

# M. CLAM'S SEARCH FOR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

(M. Clam, the noted Parisian journalist, having attempted to locate the American government, writes of his perplexities.)

Washington, U. S., 19 Dec. What is that government of these United States? For many days I have studied this great problem. I shall now tell my countrymen of France what I have failed to learn. It is with despair that I write.

Before I have come to these United States I have no perplexity, but now what shall I say to France? In France we say: "M. Roosevelt is that government of those United States." In Washington I do not know. I cannot tell.

Early I have written to my countrymen that M. Roosevelt has sent his instructions to the congress. But now I see the congress snap the finger at M. Roosevelt! In affairs of terrible importance the congress smiles and turns to the little things. M. Roosevelt in the chapter 17 of that message instructed the congress to make laws quickly against the race suicide. The congress has done nothing! In the chapter 21 M. Roosevelt said: "Make a law instantly to stop the lynch." Yet the congress talks of everything—everything—but not of the great habit of the lynch. Ten, twelve, twenty instructions were made by M. Roosevelt, each more imperative than those others. Yet the congress still smiles and yawns.

For one week I trembled. Those American newspapers filled me with the dread. One said: "M. Roosevelt Demands Reforms!" One other said: "Congress Gets Its Orders!" One other said: "It's Up to Congress!" One other said: "Tips from Teddy!" One other said: "Millionaires on the Run!" One other said: "Trouble Begins in Washington!"

Yet the congress did not excite. One—two—three days passed. The law of the race suicide did not pass. The law of the lynch did not pass. The great message was in the pigeon's hole! I looked and listened, agitated extremely. Would it be revolution? Many times I thought I heard the rattapan of those drums; the tramp-tramp of the army toward that capitol! I shuddered to think of those congressional widows, those senatorial orphans.

Yet nothing has happened. I have disappointment and chagrin. What shall I think? If M. Roosevelt is not the government, where is that government? That is the question.

One thing has made great perplexity. It is the simplified spell. This three important problem makes those Americans wonder where is their government. In the summer, before that supreme tribunal meets, M. Roosevelt issued a decree: "Let it be the simplified spell. No word shall be spelled in the difficult manner. Obey this." Very well! Those newspapers said: "All words must be simple. The government must not use great words. This is the order of M. Roosevelt." Those newspapers did not change, because they love those great words. They said: "The government must now make itself understood."

When the supreme tribunal meets it snaps the finger at M. Roosevelt and the simplified spell! The newspapers said: "Beware, this is the government order!" But that supreme tribunal does not read those newspapers. Those people said: "The supreme tribunal defies the government! Prepare for revolution!" But nothing happens! The supreme tribunal uses greater words than ever. Where is the government? Ah, that is the question!

And now the congress is told of that government order. Everywhere that stumbles upon that simplified spell. What could it do? With simple words the congress would be lost! How could it fill the Record Congressional? Yet it is the government's order! At the last one Congressman with the genius said: "What is the government?"

Those colleagues of his were astounded. It was the new question. They said: "What is the government? Is it not M. Roosevelt?"

He said: "That supreme tribunal snaps the finger at the simplified spell. Yet M. Roosevelt does nothing. So those people begin to say: 'What is the government?' But if the congress obeys the simplified spell those people will say: 'Ah! Now we know that is the government. It is M. Roosevelt!' Let us snap the finger, too, and nobody will know what is the government!"

The reply: "Hurrah! Let us snap the finger!"

Again I tremble. Those newspapers fill me with the agitation. One says: "Simplified! Spelling! Strangled! But Struggling!" One other says: "Congress Contemptions—Roosevelt Rouscel!" One other says: "War of the Words—Wow!" One other says: "Where is that Government Now?"

Ah, that is the question! I ask many savants, many doctors of the jurisprudence, but they say: "You ask too much, M. Clam! We cannot tell where is that government yet. We, too, are looking for it!"

Today I was stricken with that brilliant idea—I shall ask M. Twain, that thrice renowned litterateur!

