CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE PILOT

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Condensation by Alfred Clark

Cooper was born in New Jersey in 1789, but when only about a year old removed to his father's almost feudal domain at Cooperstown, New York, where he died in 1851. There he learned to know the wilderness which plays so important a part in his books, and there, too, he probably acquired that headstrong self-assertiveness and disregard of the opinions of others which made him, while one of the few most widely read authors in the world, one of the most cordially detested individuals to be found. He had a positive genius for getting in bad. While Dickens and Kipling deeply wounded one nation by their American Notes, they were pigmies in this respect compared to Cooper. He could exasperate any and everybody and apparently cultivated with pleasure his habitual aptitudes. Lowell wrote of him as "Cooper, who's written six volumes to prove he's as good as a lord." An English magazine described him as a "bilious braggart," a "liar," a "full jackass," an "insect," a "grub," and a "reptile." The "New Yorker" pleasantly wrote of him: "He is as proud of blackguarding as a fishwoman is of billingsgate. It is as natural to him as snarling to a tomcat or growling to a bulldog. He has the scorn and contempt of every well informed American."

ON a late afternoon of a winter's day, during the American Revolution, a rakish schooner and a majestic frigate anchored well inside a little bay on the northeastern coast of England. A whaleboat drove shoreward, a young officer scrambled up the steep cliffs and a few minutes later a mysterious stranger was transferred to the frigate's deck. He answered to the name of "Mr. Gray" and was said to be merely a pilot, but he was greeted with surprising deference.

For no ordinary man would these vessels have ventured so near that coast of sandbars and hidden rocks. The wind was a mere ruffle of air. But the incessant mutter of the long, slow waves foretold that a storm was brewing. Ever more fitfully and faintly blew the land-breeze; the mutter of the waters grew deeper. Only here and there did a few stars twinkle between the fast gathering clouds. It was time to beat out to open sea, if it were not even now too late. Men swarmed aloft and hung up the yards; sails fluttered out; the anchor was pulled in; the frigate gathered headway. Then the faint breeze died. The spread of canvas hung useless; the currents drove the ship shoreward.

With a roar the wind came suddenly from the east. White spray dashed from the bow. Yet the Pilot paced the quarter-deck seemingly oblivious to danger. But open water was far ahead and suddenly from the forecastle came that dreaded cry, "Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!" The Pilot shook off his trance of thought. His orders thundered forth, sailors sprang hither and thither at his bidding, the frigate swung about at his cry of "Hold on everything!" Tortuously she picked her way through the twisting channels, in darkness amid the howlings of the great winds.

She shivered from bow to stern as a hundred men loosed the huge mainsail. The jib was torn free with a crash like a cannon's blast, but the big sail held and the frigate bowed like a reed in the wind. White foam showed dimly upon both sides, but the Pilot kept the ship, as by a miracle, within a narrow ribbon of dark water. He took the wheel himself. Time and again the frigate seemed to have reeled free from peril; time and again she plunged anew toward a welter of white water. But she drove ever on and at last she rode the great waves of the open sea.

Not the storm alone had these ships dared. They were American vessels, lurking about an enemy's coast. This little bay had a peculiar fascination for two young lieutenants aboard, Edward Griffith and Richard Barnstable. Not far inland lived Colonel Howard, a Tory who had fled from America when the colonists revolted. With him dwelt his niece, Cecilia Howard, beloved by Griffith, and his ward, Katherine Plowden, betrothed to Barnstable. In St. Ruth's abbey lingered, too, Christopher Dillon, a poor kinsman anxious to better his condition by wedding the wealthy Cecilia. Redcoats lent a picturesqueness to the venerable abbey, for a small garrison under Captain Borroughcliffe had been summoned by the owner. For aught that men knew, John Paul Jones himself might be aboard these ships hovering nearby.

While reconnoitering the next night, "Mr. Gray" and Griffith were captured, but Borroughcliffe's drunkenness enabled them to escape. Griffith was, however, retaken.

