

Topics of the Times

The wild birds that sing the sweetest always hide themselves in the bushes.

A German scientist says that every fringe develops will power. Also won't power.

The motto goes back on the coils again. We hope the coils will not go back on the people again.

Mrs. Paderewski paid \$7,500 for four chickens a few days ago. She ought to let her husband do the marketing.

Cobalt stocks are capitalized at \$475,000,000. If all that watered stock ever freezes over, the skating on them will be fine.

It won't be long until poor men may begin to complain that the bankers and financiers are crowding them out of the jails.

Secretary Wilson of the agricultural department says the public cannot tell fresh eggs from stale. After it has eaten them it can.

If we understand the matrimonial situation in the Panama canal zone, a "spay" girl wouldn't be able to get a proposal in edgewood.

A preacher says girls should not object when young men wish to hold their hands. Naturally this leads to the suspicion that some girl has been objecting.

A Berlin detective went insane because he was unsuccessful in his efforts to catch a thief. Incidents of this kind are not uncommon, but they are found usually in works of fiction.

A Georgia woman has been deserted by her fourth husband because he didn't like her cooking. A woman with her experience ought to have been able to pick out a man who was able to hire a cook.

Some people escape the rocking boat, the unloading gun, the exploding kerosene can, and the reckless chauffeur, only to get hold of the carbolic acid bottle in the dark when looking for cough syrup.

A returning arctic traveler announces that the north pole is shifting. Henceforth explorers cannot hope to bring back a splinter of the pole, but must content themselves with a piece of the pole as proof that they reached the dual "farthest north."

Some idea of the present importance and value of great tracts of timber land may be gathered from the fact that an Australian company has secured a concession from the Russian government to take out thirty million feet of lumber a year from Siberian forests. Prices are so high in Australia that the Siberian lumber can be transported eight thousand miles to Melbourne at a handsome profit.

To find new names for old colors must tax the ingenuity of weavers and dyers, yet the demand for novelties never fails to be met. This year blue will be known as "hydrangea," or "bluet," or twelve other things, and there are fourteen names for mauve, nine for pink, four for deep red and scarlet, and sixteen for green. Facing such an array, a merchant, being only a man, may sometimes become bewildered; but probably no experienced "shopper" will ever entertain a doubt as to whether her new gown should be colored rose of the Alps, urage, amethyst, minuet, Bengali, or Niger.

A conspicuous American statesman has lifted up his voice in the East to do honor to the great American pay roll. Here are his words: "We have much to show the world as an evidence of America's greatness, but I venture to say that there is nothing that we should regard with as much pride as the American pay roll. It has no equal anywhere. In a large sense it has made the American home, the American school, and the American savings bank the envy of the world, tempting thousands to our shores every day to share our prosperity and our contentment." The American pay roll—the listed rewards of American industry in all ranks and walks of life—is unequalled in any nation. It is a proper subject of national pride, for it provides the comfort of the average man of America above the average man of any other country.

The American pay roll has been somewhat neglected late by our most conspicuous statesmen, but I venture to say after mentioned as an uplifting influence. It has not been mentioned for several years among the "forces" that make for good. Yet there is no influence more potent for moral advancement as well as for material welfare. None has smoothed more anxiously, dried more tears, produced more happiness, or prevented more crime. Other nations appreciate its benefits even when we do not, and their people come by the thousand daily to find places upon it.

When an engaging scold of fascinating demeanor finds it possible to do business with a romantic fraud or venal antiquity it becomes apparent that ordinary methods of exposing these well worn deceptions do not avail to prevent them from catching fresh victims at regular intervals. A majority of the frauds could be catalogued. They have been in use for generations. They have been dramatized, "mythologized," and made the groundwork of the joke book. They have been in every police court and in every newspaper with such frequency that it would be natural to suppose that one could not show his face without being recognized from one end of the land to the other. In spite of all this the venerable frauds have only to let down their nets and they catch fresh fish. This leads to the suggestion that it would be highly desirable to have compiled a handbook of swindles, taking in everything from the dropped

