

"ANYTHING WE CAN SWALLOW, WE CAN DIGEST" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

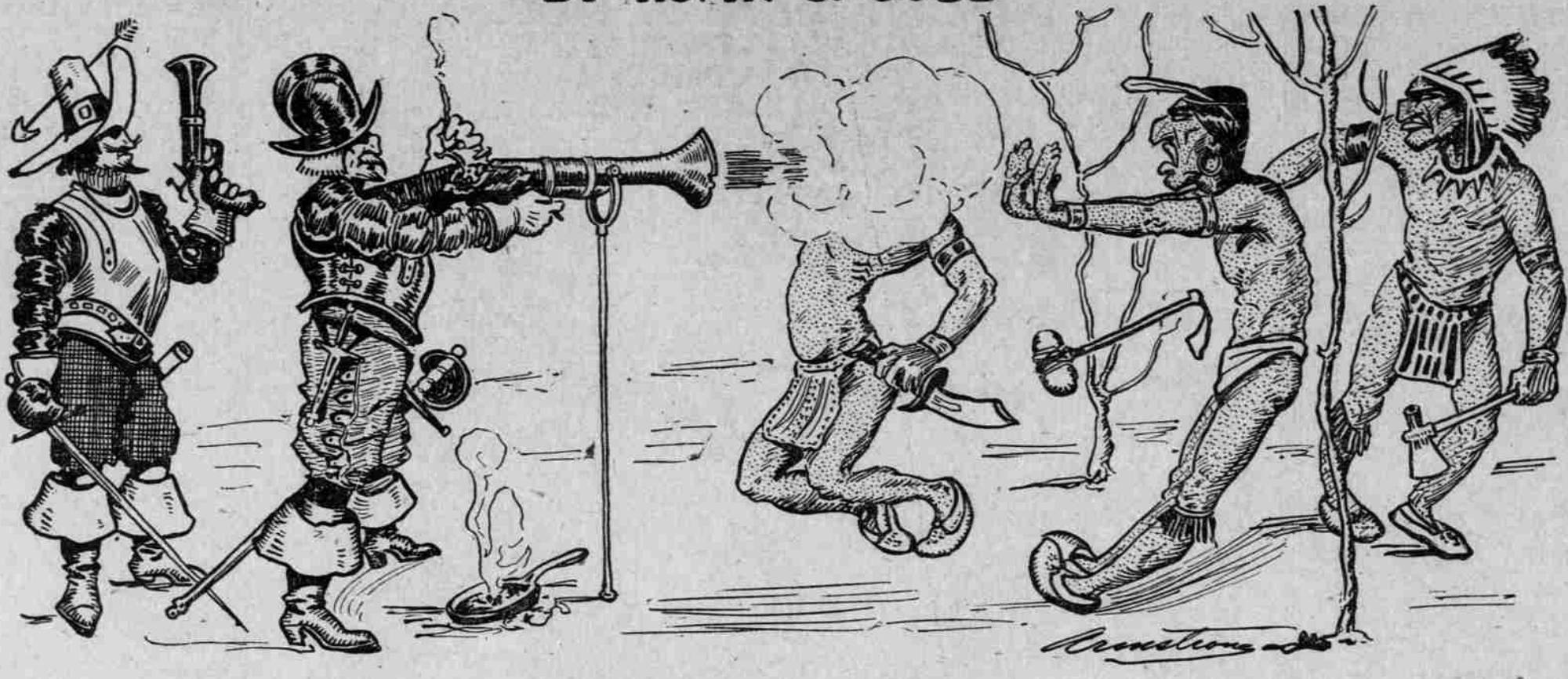
AND THEN HE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT "THIS HERE ANTI-IMMIGRATION BUSINESS" BY IRVIN S. COBB

"THIS here anti-immigration business they talk so much about," began the House Detective of the St. Reckless, "it's a new thing, ain't it?"

"Not at all," said the Hotel Clerk. "It's one of the oldest things we've got. As far back as 200 years ago the old settlers of this section were taking a decided stand against the influx of raw, unskilled Europeans of the lower classes. And before that, so I've been given to understand, the mound-dwellers were very strongly opposed to the unchecked importation of the Indians and showed it in a variety of ways. And before that—well, anyway, it's no new thing in this country."