The impetuous Barnstable, fretting offshore with his enormous coxswain, Long Tom Coffin, had been nearly cut off from his schooner by an English cutter, but he scrambled aboard safely and the drum beat to quarters. While broadsides roared and the decks grew slippery with blood, the little fighting ships met and grappled. Before Barnstable could lead his boarders to the enemy's deck, Coffin tumbled into the sea. Shouting "Revenge Long Tom!" the lieutenant rushed with his men upon the foe. It was fighting at close quarters and the issue was in doubt when the drenched and furious coxswain emerged from the sea and with his harpoon pinioned the English captain to his mast. In a few minutes the Americans were masters of the cutter. Cowering in that scene of bloodshed the victors discovered the crafty Dillon, who pleaded to be sent off as a hostage, promising to return in person or to have Griffith delivered in his stead.

His word of honor was trusted and he was sent away with Long Tom. He luckily overheard Dillon's treacherous plot to entrap Barnstable's waiting party. The resourceful old seaman gagged Borroughcliffe and drove Dillon, at the point of his harpoon, back to the waiting schooner. By this time, however, a battery on the cliff brought down the schooner's mainmast. She was driven from her course by heavy seas. The masts were felled and anchors dropped, but she plunged on like a bobbing cork in rapids. Barnstable would have stayed by his ship, but suddenly Long Tom seized him and hurled him over the bulwarks. "God's will be done with me," Coffin cried, above the wind's roar. Dillon's lifeless body was rolled upon the shore, but Long Tom's stayed with the sea to which he had dedicated his life.

Surprise succeeded surprise at the abbey. Barnstable marched his shipwrecked mariners into the building and they took possession, but they were soon made prisoners by the redcoats. Then the mysterious figure of the Pilot appeared at the door and behind him loomed the marines from the frigate. Colonel Howard, an unwilling prisoner, was marched away with Cecilia and Katherine, who could not be downcast at the triumph of their lovers.

Captain Borroughcliffe was freed, as was another inmate of the abbey, Alice Duscombe. She had recognized the Pilot in his disguise when he was first captured. They had been lovers, but she was so staunch in her love for her king and she so hated bloodshed that she had broken her troth to this "Mr. Gray," whom she addressed as John. She reminded him that did she but once call aloud his true name the whole countryside would ring with it. What that name was is never revealed, but there was but one sea rover who could strike stark terror into all English hearts.

On board the frigate repeated conferences were held between the captain, Griffith and "Mr. Gray." Suddenly out of the fog drove a mountainous ship of the line. The drum beat aboard the frigate, sailors leaped nimbly about the deck, clearing for action. The women were led below and gradually order resolved itself out of the chaos of shouting men. A terrific roar filled the air as three tiers of guns blazed a broadside from the English ship. A few sails and ropes were cut, but the frigate's sailing power was hardly affected. One chance ball struck the captain and hurled him to death. Griffith succeeded to the command and he was appalled as he saw the frigate hemmed about. To the east loomed the great ship of war and far in the northeast the sails of another frigate.

"What are we to do?" cried Griffith. "Fight them! fight them!" shouted the Pilot. "Let me proclaim your name to the men," Griffith appealed. But the Pilot refused. "Should we come to a grapple," he said, "I will give forth the name as a war-cry and these English will quail before it."

The ship of war was distanced, but she cut off a retreat and the frigate ahead had been re-enforced by two others. The foremost maneuvered with the American frigate for position. Broadsides crashed and they grappled. The American guns raked her foe and left her helpless, with useless ropes dangling from shattered masts. The deck was cleared and as another enemy appeared, Griffith shouted, "Hoist away of everything!" Fifty men flew aloft upon the spars and white canvas was spread from every mast. The frigate lunged ahead, but it could not outstrip its rival, and the halt to give battle had enabled the ship of the line to draw up.