poCKETBOOK or gold brick up to the latest Spanish fraud, and to give it the widest circulation possible. Let the good man of the house make a place for it alongside his volume of ready remedies. When he hears that he has a beautiful cousin imprisoned in a convent in Spain let him turn first to the "index" of the swindle book, look under "convent," or "convent," and there put the swindler to the test before going ahead to learn by experience. Nearly all the successful deceptions are of proved antiquity. The confidence man does not invent new tricks when he has at his hand old ones which have proved their efficiency and which have not lost value because of their age and long service. A handbook of swindles, if it could be given general circulation, would aid in retiring the ancient frauds to a deserved rest. In the days of a state bank currency, when counterfeiters were more numerous than now, such works as "Thompson's Bank Note Detector" served the same purpose in protecting people against bad money as a handbook of swindles would serve in the prevention of deceptions which continue to have an almost ridiculous success. Naturally the confidence man would be driven to greater invention and a crop of new frauds might be expected, but even these could be incorporated in annual revision of the handbook and much protection might be given to people who now seemingly find no way to inform themselves from the misfortunes of others.

BUILDER OF STANDARD OIL.

It Was Not Rockefeller but an Obscure Lawyer Named Dodd.

There was a time when the Standard Oil trust was nothing more than an idea in the brain of one man. Who was that man? How did his idea originate? And what was his purpose, in building the greatest millionaire-making organization that the world has ever seen?

The answering of these three questions makes it necessary to dig up the romantic story of Samuel C. Dodd, the legal builder of the Standard Oil trust, who rose from a log cabin in a Pennsylvania wilderness to be the first great corporation lawyer in the world, says Herbert N. Casson in the Broadway Magazine.

One of the main reasons why the Standard Oil is now in a state of practical outlawry is, perhaps, that Dodd is dead. The brain that created the pioneer trust and protected it for twenty-five years has ceased to think. Three years ago Dodd resigned his position as legal chaperon to John D. Rockefeller; and several months later he died, with his name practically unknown to the American people.

Among lawyers S. C. T. Dodd was the "man with the iron mask." He was the inventor of trusts. His clients had a world record for the sudden acquisition of wealth, and yet Dodd lived and died in comparative oblivion, without either fame or millions, when he might have had both for the asking.

During the time that Dodd was the attorney in chief for the Standard Oil trust it paid \$300,000,000 in dividends. It increased its share of the American oil business from 4 per cent to 85. It enlarged its yearly output from a few trainloads of oil to 22,000,000 barrels. And it widened the scope of its activities until it became the most international of all corporations, carrying its oil to fifty countries with its own fleet of a hundred steamships.

It was Dodd who saved the Standard Oil trust from Attorney General David K. Watson of Ohio in 1892 and from Attorney General Frank S. Montnet of the same State in 1899. It was he who unlocked the doors of foreign countries; who kept the Standard refinery at Havana in operation during the Spanish war; and who, during the Russo-Japanese war, secured such complete protection for his company that it did not lose so much as a quart of oil or a lampwick.

Dodd brooded over the Standard Oil like a man with one chicken. He was not like the conspicuous men of the trust, who had other interests. J. D. Rockefeller had his iron ore mines and railways, his church and his Chicago university. Rogers had his coal and copper, Flieger his Acadia and the Florida beach, and Lockhart his Pittsburgh iron mills. But Dodd was absolutely single-minded. He was a man of one idea and one job.

From an inside point of view it was he—the corporation lawyer—who was the central figure in the immense trust. It was he who solved the hard problems. "What does Dodd say?" was the daily question at 26 Broadway. If John D. Rockefeller wished to consult with Rogers or Flieger or any of his other partners, he called them to his office; but in most cases, if he wished to see Dodd, he went to Dodd's office. He ran to Dodd as a child runs to a parent.

"I feel that I can't do wrong," he would often say. "If Dodd is behind me."

A Ghost Under the Sea. The story is told of a diver who saw two ghosts ("full fathom five") under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer and was crossing the main saloon when two gray shapes of enormous size came shambling toward him. He did not wait to make notes for the Psychological Society, but gave the danger signal and at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story, and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Toward him also came the shambling gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment and then, going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through a mirror. The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"I am sorry to be late, mother," the lad said, kissing the old lady. "I have been down at the docks all day, and have been busy and worried."

Mrs. Dimsdale was sitting in her chair beside the fire knitting when her son came in. At the sound of his voice she glanced anxiously up at his face, with all her motherly instincts on the alert.

