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## GIRLHOOD EIGHTY YEARS AGO

By JULIA WARD HOWE, Author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Of the girlhood of 70 years ago, I am able to speak from experience. As I was city-bred, and that in New York, I cannot say how hardy may have been the discipline of country lasses of that remote period, but of the governing traits and ideas of the time I still retain a vivid remembrance.

In the household training of girls the prescripts were rather negative than positive. A young lady even of 6 or 7 must not do this, and should not do that. These commands, when obeyed, usually led to the acquisition of careful and somewhat formal manners. The absence of spontaneity thus cultivated may have had some share in forming the romance of the period, which was one of weakness rather than strength. Its heroines were usually characterized by morbid sentiment, enhanced by infirm health. The delicate creatures who fainted away on every occasion which called for courage and endurance, the lovelorn maidens who, failing of the wished-for correspondence of affection, at once fell into a rapid decline—these were prominent features in the fiction, poetry and prose of 60 years ago. The changes in this respect which we now observe appear to me wonderful indeed. Truly, Wisdom has her miracles, seen in the progress of human thought. The ideals of today for women are ideals of health, of strength, or self-reliance.

### Teaching of French.

The disturbances of French society in the earlier decades of the last century had caused a number of persons of that nationality to seek employment in New York. Among these was a lady who bore the historic name of Fabre. I must have had my first French lessons from her before I was well at home with the alphabet, as I remember being called upon to speak French before I was able to read. A tutor of the same nationality gave me my first lessons in Latin. I recollect he insisted that the Almighty in prayer should always be addressed as "you," the pronoun "thou" implying an unwarrantable assumption of familiarity.

My early education was conducted by a governess, whose strong points were a taste for elocution, and the cultivation of memory by a process which was then called mnemonics. At the age of 9 years I was sent to a private school just started by a lady who had once been prominent in New York society. The school drill of that day consisted largely in the recitation of lessons committed to memory from text-books. The first one given to me under this dispensation was Paley's Moral Philosophy, which I managed to recite in parrot fashion. I was glad when having come to the end of this treatise, we passed on to "Mrs. B.'s Conversations on Chemistry," an entertaining work, full, however, of the details of experiments which were never shown us. Passing to another school, I began the study of geometry, and also enjoyed a course of lectures on world history, given by a Mr. Bostwick, whose excellent chart antedated that of General Bem, so much admired in later years.

### One of the Tortures.

The writing of compositions was one of the tortures inflicted upon the pupils of that time. To descant upon Fame, Courage, Poetry, History was difficult for children unaccustomed to the consideration of such topics. I sometimes handed in a copy of verses, which once caused our principal to remark: "Julia is quite a dabster at rhyming."

Spelling and English grammar were diligently studied. Our lessons in parsing were sometimes taken from Cowper's "Task"; oftener from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of the various text-books then in use, I recall with pleasure Blair's Rhetoric, Hedge's Logic, and a work of Abercrombie's on "The Intellectual Faculties." To these I must add a "Political Class Book," written by William Sullivan, of Boston, in which was given a very clear account of the principles and working of our Government.

The formation of handwriting received considerable attention. New York offered many facilities for the study of foreign languages. Of these, Italian and German most attracted me. I left school at the age of 16, with a mental determination to add to my slender stock of knowledge by a strenuous pursuit of studies at home. In this I was fortunate to have the assistance of a very competent tutor.

### In the Ballroom.

In the days of my youth young ladies usually went into society at the age of 18. Balls were given in private houses, the strictly fashionable circle of that time being small enough to make this possible. For these occasions the parlor carpets were usually removed, the floor smooth-planed, and sometimes adorned with designs in colored chalk. The rooms were lit with wax candles, and the number of these was much considered in the estimation of the entertainment given. I remember a bachelor who was wont to pervade the ballrooms of my youth, wearing a very serious expression of countenance. One might have supposed him to be occupied with reflections upon the vanity of the scene before him. It was presently ascertained that he busied himself with counting the number of lights, as he would address himself to one or other of the guests, saying: "There are just 150 candles in these rooms. At Mrs. S.'s ball I counted 200."