"But so far as the official records show, it was the Indians who really put the anti-immigration movement on an organized basis. Right from the first they decided that immigration was a bad thing for a country that was already so crowded a traveler butted into a separate tribe every two or three hundred miles. So steps were taken by King Philip and Powhatan and Montezuma and the other old families to curb the rush to these shores of hardy adventurers wearing coal scuttle boots and wash boiler waistcoats. But the newcomers had the advantage in repartee, Larry. A gun with a muzzle on it like a slide trombone that could only be fired in clear weather with aid of a skiff full of live coals, was a pretty hum-drum instrument by the standard of weapons that they turn out nowadays up in Christian New England; but even so it was highly effective as opposed to the activities of an Indian flitting about among the sumac, dressed up in nothing at all but a bow and arrow, like a roan-colored quail. You know what happened, Larry. That anti-immigration movement failed, and as a result the original inhabitant has retired a considerable distance from the Eastern seaboard, except when working for the Bill show or the Shagwad Medicine troupe.

"But suppose they'd won out? Just stop to think where you and me would



THE ANTI-IMMIGRATION MOVEMENT FAILED

be at this moment. Instead of sitting here on a divan in this large, comfortable caravansary, enjoying ourselves, we'd be having down before some small, bored-looking party, wearing a crown and an ermine tippet, and saying to him, 'Your Highness is very good,' when all the time we'd know blamed well he wasn't good, but, on the contrary, far from it. But no matter what we thought, we'd have to say it. If we didn't, it would be less majestic."

"'Wot's less majesty?' asked the House Detective.

"That's it," said the Hotel Clerk. "Your pronunciation of it amply covers the case. But as I was saying, it was because our ancestors succeeded in overcoming the objections of the

parties holding the first lease on the premises that you and I are now enabled to reside in a country that is free, or would be, if it wasn't for the police force."

"Well, if you're askin' me I think there's too blame many of them furnurers pourin' in," said the House Detective. "I was talkin' yistiddy to Schmalz, the head porter, about it, and he feels the same way I do."

"Yes, I suppose he does," said the Hotel Clerk. "And the day after he gets his final naturalization papers, I expect to find in the papers that Schmalz, the fiery American, has gone down to Ellis Island and committed a brutal attack on a friendless Finn. It hasn't been such a great while ago that our patriotic friend, Schmalz, was having his shoes made for

him on a turning lathe, and thought the Constitution of the United States was something that could be worked up into a sausage. But now he wants to shut out the raw hordes pouring in from Europe. Some of our most violent Americans, Larry, are our newest ones. Their Americanism pervades like a pet civit cat in a steam-heated flat."

"There's a lot of people feel like I do," argued the House Detective.

"Maybe, so," said the Hotel Clerk. "Families who import all their domestic servants from England would like to put up the fences, I suppose, against all foreign pauper labor, with the exception of Dukes and Counties. Parties who have to get their help from the employment agencies are more conservative. They'd let in a few of those handy girls who

are willing to do general housework for \$5 a month without any afternoon a week out, and sleep in the basement, but they'd shut out all the others."

"As for me, Larry, I decline to get stirred up over the prospect that the European invasion is going to swamp us. We may get our Black Hands from Europe, but we get our hired girls from there, too, and most of our policemen. As long as we can keep a cook at the flat I feel that I can stand the Black Hand. The same ship that brings us the anarchist, brings us also the sun-kissed lad that's willing to take a shovel and a dollar and a quarter a day and get out in all sorts of weather, and build a right of way in order that you and I may later go on a Sunday excursion and have our names printed near the head

of the first column through getting smashed up in one of those thorough and elaborate head-end collisions that we pull off so frequently during the season."

"This country of ours is, in some ways, like an ostrich, Larry. Almost anything it can swallow it can digest. And you may have noticed that the children of some of the immigrants turn out very well. There was one named Andrew Jackson that attracted some little attention here a while back, and there's one named Johnson out in Minnesota who has been mentioned in print every once in a while lately."

"We're a progressive people, Larry, considering everything. The first generation over builds a railroad, the second rides on it and the third owns it. It's frequent-

AN UNINTERRUPTED HOUSECLEANING BY LOUISE LEXINGTON

THE beautiful month of May is house-cleaning time in One Store City. While great moving vans in the cities are transporting a large portion of the population to newly-papared flats, industrious housewives in One Store City are energetically plying whitewash and scrubbing brushes to long-neglected corners, and the entire village is redolent of soapuds.

