"MUSIC MOVES ME STRANGELY AND RAPIDLY" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"S'HELP me, never again," said the Hotel Clerk wearily, as he came in about 10, wearing his granitewear shirt, his pearl studs and the rest of his After-Six-O'Clocy clothes.

"Where you been?" asked the House Detective, who was staying up late to hang the quarantine sign on a promoter who had the habit of invading the St. Reckless of an evening and selling stock in a mining property warranted to contain large quantities of gold, silver and amalgam fillings, to unwary investors from the Middle West. "Did some gladsome social diversion claim you on your night off?"

"Nothing of the sort," said the Hotel Clerk. "It was a recital, a piano recital, if you must know the damning truth. I have just returned from a place called Odium Hall, or some such name, and you behold me now in a state bordering on nervous exhaustion. One of those Little Sisters of the Hurried Touch with a winning smile and a way about her caught me with my guard down the other day, and before I could cover up, she'd sawed off a couple off tickets on me. So, forgetting that the only way to get your money back on one of those orgies of the true music lovers, is to stay carefully away from it, I put on my Young Prince Charming tonight and walked foolishly into my fate, just the same as a moolly cow going through a slaughter-house door.

"Any man ought to be able to find all the harmonic trouble that the artistic side of his nature might crave without going out hunting it. He can stay at home and it'll come looking for him. Most of our music is now punched out for us by machinery; also button-holes, animal crackers and musical comedies. A penny in the slot may mean a pack of pepsin gum or it may mean a national air by Williams and Walker.

"When you bump into a foolish-looking brass-bound machine with pipes and things curving around all over it and you touch it off, it's liable either to blow your eyebrows off your face with a sudden blast of compressed air, or hand you the opening bars of 'The March of the Tuskegee Cadets,' on the drum of the ear, because it's a wise father these days that knows his automatic player from his vacuum cleaner. It used to be that after the youngest female child in the family had spent four hard years practising the scales running from "do" to "dough," or words to that effect, and the next two years learning "Buy a Broom," and "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry," with the bone-felon effect, and another very hard, bumpy year beating the vitals out of the Standard Classical Valse Collection Album, why, then the neighbors could enjoy a well-earned rest. The piano was retired on a pension, and stayed closed from one house-cleaning season to another, its main object being to give the house a tone of true refinement and enable the family to refer to the space under the front stairs as the music room. But now, by Heaven, they hang a devilish contrivance shaped like a doghouse, on its lower jaw and by a person sitting on this thing and churning the unfortunate instrument full of wind it is compelled to throw the latest popular airs off its stomach in a metallic tone of voice that can be heard on a quiet as far as four blocks.

"But being a perfect beggar for punishment I had to go piking off tonight to this haunt of the bluff-heads, sometimes called high-brows. They called it a recital on the programme, but while I'm thankful to say nobody felt called upon to do so, at the same time I've got to confess to you that what I heard was worse than any recitation that ever came out of the box. 'How Salvador Won the Race,' with the correct elocutionary gestures and pauses, is a peaceful pipe alongside what I've been facing this night.

Counting all of us there was quite a crowd. There were a lot of the real steep-foreheads—you could spot them easy by their eyes and their dandruff and their rapt expression—and a few rank outsiders like me, with the wild, hunted glance roving about from side to side, as if seeking a way to escape, and here and there, trying to look all wrought up and interested and everything. I could pick out a charter member of the Order of Husbands Who Go Everywhere with Their Wives. You know what merry devils they are! All one of these fellows needs is crepe on his sleeve and a derby hat worn in the crook of the left arm to be an honorary pall bearer.

"Well, after our appetites had been all whetted up, waiting, out came a densely-settled foreigner who either paid a heavy duty under the wool schedule when he came into this country or else dodged the customs officials by crouching down behind his own jungle. He certainly was the walking argument against a low tariff on raw products. Any way, out he came and bowed very low and ran his hands through his acreage a couple of times so it all stood up straight like a maiden hair fern in a pink dish. Then he tuned up the piano stool to the right pitch after considerable trouble and sat down and got up and spun her round and tuned her up some more and sat down again and wiped his hands on a handkerchief that looked like silk to me and hurled it from him with a great disregard to expense, and then he shut his eyes and leaned forward and several of the true believers said 'Sh-h-h,' like that, and we were off.

