ENTERPRISING FISHERMEN ARE THE JAPANESE

NEARLY HALF A MILLION BOATS ARE EM-PLOYED IN THIS MARINE INDUSTRY

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. M.-(Spe-cial Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.)-I saw this morning a specimen of the emergency rations furnished the Japanese army. It the largest size, and when I picked a smelled it and perceived hardly an odor

made me think of a whetme. I tried to scratch it with my finger pall, but could not dent the surface. I Nevertheless it was all fish, compressed into a gigantic tabloid of brain and nerve packed in bags and boxes and carried on the backs of mules or men. The soldiers seen carry it in their pockets or in their schaversacks, and a few chunks with rice would form a meal for a company. Russians are bringing their meat over the Trans-Siberian road. They have to rmous quantities to feed the army and the cars are taxed to their utmost capacity. The Japanese ship their food in boats. It consists largely of rice and this fish, although other foods of different kinds are supplied. Indeed, the fate of the war may yet rest upon fish, and the fight is largely one of the fish eater and the beef eater.

Japan's Big Fishing Industry.

The Japanese are among the most skilled fishers of the world. They farm the water as we do the land, and their annual fish product runs high into the mil-Hons. It was at the National Bureau of Fisheries that I saw the fish I have de scribed, and there I talked with Dr. H. M. Smith, who was sent by the United States Government a little over a year ago to Japan to examine into its fisheries for the

ith thinks the Japanese are the The Japanese have more than a thou

sand varieties of fish, and they eat them all in one shape or another. Their water products annually amount to \$30,000,000, and they have altogether about 500,000 fishing vessels and bouts. They have many hips which devote themselves entirely to ishing, and more than 100,000 of their eats are above 18 feet long. There are, should say, almost a million professional shermen, and more than that who devote themselves to farming and fishing. The catch by combined. Here in the United States we which is a 1 have about 150,000 fishermen. Japan has anese town. If fishermen to our one, and that not. "Where a Is fishermen to our one, and that not-with-manding the nation is only one-half the size of ours."

"Where are the chief Japanese fish-eries, Dr. Smith?"

"They are found everywhere along the the size of ours."
"Tell me something about this fish that

the Japanese are using as war food, Dr.

is caught by the thousands in the Jap-seness waters. In the year 1990 nearly 27.000.000 pounds of it were taken, and the annual output of it sells for something like \$2.000.000. The bonito fish weighs three and often more pounds. It is a round fish. In curing it the bones are first taken cout. It is then squeezed and shaped with the hands as you see it here. It is cooked gating fish in order to increase the and smeked, when it becomes hard and supply. In Japan the fisheries are dissects will not bother it. It can be inshoved about like corn, and can be carried anywhere. It is eaten with rice or it many be shaved off in this slices and made Cinto soup. The Japanese are fond of it."

Biggest Nets in the World. How is it caught?"

est nets in the world are used in Japan for that we have?"

catching bonito. I saw one there which "It has many similar to ours, such as the year.

cach end. It took thirty boats to manage that net. The fish were first driven in betwen the wings, finding their way from them into the great bug-like net at the that not. The fish were first driven in hetwen the wings, finding their way from them into the great bag-like not at the end. Then the men fastened the not and Japan to examine land the people of the United States. Dr. Smith's coming was announced to the Japanese them into the great bag-like net at the government, and during his stay in the country be had with him experts from the Imperial Fish Commission and also They caught an enormous quantity of the local fish officers of the various states. He traveled more than 5000 miles through the country, visiting the fisheries, and as the country, visiting the fisheries, and as net. The yellow-tail are large fish of somewhat the same character as the banks. Those 20,000 are said to have averaged. bonito. Those 59,000 are said to have averaged 20 pounds spiece, making a total catch of about 400,000 pounds." 'How is the fishing carried on, Dr.