For 15 years Grandma Peters had thus cleaned house in One Store City, and the utmost confusion of mind naturally resulted when one day, in the midst of the annual upheaval, Grandpa came from the postoffice with the startling announcement that they no longer had a house to clean.

"But I've already took up the settin' room carpet," wailed Grandpa.

"Ye jest! we'll leave 'er up, then, ma," the old man returned gently, "an' 'twill save the trouble o' doin' it all over agin. We got only thirty days to git out."

Grandma seized her Bible and pulling her low rocker to the window, endeavored to find a reason for the incredible thing which had happened to them, while Grandpa lit his cob pipe and leaned up against the kitchen wall.

But it was all to little purpose that he smoked and thought. His pension, added to the small sums he was able to earn at gardening, when his rheumatism permitted, kept them from actual starvation, but remained a serious problem, where the money was to come from for house rent.

For 15 years they had lived rent-free through the bounty of an ex-Captain in the Army, whose friendship for Grandpa dated from ante-bellum days. Having achieved riches for himself, he eventually made the childless old couple present of this little home, but suddenly he having died intestate, his heirs sold it without more ado, and sent the Peters word to that effect. The news was crushing. Grandpa's hands trembled so he could scarcely replace the letter in its envelope, and he staggered out of the postoffice door into the bright May sunshine like one suddenly stricken with blindness.

"How shall I ever tell ma?" he kept repeating, "an' her lookin' for'ard to all this garden sass that's come up so fine."

Miss Bryson, the postmistress, missed grandpa's cherry voice in the waiting room that day, where he daily lingered to greet each comer with a laugh and a joke, and, presently seeing him totter so helplessly across the street, she guessed at once that his letter had brought him bad news.

Therefore, when free from her duties, she slipped quietly over to the Peters cottage, a cun-stair in one hand and a plate of sponge cake in the other. Dear, gentle Miss Bryson! Was there ever a sorrow in One Store City that she did not help to bear; or a death, the bitterness of which her sweet presence did not assuage? It was quite in the natural order of things that she should find out all about the old folks' trouble and be the first bearer of sympathy.

"It is moving time, anyway," she anxiously told them, "but one disturbing thing has grown out of the habit, but you will set the fashion, and nobody knows what beautiful thing may come of it. As for the poor farm, please never mention that again. We just couldn't spare either of you. I'd like to know who would tend the gardens if Grandpa left, or who would give us piece the quilts if Grandma were gone. Now, don't you worry, for I have a feeling that everything's going to turn out all right." And this was a most comforting assurance for anybody who knew Miss Bryson.

She had been allowed to read the fatal letter, and recalled the man who had bought the house as a former resident

of One Store City. She knew him well, and as he now lived in El Dorado, she determined to go and see him at the earliest opportunity.

A few days later, while shopping in El Dorado, she visited the new owner of the little home, but found him most unsympathetic. He declared it his intention to repaint and paper the cottage, and then in the event of a buyer not appearing at once, to rent it to some responsible party, "but," emphatically, "not to a couple of paupers who haven't paid a cent of rent for 15 years."

"But if I should guarantee the rent each month and should pay for a month in advance right now, would the present tenants be any more desirable?" Miss Bryson asked, and the important gentleman agreed that that was another matter, and so they settled it at once.

Miss Bryson talked it over with her friends and neighbors at their prayer meeting, and, inspired by her convictions, they agreed that it would be a disgrace to them all to allow the Peters to go to the poor farm. Mrs. Smith straightway announced her intention of asking the Ladies' Aid to give a strawberry "sochable" the coming week to raise the money for that first month's rent.

"I will pay the rent for two months myself," volunteered rich Farmer Bennett, whereupon everybody vied with everybody else, in generosity, until it was doubtful if Mrs. Smith's strawberry plan was necessary after all.

Miss Bryson suggested that they keep their plans a secret from the old folks awhile, and Farmer Bennett and his good wife volunteered to take them into the country for a fortnight's visit until everything was arranged satisfactorily.

"When you return, Grandpa, I hope we will have decided what to do," Miss Bryson said, while the old folks, seated in the green and red wagon. "There's that little place by the old mill that could really be made quite comfortable for the Summer months, and there's the Betta's cottage to be vacant next month."