"What is it, my boy?" she said. "You don't look yourself. Something has gone wrong with you. Surely you're not keeping anything secret from your old mother?"

"Don't be so foolish as that, my boy," said the doctor earnestly. "If you have anything on your mind, out with it. There's nothing so far wrong but that it can be set right. I'll be bound."

Thus pressed, the son told them all that had happened, the rumor which he had heard from Von Hauser at the Cook and Eccleston square. "I can hardly realize it all yet," he said in conclusion. "My head seems to be in a whirl, and I can't reason about it."

The old couple listened very attentively to his narrative, and were silent some little time after he had finished. His mother first broke the silence. "I was always sure," she said, "that we were wrong to stop our correspondence at the request of Mr. Girdlestone."

"It's easy enough to say that now," said Tom ruefully. "At the time it seemed as if we had no alternative."

"There's no use crying over spilt milk," remarked the old physician, who had been very grave during his son's narrative. "We must set a work and get things right again. That is one thing very certain, Tom, and that is that Kate Harston is a girl who never did or could do a dishonorable thing. If she said that she would wait for you, my boy, you may feel perfectly safe; and if you doubt her for one moment you ought to be deemed well shamed of yourself."

"Well said, governor!" cried Tom, with beaming face. "Now that is exactly my own feeling, but there is so much to be explained. Why have they left London, and where have they gone to?"

"No doubt that old scoundrel Girdlestone thought that your patience would soon come to an end, so he got the start of you by carrying the girl off into the country."

"And if he has done this, what can I do?"

"Nothing. It is entirely within his right to do it."

"And have her stowed away in some little cottage in the country, with that brute Ezra Girdlestone hanging round her all the time. It is the thought of that that drives me wild."

young adventurer by his scheming old father. "You may say what you like of me," she said bitterly. "I suppose that is one of your privileges as my guardian. You have no right, however, to speak evil of my friends."

"You are becoming impatient," he answered, and resumed his calculations in his note book. Kate covered her face with her handkerchief and hid her eyes. On all these points she was absolutely ignorant. What was the object of this sudden flight from London? Her guardian could have separated her from the Dimsdales in many less elaborate ways than this. Could it be that he intended some system of pressure and terrorism by which she should be forced to accept him as a suitor? She thought her little white teeth as she clenched them, and reiterated a vow that nothing in this world would ever bring her to give in upon that point.

There was only one bright spot in her outlook. When she reached her destination she would be able to write to Mrs. Dimsdale, tell her where she was, and ask her frankly for an explanation of their sudden silence. How much wiser if she had done so before. Only a foolish pride had withheld her from it.

The train had already stopped at one large junction. Looking out through the window she saw by the lamps that it was Guildford. After another interminable interval of clattering and rattling and plunging through the darkness, they came to a second station of importance, Petersfield. "We are nearing our destination," Girdlestone remarked, shutting up his book.

This proved to be a small wayside station, illuminated by a single lamp, which gave no information as to the name. They were the only passengers who alighted, and the train rolled on for Portsmouth, leaving them with their trunks upon the dark and narrow platform. It was a dark night with a bitter wind which carried with it a suspicion of dampness, which might have been rain, or might have been the drift of the neighboring ocean. Kate was numb with the cold, and even her gaunt companion stamped his feet and shivered as he looked about him.

"I telegraphed for a trap," said he to the guard. "There can't be any other thing." "Yes, sir, if you be Mister Girdlestone. Here, Carver, here's your gentleman."

At this summons a rough-looking ostler emerged into the circle of light thrown by the single lamp, and touching his hat, announced in a surly voice that he was the individual to whom the trunk was to be taken. The question of the trunk to the vehicle. It was a small wagonette, with a high seat for the driver in front.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver, when the travelers had taken their seats.

"To Hampton Priory. Do you know where that is?"

"It's two miles from here, and close to the railway line," said the man. "There hasn't been no one living there for two years at the least."

"We are expected and all will be ready for us," said Girdlestone. "Go as fast as you can, for we are cold." The driver cracked his whip, and the horse started at a brisk trot down the dark country road.