TABWESE PLANTING IN THE LIATES AN ACRE YIELDS TOO PROFIT

"How is the fishing carried on, Dr. Smith, by individuals or by trusts?"
"It is largely by individuals, although there are companies of fishermen which club together. The large nets to which I have referred often belong to one viliage and are owned in common by the fishermen of that village. Indeed, such a net often raises a town from poverty to affigure. I knew one village which had fluence. I knew one village which had been poor, but had grown rich through co-operative fishing by means of one net. The catch brought in about \$50,000 a year, which is a large income for a small Jap-

coast. Japan consists of many hundreds the Japanese are using as war food, Dr. of volcanic islands, some large and some very small. The water is very deep a whetstone-like object referred to in my have all kinds of fishing and almost all have all kinds of fishing and almost all "That is the bonito," was the roply. "It kinds of fishing and almost all kinds of fish. There is acarcely any part

"The government does more to foster the fisheries than here in the United States. We devote ourselves to propasupply. In Japan the fisheries are con

Red Herrings of Japan.

"Does Japan have about the same fish

was about 1000 feet long and 200 feet wide, | mackerel, hallbut, herring and others. I with wings 20 feet long extending out at did not find the shad. The favorite fish

> Smith, "that is one of the most valuable smith, that is one of the most valuable of the Japanese fishes. It runs in schools just as off the coast of Northern Europe. It is caught in schoes and the product sells for about \$4,000,000 annually. The herring are also dried and pickled for export."

> are also dried and pickied for export."
>
> "How about eating fish, raw, doctor. I understand that is common in Japan?"
>
> "It is, and I assure you that raw fish are not so bad when properly served.
>
> Take a fresh tai and slice it thin. Bring Take a fresh tal and silce it thin. Bring it cold to the table and eat it with chopsiticks, dipping each bite in soy or bean sauce, and you will find it delicious. The Japanese, however, usually eat their fish cooked. They have freed fish, baked fish, lish soup and fish relishes of various kinds. They are good cooks and are capectally skilled in the preparation of fish."

Water Farms Pay \$300 Per Acre.

They raise seaweed and water vegetaindeed; some of the bays are far adjoining them. The Bay of Tokyo is so much as \$300 per acre every year in water vegetables. The farmers cut brush, to it up in bundles and stick it down into the sand so that it is almost covered at high tide. The spores of the water plants attioe. The spores of the water plants at-tach themselves to these bushes and grow, being fed by the water which rises and falls with the tide. From time to time during the year the plants are picked off

"The Japanese have many water prod-icts in addition to fish," said Dr. Smith.

more valuable for farming than the lands valuable that it is held by the govern-ment and leased out by the acre to farm-ers. Some parts of that bay produce as and carried to the market for sale. They are used for flavoring soups and as a condiment. Several hundred thousand dollars' worth of such vegetables are annually taken from Tokyo Bay.

Sea Weed and Fish Oatmeal. "An enormous amount of sea weed is

a very nourishing breakfast food. Indeed, I have a bottle of such breakfast food bere now. I call it fish oatneal. "And then the Japanese make vegetaalso produced in Japan," Dr. Smith con-"This is gathered and used in a variety of shapes. It is very nutritious, and is so much liked by the people that you will not find a Japanese family which does not consume some of it every day of the year. We have about the same vabe lesinglass out of sea weed and ship it lent when fresh of Europe. America and China. They send that the day will does not consume some of it every day of it to Helland for soup and to China to able to buy either the year. We have about the same vabe used in place of bird's nest soup. It in the markets."

leties of sea weed, but the most of it goes | is very clear and has much the same prop-Take the kombu, for instance, which is made from kelp, such as is found along our Atlantic Coast. The Japanese une a million dollar's worth of it every year and we let it go to waste. About They Eat Sharks.

"I have been told, Dr. Smith, that the Japanese ent sharks."

ESE FISHENG-BOLTS

"Yes, they do," was the reply. "They take \$200,000 a year out of their shark the only sea weed that we take advantage of is the kind known as Irish moss. We gather about \$40,000 worth per year. Some of the Japanese sea weed is put up in the shape of powder and used for soup and flavoring. Some of it might be made into nameries, and something like \$80,000 out of shark flus. Many of the fins are sent to China, where they are considered a great delicacy. As to sharks they are even eaten in this country, being served up under other names. They eat dog fish, such as we have in great droves along our coars. we have in great droves along our coast. We do not eat them, but they are excel-lent when fresh or canned, and I predict that the day will come when one will be able to buy either dog fish or shark meat

"How about salmon?" "The Japanese have salmon, but they

are not so good as ours. They are like the poorest variety of the Pacific Coast salmon. The people consider them a great delicacy, and it is customary to send a big salmon to one's friends on New Year's

fisheries still farther north are valuable. This is especially so about Saginalin, the island which the Russians took from Japan. I understand that the Japanese cessful in the present war. If they get it it will add \$15,000,000 a year to their

"Is there any cormorant fishing in Yes, I have brought back some excel-

Fisheries of China. "How do the Chinese fishermen compare with those of Japan."

with those of Japen."
"I have not been in China." said Dr. Smith, "Indeed, but little is known about the water wealth of the country, except that its fish product is enormous. It is said that it has more than a thousand different varieties of fish, and that in Macno, pear Canton, con may have diff.