The thought of the last-named place actually made Grandpa feel faint, as she remembered the two dirty rooms at the edge of town known as the Betta's cottage. She knew there was not even a tree or a shrub, or even a spear of grass in the yard, and it seem homelike, but she bore up bravely for Grandpa's sake. None knew better than she of the love and pride with which she had labored to beautify their lost paradise, or of the fortitude it required of him not to break down and sob outright at the thought of its passing out of their hands forever.

When they had gone the painters came to brighten the outside of the little home and the paperhangers to brighten the inside. And then, in a fine frenzy of neighborliness, or for the reason that she did not wish to be outdone, Mrs. Smith declared they must first paint the inside. So the white Grandpa had started. So the white washing of the cellar and fence was completed by Cyrus Barker; the windows were washed by Beniah Baxter; finally new sash curtains for all the room windows were made and contributed by Laura Prentiss, and a goodly store of groceries by Mr. Hobby, who did not forget Grandpa's favorite smoking tobacco. The furniture, which had all been packed and stored in the kitchen ready to move at a moment's notice, was again set in place, the kitchen stove was polished, and every thing made ready for the homecoming of the homeless pair. Indeed, the removal of affection for Grandpa and Grandpa Peters came in the form of a wave that swept the little town completely.

In the midst of all these happy preparations there was but one disturbing thought to Miss Bryson—the fear that one day a buyer for the little home would appear, and that the dear old couple would be left comfortless. It can be readily understood, therefore, how Farmer Bennett endeavored himself to her heart for all time when he came into the postoffice one day and an-

nounced the fact of having been to Eldorado and bought the property himself.

"It'd been jest like that pesky Garner to sell it the first chance he got, 'gosh, an' then the old folks'd have to git up an' git after all," he told her, and added: "They're too old to change an' her heart they've been out there with us my wife an' me can't see that their old hearts are teetotally sot on that one little spot; an' my wife an' me have decided they shall have it to the end of their days—an' the rent don't matter much, one way or 't'other."

Then it was that Miss Bryson came

from behind the little delivery window and with tears streaming down her face took the man's rough hand in her own and exclaimed earnestly, "May God bless you!"

After preparations were all completed, Mr. Hobby with his horse and buggy went after the old folks one evening just at dusk, and to their eager inquiries as to whether Miss Bryson had succeeded in finding a place for them he reported that she had, but did not like to decide until she had their approval. He stated that they were to be his guests until they had decided, which was all true enough. He also told them that they might go at once and view the inside of the house, though it would be too dark to get a satisfactory survey of the outside even with his lantern. And while he talked he drove straight through the town and stopped at their own gate, with neither of them the wiser. They were both silent and sad-hearted and homesick, and reminded Mr. Hobby of two lost children he had once picked up and taken home.

At the first click of the latch, lights

suddenly flared out from every window, the door was flung wide open and it seemed to the astonished old people that everybody in One Store City was there to bid them welcome. Grandma was completely overcome. Seizing the nearest dish towel at hand she began sobbing into it violently; while Grandpa, after shaking hands all around and cracking some of his favorite jokes, suddenly disappeared out the back door and was not seen again until the guests had departed. Then to Grandpa's call of, "Where be ye, Pat?" came the answer from the farthest corner of the fence, where grandpa could see the flickering gleam of his lantern: "Here I be, ma! Do come out here an' see the garden. I swan to goodness I never see things grow so! I b'lieve I'll just weed out these rawsberries a little right now, and give us some good pull enough reddishes for breakfast."

If He Is Truthful.

Pull many a hunter, on my word, He'll boast, but should you ask, He'll say he never hits a bird, But often hits a flask. —Sam S. Gilman in New York Times.



"I GUESS WE CAN PULL ENOUGH REDISHES FER BREAKFAST."

back of the barn, turn over a big rock or a log and dig from the loose, damp soil some fishing worms. Put the worms with some dirt in a can, like you used to when a boy, and then go down through the thick wet woods to where the creek runs.

There you will find a hole where there is a rack-head of fished-driven logs and tangled and twisted brush. In the water, below and above and under the brush, flop and wait for things coming down stream. Above the rack head is a scum of light debris held back by the obstruction and that is your place to throw out. Cut a pole from the growth on the bank. There is plenty of material there and no use to cut a pole sooner, for "toth" is a very sticky and thick woods and brush is vexatious and destructive of that placidity of mind so essential to real fishing. See that the point of the hook is well up with the worm, spit on the bait and cast in just above the scum. The slight current takes the cork down to a stand in the thick of it. Rest easy. To crown every difference, the catfish is good for mankind to eat, while the best authority says the cat is not.

