other holds. Then they went down in a heap. "Big Jim" in extricating himself clumsily stepped on Wagner's left leg just above the ankle and broke both bones. Here the curtain fell. Wagner was rushed to a hospital. He says he will call upon the management for the \$1,000 forfeit. The owner of the bear claims that the guarantee applied only to malicious injuries. Meantime the bear and the showman have gone away from here.

TO BE STRICTLY IN FASHION

These Little Items Must Be Kept In Mind and Most Faithfully Adhered To.

Tassels are coming in for a great deal of attention. They are to be seen in all colors and in a variety of styles. Cabochons, too, will be worn a great deal.

Stamped velvet is one of the new materials which bespeak the extravagance of the day in the matter of dress materials. It will be used not only for trimming but for entire gowns or wraps.

Some of the most gorgeous brocades are those of the metallic shades on a solid background of brilliant coloring. The beautiful haptins now worn serve not only as a fastening for the hat but give a decided touch of trimming to the hat as well. The pins with tops of cut jet are most artistic. Cut jet earrings will be in evidence more than ever for street wear. The long, slender pendant is the favorite. Crepe ribbons in the Bulgarian effect come in various widths. They

GRACEFUL IN SERGE

SMART COSTUME THAT HAS CHARM ALL ITS OWN.

For Durability, Style and Smartness it is Doubtful if Any Material Can Be Made to Rival This Popular Material.

Not all the graceful frocks this fall are built of silks and satins, though it must be admitted they are generally first choice. More than occasionally, however, one comes across distinctly smart costumes in prosaic serge, and who can deny its charm?

Blue serge, which is always in style, is a craze this year. The woman who has not been made happy in the possession of one gown of it is an exception. We all know of its durability, style and smartness. Still, with all its popularity, it does not appear in the least common nor in any sense a uniform, as would certainly be the case were the color any other than navy.

A sensible and not over elaborate dress design for fall street wear or traveling is sketched for today, and is developed in blue serge. There is



With an interesting tunic.

a wide armholed blouse, with long sleeves cut in one, and with front edges that cross over each other, buttoning with a line of small magenta ball buttons and loops.

The back of the blouse is very slightly gathered to the shallow yoke, starting at the shoulder seams and covering the entire shoulder breadth. The V-neck has a fold of embroidered crepe done in blue and magenta set along the edges to give the effect of a tiny vest. Then there is a rolling collar and a small tucker of white crepe. The knotted silk tie and crushed girdle can either be of black or magenta.

The skirt has an interesting tunic made to open on the left side in a line with the waist opening. It buttons along the edge near the end of the overlapping corner, with more ball buttons and loops. The lower line of this tunic slopes away from the center front.

Upturned Hems.
The innovation in upturned hems on the outside of the skirt has given the colorists another chance to put in a dash of tone that will contrast with the rest of the skirt. As Roman stripes and Scotch plaids continue to reappear, on the best of the new clothes, it is only natural that they should find an abiding place at the bottom of the skirt or at the edge of one of those wired tunics that are made of all kinds of thin material.

There is a dark-blue coat suit of gabardine which has a two-inch hem of red, white and blue plaid bound with a black velvet ribbon at the top; the coat does not have a collar of the plaid which is the first thing one thinks of its having, but the Scotch silk shows up as envelope flaps to the three pockets, which are edged with a black velvet ribbon and fastened over a black velvet button.

Monograms.
French knots make a very handsome monogram, especially in old English. No padding is required, and the paper-mache letters cannot be used. Stamp the monogram upon the article, and then simply fill it in closely and solidly with small French knots.

GERMS CARRIED BY TONGUE

One of the Most Frequent Causes of Bad Teeth is Not Generally Understood.

How many, or rather how few women know that the tongue carries disease germs to the teeth. Foreign particles frequently adhere to the rough or upper side of the tongue, and beside it is often coated with what is called "dental fur." This fur is a yellowish white substance and is found on the teeth and tongue of every one who does not clean his or her teeth and mouth at least twice a day. This deposit usually forms so quickly that even the most fastidious have sometimes to be careful lest it settle on the teeth.

If the teeth cannot be brushed frequently during the day, then it is advisable to brush them the first thing in the morning and the last thing before retiring at night. These two acts alone, if the teeth and mouth and tongue are properly cleaned, will do much toward preserving the teeth.