Macao, near Canton, one may have a dif-ferent kind of fish every morning the year round. The Chinese must have much the same fish as Japan. They have mak-well herring shark and care. They have

shell fish, system and prawns, shrimps and crabs. The people use cormorants for fishing. They have a wast boat pop-ulation and there must be fishermen

Cormorant Fishing in Japan.

evel, herring, shark and carn,

everywhere."

lent photograps showing how cormorant fishing is done, "anid Dr. Smith. "I do not know that the custom originated with the Japanese, but it is mentioned in Japanese literature as far back as 700 A. D. The people go out with the cormorants, some people go out with the cormorants, some-times using as many as 16 hirds to one boat. Before the hirds are started out a string is tied tightly about the neck of each to keep it from swallowing the fish. They are also tied by long strings to the boats. Sometimes metal rings are put around the threat to prevent the fish from sliding into the stomach. The birds dive down into the water and bring up the fish, whereupon the boatmen pull them in, force open their bills and squeeze the threats until the fish drep out. Then the throats until the fish drop out. Then the birds are started out for a fresh catch." "I suppose commorants are raised for

"Yes, and they are also caught in the Winter as they go southward trained they will work for years, birds living to be 15 or 20 years ome cormorants are very aciliful, catching as many as a hundred fish per hour.

Japanese Fish Canneries.

"The Japanese are developing their fisheries from a commercial standpoint," Dr. Smith continued, "They have canning and pickling establishments and are putting up all sorts of things for export. Here is a copy of the catalogue of their St. Lovis fish exhibit. It treats of every-thing from sardines to whales and shows what they are doing along various lines. The annual catch of sardines is now more than 23,000,000 pounds, and sardines are sold fresh, dried and salted. At the exper-mental fish station of Aichi-ken they have been salting down fresh sardines into batich as an experiment, and if there is a demand for them a million barrels may be easily cured in that way in one year. In the past many sardines have been pressed into guano and sold for fertiizers. They are now being put up in oil.
A great deal of the herring catch is used
for guano, and this is so with other fish."
Do they have much salt mackerel?" I

"Yes, and the government has been paying a bounty on mackeral cured after American methods. They hope to ship mackerel to this country, but so far have not been able to do so for lack of good barrels. At present mackerel are sold in Kobe at 13 per half barrel. Some mack-erel are now being put up in oil, and this is so with gray mullet and other fish." Whale and Fish Oils.

"You spoke of whale fishing. Do they

have whales near Japan?"
"The whale hunt is chiefly in the Corean waters," said the fish expert, "There is a whale oil company which has three factories in Japan and many stations on the coast of Corea. It annually reduces the coast of Corea. It annually produces 1,000,000 gallons of whale oil. The Japanese are also making cod liver oil for medicinal purposes. They make all they need themselves and export a considerable This is especially so about Saghalla, the island which the Russians took from Japan. I understand that the Japanese will demand its return, if they are successful in the present war. If they get the state of all their fish products." -(Copyright 1904.)

FRANK G. CARPENTER

THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE GRAFT

the Bloomfield-Cater Manufacturing Henry and me to the United States Con-Company (Ltd.) for the engineer was sul, and a roan man, the head of the Kirksy, and there was a golden half hour between the time he shut down steam and washed up that I coveted. I found Kirksy resting, with his pipe lit, smut-faced and blue-overalled. "Tis a fair afternoon," I said, "but

"Did I ever tell you," began Kirksy honorably, "about the time Henry Horsecellar and me took a phonograph to South America?" and I felt ashamed of my subterfuge, and dropped into the wooden chair he kicked toward me.

"Henry was a quarter-breed, quarter-" back Cherokee, educated East in the idions of football and West in contraband whisky, and a gentleman, same as you or me. He was casy and romping * kind of rubber tire movement.