The only thing that possibly could be suggestive of the cat in the catfish is that the one is as different from the other as it is possible for two things to be. There is no suggestion of a cat in a fish was so named because the flexible "feelers" that grow from its frontispiece look something like the so-called whiskers on the cat's face. It is mighty far cry to any resemblance. The catfish feelers look just as much like the face whiskers on a dog, a rat, a squirrel or a hog as those on a cat. Facially there are persons who have seen the work a good deal more like a catfish than does a cat. In truth, however, the catfish resembles nothing else on or within the earth but its own self, and it ought to have an independent, nonprejudicial-making name of its own.

Probably the first man who ever caught a catfish and ate it—he was either a very recklessly brave man or a hungry one, or both—was surprised to find it so good to eat despite its looking like a cooked shrew. He was so much given to work a good deal more like a catfish than does a cat. In truth, however, the catfish resembles nothing else on or within the earth but its own self, and it ought to have an independent, nonprejudicial-making name of its own.

Down in Central Missouri the unhand-some catfish is the standard, the staple and the standby among the food fishes. The people there, especially the native-born, know where, when and how to catch catfish, how to dress them and how to cook them. And when you find anyone scornful of catfish you can put it surely down that such a one is to be pitied for his ignorance and prejudice that keeps him from knowing and enjoying so fine a thing. To Missourians of the middle counties all catfish are divided into two kinds—frying size and too-big-to-fry-whole. First as to the frying size, that run from a finger length to a foot or a little more and from a few ounces to a pound in weight. The yellow mudcats of the creeks are the non-pareils for the frying pan. The catfish of the ponds or dead water is never equal in quality to those of the streams.

It is not every kind of day, any weather or any stage or kind of water that one can catch the yellow mudcat in sufficient numbers to reasonably fill a frying pan. One must wait for wet weather, slow, warm rains, a season of drizzle and moisture that makes the roads soft, raises the creeks to a stage midway between low water and bank full, muddies the water, makes the going underfoot soggy, slippery and treacherous and the woods damp and drippy. Then take your 5-cent fish line and your nickel's worth of additional small hooks to replace possible snagged and broken ones; go down

Pride of the Muddy Missouri

Some of the Ways and Some of the Things You Can Do With a Catfish

THE catfish. Now I wonder who named the catfish after a cat and why he did so. If there is any one thing in animate nature that would not be suggestive of a name for such a thing as the catfish it is the cat. The two have nothing at all in common. Neither has any particular attribute of the other. They are unlike in looks, manners, habits, vocal and dumb expression. There is nothing feline, slinking or uncertain about the catfish. It is plain, even ugly, to look upon. It grabs what it wants and swallows down for the sole purpose of satisfying its inner self and goes on about its business. The cat is prim, dainty, caring much about its looks, while the catfish is matter of fact, would stand overalls if it were human and does not care a cent about its looks. If it did it would be perpetually mortified. The catfish is steady and regular in its habits, whereas the cat is to its own individual business of living. The cat is an irregular, inconstant, uncertain feline and always mixing in and interfering with the affairs of other cats. To crown every difference, the catfish is good for mankind to eat, while the best authority says the cat is not.

The only thing that possibly could be suggestive of the cat in the catfish is that the one is as different from the other as it is possible for two things to be. There is no suggestion of a cat in a fish was so named because the flexible "feelers" that grow from its frontispiece look something like the so-called whiskers on the cat's face. It is mighty far cry to any resemblance. The catfish feelers look just as much like the face whiskers on a dog, a rat, a squirrel or a hog as those on a cat. Facially there are persons who have seen the work a good deal more like a catfish than does a cat. In truth, however, the catfish resembles nothing else on or within the earth but its own self, and it ought to have an independent, nonprejudicial-making name of its own.

Probably the first man who ever caught a catfish and ate it—he was either a very recklessly brave man or a hungry one, or both—was surprised to find it so good to eat despite its looking like a cooked shrew. He was so much given to work a good deal more like a catfish than does a cat. In truth, however, the catfish resembles nothing else on or within the earth but its own self, and it ought to have an independent, nonprejudicial-making name of its own.