In those days the region of Broadway, in New York, now wholly given up to business, was a sort of debateable ground, on which belles and bachelors walked together, discussed the last drama or concert, and took careful note of the costumes of those whom they met. Into this region the chaperone, elsewhere indispensable, did not enter.

The milliner was an important functionary in my little old New York, and the headgear proper to the several seasons occupied us more, I fear, than the inward adornment commended by St. Paul. Easter Sunday was much observed in regard to bonnets, especially in the congregations of Episcopal churches. We went to the Easter service freshly adorned ,and glanced eagerly through aisles and galleries, taking note of the array of our fellow-worshipers.

Appearance at church was much thought of, and brides always made their debut in bridal bonnets of white silk or satin. Anniversary week was for us a sober carnival. The most popular meetings were held in Broadway Tabernacle. Many parents disapproved of what they called "the gay world." The daughters of such families did not attend the balls of fashionable society, but moved in an intimate, friendly circle, often interesting themselves in church work. But girls of both descriptions, grave as well as gay, attended the anniversaries in their best Spring attire, and listened to wonderful statements from returned missionaries, or to fervent exhortations from popular preachers.

In general society the waltz was disallowed by fathers of the stricter sort. As the German element became more recognized among us, the round dances made their way more and more. No chairs were provided for the german, but the dancers stood in a circle and the dance itself scarcely occupied more than one hour. Fashionable dinners began at 6 o'clock, or possibly half an hour later.

### 1850.

The educational routine already described differs but little from that pursued in the school days of my daughters. In these, it is true, the study of English grammar gave place to that of the Latin tongue. Spelling was no longer so strictly considered, a theory having come into vogue that correct spelling is a natural gift, bestowed on some individuals and withheld from others. I heard experts complain, some 20 or more years ago, that the young people of that time were scarcely trained at all in chirography.

### Influence of the Civil War.

In reviewing the girlhood of 40 years ago the effect of our Civil War must not be overlooked. The intensest interest of that time centered in its military operations. Fashion forsook its round of dress, dance and dinner, and hung with keen anxiety upon the latest reports from the battlefield.

Many young women rendered brave service in the care of the sick and wounded. The sharp lines of social demarcation were for the moment forgotten. The women of the North were as a unit in the strength of their patriotic feeling. Those of the South were no doubt equally fervent in their devotion to the cause which they held to be just.

Among us of the North the practical faculty came into increased demand. The knitting of socks for our soldiers, the preparation of lint and bandages occupied fingers familiar with the elegant trifles of life. Huge bazaars in aid of the sanitary commission were planned and successfully carried out, with large pecuniary results. Young ladies took orders for cakes and embroidery, to be sold for the benefit of the soldiers.

The exigencies of the war had called into the field much of the young manhood of the community. The places of the elder sons were taken by a very youthful set of partners who desired to meet "the girls," if at all, upon a footing of easy fellowship. Culture was now no longer at a premium, and the more thoughtful girl graduates from schools began to take refuge from the prevailing nonsense in classes and clubs.

But now comes upon the scene a new agency. College education, long sought by the few, derided and denied by the many, is at last conceded to girls who are wise enough to desire it. Oberlin, in far Ohio, had granted it many years earlier, as did Antioch when Horace Mann became its president. But when Vassar and Wellesley opened their doors the new feature appeared in our very midst. The pros and cons of the question at first divided society pretty sharply. The greater number opposed the new departure and preferred adherence to the old lame curriculum. But the measure soon spoke for itself and the right of our sex to a full participation in the advantages of the higher education became established throughout the land.

Upon the results of this great enlargement it is scarcely necessary for me to dwell. The entrance of women into the professions, their acceptable services in many departments of public work, the independence of position secured to them by the cultivation of their natural abilities—these are facts so familiar as not to need a special mention in the present connection.

The rehabilitation of the drama in this middle period opened for our youth a new source of enjoyment and instruction. The elder Booth, Forrest and Macready had already gained among us the favor of a limited public, but by the time that Edwin Booth came upon the stage the ancient prejudice had gradually given away. I cannot but esteem this change an evidence of our advance in polite culture. It pains me even now to recall the old time uncharity shown to plays and playgoers. These last were regarded by the sober people of my young days as outlaws, a view which even their authority could not induce me to share. I am proud today to have enjoyed the friendship of Charlotte Cushman, of Edwin Booth and of Tommaso Salvini. Our indebtedness to these artists and to others of their grade is such as no amount of money can repay.