"Henry and me met at Texarkana and figured out this phonograph scheme. He had \$360 which came to him out of a land distressful scene I had witnessed on the passed around some gold watches, screw case, stemwinders, Eigin movement, very ciegant. Twenty bucks they cost you over the counter. At \$3 the crowd fought for the tickers. The man happened to find a value full of them handy, and he passed them out like putting hot bis-cults on a plate. The backs were hard to unscrew, but the crowd put its ear to the case and they ticked mollifying and agreeable. Three of those watches were genuine tickers; but the rest, they

were genuine tickers; but the rest, they were only kickers.

"Hey? Why, empty cases with one of them horny black bugs that fly around electric lights in 'em. Them bugs kick off minutes and seconds industrious and beautiful. The man I was speaking of cleaned up \$58, and went away, because he knew that when it came to wind he knew that when it came to wind watches in Little Rock an entomologist d be needed, and he wasn't one, , as I say. Henry had \$500 and I had The phonograph idea was Henry's.

but I took to it freely, being fond of machinery of all kinds.

"We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana-one of the best make-and half a trunkful of records. We packed up and took the T. & P. for New Orleans. From that celebrated center of molasses and diafauchised coon songs we took a ateamer for—yes. I think it was South America or Mexico—I am full of inability to divulge the location of it—'its on the rural delivery route. 'its colored yellow on the man, and branded with the literature of cigar boxes.

"We landed on a smiling coast at a town they decounced by the name, as

town they denounced by the name, as ear as I can recollect, of Sore-toe-kangaroo. Twas a palutable enough place to look at. The houses were clean and white, atteking about among the scenery like hard-boiled eggs served with lettuce. There was a block of skyscraper moun sains in the suburbs, and they kept pret-ty quiet, like they were laying one finger en their lips and watching the town. And the sea was remarking 'Sh-sh-sh.' coccanut would fall kerblip in the sand, and that was all there was doing. The captain went ashere with us and

sul, and a roan man, the head of the Department of Mercenary and Licentious Disposition, the way it read upon his 'I touch here again a week from to-

day, mays the captain.

"By that time," we told him, 'we'll be amassing wealth in the interior towns with our galvanized prima donna and correct imitations of Sousa's band exca-

vating a march from a tin mine."
"Ye'll not," says the Captain. 'Ye'll be hypnotized. Any gentleman in the audience who kindly steps upon the stage. and looks this country in the eye will and looks this country in the eye will be converted to the hypothesis that he's but a fly in the Eigin creamery. Ye'll be standing knee deep in the surf wait-ing for me, and your machine for making Hamburger steak out of the hitherto espected art of music will be playing There's no place like home."

"Henry skinned a twenty off his roll, and received from the Bureau of Merce nary Dispositions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story, and no change. "Then we got the Consul full of red wine, and struck him for a horoscope. He was a thin, youngtsh kind of man, I should say past 10, sort of French-Irish in his affections, and puffed up with disconsolation. Yes, he was a flattened kind of a man, in whom drink lay stagkind of a man, in whom drink my sognam, inclined to corpulence and misery. Yes, I think he was a kind of Dutchman, being very sad and genial in his ways.

The marvelous invention, he says, 'entitled the phonograph, has never be-

fore invaded these shores. The people have never heard it. They would not be-lieve it if they should. Simple-hearted children of Nature, progress has never ondemned them to accept the work of a canopener as an overture, and rag-time might incite them to a bloody revo-lution. But you can try the experiment. The best chance you have is that the pepu ace may not wake up when you play. There's two ways, anya the Con-sal, 'they may take it. They may become incbriated with attention, like an Atlanta Colonel listening to 'Marching Through Geofgia," or they will get excited and transpose the key of the music with an ax and yourself into a dungeon. In the latter case, says the Consul, Till do my duty by cabling to the State Department, and I'll wrap the Stars and Stripes fround you when you come to be shot and threaten them with the vengcance of the greatest gold export and fluancial reserve nation on earth. The flag is full of bullet holes now, says the Consul, 'I have cabled our Government for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens. The first time the Jepartment sent me a pair of gum boots. The other time was when a man named Pease was going was when a man named rease was going to be executed here. They referred that appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture. Let us now disturb the senor behind the har for a subsequence of the red wine." "Thus sollionuized the Consul of Sore-