"He started gently. I'll say that much for him. First he leaned away over and pushed two of the trebles a couple of gentle little nudges, 'tappy-tappy,' like a second-story man tiptoeing across a tin porch roof with goloshes on, and then he swung south and bumped two of the basses 'bummery-bummery,' away down deep, like an indigestion symptom. But then without waiting to give the piano a pepsin pellet, or massage its abdominal wires, he came sliding in home from third, tore off two hang-nails on the middle key with a loud rending sound and grabbed the poor thing by the upper lip and tried to pull all her front teeth out by the roots. I thought that was going pretty far but he'd only started. All of a sudden he gave a convulsive start, and tore down to the corner and turned in a call for the entire department. Almost instantly intense excitement began to reign. All you could hear was the engines coming, and one of the hook and ladder trucks hit a milk wagon and knocked it through the front window of a tinware store and a lot of chemicals exploded in the basement and at that flames burst out from the windows and people began to jump out of the upper stories with cooking stoves in their arms—I counted no less than 15 Charter Oak ranges striking the sidewalk before I lost tally—and a side wall fell, burying many people in the ruins and their shrieks were pitiful to hear, and one of the ambulances ran away and crippled a dog. The programme called it a Bach fugue. But you can't fool me; I know a third alarm when I near one.

"The holocaust lasted 20 minutes, as near as I could tell, and was attended by a great loss of life and suffering. But after our Polack friend got the ruins damped down, he went back behind the scenes to take off his slicker and helmet and put on his running trunks to do a Mozart Marathon in the second half. After the applause had died out and all was quiet, except for the gasps of the exhausted instrument, which was leaning back on its haunches, panting like a lizard, and as I reached for my hat the lady sitting next to me leans over and says to me—she had bad teeth and she'd undoubtedly been doing up her hair with an eggbeater, but anybody could tell at a glance she had one of those temperaments you could fry an egg on—she leaned over and she says:

"'Excuse me, sir, for addressing a stranger, but I could tell that you were also deeply affected. Ah, me, music moves one strangely.'

"'Yessum,' I says. 'It moves me strangely too, not to say rapidly. And if you'll sit right still, ma'am, and watch me, you'll be able to see me moving.' And I came away.

"I guess the trouble with me is, Larry, that I've been having too much music lately. If I go into a regular restaurant they insist on backing me up so close to the orchestra leader that we're both wearing practically the same pair of suspenders and the clarionet instrumentalist blows down my neck until I'm so tickled I can't eat. Sometimes I like those Bohemian eating places where if I spill some of the red wine on my shirt I can wait until it dries and then brush it off, without leaving any stain. But as sure as I go out into one of them a troupe of husky Italian bandits in green velvet coats and wide red abdominal bandages issue forth from behind the potted palms, armed with their national weapon, the guitar, and gathering in a bunch just outside my ear, they render that famous Sicilian ballad, 'Come into the Garlic, Maud,' until I'm a gibbering maniac.

"Now, on the other hand, if a good-looking girl comes out in a white dress and a rose in her hair and sings, 'In the Gloaming' just dry so, I can get a lump in my throat that makes me remind myself of a blue racer trying to swallow a china darning egg. But I don't care for male quartets that reset their heads on one another's shoulders and announce that 'My Lady Sleeps,' in a tone of voice which makes it a dead moral certainly that my lady won't sleep a wink unless she's lucky enough to be in bed over in the next ward.

"I used to like John Philip Sousa's line of stuff, too. I liked the way John Phil would stand up on a little perch keeping time with that gifted spine of his to a little fountain pen that he was waving in his hand, and making motions at a large bunch of Germans armed with steam-heating fixtures. He'd wave it this way and the little German with the big instrument, that looked like a ventilator funnel on the Mauritania and sounded like Wallace the Untamable, would start up. And then he'd point it that way and the big German with the little instrument that looked like a stick of licorice and sounded like hog day at the Chicago stockyards, would join in, and then all the others would open up with their sections of open plumbing and I couldn't hear the music on account of the noise, and I liked it fine. But the last time I fell for a brass band concert they produced 'My Old Kentucky Home' with so many variations that I couldn't recognize the original premises for the furnace plant and the tra la la bay windows and the Italian pergola and other things they hung on the poor old shanty. I guess, Larry, my musical education was neglected in my youth, or else my musical ear is all in my eye."