### 1900.

What shall we say of girlhood at the present day? We may say that it moves in a wider sphere and with a freer gait than at either of the earlier periods here spoken of. It has, or should have, an athletic body and an active mind. The old notion of accomplishments has been discarded, but the good gospel of work has taken its place, and in that work a large freedom of choice and opportunity is allowed. A certain proportion only of our girls enter college. These, after their graduation, occupy themselves mostly with pursuits into which the idea of public service largely enters. This proportion modifies the position of all. The coming-out party is no longer anticipated as "the crisis of my fate." Society now accepts both the college girl and the less studious sister, and exacts reasonable life, employing talents for worthy ends, and having regard for the principles which are found to have a steadfast value in human life.

The varieties of taste and pursuit which we see among the young women of today are so many proofs of what Nature can accomplish under the condition of freedom. In the typical "society girl" the new development is least apparent. Yet, in the class to which she of right belongs are seen many refreshing outcroppings of originality. Although born of wealthy and fashionable parents she may elect to go to college; she may choose for herself a profession; she may devote herself to the practice of art, to the study of philosophy. Her predilection may be in favor of athletic sports, and we may see her name on the list of winners at golf or tennis. In whichever direction her choice may lead her she will not, by following it, necessarily become unacceptable to the circle in which she was born and bred. She will, on the contrary, become recognized in that circle as a beneficent influence; her very presence tending to redeem it from frivolity and intellectual stagnation.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The familiarity with European life which is now common among our people considerably affects our young girls. Americans who travel in Europe often meet parties of their youthful fellow-countrywomen, under the escort of some elderly guardian, who conducts them from place to place in search of various points of interest. Such expeditions, if well managed, may be fruitful in instruction as well as in pleasure. Yet it is much to be desired that young persons who go abroad should first learn enough about their own country to have some notion of the value of its institutions.

The marriage of American heiresses to titled Europeans, often poor in reputation and almost always poor in estate, is a fact mortifying to our National self-respect. We surely may hope that the better training which is now almost imperative for our girls will tend to make them lovers of their native land, preferring to dwell at home rather than to commit themselves to lifelong exile from all that should be most dear to them.

We hear with pain of the wild antics of some very young maidens, and of certain vices which tend to invade the domain of the privileged classes, so-called. I allude especially to gambling and the use of narcotics and stimulants. These regrettable traits rarely show themselves among college-bred women, but wherever they may appear I feel assured that the better sense of the greater number and the experience of later life will more and more correct the excesses of youthful frivolity, and that we shall see among all classes, with a few unusual exceptions, the normal conditions of orderly and decent behavior

In these days, as in others, sweeping statements of praise or of blame are to be avoided. In all the time of which I have had experience individual exceptions have been seen in contrast to the prevailing human average. Studious women in many ages have followed philosophy, science, belles-lettres. Society is never so foolish as not to show, here and there, men and women whose elevation of character goes far to redeem its general aspect of frivolity. It is never so wise but that you shall find at intervals those fools and groups of fools whom the satirist delights to ridicule.

In what I have here written I have only attempted to characterize the averages of the several periods under consideration as I have been able to observe them. Let me say in conclusion that I turn from this rapid survey of our past with high hopes for our future. I earnestly believe that American society will fulfill the promise which its early days gave to the world, and that its moral progress will not fall behind its undisputed advance in the appliances of civilization.—Copyright, 1901, by Julia Ward Howe.

## MODERN FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE WRITES BRIEFLY, IN HIS OWN WAY, ON SEVERAL TOPICS

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OF THE RECKLESS WIFE WHO HAD NO ONE TO WATCH HER.

A Young Couple sat and looked devouringly at each other for the first six months of the Life Sentence and finally it became rather trying on the Eyes. Therefore he was glad to be called away for a couple of Days. It was his first Vacation since leasing the Flat, and he sent word to some of his former Running Mates to meet him at the Train, as he could transact his Business in about 20 Minutes, after which he would remove his Bridle and begin to burn Holes in the Track.