"M. Twain!" said I, "will help me! He knows most things that other men do not. He shall tell me why that simplified spell does make the government disappear."

I found M. Twain in his hotel. He was in his bed, smoking that grand pipe, reading that Ladies' Home Journal. I said: "M. Twain, I have perplexity with great agitation. Help me, dear colleague!"

His reply: "What, my dear Clam, is your agitation?"

I said: "Tell me first of the simplified spell. What do you say?"

His reply: "Well, I have embarrassment. One article by me will be in that magazine soon. If I tell you my thoughts that magazine will be ruined. How can I talk when that magazine pays me 30 cents for each word?"

I said: "Have no fear, dear col-

league!" Instantly I extricated the 30 cents from my pocket.

I said: "My paper regards not the cost, M. Twain. Tell me one word of your thought. What do you think of that simplified spell?"

His reply: "Great!"

I said: "Ah, that also is my thought! Say no more, M. Twain. Now I can build the great interview with you, after that American fashion. Yet I have still the perplexity. That supreme tribunal and the congress snap the finger at M. Roosevelt and the great simplified spell. If that order may be thus denied without the revolution, what is the government? Where is it? Who is it? How is it? Tell me quickly! How can I tell my countrymen of the government of those United States if I cannot find it?"

His reply: "Now, my dear Clam, do not have the despair. It may be best. Perhaps there is no government! Think of those poor Americans who have expended their lives dodging the government! What chagrin to them, if there is no government! Yet what relief!"

I said: "Ah, yes, but I have read of that government ownership. How shall that be true if there is no government?"

His reply: "You have driven me to the corner, M. Clam! I will make the great admission. It is true that those people are making up the mind to own the government. But it is not yet accomplished. Much must yet be done."

I said: "Those people must first find the government?"

His reply: "Yes, that is the truth." Helas! M. Twain was in the darkness, much as I. With great force I drove away that perplexing problem, and talked with M. Twain of other things. I listened with great pleasure to nine chapters of the autobiography which he was so patient to read. Then I predicted to him those letters upon the American affairs which I shall write to my countrymen. Much information of incredible value was given to me by M. Twain freely for those people of France. Yet, at the last with sadness I left him. Where is the government? That is my desire to know.

Those newspapers yesterday said: "Government Will Build Biggest Battle Ship Afloat—Terrible Battle Ship Skered-o-Nothin' Soon to be Launched!" With delight I said: "Ah, now I shall find the government. It is in the Ministry of Marine!"

Instantly I consulted that directorate of officials. Aha! "Secretary of the Navy, M. Bonaparte."

Bonaparts! The scion of Napoleon! I said: "It is the blood that tells! How can I wonder more that those United States are great?" It is the French genius at the head!

My decision was made at once. Hailing a fiacre, I drove rapidly to the Ministry of Marine. My card I presented to the Negro American attendant. "M. Bonaparte!" said I, with hauteur.

In one moment M. Bonaparte ran out. "Welcome, M. Clam!" said he in the French, embracing me warmly. "How are those people of the France? Do they forget the great Napoleon and those numerous descendants of him? What brings you to those United States?"

With difficulty I conversed with M. Bonaparte. His use of the French is—what shall I say politely? His forgetfulness, I shall say, is liberal. Also with disappointment, I looked for resemblance of the great Napoleon. Yet, thought I, nature delights in the disguise. This man may be perhaps great even if the French language is too much for him.

I said: "Those newspapers tell, M. Bonaparte, of the grand battle ship 'Skered-o-Nothin' which you shall build. You, then, are the government?"

His reply: "I have difficulty in understanding, M. Clam. Yet it is true we shall build the biggest battle ship."

I said: "Who shall do that?"

His reply: "We shall—that is the government. We have decided. Now, when Hale approves those plans and makes that appropriation, we shall build."

I said: "Hale? Who is Hale?"

His reply: "M. Hale is that senator who dictates that policy of the navy. Again I was dismayed. I could see the government begin to disappear again!"

I said: "Then you are not the government, but M. Hale is the government?"

His reply: "Pardon me, M. Clam! This is the busy day."