Then, for a few breathless moments, the Pilot leaped into command. Breakers loomed ahead, but he drove the vessels straight into the shoals, into narrow passages where white foam bubbled perilously close. The enemy dared not follow, and when night fell pursuit was hopeless.

Colonel Howard, fatally wounded in the battle, lived long enough to see Cecilia Howard and Katherine Plowden wedded by the chaplain to their lovers. His last words were spoken to Griffith. "Perhaps I may have mistaken my duty to America—but I was too old to change my politics or my religion; I—I—I loved the king—God bless him—"

The frigate drove on to Holland, where the Pilot landed in a small boat that dwindled into a black speck and disappeared in the setting sun. Twelve years later Cecilia Griffith saw her husband's face cloud as he read in the newspaper of the death of a great man, but not even then did he divulge his name. He had promised to keep it secret. He said only, "Our happiness might have been wrecked in the voyage of life had we not met the unknown Pilot of the German ocean."

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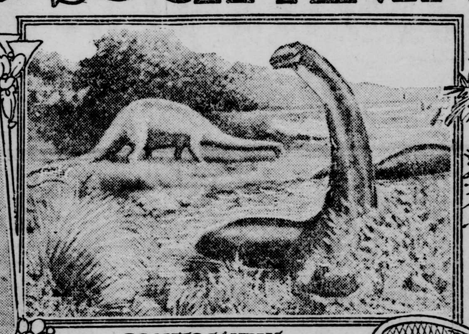
"AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMILE," BUT—

TYLOSAURUS



BRONTOSAURUS

ALLOSAURUS

STEGOSAURUS

SOMEWHERE in "Darkest Africa" Capt. L. B. Stevens of England is searching for the prehistoric monster whose reported existence has been disturbing the scientific world more or less since 1903. It is supposed to be some sort of a dinosaur. Inasmuch as the dinosaur is a fifty-foot lizard that dates back to the "Age of Reptiles," which antedates man on this earth by anywhere from 60 to 600 millions of years, the scientists are naturally saying, with the country boy at the circus at sight of his first hippopotamus, "Gosh, there ain't no sich animile!"

Still there was such an animal once. And people are saying they have seen such an animal now. Hence Captain Stevens' expedition to Africa.

The earlier reports have been corroborated by two Belgian big-game hunters, who report sighting a huge beast of terrifying proportions and attributes. Mr. Gapelle, one of the Belgians, says his party caught a glimpse of a huge beast rending his way through the jungle verdure, which defied zoological analogy. He says it was in the general shape of a lizard, probably fifty feet long, with a thick tail like a kangaroo's, a hump on its back, and a terifying horn on its snout. The monster was covered with scales, which were colored with great blood-red spots from which radiated pale green stripes.

A well-known English naturalist and collector, has written to the press that there is every reason to believe there is such an animal living in the heart of the unexplored jungles, if not great numbers of them. During his stay in Africa he heard the story from so many different sources, he says, that he is convinced there is some truth in it.

"Fifteen years ago, when collecting in the Transvaal, I heard an interesting story of a monster, half snake, half beast. My informant, of the Rhodesian police, who patrolled near Barotseland, said he had approached within a hundred yards of it while it was lying asleep on the border of a swamp. It was, he declared, a hundred feet long, and its strange appearance so frightened him that it awakened and glided into the swamp before he could raise his gun. It traveled noiselessly and with great speed.

"The country round about was quite unexplored. My friend told me that I was the first to whom he had mentioned the story, as he was afraid to tell his comrades because they would have laughed at him.

"Once again when I was on the French Kongo seaboard I heard fearful stories from the native hunters of the monster. I also heard the same stories on the way to the Belgian Kongo, where the present so-called brontosaurus is supposed to have been seen. When you hear stories from three or four widely different sources I believe there is some truth in them. You must remember that if you travel to Fernan Faz and Sette Cama and go up into the interior, most of the country has never been explored. What creatures live in its vast mysteries we do not know. Whether the so-called brontosaurus is a prehistoric survival or not I would not care to say. I firmly believe the creature exists, but I believe it is an unknown creature of more modern descent.