They knew just what would appeal to a quiet Home Body, 400 miles from his own Fireside. They took him in Tow and gave him a Square Meal every Hour. Then they stood him under a Shower Bath and turned the whole Wine Card on him. He played Golf Pool until he was chalked all over and then he played Poker until he had to feel to see if the Ante was there. The Clerk at the Hotel saw him twice—once when he Registered and once when he came to get his Baggage. He fell into a Sleeper and told the Porter to make up Berths until ordered to stop. In the morning when he awoke with a Head of Seven Gables, and reached for his Bromo, he realized that he had Enjoyed himself.

While he was away, working a combine of Business and Recreation, the Wife went on a regular Lark. She called in a former Chum and they sallied out in their Circus Gowns and ordered up Pine Apple Soda regardless and took in a Matinee where the Leading Man looked right at them occasionally and then they ate Marshmallows all the way Home. They put on Old Wrappers and cooked something in a Chafing Dish, and the Wife brought out some of her Preserved Letters and read them and then they turned in together and giggled half the Night.

But, fortunately, the Husband never found out how she had carried on.

Moral: The Reaction is something Terrible.

OF THE CONGRESSMAN WHO WAS OUT TO IMPROVE THE SERVICE.

Once there was a Vacancy in the Diplomatic Service and a certain Congressman recommended a friend for the Place. Another Statesman of about the same Caliber came to him and said: "You have made an off-side Play. Your Candidate for the Job used to be in the Saloon Business."

Replied the Congressman: "That is exactly why I am plugging for him. He has been tried out. I claim that no one but a Diplomat of the First Water can be a successful Barkeep. Think of it! He has to discuss Politics, Religion, Pugilism, Race-Horses, the Drama, Medical Science, Seven-Up, the Weather, the Isthmian Canal, Reciprocity, and other Topics with dozens of Customers every day, holding up his end of the conversation but antagonizing no man's Views. He must pour Oil on the troubled Waters, decide Bets, pacify the Jag who is looking to be insulted, and reconcile Old Friends who are getting ready to Clinch. He must look Pleasant when the Slot Machine sticks, the House for 25 Cigars. When an all-night Souse with his Hat on one Ear comes in and beats on the Bar and announces that he is a Gentleman, the Barkeep must admit that such is the Case. He must listen by the Hour to the yammering Talk on the gabby Light Weights who are full of Balloon Essence and stand ready to corroborate any Statement made by a Regular Patron. If he is asked to mark something on the Ice until the Next Time, he must decide at once whether he is to say 'Cert' or else run for the Seltzer. He must cultivate a Knowledge of Human Nature, so that he can tell at a Glance whether the fuzzy Bat who cuts a Circle

George Ade.

before he gets to the Rail, is a Hobo or a Respected Citizen who is out on a periodical. For him, Life is a series of perplexing Problems, a delicate manipulation of Alcoholic Fancies, a constant Effort to keep square with both Political Parties, the Police and the Wine Agents. For any man who can swing such complicated Propositions, the ordinary Duties of a Diplomat would be as simple as Jack Straws. What we need in the Diplomatic Service is, fewer Country Politicians and more Barkeeps."

Moral: It is useless to contradict a Congressman who has studied a Subject for Years.

OF THE SHOWER OF BLOWS THAT CAME DOWN ON PAW.

Tillie had been away for Three Months attending Madame Skagiac's School for teaching Young Ladies how to wither their Parents. She came home with a tan-colored Automobile and a good deal of Hat, looking as flip as a real Actress. The antique Hay and Feed Merchant who had been sending the Money greeted her with Open Arms.

"Gal, I'm tarnation tickled to see you Hum agin," he said. "How be ye?"

"Oh, Papa!" she exclaimed, turning deathly Pale. "You have no Collar or Cravat and you are addressing me while in your Shirt Sleeves. Your Hair is parted on the wrong side. Your Vest is three years to the way-back, and to look at the Bag in your Trousers one would think that you were getting ready to make a Jump. You ought to wear Link Cuffs instead of the kind you have on, and, for mercy goodness sake, get yourself a pair of Button Shoes instead of those Scows. And if you expect to meet any of my Friends who are coming to see me during the Holidays, you will have to ring a few Changes on your Grammar, Pronunciation and Accent. When you saw me just now, you should have said, 'Matilde, I am indeed delighted to welcome you Home. I trust that you are enjoying good Health.' Brace up, Papa, Your Execution is very Lumpy."