I said: "Pardon, M. Bonaparte. I encroach! Yet I shall pursue the government until I find it! Adieu!"

M. Bonaparte with politeness came to the door with me. "Adieu, my dear Clam! Remember me to those people of the France! Do you go to seek M. Hale?"

I said: "What shall I do? I despair." His reply: "If, M. Clam, you see M. Hale, please detect what he intends, and give to me the friendly tip, for the government's sake."

I said: "With grand pleasure, M. Bonaparte! Adieu!"

Diab! I am as far behind as before! I learn nothing! Many Americans have great laughter when I say M. Hale is the government. Soon it is plain that M. Hale is not whom I seek. Can he settle the great problem of the simplified spell? No! Then he is not the government, after all! Why should I seek him? Bah!

Everywhere I have inquired diligently to find the government, but not one American can tell. Do those people run the government, or does the government run those people? Before these elections those officials in Washington say: "Whatever those people say will be done." After those elections, those people say: "Whatever the government says will be done. We are up against it!"

It appears to me thus: If M. Roosevelt knew, or thinks he knows, what those newspapers wish for those people, and instructs the congress to make those laws, and if the congress agrees

that those newspapers wish what M. Roosevelt thinks they wish, and make those laws; and if the supreme tribunal decides; that those wishes and laws are inside the constitution; and if those newspapers about violently for the enforcement of those laws; then that is the government of those United States. But in many things M. Roosevelt cannot tell what those newspapers wish. In other things the congress cannot tell or does not care what M. Roosevelt wishes. In other things the supreme tribunal decides against the will of the congress. In other things those newspapers cannot tell what the supreme tribunal decides. In all such cases it is the terrible confusion, denunciation, discord, shouting, bedlam, anarchy! Then if there is a government of those United States, it hides quickly, and those people cannot find it. Everybody shouts together: "The other fellow, he is the government! He is to blame!"

There is no government! No one is to blame! Yet there is no revolution. Those men who are to blame, they quickly invent one new threatening sensation and give it to those newspapers. Instantly there is fresh uproar and those people turn away from that old trouble. They say: "Hurrah! Here is one new terrible excitement! We shall again shudder!"

What a nation! What a people! CLAM (Copyright, 1906, by S. S. Cline.)

**Placing an Order for a Slave.** The following is part of a letter, written in 1376, placing an order for a beautiful girl slave, and containing the specifications which the buyer is to fill. It is taken from F. Marion Crawford's new love story of old Constantinople, serial publication of which begins in *The American Magazine* for January: "Most Beloved and Honored Friend: I despatch this writing by the opportunity of Sebastian Corner's good ship \* \* \* I desire, in fact, that you will buy for me the most handsome slave that can be had for the money I offer, or if the girl were surprisingly beautiful, for three hundred and fifty ducats."

"The truth is, most noble friend, that my wife, who is, as you know, ten years older than I, and impeded by rheumatism, is in need of a youthful and accomplished companion to help her to pass the time, and as I have always made it my duty and my business to fulfill and even, as in the present case to anticipate her wishes, I am willing to spend this large sum of money for the sole purpose of pleasing her. Moreover, I turn to you, most dear sir and friend, well knowing that your kindness is only matched by your fine taste. My wife would, I am sure, prefer as a companion a girl with fine natural hair, either quite black or very fair, the red Auburn color being so common here as to make one almost wish that women would not dye their hair at all. My dear and honored friend, the teeth are a very important matter; pray give your most particular attention to their whiteness and regularity, for my wife is very fastidious. And also, I entreat you, choose a slave with small ankles, not larger than you can span with your thumb and middle finger. My wife will care less about a very small waist, though if it be naturally slender it is certainly a point of beauty. In all of this, dearest sir, employ for love of me those gifts of discernment with which heaven has so richly endowed you, and I trust you will consider the commission a fair one. Sebastian Corner, who is an old man and will take charge of the slave and bring her to Venice, if you will only see that she is properly protected and fed until she is ready to sail, and this at the usual rate. I have also agreed with him that she is not to be lodged in the common cabin with the other female slaves whom he will bring from the Black Sea on his own account, but separately and with better food, lest she should grow unpleasingly thin. Yet it is understood that his regular slave master is to be responsible for protection, and will watch over her behavior during the voyage. This, my most worthy, dear and honorable sir and friend, is the commission which I beg you to undertake; and in this and all your other affairs I pray that the hand of Providence, the intercession of the saints, and the wisdom of the one hundred and eighteen Nicene fathers may be always with you. From Venice, Marco Pesaro to the most noble patrician, Carlo Zeno, his friend. The fourteenth day of March in the year 1376."