Looking round her Kate saw that they were passing through a large country village, consisting of a broad main street, with a few insignificant offshoots branching away on either side. A church stood on one side, and on the other the village square, with the tower of the church shining through the red curtains of the parlour looked warm and cosy. The murmur of cheerful voices sounded from within. Kate as she looked across felt doubly cheerless and lonely by the contrast. Girdlestone looked too, but with different emotions.

The road was lined on either side by high hedges, which threw a dense shadow over everything. The feeble lamps of the wagonette bored two little yellow tunnels of light on either side. The man let the reins lie loose upon the horse's back, and the animal picked out the roadway for itself. As they swung round from the narrow lane on to a broader road, Kate broke out into a little cry of pleasure.

"There's the sea," she exclaimed joyfully. The moon had broken from behind the clouds, and glittered on the vast silvery expanse.

"Yes, that's the sea," the driver said, "and then lights down yonder is at Les Claxton, where the fisher folk live; and over there, pointing with his whip to a long dark shadow on the waters, is the 'Oilywoite.'"

"The what?"

She led the way through a lofty hall into a large sitting room, which, no doubt, had been the monkish refectory in bygone days. It looked very bleak and cold now, although a small fire sputtered and sparkled in the corner of the great iron grate.

There was a pan upon the fire, and the deal table in the center of the room was laid out roughly as for a meal. The candle, which the old woman had carried in, was the only light, though the flickering fire cast strange fantastic shadows in the further corners and among the great oak rafters which formed the ceiling.

"Take off your cloak and warm yourself," she said to the old woman. "I have had my own shriveled arms towards the blaze, as though her short exposure to the night air had chilled her. Glancing at her, Kate saw that her face was sharp-featured and cunning, with a loose lower lip which exposed a line of yellow teeth, and a chin which bristled with a tuft of long grey hairs.

From without there came the crunching of gravel as the wagonette turned and rattled down the avenue. Kate listened to the sound of the wheels until they died away in the distance. They seemed somehow to be the last link which bound her to the human race. Her heart failed her completely, and she burst into tears.

"What's the matter then?" the old woman asked, looking up at her. "What are you crying about?"

"Oh, I am so miserable and so lonely," she cried. "When I think I should be taken to this horrible, horrible place?"

"What's the matter with the place?" asked her withered companion. "I don't see what you are crying about. Here's Mr. Girdlestone come to write to Mrs. Dimsdale, and to tell her, not only where she was, but all that had occurred. The reflection that she could do this cheered her heart, and she managed to eat a little of the supper which the old woman had now placed upon the table. It was a rough stew of some sort, but the long journey had given an edge to their appetites, and the merchant, though usually epicurean in his tastes, ate a hearty meal.

(To be continued.)

KEEP GUNFIRE SECRET.

What Was Learned by the Japanese in Encounter with the Russian Fleet in the Sea of Japan.

To those who have enjoyed the opportunity to gauge the Japanese character at close range the recent statement of a prominent army officer—none other, in fact, than Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance—that absolutely no information regarding the effect of Japanese gun fire on the armored battle ships of the Russian fleet has been made public or has even leaked out, will not prove surprising.

The Washington Post. To the army experts the fact appears to have been the occasion of surprise and disappointment. They had long experimented with guns and armor and had reached certain conclusions which they regard as practically definite. Nevertheless, they longed for more practical demonstrations even than their experiments afforded of the actual effect of modern rifled guns, using smokeless powder and discharging ten and twenty-four inch projectiles at the sides and on the decks of the modern battle ships, carrying an armored belt of eight, ten or twelve inches of Harvey-lead steel, and with deck protected with perhaps six inches of the same material.

Would the armor-piercing shell, carrying a large quantity of high explosive, or the armor-piercing shot, carrying a materially smaller charge, but with greater piercing capacity, create the greater havoc? Would gun fire directed at the superstructure prove more effective in the long run than that aimed at the armored sides? Would it be possible so accurately to place the shots as to penetrate the lighter armor of the decks, and if so, at what ranges? These and a hundred other vital questions the ordnance experts knew would be solved when Topo's feet met the Japanese.