"Matilde!" he repeated. "Matilde!"

She had bunkoed the Family Bible and brought home a new Name.

Moral: The Change may be effected in from six to nine Weeks.

OF THE ONLY SPECIALTY THAT GOT A HAND.

Several kind Workers pooled Efforts to insure the Waifs a happy Holiday. They rounded up the little Hickeys at a Mission and gave them a Free Show. Every Swipes in the Place was a Monday Night Gallery God, so the Church Talent was going against a knowing Proposition.

A pale young Man with amber Fire-Escapes sprang a line of Parlor Magic that would have queered even a Supper Show. The Bunch advised him to back off the Dump. When a Young Lady with Glasses tackled "Stabat Mater" on the Violin, they broke her up with Cat-Calls and told her to tear off some Rag-Time. They bleated at the Amateur Elocutionist and acted Rowdy when a Stout Woman got up to read a Fairy Tale from Hans Christian Andersen. Then they began to yell for Mulligan and Hicks to come on and save the Show. Whereupon two pug-faced Kids came forward and did a Hottentot Song and Dance with a Buck and Wing finish and killed them dead.

Moral: The Waifs cannot be expected to lift themselves many Notches above the Public Taste.

OF WHAT CAME OUT IN THE WASH.

A kind of a Rough Carpenter in the Verse Line one day held his Head with his left Hand while with the free Wing he carved the following out of a solid Block of the English Language, using a Fountain Pen.

It was a Sentimental Song entitled "Oh!" When he had it Done on both sides, he read it over and admitted that it was exceedingly Ka-tish. It seemed to him that Harry B. Smith would have to use a Want Ad to recover his Laurels and the Private Muse of W. S. Gilbert would be awful Jealous. The Little Thing that he wrote right out of his Head ran as follows:

Oh! Gentle Maid with Eyes so blue,
Oh! Glances so alluring.
Oh! Constant be and ever True,
When I am far away.
Oh! Mild Coquette with Dimples rare,
Oh! Love will be enduring.
Oh! Say that others you'll forswear
And name the happy Day.

It was such a Neat Thing to be done by Hand that he took it to a Friend who worked in a Music Store, and had it measured for an Air. Then they had the Ditty printed in Sheet Form with a Cover in two Colors. They used to sit around for Hours and sing it and pelt each other with Bouquets.

The Composer knew an incipient Melba who was about to spring on the Public, as soon as the Public wasn't looking. She had a Voice that had been gone over and sand-papered by a Dagolini and she promised to sing it at a Church Musicale.

It was a large Crimson Night for ye Author when he went up to the Church Parlors to hear his Work translated into Soprano. He shook like a Dice-Box while waiting for his Number to be called. At last she floated to the Foot-Lights. She wore a Gown that cost 250 Cart-Wheels, but she never earned the Mon by singing. Her Voice wouldn't go as far as that. The Accompanist jockeyed for awhile on the Piano and then Emma Eames No. 2 got rid of the following:

Aw-w! Gen-haw may wee hisaw blaw,
Aw-w! Glons saw-saw Ol-loo-hoo;
Aw-w! Caw-stawhaw aw aw haw traw
When hi om foh ah-wah.
Aw-w! Mi ho-hette wih dip-puls raw
Aw-w! Law waw be eh-daw-haw.
Aw-w! Hay—

Just then there was a Shriek and an Author in a new Suit of Evening Clothes was discovered writhing on the Floor, trying to bite the Legs off the Chairs.

Moral: Never allow any one else to use your private Masterpieces.

OF HOW ONE BRAVE PATSY WORKED HIMSELF INTO THE KING-ROW.

A Young Man who was Jimming around in Society learned that among the Women of his Acquaintance the Olive stuffed with Red Peppers was more popular than the Gum-Drop. Up to that time he had been dealing in Gum-Drops. He had worked along on the Theory that my Lady Isabelle hankered for nothing but sugar-coated Compliments. All the other Young Fellows followed the same Method. If their Conversation had been set to Music, they could have done it as a Chorus.