"The brontosaurus, or whatever the strange creature is, makes use of its legs and its body—it glides. I should imagine it is a very dangerous creature. But that it is not all a fairy-tale I am certain. I have been there, and I have talked with natives who will not pass a certain boundary into an 'evil land' because of the huge monsters which live in its remote solitudes."

Walter Winans, an American living in London, the pistol champion and a big-game hunter, also believes in the existence of this creature.

"The late Carl Hagenbeck told me before the war," Mr. Winans said, "that two of his travelers, on different expeditions and in different years, had seen the brontosaurus in swamps in central Africa. I do not think it is impossible that some of the prehistoric animals have survived, and when several explorers have seen glimpses of what they think must be such animals they are most probably right. It is not as if some one not used to recognizing them instantly saw wild animals for the first time. These men are always on the lookout for new species and know all the animals by sight.

"It is possible that the sea-serpent is one of these so-called extinct reptiles, and that the dodo may still exist somewhere not yet explored. The quagga, too, which existed until a few years ago, may still live in some unexplored part of Africa and the mammoth and the cave bear still wander in Siberia."

Mr. Winans went further to satisfy the English public and drew an outline of what this animal probably looks like. With that picture, which appeared in the Evening News, he appended this bit of descriptive argument:

"The scientists draw this beast standing on its legs, as a mammal would. Now no mammalian animal has the combined heavy tail and long neck this animal has. A kangaroo has the heavy tail, but it is built very light in front, with only short rudimentary legs. It uses its tail as a third leg, in combination with its two hind legs and works on a tripod so formed. The giraffe has a long neck, but it is built light behind, and its tail is so light that it practically has no weight in comparison. The giraffe carries its head high so as not to put a leverage on it.

"Now the brontosaurus is heavy both in the tail and the neck, which, besides, are both very long. If it stood as the scientists draw it, the tail and neck would overbalance it and a slight puff of wind from the side would blow it over. It is ridiculous to think that an animal a hundred feet long would have legs close together in the middle and have three-quarters of its length sticking out in front and behind unsupported in the air. My idea is that the brontosaurus was a reptile, practically a crocodile, with a snake-like neck, and not a mammal, that it carried itself as a crocodile does, that is, crawled on its belly when on land and did not walk on straight legs.

"I think it crawled with its neck drawn back so as to strike like a cobra and most likely had poisonous fangs. In fact, it was a big poisonous lizard, and that it was brilliantly colored, like them, and perhaps discharged poison through its skin like a toad when irritated.

"The best weapon to shoot it with would be the magnified Mauser rifle, such as the Germans used against tanks, only with an explosive shell instead of an armor-piercer. If I were younger I should be off after him."

Anyway, the monster is sufficiently real to have set the scientists disputing about his possibility, his identity and his looks. They call him all sorts of names—brontosaurus, triceratops, bronosaurus, tylosaurus and so on. One expert writes to the press:

"The animal in question can not be a bromosurus, if the illustration in H. G. Wells' book, 'Outlines of History,' are correct. The illustrations show a very different creature from the descriptions in the newspapers of this one. What this one really appears to be is a triceratops, only that animal has two horns."

Another zoologist heaps scorn on the entire idea, asserting that while he believes there are undiscovered animals living in the heart of Africa, he doubts that a dinosaur or any other primeval beast exists anywhere today. He writes:

"The period in which they lived is incredibly remote as man counts time. Their bones are found in the strata of the Eocene period. The brontosaurus was remarkable for his very small head and small brain cavity. His whole skull was no larger than his neck bone. The name means 'thunder beast,' and one species was well over fifty feet in length and weighed probably twenty tons or more."