**A Man Who Suffered in the White House.** Ida M. Tarbell, writing of "The Tariff in Our Times" in *The American Magazine*, presents many interesting pictures of the great political and business generals who figure in her narrative. Here is a paragraph about Andrew Johnson:

"Certainly Johnson suffered throughout his four years as president as few people at the time realized. One of his secretaries once said that in the two years he was with him in the White house he never saw him smile but once. Ill himself, his beloved wife a bed-ridden invalid, unfitted for companionship, suspicious of his associates, narrow in mind, bitter and resentful in heart, there was little reason indeed why Andrew Johnson should smile. Yet unquestionably he got a grim pleasure from his vetoes, even out of his impeachment trial. He believed he would be convicted, and his secretary tells of the satisfaction he got from the idea that his prosecutors would all come to bad ends. He learned Addison's Cato by heart, and went about the White house rooms delivering it. He studied the trial of Charles I. of England, and ordered the names of those who signed the death warrant and the terrible ends to which they all came tabulated. His secretary says he believes Johnson was not a little disappointed when he was acquitted. It took from him the bitterness of the many bitter cups he incessantly chugged."

**It "taken at the Sneeze Stage."** Preventives—a toothsome candy Tablet—will surely and quickly check an approaching cold or a feeling of when you first catch Dr. Shoop's Preventive, and the prompt effect will certainly surprise and please you. Preventives, surely supply the proverbial "cup of prevention." Sold in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes by Robert R. Bellamy.

## The Know It All.

**M**OST operatin' customer wuz Nick, old mus Brown. Who knowed it all an' bound to have his say. There wuzn't no theater play thet ever come to town.

But Brown he'd sit to see it, night or day. He'd make a pint to git his seat for any of the rest. An' when the curtain riz upon the play, An' all the actors got to work a-doin' their best.

He'd snicker in his agervatin' way. An' when the most excitin' part of all wuz gittin' near. An' folks wuz sittin' nervous an' perplexed. Old Brown he'd whisper loud enough for every one to hear.

"I'll bet you I kin tell wats comin' next." That wuzn't any curin' him. He'd be the same in church. Or anywhere he happened fur to be. Fur, like an old poli parrot jest a-settin' on its perch. He'd squawk to all his critics. "Talk is free."

But when the grip wuz goin' round—last winter wuz a year— It tackled on to Nick an' took him down. An' then he got religion, fur he thought his end wuz near.

An', sure enough, that wuz the end of Brown. His folks wuz all a-gathered round, an' jest before he died. While Deason Jones wuz readin' of a text. The sick man smiled, an' "Well, I'm done with this here world," he sighed.

"I'll bet you I kin tell wats comin' next." —D. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times.

## Maybe She Is Not the Only One.



Banker's Daughter—The baron loves me. He proposed to me today. Her Friend—Then he loves you. But do you know whether he loves any one else?—Jugend.

## Opportune.

"What are you doing?" harshly demanded the brutal husband, abruptly entering the room. "I'm just going to trim this forty-nine cent hat I bought yesterday," replied the trembling wife. "Extravagant woman, you will ruin me with your everlasting bargain hunting!" he exclaimed, enraged, and, seizing the hat, he crumpled it in his hands, trampled it underfoot and, finally flinging it into the corner of the room, strode away.