He broke away and played the Candid Friend game. Instead of praising her Costume, he would tell her, on the Q. T., that some other Color was more becoming. He would deliberately pick a Quarrel so as to have a warm little Tiff and a Reconciliation. They began to be afraid of him and they paid more Attention to him. When he did yield a Point and bestow a Smile of Praise, the Lady knew it was Sincere. In the meantime all the Boys in the Second Division could not understand why the Women took such an Interest in one who was given to Sour Comments. They never seemed to grasp the Fact that the Olive stuffed with Red Peppers is an Antidote for Gum Drops.

Moral: Even Sincerity becomes monotonous when made a regular Diet.

## MR. DOOLEY ON AMENITIES

The Hibernian Philosopher's Conversation With Mr. Hennessy As Chronicled by F. P. Dunne.

"Be hivens," said Mr. Dooley, "I wisht I'd been there."

"Where?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"At th' bankit iv th' Ancyent an' Hon'rable Chamber iv Commerce in Noo York," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis a hard fate that compels me to live out here on th' prairies among th' aboriginal Americans fr'm Poland an' Bohaymyn. Me heart at times is burstin' f'r to jine in th' festivities iv me fellow Britons in Noo York. F'r I'm a British subjick, Hinnissy. I wasn't born wan. I was born in Ireland. But I have a little money put away an' ivry American that has larned to make wan dollar shtick to another is ex-officio, as Hogan says, a British subjick. We've adopted a foster father. Some iv us ain't anny too kind to th' ol' gintleman. In th' matther iv th' Nicaragoon Canal we have recently pushed him over an' took about all he had. But our hearts feels th' love iv th' parent counthry though our hands is rebellyous an' ivry year me fellow merchants gets together in Noo York an' f'rgets th' cares iv th' wool an' tallow business in an outburst iv devotion to th' ol' land fr'm which our fathers sprung or was sprung be th' polis.

"Th' prisident iv th' bankit was me frind Morse K. Cheeseshop, a mimber iv an ol' Yorkshire fam'ly, born in th' West Riding iv Long Island befure th' Crimeyan War. At his right sat th' Sicrety iv State f'r th' colony an' at his left me frind, th' Ambassadure to th' Coort iv St. James. Why we shud sind an Ambassadure I don't know, though it may be an ol' custom kept up f'r to plaze th' people iv Omaha. He's a good man, th' Ambassadure, who is inthrajoocin' th' American joke in England. Hogan says th' diff'rence between an American joke an' an English joke is th' place to laugh. In an American joke ye laugh just afther th' point if at all, but in an English joke ye laugh ayether befure th' point or aftehr th' decease iv th' joker. Th' Ambassadure hopes to inthrajooce a cross iv th' two that ye don't laugh at all that will be suited to th' English market. His expeeriments so far has been encourasin'.

"At th' conclusion iv th' eatin' th' chairman, Sir Morse Cheeseshop inthrajooced th' Sicrety iv State in a few well chosen wurrds. 'Fellow colonists,' says he, 'I desire to presint His Majesty's ripresentative in this counthry who is doin' more thin anny other man in th' plasterin' business' he says. 'Owin,' he says, 'to mimbers iv th' Sinit lavin' a hod iv bricks fall on his head recently, he has not been able to do much on th' job,' he says. 'But he has brought his trowel an' morthar here tonight an' if ye will kindly lave off singin' "Brittanya Rules th' prosperity Wave" f'r a minyit he'll give ye an exhibition iv how he wurruks. Me Lords an' gintlemen, th' Sicrety iv State.'

