

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

TO Editor of The Oregonian, who often love to sore to lofty angles for to give his brains more air; but must be careful about bumps, thank you.

SWEETHEARTED MR. SIR:—

Of late 2 or 3 days my dear schoolfriend Bunkio Saguchi have looked like he swallowed a great secret. At firstly I thought-so he had got a love-heart symptom for some Japanese Schoolgirl; but who would throb back to such a face like Bunkio's which is less beautiful? Then I imagine maybe-so he got job as Japanese Spy & I admire him for that \$10 weekly salary he must get-it.

But all my suspicious was blown up when Bunkio approach to me yesterday & say:

"What would be a neat, durable motto to put on a airship?"

"Be sure you're Wright, then go ahead," would be everlasting quotation." I take-off with calm surprise. "Are you biding one of them dangerous yachts?"

"I am sly to answer," collapse Bunkio with War Department expression of eye-wink. So he take me for ride in suburbs of trolley where stand one vacated cow-barn in a hushed spot. Bunkio lead me to this place with sneekest footsteps, quietly like a cockroach dancing on a Brussels carpet. He ope door with lock—and behold!

Inside there stand one complete airship which look like it might do anything. It is shaped like a muckrake & surrounded with considerable canvas flaps right and left. Sails, cogs and brass handles everywhere. In the back yard of this machinery are one huj pin-wheel which are useful to shove it through the air. In the front porch of that steering gear are 7 feetbrakes to gag it off when it go too fast. It are the most successful-looking airship I ever seen. If it got any fault it are this: It are impossible to make it fly.

Bunkio give me a demonstratus of this ship. He coal-up donkey-engine which do the energetick work and—whiff-whiff! 97 fly-belts, cog-screws, flap-planes and grinders begin doing so all together with earnest noises like a cluster of coffee-mills enjoying angry rages. Pretty soon Bunkio stop-off Hon. Engine & I am glad with ears.

"This show the Principal are perfect," corrode Bunkio.

"Airships are oftenly like Governments," I knock-off. "Then what has the most perfect Principals for some reason or another don't never seem to get nowhere."

"I have named this cloud-yacht the 'Harry-plane,'" inform Bunkio.

"After which Harry, please," I suggest.

"After Hon. Harry Thaw, because maybe-so he are not quite so crazy as he looks."

"To who shall you sell this fly-looking machinery?" are next question for me.

"To Hon. Japanese Government," remit Bunkio with expression of deep nerve.

"So shame to think!" I snib for scorn. "So sorrow to suppose that one Japanese Boy would do such a low-lying trick to his dearie Fatherland!"

Bunkio receive this news with saddy & depressed teeth.

"Them Hon. Wright Bros. sells fly-boats to Governments, don't they not?" he enquire.

"Why does a meek Japanese Schoolboy wish to compare itself to them Hon. Wright Bros.?" I detroit. "Next thing you will be comparing yourself to all famous heroes like Hon. Buffalo Bill or Hon. Wm. Waldorf Astoria. Realize, please, how great Hon. Wright Bros. has become. They are too famous to be comfortable. On the front porch of every palace in Europe there are some King & family standing with eyes outstretched & neck turned outward to sky in fond & happy hope that maybe them flighty brothers, Wilbur & Owllie, will drop in for breakfast. In Paris a deliciously new disease have started up since them Wright Bros. arrived there. . . ."

"Can there possibly be any new diseases in Paris?" start up Bunkio.

"... this new disease are called vertebrae of the spine. It are caused by watching the sky to see what Wilbur will be doing next. If this symptom keeps doing so, soonly all human back-bones becomes spiral-shape & they can only look in the direction of heaven. Think of all Paris looking in the direction of heaven! Priests, parsons, muck-hoes and journalists has been trying for 1000 years to turn Parisian eyes in that direction—and Wilbur has accomplished it in 6 weeks."

"Do them Wright Bros. resemble heroes by appearance?" require Bunkio admirely.