Weeping, the wife stooped to pick up her insulted property, but her tear stained face was irradiated by an ecstatic rapture as her eyes fell upon it. "Oh," she exclaimed in delight, "now it is the exact shape of that forty dollar French hat I saw yesterday, and I never could have got it that way myself! All it needs is a couple of blue roses and a bunch of lavender buttercups."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## A Puzzle.

In a certain town are two brothers who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town and converted the elder brother of the firm.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day when the elder brother was making another effort he asked: "Why can't you, Richard, join the church, as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"—Cleveland Leader.

## Public Office.

"Well, Moses," began the senator as a grinning southern dandy was ushered into his presence at Washington, "what brings you here?" "Mars Joe," replied Moses, "I's got 'portant business, sah. I want er office."

"You want an office? Why, what can you do?" "Do, Mars Joe? What does everybody do that gets er office? Bless yer heart, Mars Joe, yer don't un'stand ole Moses. I ain't lookin' fer work, sah. I only wants er office."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Mere Babe.

"Ah, me!" sighed young Kallow, with a lovelorn glance at the object of his affections. "I was so full of misery I tossed and turned upon my bed last night and could not sleep." "You don't say?" remarked the heartless girl. "What's the matter with you—teething?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Always After Him.

Sandy Pike—Did you ever follow de horses, pard? Gritty George—No; I always had as much as I could do to keep de horses from following me. Sandy Pike—Race horses? Gritty George—No, saw horses.—Chicago News.

## He Tried It Once.

"What made your husband's hair turn so gray? He's still a young man. Was it the result of some terrible fright?" "No, He once tried to shave a horse's butt."—Judge.

## The Perkins Family Have Their Troubles

Why the Head of the Family Did Not Exchange an Old Piano For a New One.

(Copyright, 1906, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**M**R. AND MRS. PERKINS had just got seated for the evening and were seemingly content and happy when she looked up from her book and queried: "Mr. Perkins, would it put you out very much if I were to ask you a question?"

"Why, dear, you may ask me ten thousand." "And you won't be vexed?" "Nothing you could say would vex me. Proceed."

"Well, one day last May, when we were sitting on the front steps, I spoke to you about the piano. Do you remember?"

"I do, my dear, and I have the evidence right here in my pocket. My memorandum book says it was on the 18th day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a beautiful day. What you said to me about the piano was: "It is forty years old. "It is old fashioned. "It has straight legs. "There are seven broken keys. "The pedals are out of order. "It wheezes like an old horse. "Everybody makes fun of it. "Can't you turn it in toward a new one?"

"Those were your observations, Mrs. Perkins. Have you anything to add to them tonight?"

"Did you put down what you said in reply?"

"I did, and here it is: "Yes, it is an old piano. "I have been ashamed of it for years.

"During the next three months I shall turn it in toward a new one. "It must drive the neighbors distracted to hear you try to play on it. "Say no more, darling. You shall have a new piano before the 1st of September."

"Those were our respective remarks and observations, Mrs. Perkins, as ac-

curately recorded here, and have you anything to add to them at this moment?"

"Well, I wanted to call your attention to the fact that September had come and gone."

"I acknowledge it." "And the old piano stands there yet in the parlor?"

"Acknowledged again."

"And, so far as I know, no steps have been taken to replace it with a new one."

"Not a step, Mrs. Perkins, and I am now prepared to reason the case with you. I have been expecting to reason it with you for the last month—in fact, I was hoping you would speak to me about it this very evening."

"Well, I have spoken."

"You see, my dear," began Mr. Perkins, as he drew a long breath, "we must begin at the beginning. Neither of us is a musician. We have neither son nor daughter to play. We might just as well have a corn shucker in the parlor for all the use we could make of it. If we had a thousand dollar piano, what good would it do us?"

"Why, I play, and you know I do and have praised me," replied Mrs. Perkins in an injured tone.

"My dear woman, let us look facts in the face. You drum on the piano. You howl an accompaniment. You roll your eyes. You hump your shoulders. At various times I have said that you played beautifully. I did it to keep you playing and have revenge on the neighbors."

"How dare you talk to me that way?" "Come, now, be reasonable. You never took a music lesson in your life did you?"