The evolution of man has been a long process—so long that the geologists and other scientists prefer to dodge the question of the millions of years involved and reckon in eras, an era being anywhere from six to 45 millions of years. They call the first era Archeozoic; it is ancient beyond all knowledge. Then comes the Proterozoic, with its very primitive forms of water life, lasting 33 millions of years. The Paleozoic, with fish, amphibians and land plants, lasted 45 millions. The Mezozoic, the age of reptiles and amphibians and of trees, saw the first mammals; it lasted 16 millions of years. The present era, the Cenozoic, has seen the rise and development of the highest orders of plants and animals and the appearance of man; its duration to date is put at 6 million years.

So that's what we are up against when we talk of there being at large in Africa a survivor of the Age of Reptiles.

Anyway, we know these reptiles actually existed because we find their fossil remains pretty much all over the world. Why, these fossils are so thick out in Utah, U. S. A., that we have the Dinosaur National monument. You see, once upon a time, the waves of an open sea rolled over the spot where now stands Long's peak (14,255 feet), "King of the Rockies." In this sea sported the marine monster of long ago and on its shores lived the grotesque creatures of the Age of Reptiles. Then the Rocky Mountains heaved themselves up and this great inland sea had to run off into the Arctic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific. And then the rains washed down the mountains and filled up the plains with the scourings.

Some of the creatures in this inland sea got mired and their bones are now found petrified in a remarkably perfect state of preservation. And it's no trick for a scientist who knows his business to reconstruct an animal from his bones.

Mr. Gapelle's monster seems to suggest the armored dinosaur, Stegosaurus. If that's the fellow, he isn't dangerous. He's herbivorous. He's scarcely any brains at all; that's why he is armored to protect him from his enemies. He's about 20 feet long and 10 feet high.

The Tylosaurus, "half snake half beast," isn't a Dinosaur, but a Mosasaur, though that probably makes no particular difference. He's a seaserpentish sort of thing and probably requires more water than a morass affords.

The Brontosaurus, according to the restoration herewith reproduced, doesn't look especially formidable, except for his size.

The dinosaur that seems best able to pay his way and keep on going is the Allsaurus. He's got teeth and claws and looks as if he might move rapidly.

However, the fact that the African dinosaur does not seem to be exactly like any of his prehistoric relatives proves nothing. It may be that the fellow Captain Stevens is after has evoluted like the rest of the world and is prepared to present something entirely new in dinosaurs. Why should he not have developed? He's had at least six million years in which to improve himself.

"The Outlines of History," H. G. Wells' new book, considers these early monsters quite fully: He says in one place:

"The earliest-known reptiles were beasts with great bellies and not very powerful legs, very like their kindred amphibia, wallowing as the crocodile wallows to this day; but in the Mesozoic they soon began to stand up and go stoutly on all fours, and several great sections of them began to balance themselves on tail and hind legs, rather as the kangaroos do now. Another division was the crocodile branch, and another developed toward the tortoise and the turtles. The Plesiosaurs and the Ichthyosaurs were two groups which left no living representatives. Plesiosaurus measured 300 feet from snout to tail tip—of which half was neck.

"The Mosasaurs were a third group of great porpoiselike marine lizards. But the largest and most diversified group of these Mesozoic reptiles was the group we have spoken of as kangaroo-like, the Dinosaurs, many of which attained enormous proportions. In bigness these greater Dinosaurs have never been exceeded, although the sea can still show in the whales creatures as great. Some of these, and the largest among them, were herbivorous animals; they browsed on rushy vegetation and among the ferns and bushes, or they stood up and grasped trees with their forelegs while they devoured the foliage.

"Among the browsers, for example, were the Diplodoccus carnegii, which measured 84 feet in length, and the Atlantosaurus. The Gigantosaurus, disinterred by a German expedition in 1912 from rocks in East Africa, was still more colossal. It measured well over 100 feet! These greater monsters had legs, and they are usually figured as standing up on them; but it is very doubtful if they could have supported their weight in this way out of water. Buoyed up by water or mud they may have got along.