toe-kangaroo to me and Henry Horsethat afternoon in the Calle de les An geles, the main street that runs along the ore, and put our trunks there. Twas a od-sized room, dark and cheerful, but nall. Twas on a various street, diversifield by houses and conservatory plants. The peasantry of the city passed to and fro on the fine pasturage between the sidewalks. Twas, for the world, like an opera chorus when the Royal Kafoozium

chine and getting fixed to start business the next day, when a big, fine-looking white man in white ciothes stopped at the door and looked in. We extended the invitations, and he walked inside and sized us up. He was chewing a long cigar and wrinkling his eyes, meditatively, like a girl trying to decide which dress to wear to the party.

"New York" he says to me finally.

Originally, and from time to time, I says. 'Hasn't it rubbed off yet?'
"It's simple,' says he, 'when you know how, It's the fit of the vest. They don't

cut vests right anywhere else. Coats, may-"The white man looks at Henry Horse-collar and hesitates.
"'Injun,' says Henry; 'tame Injun.'

'Mellinger,' says the man-'Homer P. Mellinger. Boys, you're confiscated. You're habes in the wood without a chaperon or referce, and it's my duty to start you going. I'll knock out the props and lat u proper in the pellucid waters of Sorekangaroo. You'll have to be christened, nd if you'll come with me I'll break a ottle of wine across your bows, accord-Well, for two days Homer P. Mellinger

did the honors. That man cut ice in Sore-toe-kangaroo. He was it. He was the Royal Kafoozlum. If me and Henry was sabes in the wood, he was a Robin Redbabes in the wood, he was a Robin Red-breass from the topmost bough. Him and me and Henry Horsecollar locked arms and toted that phonograph around and had wassail and diversion. There was vinto tinto and vinco blanco to drink with every tune. The aboriginies had ac-quirements of a pleasant thing in the way of drinks that gums itself to the recol-lection. They chop off the end of a green ction. They chop off the end of a green

lection. They chop off the end of a green coceanut and pour in on the liquor of it French brandy and gin. We had them and other things.

"Mine and Heury's money was counterfeit. Everything was on Homer P. Meilinger. That man could find rolls of balls in his clothes where Hermann the Wizard couldn't have conjured out an omelette. He could have founded universities and had enough left to buy universities and had enough left to buy the colored vote of his country. Henry and me wondered what his graft was. One evening he told us. "Boys," says he ',I've deceived you.

Instead of a pointed butterfly, I'm the hardest worked man in this country. Ten years ago I landed on its shores and two years ago on the point of its jaw. Yes. I reckon I can get the decision over this ginger-cake common-wealth at the end of any round I choose. Ill confide in you because you are my countrymen and guests, even if you have committed an assault upon my adopted shores with the worst sys-

ties are running it. I'm not headlined in the bills, but I'm the mustard in the saind dressing. There isn't a law goes before Congress, there isn't a conces-sion granted, there isn't an import duty before Congress, there isn't a concession granted, there isn't a concession granted, there isn't an import duty ievied, but what H. P. Mellinger he cooks and seasons it. In the front office I fill the President's inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dynamite; but I'm den fool enough to be sort of in the back room I dictate the policy of the government. You'd never guess how I got the pull. It's the only graft if it kind in the world. Fil put you wise. You remember the topliner in the old copy books. "Honesty is the best in decrey books. "Honesty is the best man in this republic. The government eye—and losing my graft. By—and the property of the government is not considered."

They're loaded to the mumile for bribing. I'm slek, gove on Mellinger, of comic opera. I want to smell East River and wear suspenders again. At these I'm den fool enough to be sort of proud of it. "There's Mellinger," they say here. "Por Dios! you can't touch him with a million." I'd like to take that record back and snow it to Billy Renfrow some day, and that lightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft. By—

boodlers know it: the foreign investors know it. I make the government keep its faith. If a man is promised a job he gets it. If outside capital buys a concession they get the goods. I run a monopoly of square dealing here. There's no competition. If Colonel Diogenes were to flash his lantern in this precinct he'd have my address inside of two minutes. There isn't big money in it, but it's a sure thing, and lets a

man sleep of nights."
Thus Homer P. Mellinger made oration to me and Henry Horsecollar Sore-toe-kangaroo, And later he di-

vested himself of this remark:

"Boys, I'm to hold a solree this evening with a gang of leading citizens, and I want your assistance. You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a func-tion. There's important business on hand, but it mustn't show. I can talk to you people. I've been pained for years on account of not having any-body to blow off and brag to. I get homesick sometimes, and I'd swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty-fourth street, and stand and watch the street-cars go by, and smell the peanut roaster at old Gluseppe's fruit stand 'Yes,' said I, 'there's fine caviare at Billy Renfrow's cafe, corner of Thirty-

'God knows it,' interrupts Mellinger, 'and if you'd told me you knew Billy Renfrow I'd have invented tons of ways of making you happy. Billy was my side kicker in New York. That is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working Honesty for a graft, but that man loses money on it. Carrambos! I get sick at times of this country. Everything's rotten. From the Executive down to the coffeepickers, they're plotting to down each other and skin their friends. If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official, that man figures it out that he's a popular ided, and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administra-tion. It's one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out them revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property. That's why I'm down here now in this mil-dewed coast town. The Governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise. I've got every one of their names, and they're invited to listen to the phonograph tonight, compliments of H. P. M. That's the way I'll get them in a bunch, and things are on the programme to happen to them.

"We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints. Mel-linger poured out wine, and was look-ing some worried; I was thinking.

They're a sharp crowd, he says, kind of fretful. They're capitalized by a fereign syndicate after rubber, and they're loaded to the muzzle for brib-ing. I'm sick, sows on Mellinger, or

know it. What money I get I make honest and spend it. Some day I'll make a pile and go back and eat caviare with Billy. Tonight I'll show you how to handle a bunch of corruptionists. I' show them what Mellinger, private sec retary, means when you spell it with the cotton and tissue paper off.' "Mellinger appears shaky, and breaks

his giass against the neck of the bottle. says to myself. White man, if I'm mistaken there's been a balt laid

"That night, according to arrange-ments, me and Henry took the phono-graph to a room in a dobe house in a dirty side street, where the grass was knee high. 'Twas a long room, lit with smoky oil lamps. There was plenty of smoky oil lamps. There was ple chairs and a table at the back end.

"By and by the invitations to the musi-cale came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes. Their color was of a diversity, running from a three days smoked meerschaum to a patent leather polish. They were as polite as wax, be-ing devastated with enjoyments to give Senor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican

seated, when in slid the king bee, the Governor of the district. Mellinger met him at the door, and escorted him to the grandstand. When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger, private secretary, had all the dances on his card taken. That was a big, squashy man, the color of a rubber overshoe, and he had an eye like a head waiter's. "Mellinger explained fluent, in the Cas tillan idloms, that the soul was discon

certed with joy at introducing to his re-spected friends America's greatest in-vention, the wonder of the age. Henry got the cue and run on an elegant band record and the festivities becam initiated. The Governor man had a bit of English under his hat, and when the music was choked off he says: "'Ver-r-ee fine. Gr-r-r-racias, the

American gentleemen, the so esplendeed

moosic as to playee.
"The table was a long one, and Henry and me sat at the end of it next the wall. The Governor sat at the other end. Homer P. Mellinger stood at the side of it. I was just wondering how Mellinger was going to handle his crowd, when the home talent suddenly opened the services. "That Governor man was suitable for uprisings and policies. I judge he

"They do not," says Mellinger.
"Then listen," goes on the Latin
man, prompt. "The musics are of sufficient prettiness, but not of necesa syndicate after rubber, and coaded to the muzale for brib-nick. Soes on Mellinger. of the muzale for brib-nick. Soes on Mellinger, of our propera. I want to smell East id wear suspenders again. At feel like throwing up my job. dendered the feel like throwing up my job. It is the state of the feel like throwing up my job. There's Mellinger, they for it. "There's Mellinger," they cannot be sort of the feel like to take ord back and snow it to Billy some day, and that tightees whenever I see a fat thing and aid so much that'—Mellinger raises his hand, but the Governor man bottles him up. 'Do not speak until I have done.'

I want to smell East my compatriots. You had t' whisper three of us, for me and Henry, simultaneous. Cectared New York City and the Cherokee Nation in sympathy with the weaker party.