"No, but what of that?" "You can't sing any more than a crow."

"But if I can't—" "I don't revert to these things to humiliate you, Mrs. Perkins, but simply to clear the ground for a start. It is a husband's business to praise his wife's playing even if it gives him toothache. The cold fact is that neither of us can play or sing. Therefore, of what use is a thousand dollar piano? You will answer that one would look nice in the parlor. I agree with you, but when you have a \$1,000 piano you must have a \$500 rug to go with it; also a new parlor suit."

"But there are several neighbors who

can play and sing," protested Mrs. Perkins.

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it, Mrs. Perkins. There are several neighbors who can wear your hats and shoes, but are you going to keep hats and shoes for the neighbors? Suppose, however, that we went ahead and got a new piano. Do you know that piano playing makes women round shouldered and weak chested and consumptive?"

"I never heard that it did and don't believe it."

"I could give you medical statistics by the parload. Within the last ten years paralytic of the arms has become so common that the doctors attribute it to piano playing. There are hundreds of instances where young ladies have lost the use of both arms for a year. If we had a piano I couldn't run the risk of your losing the use of your arms. How, then, could you longer hug me? How prepare the meals and make the bed?"

"You are simply trying to twist out of it, just as you always do," said Mrs. Perkins, with her eyes full of tears.

"My dear, I am no twister. I am simply a logician and a philosopher. I reason things to a conclusion. We cannot afford a \$1,000 piano, and on top of it a \$500 rug, a \$250 parlor suit and five or six paintings costing \$100 apiece. All that capital would be shut up in a cold parlor for the winter. If put into ice for next season it might be doubled. And there's another thing."

"Oh, you can be finding excuses for a week to come."

"This is no excuse, but a fact. That old straight legged, broken keyed piano belonged to my first wife. Don't jump up and grow red in the face, for I'm not hitting at you. The first time I called to see her, when we were both young people, she was playing on that piano. She was pounding. She was howling. Her eyes were rolling heavenward. I fell in love with her at once."

"I won't stay," declared Mrs. Perkins as she stamped her foot on the floor.

"Just a moment, my dear. She continued to pound and howl all through our engagement. She brought the old piano along when we were married. Every day and every evening it was pound and howl. I talked to her of the risks she ran, but she was self-willed. She finally began to fade. The doctor said she lasted a year longer than he expected, but she went with a rush when she did go. She had been pounding and howling one evening and the neighbors had telephoned for the police and all the dogs for a mile around were barking, when I observed a sudden change come over her, and she fell off the piano stool and was dead in a moment. She never opened her eyes or spoke. There's my case, Mrs. Perkins, and!"

"I say you are a dodger and a twister!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins as she gave a snuff of contempt and walked stiffly out of the room.

Mr. Perkins stooped to scratch his ankle and then straightened up to scratch his nose and then smiled and said to himself:

"But, then, don't a married man have to be?" M. QUAD.

## Modern Terrorism.

Recently a city editor in Ottumwa, Ia., was informed by phone at a late hour that a prominent citizen had died suddenly. Calling one of the reporter's staff, the city editor instructed him hurriedly, and the young man shot out of the office on double quick. Some twenty minutes later he returned, and as he hastened to the corner where his typewriter stood the city editor asked him:

"Well, what about it?" "Oh, nothing," said the young man as he began making the keys rattle. "only as Mr. Blank was walking along the street he says, 'I'm going to die,' and he leaped up against the fence and made good."—Judge.

## One Good Place.

The Sportsman—What's the best place for quail in these parts? The Rustic—Toast, I guess.—Cleveland Leader.

## His Specialty.

"Yes," said Bradley, "I'm in this bowling match, and you can depend I'll give a good account of myself." "Yes, when you tell about it afterward you'll make it sound all right."—Philadelphia Press.

## So There!

The world is better nowadays Than fifty years ago. Many ways That give me cause to know. Aye, though you pick a score of flaws Since twoscore years and ten, I say 't is better now—because You were not in it then. —Cleveland Leader.

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