"Ain't you never heard any music that seemed to carry you away?" asked the House Detective.

"The kind I heard tonight carried me all the way here," said the Hotel Clerk.

SHE SAWED OFF A COUPLE OF TICKETS ON ME.

ALL OF A SUDDEN HE GAVE A CONVULSIVE START.

PROBLEM OF A NERVOUS CHILD DEFICIENT IN ENERGY

USUALLY HEDGED WITH EXACTIONS—THE VALUE OF JUDICIOUS EDUCATION

HE IS a quiet little fellow, gentle, shy, dreamy, melancholy; and rarely in high spirits. Women say of him, "What a nice boy! You don't often see such a well-behaved child."

Don't put too much faith, my good dames, in his apparent placidity. Look keenly into those dreamy eyes. This quiet little fellow is fiery at heart. Though silent, he is sensitive; though seemingly inert, he is headstrong; though hesitant in appearance, he is determined; though mistaken for docile, he is an independent or a rebel; though you think him self-centered, he is splendidly generous; though gloomy of countenance, he is capable of wild gayety; though shy, he has his moments of daring.

This child is a paradox—extraordinary, bizarre, original—an enigma to all but the few who hold the key to the mystery; he is an uneven temperament, at once weak and irritable, because his sensibility and his activity are rarely in a perfect equilibrium. That is why three souls, instead of two, dwell within him—the weak soul, the irritated soul, the balanced soul—and it is not often that he is aware which of the three is in control. His character is not an affair of "quality," as in cases of hysteria or psychasthenia; it is an affair of "quantity." We can measure a motor effort, but how are we to measure a sentiment, an emotion, an idea, an inference, a judgment? Nuances all. The psychic life of our little patients consists wholly of nuances.

And how hard it is to get at the secret of their inner existence. It reveals itself so slightly, so rarely, and with such difficulty! The keen and delicate sensibility that is the basis of their nervous organization is ever alert, ever ready to vibrate when played upon by the fugitive impressions of the passing moment. If the impression is too abrupt or too violent, their sensibility curls up, shuts itself into its shell, recoils; and the awkward individual who has taken the initiative too brusquely finds himself gazing into amazed and sorrowful eyes.

Mental Turmoil of Quiet Child.

Yes, this quiet, gentle child is first of all a sensitive. Endowed with a gift for keen, deep, prolonged feeling, but not for rapid reflection, he keeps his troubles, his woes, his pains to himself—little troubles, little woes, little pains, but a school of life in which, later on, he will suffer from all the things that torment good and sensitive souls; the falsity of men (and of women), the immense gap between the dream and the reality; the impossibility of moral perfection; the mystery of things and of people; the anxiety that attends the course of fate, the uselessness of being sincere, the impossibility of harmony—all these bald realities.

The force of things drives him in upon himself; he shuts himself up in reticence and reverie, weaves pretty, imaginary stories that never finish, but in which he himself always plays the hero's part. He lives an intense inner life, because he doesn't know how to get outside himself or to do the deeds he wants to do. His shyness spreads between him and the world a sort of temple veil which he cannot rend, and he becomes moody, gloomy and close-mouthed. His surroundings exaggerate the condition, for all about him are children who chaff him without mercy. He rarely says as much as he ought to say, and ere long he gets to keeping everything to himself, whether gay or sad; his interests, even his future, must suffer in consequence.

This reticent little fellow is therefore a fearsome. He dodges quarrels and contradictions and always gives in to those of his comrades who boss him about in imperious tones. He has a mind of his own, but not the courage to speak it out, and he is domineered over, at least in appearance, by people who bellow loudly enough, unless, as sometimes happens, he thinks best to run away from them. And he shuts up only the tighter when there are capital reasons for his being gay or sad. Great joys, like great woes, leave him silent; he is merry or woebegone a week after. Don't try to force his door; he defends it, becoming aggressive. His windows close automatically, and he is angered if you try to peep through.