"Seldom if never," I communicate. "Most heroes goes around the world disguised as something else. Thusly they are able to dodge the Carnegie Meddlers. Hon. Wright Bros. is not exceptional to this rule. If Wilbur & Owllie should appeal to your doorbell & attempt to introduce to you 'Onward & Upward for Little Folks' in 6 volumes, bound in ½ a calf, terms \$1 a week for 100 years, you would not know them from some other book-agents. But you would not buy no books from them. Great men seldom makes good book-agents, because they actually has something worth selling and are therefore shamed & sneekest to talk about it. Like other species of birds, them Wright Bros. is very

shy when approached. Before he got used to it Wilbur was even skared to meet a King. . . ."

"Have Wilbur met a King?" require Bunkio with extensive eyes.

"Met one!" I drum out. "Wilbur have met so many Kings he are sick from the sight of them—it are a luxury for him to shake hands with old friends from Dayton, O'Hio. Them Wright Bros. are a mania among all royal families. Whenever a throne are suddenly left vacant you can be sure another King are loafing around them parade-grounds at Paw hoping that Wilbur, maybe, will be kind & give him a ride."

"Hon. President Failures of France have donated upon them Wright Bros. a sweet home near the grounds at Paw. This home are called 'The Bird Cage' as a compliment to what is inside. It is filled with roosts & perches so that Wilbur & Owllie can hop around & feel comfortable. It are provided with a peep-hole so that Wilbur & Owllie can peek out & observe if any more Kings & Emperors are coming around to bother them."

"Them famous aviators arise up at dawn, because this is a fine hour for larks. Owllie first flutter to peep-hole for see what."

"Brother, what you see outside?" require Wilbur, pulling on the uniform of a private citizen.

"3 Kings & ½ doz. Dukes," report Owllie snugly.

"Tell them to come around Friday at 4:30," derange Wilbur. "This are not our day for royal pump & ceremony."

"So to doorway go Owllie in modest shirt-sleeves. There stand several nicely sorted royalties who remove their crowns politely. One short, fatty gentleman of regal appearance step forward and decry:

"Nice morning to you, Mr. Wright! I am King Ed. of London. This gentleman to my left with militia expression is Mr. Williams, Emperor of Berlin. That high-school boy next by him are King Al Funzo of Spain."

"Owllie meet these kingly persons with kindly expression. Pretty soonly one sick-looking King with gilt whiskers approach modestly to say:

"How-do, please. I am Nickolas."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Longworth—"

"Ah no! I am the other Nickolas," revoke him. "I am the Zar of Russia."

"Never having seen neither one of them before it are a natural mistake," say Owllie apologetically. "What can I do for all your Majesties?"

"Please, we want to take a ride," say Hon. Ed. "We come thus early so we can get back to our thrones before 9 o'clock."

"Too sorry," neglect Owllie. "If we gave a ride to every King what asked us, our fly-boat would soonly get tired by wear & tare. Please come around one at a time in the nearby future."

So them Kings saddy put on their crowns and go home by trolley.

"When all has departed away Hon. Wilbur nail the following sign to fence-pole outside:

"NO KINGS ALLOWED
without a Written Permit from the
Superintendent.
Dukes and Princes, under 10 years of age, must
not poke their Fingers in the
FLY WHEELS.
We are not responsible for
CROWNS, SCEPTERS OR OVERSHOES
unless Checked at the Door.
Signed, WRIGHT BROS."

Bunkio Saguchi, when he hear all this alarmy news about avigating the air, become entirely sad & decomposed.

"Perhaps when them Hon. Wright Bros. comes to America I shall learn how do it to fly," he relapse.

"Maybe so they never will," I amputate. "When persons gets to flying around with Kings it soonly becomes a bad habit. It may be unpleasant at the time, but you miss it when you ain't got it. If Hon. Wilbur ever come to England King Ed. have threatened to turn him into a knight. He are the only person in Europe who are permitted to drop into the Court of St. Jims in his shirt-sleeves. Also he are very shy about returning to America for a very horrible reason."

