

THE GENIAL IDIOT

Observations Upon Advertising in Public Places

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

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I see," said the Idiot as he turned from a perusal of his morning paper, to the steaming platter of buckwheats before him. "That they are having a grand old row in New York over the advertising signs in the subway. An eminent citizen suggests that the public kick them to pieces whenever they encounter them, forgetting apparently that placed as they are some eight or ten feet above the level of the platform that the effort he suggests particularly in the case of ladies who are not professional ballet dancers would be of disorderly conduct."

of the late President Kruger of the Transvaal: On this, the 14th day of December, 1901, appeared before me Wynand Cornelius Veuystingh, notary, at Utrecht, Holland, in the presence of the following witnesses: His Excellency Stephaan Johannes Paulus Kruger, president of the South African republic, domiciled at Pretoria, temporarily residing at Utrecht, Holland, who, desirous of making his will, has inscribed me, and I, in accordance with his wishes, have taken down in writing, as follows: "I, testator, declare as executors of my last will, directors of my funeral, managers of my inheritance, and executors in my estate, and in my inheritance Messrs. Frederick Christoffel Eloff, my son-in-law, and Hermanus Christian Bredell, my private secretary."

McBeth in German to Edwin Booth's company all spoke English. Mme. Janauschek records that, while she had already picked up some English, and had read the English text carefully, Booth knew nothing of German; so when she was close to him she gave him his cues by gentle pinches. The first English interpolation in her opening colloquy, the cry of the messenger, "The King comes here tonight!" struck the audience as funny, raising an audible titter, and embarrassing the actress, but at the entrance of Booth all laughter ceased, and the bilingual dialogue moved both the actors and their audience in the way intended. So it would seem that the objection to the Adams-Bernhardt production must rather be based on the difficulty of pinches for cues in the balcony scene than in the unpleasant novelty of the idea.

would bring her two tortoise shell hairpins from the shelf in the bath room. "Haven't you got your hair done yet?" he demanded. "We'll miss that train." "See what time it is by the clock in the parlor," she said. "I believe my watch is wrong." "It's a quarter past ten," said Mr. Brunsmith, "by my watch, and the hall clock is the same." "Oh, dear," said Mrs. Brunsmith. "How time does fly!" Brunsmith was summoned to hook his wife's waist in the back at 10:35. At 10:40 she informed him that she had mislaid the belt that went with it, and if she couldn't find it, she simply couldn't go. At 11 o'clock she was in tears. The stock collar that she wanted to wear had not been laundered, and she supposed she would have to press it. At 11:15 she was jerking and slamming bureau drawers and exclaiming impatiently at two-minute intervals. At 11:25 she declared she could not go. There was a button off her gloves. At 11:35 she asked Brunsmith if there was not a later train, because she couldn't find a hat pin high or low. At 11:45 she began to put on her hat. By 11:50 she had it on. Then she looked at the clock and said "Oh! what's the use? We can't possibly catch the train now."

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AFRAID OF THE WET

(From the Youth's Companion.) The crew of a certain life-saving station on the New England coast has many times proved itself brave and efficient in time of need, but of late its skill and bravery have been useless, like so much treasure located in a vault. There has been no wreck. The sea has been kind as a big dog. Inaction had evidently bred soft habits of life, and the idle crew had given the summer visitors much to joke about. Their satirical comments were rather ungrateful, for the practice drills of the crew were a part of the entertainment of the seaside resort. Twice a week the crew pulled out the brass cannon, shot a rope over a dummy mast which is set up on a point of land, and then practiced sliding down in the breeches buoy. The small boys of the place were glad to play the part of rescued mariners, and altogether this serious drill required by law, was a pretty holiday sport. One rainy day, at the appointed time, the crew failed to appear at practice. The summer boarders on the hotel veranda waited in vain for the exhibition which should vary the monotony of a dull day. Finally one of them went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason. "I say, arn't you going to practice to-day?" "No, sir." Then the brave life-saver, hero of many rough seas, made an explanatory gesture toward the weather and said: "What, in this rain?"