And he has a heart for intimacies, for he is emotional and easily fatigued. Being emotional, he is in terror of people he doesn't know. What Philistines mistake for haughtiness and coldness is only the reserve of a timid spirit. If he seems cold, it is because he represses every outburst of feeling out of fear lest people misconceive him. If he has an air of severity, it is only because that is the attitude of a pent-up sensibility, a soul that is "elsewhere." To be somewhere else—is not this the dream of every sensitive nature prisoned among the ugliness of the world? And because easily fatigued, he is "serious;" he lacks the strength to be merry. He must rest before he can be in high spirits; for are not high spirits a tax upon vitality? He is not rich enough in individual energy to let loose his joy. Sometimes he has fits of voluntary jollity that amaze and alarm his elders, for they seem forced; these are the jollities of grimace. A child too serious is a weary child. To cheap and wholesome companionship he instinctively prefers the company of sympathetic friends—those who feel and suffer as he himself does.

Contrarieties of Sensitive One.

He is timid—sometimes more so, sometimes less. Occasionally his timidity amounts to a savage misanthropy. He is timid with his parents, his friends, his comrades, and yet, under a strong impulse or with strangers, as dauntless as a messenger boy; timid with two or three companions, he loses all fear when confronting five hundred people.

And this sensitive child has passions, though neither very strong nor very lasting. He has emotions at once sudden and violent, but the passion that is like a torrent that constantly digs its bed deeper and deeper is not for him—such, for instance, as the passion for gaming, or for the chase, or for war, or for religion, or for politics. He may show signs of such, but the passion changes. Hobby succeeds hobby. He is by instinct a dilettante. Yet he is always tremendously in earnest. A paradox, likewise a fact. But who will believe it? The world understands and loves only those who seem self-consistent—all of a piece.

He loves religion—to begin with—and readily becomes a mystic. Later he will love poetry. If he has a gift for expression, he will discharge in verse or prose the subtleties of his active and melancholy spirit. He worships all that is vague and without precise form. That is why he takes to philosophy, to abstractions rather than to the concrete; he likes to generalize, and his knowledge is always broader than it is deep. One day he will learn his lessons magnificently, the next day execrably. This denotes an inequality of nervous tension, which parents and teachers will not pass over lightly—if ever pedagogy becomes scientific. And it is for the same reason that he rarely finishes what he has begun. He is incomplete and always falls short of doing himself justice. He spends his youth and perhaps his life in not doing what he wants to do—in not doing it because he lacked the courage. So he has stronger regrets than desires. And yet he has firmness, tenacity and continuity in his ideas for the future. It is to the present that he fails to adapt himself; it is the present that he fails to make immediate use of.

Tenacity of Will Encountered.

It cannot be said that he has no will; he has one, and a good one—if by will you mean purpose; but he has no faculty of putting the purpose into action. His motives are not strong enough to determine his choice, and in the social struggle he dares not decide for himself; he wonders what people will say. He becomes a man of action again when he is alone. He is no fool, for he clearly knows what he wants and pursues distant ends with a rare tenacity, yet he hesitates every time he has to make a decision relating to the small affairs of daily life. So people imagine almost anybody can coax him to do almost anything, in the realm of trivial choices, though all the while he is inflexibly pursuing the distant goal of his dream. He is far away and generally silent. We should take an interest in silent children; they have something to say.

He goes out into life indifferent and without concern, his eyes fixed upon the object of his secret ambition. Don't imagine that this docile fellow is at heart submissive. By no means! He is an independent; he has an instinct, a taste, a zest for independence. He has neither the ideas nor the habits of a sheep. Often you will find him a rebel. His sensibilities are rasped by the daily spectacle of cruelty. He is alive to its senseless savagery. Beneath an appearance of calm dwells an ardent soul, always in a state of excitement; embittered by injustice, vexed by misfortune, and ever ready to give battle to all things evil and to spread broadcast his generosity.

This child conceives the world to be an Eden of frankness and honesty—a garden of the ideal. Is not candor the weakness of delicate souls? He loves neither lying nor insincerity. In his actions there is no hidden motive, because, whether under the influence of emotion or of fatigue, he is unable to conceive a large number of ideas and acts at one and the same time. He believes everything people say to him, for he himself has no desire to deceive. But he is rich in ideas when alone.