"'Fellow Subjicks,' says th' Sicrety iv State, 'diplomacy is a far diff'rent business thin it used to be, (A voice, "Good f'r you.") In th' days iv Bismarck, Gladstun an' Charles Francis Adams 'twas a case iv inthrigue an deceit. Now it is as simple as sellin' a pair iv boots. In fifteen years th' whole nature iv man is so changed that a diplomat has on'y to be honest, straightforward an' manly and concede ivrything an' he will find his opponents will meet him half way an' take what he gives. Unforchnately, diplomacy on'y goes as far as th' dure. It is onable to give polis protection to th' customer, so whin he leaves th' shop th' sthrong arm men iv th' Sinit knocks him down an' takes fr'm him iverything he got inside an' more too. Di-plomacy has become a philanthropic pursoot like shop-keepin' but politics, me lords, is still th' same ol' spoort iv highway robbry. But I done what I cud to protict th' inthrests iv th' mother, father an' brother-in-law counthry an' between you an' me if I don't desarve th' Victorya cross f'r presintin' that threaty to th' Sinit nobody does, I will on'y say that hinceforth th' policy iv this Gover'mint will be as befure, not to bully a sthrong power or wrong a weak, but will remain thrue to th' principle iv wrongin' th' sthrong an' bullyin' th' weak.'

"Th' Sicrety iv State was followed by th' Ambassadure. 'I wish to tell ye,' said he, 'what a good time I had in England. Before I went there I was sthrongly prejudiced agin England. I thought it was th' noblest counthry on which, as Dan'l Webster says, th' sun niver set without hatchin' out a new colony. But I did it a great injustice. It is betther thin what I thought. It does not care f'r chaff or gush such as goes down in this counthry. All an English gintleman demands is that ye shall be ye'erself, frank, manly an' sincere. A little cry on th' shouldher, a firm grasp iv th' hand, a brief acknowledgement that we owe our language an' are payin' it back, our lithrachoor an' our boots to him, an' his heart opens. He cannot conceal his admiration f'r ye. He goes away. Ah, niver will I f'rget th' day I peeked out iv me bedroom window at Windsor Castle an' see manny iv th' sturdy Hellists here befure me bein' received in th' back yard be th' King. I mind well th' wurruds that fell f'rm his lips whin ye left to take lunch in th' rile woodshed. 'Chote,' he says, 'those were a fine lot iv' Americans,' he says, 'what thribe did ye say they belonged to? So-[illegible] says

"So th' evenin' proceeded until 'twas time to go home whin th' chairman proposed th' customary toast. 'Me Lords an' gintlemen, charge ye're glasses an' jine me in a toast,' he says. 'His Majesty Edward th' Sivinth, iv Gr-reat Britain, an' possibly Ireland, iv Inja, Egypt, iv Australia, iv South Africa in a sinse, an' iv th' Dominions beyant the sea, includin' Noo York, King, Definder iv th' Faith. I hope I got it all in.' 'Ye did,' said th' Ambassadure. An' th' toast was dhrunk with enthusyasm. Other toasts was dhrunk to th' rile fam'ly an' th' Protestant Succession, to th' Jook iv Argyle, who used to own Andrew Carnaygie, an' in manny cases th' rile merchants carried th' glasses away in their pockets. Jus' as th' comp'ny was breakin' up a man whose gaiters creaked rose an' said: 'Isn't there wan more toast?' 'Good hivens, have I f'rgotten somewan?' said Lord Cheeseshop. 'That was all there was in th' book. Who d'ye mane?' he says. 'I mane th' Prisidint iv th' United States,' says th' man, who comes f'rm Baraboo. 'Oh, him,' says th' chairman, in a relieved tone. 'Well, annywan that wants to can dhrink his health at th' bar,' he says.

"As th' comp'ny filed out a band was playin' in th' adjinin' room, where they was a meetin' iv th' Amalgamated Stove-polish men fr'm th' neighborhood iv Terry Hut. 'What's that outlandish chune?' says Lord Cheeseshop. ''Tis th' Naytional air west iv Hoboken,' says th' man fr'm Baraboo. 'What's it called?' says Lord Cheeseshop. 'Th' Star Spangled Banner,' says th' man. 'Wel,' says Lord Cheeseshop, ''tis very inthrestin',' he says. ''Tis th' on'y Indian music I iver heerd,' he says.

"Ah, well, said Mr. Hennessy, "who cares?"

"Faith, I think ye're right," said Mr. Dooley. "A man will swallow annything with a good dinner. What is good f'r what Hogan calls the illminthry canal has nawthin to do with th' Nicaragoon Canal, an' I'd be more afraid iv Lord Cheeseshop if he thought th' toast an' didn't say it. Our Anglo-Saxon relations is always a give-away on some wan."—Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.