"Then it was that Henry Horsecoliar rose to a point of disorder and intervened, showing, admirable, the advantages of education as applied to the American indian's natural intellect and native refinement will be and aid so much that'—Mellinger raises his hand, but the Governor man bottles him up. 'Do not speak until I have done.'

package wrapped in paper from his Henry.

couldn't see him then. The sweat was popping out on his forehead, and he stood dumb, tapping the liftle package with the ends of his fingers. The Colo-rado maduro gang was after his graft.

stuff six figures in his inside pocket.
"Henry whispers to me and wants the pause in the programme interpreted. I where Melling "The next whisper back: "H. P. is up against a and twenties."

from the basketful we'd brought, slid
It in the phonograph, and started her
off. It was a cornet solo, very neat
and beautiful, and the name of it was
"Home Sweet Home". Not one of them Home, Sweet Home. Not one of them 50-odd men in the room moved while it was playing, and the Governor man kept his eyes steady on Mellinger. I saw Mellinger's head go up little by little, and his hand came creeping away from the package. Not until the last note sounded did anybody stir. And then Homer P. Mellinger takes up the hundie of headle the bundle of boodle and slams it in

the Governor man's face.

"That's my answer, says Mellinger, private secretary, and there'll be another in the morning. I have proofs of conspiracy against every man of you. The show is over, gentlemen. "There's one more act," puts in the Governor man. You are a servant, I be-lieve, employed by the President to copy

letters and answer raps at the door. I am Governor here. Senors, I call upon u in the name of the cause to seize this man. That brindled gang of conspirators shoved back their chairs and advanced in force. I could see where Mellinger had make a mistake in massing his enemy so

was a ready kind of man, who took his own time.

"Do the American senors understand pass that Mellinger's idea of graft and mine being different, according to estimations and points of view.

"There was only one window and door in that room, and they were in the front

end. Here was fifty-odd Latin men coming in a bunch to obstruct the legislation

"'What is it to be?" I asked.

By O. Henry

pocket, and lays it on the table by Mellinger's hand.

"In that you will find \$100,000 in money of your country. You can do nothing against us, but you can be worth that for us. Go back to the capital and obey our instructions. Take that money now. We trust you. You will find with it a paper giving in detail the work you will be expected to do for us. Do not have the unwiseness to refuse.

"The Governor man paused, with his eyes fixed on Mellinger, full of expressions and observances. I looked at Mellinger and was glad Billy Renfrow couldn't see him then. The sweat was and be made a lane the length of the crowd that a woman could have carried a stepladder through without striking any-thing. All me and Meilinger had to do was to follow.

"In five minutes we were out of that He had only to change his politics and street and at the military headquarters stuff six figures in his inside pocket. "The next day Mellinger takes me Henry to one side and begins to shed tens

whisper back: H. P. is up against a bribe, Senator's size, and the coons have got him going. I saw Meilinger's says. 'I liked that last tune it played hand moving closer to the package. 'He's weakening,' I whispered to thenry. 'We'll remind him,' says Henry, 'of the peanut roaster on Thirty-fourth street, New York. 'Henry stooped and got a record from the basketful we'd brought, slid It in the phonograph, and started her off. It was a cornet solo, very neat

the tune grinder cheap.

"Henry and I knew that pretty well, but we never let Homer P. Mellinger know that we had seen how near he came to losing his graft. "We laid low until the day the steame

came back. When we saw the captain's boat on the beach me and Henry went down and stood in the edge of the water. The captain grinned when he saw u "I told you you'd be waitin," he says.
Where's the Hamburger machine?
"It stays behind," I says, to play "Home, Sweet Home."

'I told you so,' says the captain again. "And that," said Kirksy, "is the way me and Henry Horsecollar introduced the phonograph in that Latin country

about the vicinity of South Amer Goin' Back to Missourl.

I've heard from Old Missouri, And I've heard from County Pike, And I'm lookin' for a letter From that dear brother ike. Accordin' to the figgeria, It kinder looks to me, That the whole Bowers family Has joined the G. O. P. I've roamed around for many years, I think I'll live and die thar In that old County Pike; And now I'll pack my traps, sir, And start for Brother Ike, I guess I'll find things changed some But I allers thought Missourt Would come out right some day And now I feel like singin' loud 'Cause Inknowed when she got started She'd come out P. D. Q. JOE BOWERS.