The nervous child is kind, with an active kindness that cannot but respond to the misery that surrounds him. To the clash of immediate interests he prefers vague, far off, beautiful things, without always knowing just what they are.

But always he is uneven, drifting readily from depression to excitement. Alongside his lovable traits we find traits extremely offensive. Sometimes the quiet child becomes violent; he has fits of rage over mere nothings; though they soon pass, leaving him ashamed. Besides, he is obstinate; at times you find him ramming his way to the object he has in view without reflecting and without taking account of obstacles; he is intoxicated by the glamour of things that fascinate his imagination and angered by the slightest contradiction; he is alternately enthusiastic and discouraged; he is hesitant and tenacious by turns, given to anxiety and eternally giving anxiety. He is restless, and his restlessness keeps him in an inferno of perpetual torment. He is out of conceit with things past, disgusted with things present, and uncertain about things still to come—unless the whim takes him to display unreasoning confidence.

Physical Needs of Over-Delicate.

Keenly attentive to what pleases him, a moment later he is inattentive; selfish, then absurdly generous, he is solemn with moments of inconceivable flightiness; he is extremely faithful to his friends—then inconstant; a jumble of strange moods, he would be an unanswerable puzzle but for our knowledge that all his traits are engendered by quantitative variations in the nerve current that supplies his energy. And by a curious paradox of nature, the children who are most eager for independence are precisely the ones that most demand control at the hands of imperious authority. Such character as theirs can never know happiness, if by happiness you mean the perfect adaptation of a life to its surroundings and its occupations. This child has a constant need of novelty and excitement. Never satisfied with realities near at hand or with the monotonous enjoyments of ordinary people, he is ever in quest of new sensations, impossible pleasures, and the complete bliss that nature refuses to give. Happiness is within one, and those who are everlastingly seeking it are doomed not to find it.

Such a child has a right to our careful attention. Little understood, mistaken for a sort of hysterical invalid or even for a degenerate, he becomes only the queerer because of the unjust verdict pronounced by those around him. Yet his only offense is that of possessing a smaller supply of nervous capital than he ought to possess. If everybody was nervously capitalized as slenderly as he, we should call him normal. All his moods come from the insufficiency of the nerve current and from the alternate excitation and depression that results. This is not to be regarded as a "quality" inherent in the fiber of his nature; it is an alteration of quantity, and it is to be combated first by physical means, then by psychical, and not by cruelly ridiculing him or uselessly scolding him.

Let us extend all our solicitude to this shy, restless child, who has within him the germs of great powers as well as the germs of deplorable weaknesses, and who may win a lofty position one day if he is not crushed by unreasonable exactions, overheavy responsibilities, extreme restrictions and stupid obligations. While everything is possible to him, there is a chance that he may come to be only a tissue of contradictions, a chaos of extremes and contrasts, a garden of antinomies, an agreeable dilettante and excellent "copy" for psychological novelists. Let us shield him against the overwork that torments him and, if we aren't careful, will by and by make him a picturesque valetudinarian, a recluse or going about in gloom with nothing to interest him but his fantastic hobbies. Since he has more talent for feeling than for selecting the objects of feeling, and since he lacks certitude (perhaps by reason of his clear-sightedness) and spends his efforts over dreaming of one sort of happiness after another only to drop back into weariness and apathy, let us add what intensity we can to his experiences, give his restless sensibility a clearly defined object or two, and seek to direct his life.—Dr. Albert Deschamps, translated from his book, "Les Maladies d'Energie."

Care of Children's Teeth.

Boston Globe.

Examination by a dentist, catechism in dental hygiene and public dental infirmaries, as preventive methods of caring for the teeth of school children, were urged by Dr. William H. Potter in a lecture at the Harvard Medical School recently. "Children whose teeth need repair should be urged through suitable notices to their parents to go to a practitioner for treatment," he said. "In the case of poor children there must be a dental infirmary of some sort for their reception and care. I am glad to say that the dental profession is beginning to feel its responsibility in this regard to the communities in which its members practice, and that of late in many localities where dental infirmaries have not existed such institutions are being established."

"SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS YOUNG."

February 18, 1834-1909.
BY E. G. D. HOLDEN.