So many women brush the teeth in a hap-hazard fashion. They brush vigorously enough, but they are not particular enough to see that the brushing is carried on properly. The brush is wet and then sprinkled with powder, the teeth get a quick brushing on the outer surface, very little attention given to the inside, and usually the brushing consists of the crosswise stroke. Of course this is a little better than nothing, as it removes surface accumulations, and not always that.

FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY
Matter of Diet is Highly Important, if One Would Acquire and Preserve Good Looks.

All of the fresh fruits add their quota of usefulness to the diet, and eaten plentifully will help to keep you well and pretty. There is a legend that one famous French beauty lived exclusively on oranges, but common sense tells us that she occasionally slipped in a meal of things more substantial. The thin girl will do well to eat largely of raisins, for they contain a rich proportion of sugars that are so fattening. Train yourself to eat a variety of foods. Many a girl with a bad complexion owes it to the fact that she grew up with the foolish habit of eating only a few favorite dishes. The different fruits and vegetables contain a variety of salts, all valuable to the body, and the natural appetite demands a change, even from the best and most nutritious fare. Eat generously of the fruits and vegetables the season affords, but—just one word of caution—see to it that they are fresh. A single helping of tomatoes that have begun to spoil, a bit of dessert made of overripe or stale berries, a glass of milk that has been exposed to the summer dust, any of these things may give rise to one of those little spells known as "summer complaint."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHEN HUBBY TAKES OUTING

He Will Surely Appreciate it if His Comfort is Looked After Before He Starts.

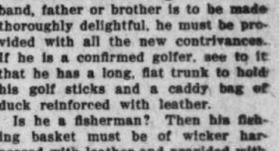
If the autumn outing of the husband, father or brother is to be made thoroughly delightful, he must be provided with all the new contrivances. If he is a confirmed golfer, see to it that he has a long flat trunk to hold his golf sticks and a caddy bag of duck reinforced with leather.

Is he a fisherman? Then his fishing basket must be of wicker harnessed with leather and provided with a wide sling strap that goes across the chest. But don't forget that he needs a tackle box in leather with compartments in both base and lid for fishing accessories, as well as a morocco case containing a complete repairing kit—rotary screwdriver, hook file, nippers, pliers, tweezers, punch, wrapping linen, cement, wax, emery cloth, polishing paper and drop oil can.

The hunter needs an unbreakable lunch outfit in a leather case; a luminous compass dial with a floating bar needle, in an oxidized case, and a leather bracelet fitted with a watertight lid, silver-encased watch.

DIVIDED SATIN-STITCH

If a leaf or scroll is too wide to be worked in satin-stitch, it may be divided on the center line and worked in two sections. If a leaf is veined, lay the padding in two sections.



To Prevent Shoes Squeaking. Have the shoemaker "spring" each shoe and insert a spoonful of French chalk between the soles.

are used for collures, trimmings, sashes and girdles, and also for bandings on gowns or wraps

FASHION HINTS

A stunning vest can be made of striped satin or bengaline, with the cords clearly defined.

The black-and-white skirts are flounced with net, bordered with narrow bands of fur.

The newest draped skirts are raised short in front and widen in folds toward the hips.

One of the pretty new modes is the blouse of ecru tulle, with collars and cuffs of black tulle.

Among new fabrics are many bruches laines, garnished with sequins and gold or silver lace.

For every kind of sport the brilliant-hued silk knitted or wool coat is a charming and becoming style.

Evening girdles are to be wide and draped, and will be worn both below and above the waistline.

This year's wedding gown should be fashioned of plain or brocaded satin, crepe de chine or charmeuse.

ENGAGED FIFTY YEARS AGO

Romance of Childhood Sweethearts Finally Results Happily for Missouri Couple.

Kansas City, Mo.—R. S. Hall, seventy, a retired farmer of Breckenridge, Mo. and Mrs. L. H. Carr, sixty-four, of Hartsville, Ind., who were engaged to wed 50 years ago, have obtained a marriage license here.

They were childhood sweethearts

back in Indiana. Hall was a poor boy. When he was sixteen he went barefooted a-courting the girl of his choice. Later they were betrothed, but the girl's parents, who were wealthy, broke the engagement. Hall came west, married and became owner of several rich Missouri farms. Then he heard of his former sweetheart's marriage to one of the rich men of Hartsville. Many years afterward he heard of the man's death. When Hall's wife died five years ago he received a letter of sympathy from Mrs. Carr, and

Use Bears for Carriers.

St. Petersburg.—Bears instead of dogs are being used for transportation purposes by Lieutenant Slyedoff of the Russian polar expedition.

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