That the Japanese fire was mercilessly destructive they have had ample evidence. But no hint has come of the precise effects. No details are vouchsafed. Japanese admirals and Japanese generals meet and exchange compliments and courtesies with American officers, but never can they be induced to part with one scintilla of information which might prove of value to the Americans. They sunk the Russian ships and then they raised them. They gathered an immense fund of valuable information, in the opinion of the American experts, but they have never imparted the smallest fact. Possibly to English officers, their allies they have given some hint on this all important subject. And American officers are surprised and disappointed. Not so they who know the Japanese.

Retrenching. "Old Bonds is in a tight place, I fear."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's doing everything possible to cut expenses."

FARMS AND FARMERS

Odd in Weather Forecasting. People have learned by experience to make allowance for error in the predictions of the Weather Bureau, but the odds should be officially stated. Astronomers, it appears, are in the habit of giving the value of the "probable error" when publishing their observations. But, although meteorology lends itself more readily than any other science to the evolution of deviations from the mean result, the weather forecasters have not adopted the custom of stating the probable error. Prof. Schuster looks forward to the time when weather forecasts will be accompanied by a statement of the odds that the prediction will be fulfilled. Then, perhaps, we shall read in the weather column not simply, "rain to-morrow," but "3 to 1" or "9 to 1 for rain to-morrow."

The Influence of Feed. Lined meal has a tendency to make a soft butter, provided the meal is fed in large amounts. If fed in only moderate amounts, the butter fats are normal. It is a valuable milk-stimulating food and can be used to prevent the formation of excessively hard fats in winter. The only disadvantage to the general use is the price. Half or three-quarters of a pound of lined or all meal in a ration per day will exert a very favorable influence upon the quality of the butter.

Corn meal, when fed in large amounts with coarse fodders, has a tendency to produce a firm butter. When mixed with other grains, a better quality of butter is produced than if the corn were fed alone. Gluten meal, a by-product obtained in the manufacture of corn starch and glucose, produces a softer butter than corn meal. The gluten, it is to be observed, contains more of the vital nutrient, protein—Professor Harry Snyder, University of Minnesota.

Keeping a Gate from Sagging. Most farm gates are heavy, and after a little time they sag. When they get this way it takes a strong man to open and shut one. Here is a remedy. Get a wheel, either big or little, from an old piece of machinery, and bolt it to the front end of the gate.

The Sheep Pen. As a rule there is very little moisture in the sheep pen from the animals themselves. Shepherds say that by heavy bedding, particularly at the beginning of the season, the straw will absorb all the urine from the sheep without there being any softness or rotting of the straw, and the pens are often not cleaned more than once in a season without injury to the stock.

Spraying Fruit Trees. All fruit trees should be sprayed while dormant, with lime, sulphur and salt, as a preventive of San Jose scale, to destroy the fungi. It is also claimed that this preparation is a good fertilizer, and will help to keep the trees healthy. Quite a number of insects attack only dead or decaying trees, and these form a breeding place for many other varieties of insect pests.

Digested Fertilizers. Manure is simply materials that have been softened and decomposed (digested) within the body of an animal. To apply such raw materials as bran and linseed meal directly to the soil would be of no advantage, notwithstanding that they are excellent fertilizers, their value being increased by feeding to stock.

To Preserve Haddock. An iron weight with a strap attached to it should always be carried in the farm wagon. The moment the horse is stopped and the driver is to leave the team, the weight should be dropped to the ground and the strap fastened to the horse. This will make it safer than to allow the team to stand unhitched.

Demand for Horses-Radish. Annually 75,000 barrels, or 7,500,000 pounds, of horse-radish are shipped from St. Louis to the Atlantic coast, to the Pacific coast, to the lakes and to the Gulf.

Farm News and Notes. Uncle Sam received \$11,500,000 last year for public lands of all kinds. A gardener at Tacoma, Wash., last season marketed \$70 worth of celery from one acre of ground.

The explosion of a cream separator nearly killed Earl Adams and his mother, living near Trempealeau, Minn. Emperor William of Germany sent fifteen coach and cavalry horses to the International show. They were among the most beautiful animals ever seen in this country.

Wyoming is sending a large number of her tough little bronchos to Alaska, as it has been found that they stand the rigorous climate up there better than any other breed.

Night riders in Tennessee who were arrested for burning tobacco sheds and shooting at farmers were set free because a jury could not be found in the county to try them.