TURNED AROUND IN THE SUBWAY

(From the New York Times.) The citizen of New York will need to develop a hitherto neglected sense—that of absolute direction. Perhaps he will have to learn to feel the north, or in some other way be able to take his bearings and steer himself in the direction in which he desires to go. Sub-way experiences render this necessary if he would avoid the bewilderment of "turned round" every time he emerges from it. It is an amusing experience to watch a crowd coming out of a kiosk over an exit stairway, and note how a proportion of those who think they know New York like their own pockets find it necessary to stop, mentally box the compass that somehow north and south have changed places. Unless the average man does this on arriving at an unaccustomed station, the chances are many to one that he will start off in the wrong direction, hesitate after he has gone a hundred feet or so, take counsel with himself, and finally decide that the shortest way to the west is not by the east. Some stations are more confusing than others. We know one native New Yorker with a normally developed bump of locality who has frequent occasion to stop at Worth street on his way down town and whose effort to reach Broadway invariably brings him to the junction of Elm and Chambers streets. Even at stations at which the environments are as familiar as those of the Grand Central or Times square, the average passenger is likely to find himself on the street at a point different from what he expected, and to start first in the wrong direction and recover himself with a foolish grin of self-deprecation. There is nothing mysterious in this. Very few people have the sense of locality sufficiently developed to avoid becoming twisted by going into the subway at one point and coming out at another. This involves numerous angles of intersecting streets to keep him in touch with the points of the compass and he naturally loses all idea of "where he is at" in relation to familiar landmarks. He has no occasion to be impatient with himself on this account. It is the usual, if not the universal experience.

CATCHING THE TRAIN

(From the Chicago News.) When Mrs. Brunsmith was informed that it was 7 o'clock she sleepily murmured that there was nothing about getting up, and told Brunsmith that he need not wait breakfast for her. "Don't you know we have a train to catch at noon?" asked Brunsmith. "Of course I do!" she said. "Oh, do go away and don't bother me. You'll get me so waked up I can't go to sleep again. There's plenty of time. At 8 Brunsmith ventured again. "You know, my dear, that you promised to let Tilda have the whole day off, and she'll want to get the breakfast dishes out of the way." "Oh! how you do fuss!" complained his wife. "It takes half the pleasure away of going with you. I haven't got a thing to do but to dress." "That was what I feared," said her husband. "Well, I hope you don't mean to say it takes me four hours to dress?" "Heaven forbid!" replied Brunsmith. The reason I'm hurrying you a little is that you have only three hours and a half. We have to start from the house at 11:30 sharp." "You go and read your paper," said Mrs. Brunsmith. "I'll get up." At 8:45 Mrs. Brunsmith appeared at the breakfast table in a negligee. At 9:15 she had finished her breakfast. At 9:30 Brunsmith came into the dining room and found her looking over the advertisements in the morning paper. "I thought perhaps, there might be a special sale of gloves," she explained. "I need some badly and I thought I might stop on my way down town and get some." "Great Scott!" said Brunsmith. "If you imagine you are going to have time to do a day's shopping, you're mistaken. I thought you'd be started on your toilet by this time. Do you know what the time is?" "Henry," said Mrs. Brunsmith, plaintively, "why do you bother me so? Didn't I tell you I've only got to dress?" "I've tried to get you out of the house to a train before," said Brunsmith, grimly. "Hurry now; there's a good girl." "Well," said the lady. "I'll just get ready right now, and then you can have the pleasure of waiting for your old train." At 10 o'clock Mrs. Brunsmith called to her husband to inquire whether he had seen anything of her nail powder. At 10:10 she entered his den to ask him if he would like her to wear her brown suit or the green corduroy. At 10:15 as he passed through the hall, she said she would bless him if he

NOTES OF MME. JANAUSCHEK

(From New York Papers.) In 1887 Mme. Janauschek came to America opening as Medea in German, at the academy of music. She came almost unheralded, for our German colony was much smaller then; we had not our present managerial Napoleons, and she, apparently, had no passionate press agent. A few students who saw her, however, felt her force, and Augustin Daly; dropped in one night to see the Bohemian actress, lost no time in urging her to study English and return to America with English plays. When her reputation was established, there followed in Boston, a most remarkable performance, one that at the present time has fresh interest, from the fact that a hue and cry is going up on every hand against the proposed poly-glott production of Romeo and Juliet—the Bernhardt-Adams combination. At the Boston theatre, Mme. Janauschek played Lady

Paul Kruger's Will. (From the New York Times.) The following curious extracts are from documents which have been deposited with the deeds office, Pretoria, bearing on the last will and testament