Down in Central Missouri the unhand-some catfish is the standard, the staple and the standby among the food fishes. The people there, especially the native-born, know where, when and how to catch catfish, how to dress them and how to cook them. And when you find anyone scornful of catfish you can put it surely down that such a one is to be pitied for his ignorance and prejudice that keeps him from knowing and enjoying so fine a thing. To Missourians of the middle counties all catfish are divided into two kinds—frying size and too-big-to-fry-whole. First as to the frying size, that run from a finger length to a foot or a little more and from a few ounces to a pound in weight. The yellow mudcats of the creeks are the non-pareils for the frying pan. The catfish of the ponds or dead water is never equal in quality to those of the streams.

It is not every kind of day, any weather or any stage or kind of water that one can catch the yellow mudcat in sufficient numbers to reasonably fill a frying pan. One must wait for wet weather, slow, warm rains, a season of drizzle and moisture that makes the roads soft, raises the creeks to a stage midway between low water and bank full, muddies the water, makes the going underfoot soggy, slippery and treacherous and the woods damp and drippy. Then take your 5-cent fish line and your nickel's worth of additional small hooks to replace possible snagged and broken ones; go down

back of the barn, turn over a big rock or a log and dig from the loose, damp soil some fishing worms. Put the worms with some dirt in a can, like you used to when a boy, and then go down through the thick wet woods to where the creek runs.

There you will find a hole where there is a rack-head of fished-driven logs and tangled and twisted brush. In the water, below and above and under the brush, flop and wait for things coming down stream. Above the rack head is a scum of light debris held back by the obstruction and that is your place to throw out. Cut a pole from the growth on the bank. There is plenty of material there and no use to cut a pole sooner, for "toth" is a very sticky and thick woods and brush is vexatious and destructive of that placidity of mind so essential to real fishing. See that the point of the hook is well up with the worm, spit on the bait and cast in just above the scum. The slight current takes the cork down to a stand in the thick of it. Rest easy. To crown every difference, the catfish is good for mankind to eat, while the best authority says the cat is not.

The only thing that possibly could be suggestive of the cat in the catfish is that the one is as different from the other as it is possible for two things to be. There is no suggestion of a cat in a fish was so named because the flexible "feelers" that grow from its frontispiece look something like the so-called whiskers on the cat's face. It is mighty far cry to any resemblance. The catfish feelers look just as much like the face whiskers on a dog, a rat, a squirrel or a hog as those on a cat. Facially there are persons who have seen the work a good deal more like a catfish than does a cat. In truth, however, the catfish resembles nothing else on or within the earth but its own self, and it ought to have an independent, nonprejudicial-making name of its own.

Probably the first man who ever caught a catfish and ate it—he was either a very recklessly brave man or a hungry one, or both—was surprised to find it so good to eat despite its looking like a cooked shrew. He was so much given to work a good deal more like a catfish than does a cat. In truth, however, the catfish resembles nothing else on or within the earth but its own self, and it ought to have an independent, nonprejudicial-making name of its own.

Down in Central Missouri the unhand-some catfish is the standard, the staple and the standby among the food fishes. The people there, especially the native-born, know where, when and how to catch catfish, how to dress them and how to cook them. And when you find anyone scornful of catfish you can put it surely down that such a one is to be pitied for his ignorance and prejudice that keeps him from knowing and enjoying so fine a thing. To Missourians of the middle counties all catfish are divided into two kinds—frying size and too-big-to-fry-whole. First as to the frying size, that run from a finger length to a foot or a little more and from a few ounces to a pound in weight. The yellow mudcats of the creeks are the non-pareils for the frying pan. The catfish of the ponds or dead water is never equal in quality to those of the streams.

It is not every kind of day, any weather or any stage or kind of water that one can catch the yellow mudcat in sufficient numbers to reasonably fill a frying pan. One must wait for wet weather, slow, warm rains, a season of drizzle and moisture that makes the roads soft, raises the creeks to a stage midway between low water and bank full, muddies the water, makes the going underfoot soggy, slippery and treacherous and the woods damp and drippy. Then take your 5-cent fish line and your nickel's worth of additional small hooks to replace possible snagged and broken ones; go down

The death has occurred at Somersham, England, of Mrs. Holdish, in her 101st year. She was born in that village on January 11, 1807, and up to the age of 80 she was delicate; that her parents feared she would never grow to womanhood.