The government reports that 2,000,000 cattle died in the United States last year, over half of these succumbing from exposure. The total losses from all causes is estimated at \$24,000,000.

Farming in New Mexico has been given a great impetus during the past few years by the work of the farmers' institutes and many unproductive valleys have been turned into rich grain and fruit fields.

One of the sights at the International Stock Show was a pure white Galloway, sired by Scottish Standard, a thoroughbred Galloway bull out of a pure bred white Galloway cow. This is a freak, but may produce a new type of Galloway.

Self-Preservation. "The man who can be coerced into paying hush money is either a coward or a criminal."

"I don't class myself with either and I pay hush money."

"What for?"

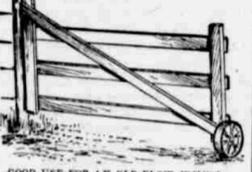
"If I didn't my wife would talk to me from one pay day till the next."—Houston Post.

Early Indications. "What makes you think your infant daughter is going to be a prima donna?"

"Because," answered the impresario, "she keeps vocalizing regardless of the surrounding conversation and never seems satisfied with anything."—Washington Star.

Quite So. "What do you think of Edison's concrete house?"

"Seems to be all right in the abstract."



GOOD USE FOR AN OLD FLOW WHEEL.

In such a way that the gate will be held level. Now the smallest child can open the gate for you. Try it, for it is a saver—saves your patience, your back, and the gate.—N. W. S., in Farm and Home.

Robins Killed for Food in the South. A million robins were killed in Louisiana during the winter of 1907-8, the offenders being men and boys who shot them for food. While they are absolutely no song birds in Northern States, it is a common Southern practice to shoot them for the table, and in some States the hunters kill them in great numbers at their roosting places.

A government expert suggests that the seasonal movement of the birds would have been facilitated by the killing of the robins. If that is shown to be so, the cotton growers will not receive much sympathy from the members of the Audubon societies.—Leslie's Weekly.

Transplanting Trees. In Revue Universelle, according to another foreign contemporary, there is a practical article of general interest on transplanting plants in full foliage at night. The results of some experiments by Rouault would make unnecessary the customary transplanting of deciduous trees in the fall or winter. He has found that trees may be transplanted in full foliage in May or June, with little or no injury, providing the process is carried on at night. This has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of some of the most prominent horticulturists of France.

Brewery Stock Feed. Dried brewers' grains rank close to bran in feeding value, containing a little more protein and fat, but not quite so much carbohydrates. It is claimed that in 100 pounds of this feed there are 15.7 pounds of protein, 36.3 pounds of carbohydrates and 5.1 pounds of fat. Malt sprouts and dried brewers' grains are valuable cow feeds, especially the latter. Sprouts are richest in protein, but not much relished by cows and should be fed only in limited quantities. Wet brewers' grains are apt to injure the quality of the milk.

Population and Food. The statistician in the Department of Agriculture of the United States estimates that in 1931 the population of the country will be 130,000,000. To supply the requirements of this number of people will necessitate the production of 700,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,250,000,000 bushels of oats, 3,450,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 tons of hay, and cotton, tobacco, fruits and vegetables in proportion. This will necessitate bringing under cultivation an additional 150,000,000 acres of land, and it is estimated that we have only 108,000,000 acres available for cultivation.

Insect with Springboard Nose. Among the curious insects of the Malay Peninsula is one called the lantern fly, which is remarkable for its sudden leaps, made without the aid of its wings. It was only after the first specimen of this queer insect were carried to London for examination, that it was discovered that a curious projection on the front of its head, a kind of nose with a groove in it, was the leaping organ. When bent back under the abdomen and suddenly released it sent the insect flying.

The Wisdom of the Bee. We marvel at what we call the wisdom of the hive bee, yet there is one thing she never learns from experience, writes John Burroughs in the Atlantic, and that is that she is storing up honey for the use of man. She could not learn this because such knowledge is not necessary to her own well being. Neither does she ever know when she has enough to carry her through the winter. This knowledge, again, is not important. Gather and store honey as long as there is any to be had is her motto, and in that rule she is safe.

Long Reach. Gunner—Many of our singers go over to Europe to reach the high C's.

Gayer—Well, what do the European singers come over here for?

Gunner—Oh, they come over here to reach the X's and Y's.