"Another noteworthy type we have figured is the Triceratops. There were also a great number of flesh eaters, who preyed upon these herbivores. Of these, Tyrannosaurus seems almost the last word in 'frightfulness' among living things. Some species of this genus measured 40 feet from snout to tail. Apparently it carried this vast body kangaroo fashion, on its tail and hind legs. Probably it reared itself up. Some authorities even suppose that it leapt through the air. If so, it possessed muscles of a quite miraculous quality. Much more probably it waded, half submerged, in pursuit of the herbivorous river saurians."

And along with these terrible beasts were bat-like creatures. "These bat-lizards were the pterodactyls. But birdlike though they were, they were not birds, nor the ancestors of birds. The structure of their wings was that of a hand with one long finger and a web; the wing of a bird is like an arm with feathers projecting from its hind edge. And these pterodactyls had no feathers."

All of these creatures have disappeared from the face of the earth, Wells says. They ended abruptly. They were extinguished, as though by the waving of a magic wand, perhaps in order to make place for man; and Wells says that the ending of the reptiles is beyond all question the most striking revolution in the whole history of the earth before the coming of mankind.

"It is probably connected with the close of a vast period of equable warm conditions and the onset of a new, austerer age, in which the winters were bitterer and the summers brief, but hot."

GOT BILL'S GOAT

He Simply Couldn't Understand About Wife's Hands.

Doing Only a Small Part of Housework Allotted to His Helpmate His "Fins" Were a Sight, but Hers, Never.

Bill is wearing gloves!

Any time you see Bill wearing gloves know ye that something has occurred.

It may be a death and Bill may be going to attend the funeral, or it may be that Bill is bound for a wedding, or else there is always the chance that the Improved Order of Joinits is going to have some sort of a ceremonial and that Bill is going to be a participant.

It was a knowledge of this peculiarity which caused all to look at Bill in an inquiring sort of way when he came in t'other night and which prompted Joe to ask: "What's the big idea, Bill, that you've got your fins covered?"

"Wife sick."

Bill said no more. You'll agree that it was far from a satisfactory explanation. Joe voiced the sentiment when he remarked, petulant like, "that's a h——l of a reason!"

"Huh!"

It was plain Bill wasn't going to be voluble on this subject of "them" gloves. Now if there is one thing in this world that Joe delights in more than another it is in pecking away at Bill, and Bill equally enjoys seeking to harass that person's nanny.

"I said that wasn't much of a reason," repeated Joe. "My wife's been sick and I didn't wear gloves; don't see no reason on earth why you should be wearing gloves just because the Missus is ill, unless you're expecting her to pass over and are making preliminary arrangements for the services."

That nettled Bill. "Smart, aren't you," he asserted. "It's the great wonder of my life that some of the funny papers like the Undertakers' Herald haven't engaged you to conduct their humorous column. You're about as funny, as, as—as a stick of wood. Now you're so darned inquisitive, just look at them."

Bill peeled off the gloves and displayed his hands.

Say, but you ought to have seen 'em. Red! A fresh boiled lobster was a dark blue compared to those hands!

"There's the answer," says Bill. "The wife's been sick and I've been doing the housework. I didn't mind it much at first, sort of fun, you know. Made me think I was some cheese around the house. Didn't do it just because I wanted to, but because I had to. Couldn't get any help and the wife had to be cared for, had to have a bite to eat and the house had to be looked after. I did it; yes, I did. I cooked and I swept and I washed dishes and, believe me, I did some chore, but gosh almighty, I don't understand it yet, why my hands got so blasted red.

"Just look at 'em." Again Bill displayed those hands. "Look at 'em; aren't they beauties! Honest, the only thing I can think of every time I look at those hands is Joe's nose before the first of last July.