Who says that I am growing old?
When seventy and five,
Good full grown years, are counted off,
And I am still alive;
With eye as clear, and step as firm,
As fifty years ago;
Who dares class me with imbeciles?
That's what I want to know;
Since God is good, and never blundered,
When I was born to live a hundred.

Who says that I am growing old?
When midst the storm, and shade,
Of all life's forces bent, to beat,
A man not once afraid;
Who sometimes up; and sometimes down,
Still saw a helpful light,
With skies, illumed with pleasant stars,
Through all the sombre night.
With love for all mankind at heart.
Being always young, is no great art.

Who says that I am growing old?
Why bless you, 'tis no "Fad."
To keep good blood, still flowing warm,
By always being glad.
I've mourned, 'tis true, full many a time,
And been a fount of tears;
When those I loved, departed thence,
Along with passing years.
Oh, make each one, grow more sublime,
And God will bless your "Over Time."

Who says that I am growing old?
Or that I feel the grip,
Of frosty years a-crawling on,
Without a miss, or slip;
Whilst those much younger, voyage out,
Upon the great unknown;
A "Thule" beyond man's keenest ken,
An unreturning bourne;
And others live, 'tis plainly why?
Because they have no time to die.

Who says that I am growing old?
Oh get thee hence! and give
Thy thought to doing something good,
And know what 'tis to live.
There are no lions in the way;
No mounts you cannot climb,
By being always brave and glad,
You'll "get there" every time;
And "standing pat," for what is right,
Keep growing young with all your might.

Who says that I am growing old?
Go to—it's all a "fake,"
Since you may be, young as you wish;
With every breath you take,
For it's your lot of life to live,
With stalwart, manly tread;
And then; with every step; good sooth,
Keep your best foot ahead;
And know the other will keep pace,
Along with it, in all the race.

Who says that I am growing old?
Be sure; the head is gray,
But when one is so young, inside
What boots it, any way,
And one may be a trifle bald,
Upon that same good pate;
Or have a wrinkle, here and there,
To prove up his estate;
But 'tis a fact; as all folks know,
There's lots of things made just for show.

Ah me: 'tis but a fancy, folks,
About one's growing old,
Since with the heart right, you may be
As young as you can hold.
No matter 'bout the flight of years,
There need be no misgiving;
With heart and hand a-doing good;
Just keep right on a-living;
And like as not, dear God, will think,
This world's your place, for meat and drink.

It makes me tired when I see,
Good gray heads a moping round,
As tho' they thought, 'twere best for them,
To be snug under ground.
Look out; look in; look up; and be,
The man your God designed,
Be always doing; lend a hand,
In aid of all mankind;
And you will love the work, I know;
So well; you'll daily younger grow.

Don't think the world will call you old;
Do all the good you can;
In all the ways, God giveth you,
To help your fellow-man.
Be thankful that the field is large;
The which you from which you sprung;
And then like me; at last you'll be,
Just seventy-five years young!
And you will always be in prime,
For all life's duty; all the time.

* It is said when one is past seventy that he is "living on borrowed capital," or "overtime."

Coquille, Or., February 18, 1909.

PENDLETON BASKETBALL TEAM CLAIMS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOTTOM ROW—DONALD RADER, NAT KIMBALL (MANAGER), WAYNE CHAPMAN, IVAN STURDIVANT. TOP ROW—GEORGE COOLEY, GLEN STORIE (CAPTAIN), POTTER (COACH) HARVEY M'DILL AND DUDIE DEVINE.

PENDLETON, Or., March 27.—(Special.)—The boys' basketball team of the Pendleton High School has won the undisputed championship of Eastern Oregon, and, inasmuch as the teams of Western Oregon refused to play, the boys feel that they should be considered in the awarding of the state championship for interscholastic teams. They did not lose a game in Oregon or to a team from any school in Oregon during the season which has just closed.

The team made a total of 214 points against 164 for their opponents. The following is the list of the games played with the score of each: Pendleton 35, The Dalles 14; Pendleton 8, Walla Walla Y. M. C. A. 26; Pendleton 20, Umatilla Club team 14; Pendleton 3, Walla Walla High 36; Pendleton 49, Pendleton Academy 3; Pendleton 12, Walla Walla High 11; Pendleton 24, Weston Normal 23; Pendleton 35, Pendleton Academy 15; Pendleton 26, Weston Normal 22.