"Those hands, I say, began to get red. They got redder and redder until they're what you see displayed before you. Will they stop there? I dunno. But this here is what gets me: When the wife is on her feet doing the work, she does 100 times as much as I've been doing; she not only washes the dishes, but she scrubs the floors and washes the clothes and cleans the house and gosh only knows what and, by hookey, I've yet to see her hands when they look even slightly red. What's the answer? Tell me?"
—Sam, in Lewiston Journal.

Boil New Shaving Brush.

When you buy a shaving brush, boil it, thoroughly before using it or leave it for four hours in a 10 per cent dilution of formaldehyde liquor at 110 degrees F. Either of these methods will protect you from anthrax.

Before the war there was little danger of anthrax from the shaving brush, as almost all of these were made from hair that had been thoroughly disinfected in France or Germany; but after 1914 the hair came direct from Russia and China via the Pacific ocean, and twenty cases of anthrax have been traced directly to this source.

As 64 per cent of anthrax cases are fatal it behooves us to be extra careful, in spite of the fact that human susceptibility is low—how low is indicated by the fact that only one case is known to have developed from a lot of 10,000 infected brushes.

Electric Fishes.

Several varieties of fish are really living electric batteries. The electric ray has the power of generating electricity to such an extent that in a healthy specimen the shock may be strong enough to temporarily disable a man. The electric star-gazer, the electric catfish and the electric eel also have this power to a remarkable extent. A better-known electric fish is the skate, although in this case the electric current generated is very slight indeed. Fish possessing this power use it for the purpose of self-protection and also to kill the victims on which they feed.

"Almanach de Gotha?"

This is a French almanac which was first published in 1763 and gives genealogical particulars concerning all the sovereign houses of Europe, the mediatized familles of Germany, and many of the European princely and ducal houses not of sovereign rank. It also contains valuable information regarding officers of administration and statistics of the principal political divisions of the world.

David Warned Against This.

"I shall never forget the look on her face when she found me in her pew," said the plainly dressed woman.

"You were evidently sitting in the seat of the scornful," remarked her friend.—Boston Transcript.

Modesty.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like shades in painting it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without.—Addison.

Effect of Emotion.

All emotions are similar in one respect—they have actual, visible effects upon the secretions of the ductless glands and the circulation. It would seem what we term pleasant emotions are such largely because their effect is beneficial to digestion; those we term unpleasant are so because of their bad effects upon digestion.—Chicago American.

Juggling Names in Hungary

Writer Is Mystified as to Why Magyars Should Use So Topsy-Turvy a System.

It is a mystery why the Magyars always write their names hind side to, or front side back, so to speak, Kenneth L. Roberts writes in the Saturday Evening Post. A Hungarian who signs himself Kiralfy Bela is really Bela Kiralfy. An American who signs his name Harry J. Wimpus is at once known to all Hungarians as Mr. Harry, and any telegrams which are received for Mr. Wimpus are put in the unclaimed rack, because Mr. Wimpus has become Mr. Harry and is unrecognized by any other name. Thus, Bela Kun is always referred to by the Magyars as Kun Bela; and if Irvin Cobb should go to Budapest to live he would have to call himself Cobb Irvin or be classed down in the ruck with the unknown Jones John and Smith Samuel and Brown Charles. What pleasure the Magyars get out of fooling themselves into thinking that Macbeth was written by Shakespeare William, and that the character Schofield Penrod was created by Tarkington Booth is quite beyond the comprehension of the average comprehender. It might add to the beauty of the well-known ballad "Old Black Joe" if it were Magyarized into "Old Joe Black"; but I doubt it.

Evolution of the Harp.

The modern harp has been evolved from types found among the Egyptians, Syrians, Hebrews and various Celtic nations.

Keeps Her Guessing.

"I don't see how he keeps his wife."

"In suspense, I guess." — Boston Transcript.