"What should this be?" demont Bunkio.

"Whenever Wilbur visit a country it are considered courteous for him to take up the Ruler for a slight scoot. Pres. Failure must be took up in France; Emp. Wm. must be given a uplift in Germany; King Ed. would expect a short rise in England. Then what would happen when that Hon. Wright Bros. went to Washington & Hon. Taft make coy signals that he wished to be heaved heavenwards in that fragile flyer? Could Hon. Wilbur assemble sufficient courage & gasoline to hoist the entire Chief Executive?"

"Stranger things might happen to Science," say Bunkio faithfully.

"They might, but would they?" are sharp report from me.

Hoping you should take care.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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"GETTING A LINE ON OGGIE" BY SEWELL FORD

SAY, you wouldn't guess it, but I've been thinkin' so hard for the last few days it's a wonder I ain't developed furrow on the brow. Ever do much of it yourself? Well, don't begin. It only sets your mind all churned up, and even if you do happen to puzzle out an answer to something or other, ten to one it ain't a true bill. So what would be the use?

Sometimes I get the notion I'd be better off if I had a left that was empty altogether. Now look at Swifty Joe. Long's he ain't separated from his regular meals, and knows that he still has the clutch on his job, he don't do any more worryin' than a kitten sleepin' in the sun. But me? Why, a little thing like runnin' up against such a chap as Ogden Beverley gets me askin' myself conundrums.

What I want to know is right here: If this Mr. Beverley stands for the last word in the perfect gent line, about how far down on the list between him and the educated big guy? Eh? Too hot a day to be followin' up a line like that? Maybe. But you wait until you've put in a few hours with one of the Ogden Beverley brand, and perhaps you'll be doin' some guessin' yourself.

It was my little trip into the woods that got me up against him so close. Course, I'd been him before, but always been able to dodge each other, so I hadn't got any real line on him. But this time there was no duckin'.

You see, Sadie had gone to the Adirondacks with the Bleeker Fish crowd for a week, and she sends down word that they're havin' a party. Well, I ain't registerin' any kick on that programme. I'm just about ripe for a couple of days off, especially at a joint like this San Susie camp of the Fishes.

They're the kind of folks that believes in goin' back to nature and takin' all the comforts of home along with 'em. They do their roughin' in a nice little 10-room shack. Nuthin' but rocks and logs outside; and hardwood floors, electric lights, Turkish rugs and porcelain baths inside. With the aid of a French chef and about a dozen other help, they manage to live the simple life without gettin' any callouses on their hands or strainin' their backs.

"Takes the three-seventeen mountain express," says Sadie over the long distance phone, "and Henri will meet you with the car at Paul's. Mrs. Fish wants you to look out for a maid she's expectin'. See that she comes out with the others. There'll be Sally Dressler and Ogden Beverley on the same train."

"How nice!" says I. "Any instructions about them?"

"No, of course not," says she; "only don't shock Ogden any more than you can help. He's been invited up expressly to entertain Lady Ellen Binghamthorpe."

"Bing which?" says I.

"Thorpe—Bing-thorpe. Oh, spell it yourself!" says Sadie. "She's expected some time before Sunday. Great swell, you know. Father's a big artist; mother writes books, and Lady Ellen is a six-cylinder highbrow herself. So we just had to send for Ogden. We're such a frivolous bunch up here that we simply had to have some one like him to take the curse off."

"If you ask me," says I, "I'd say better let the curse stay on. He gives me gooseflesh on the soul, Ogden does."

"Too bad about you, Shorty," says she. "Forget him, and remember the maid."

But that's easier said than done. The first party I sees after I've got through the gate is this Ogden gent, back up and down the platform, finishing a cigarette before the train starts. And say, for all his other points, I wish I could wear clothes the way he does. Course, I might shy the gray gaiters, and maybe I wouldn't have the front to sport a shepherd plaid suit with a cap to match; but I'd like to have the back of my coat collar fit like his once. With his matty little whangies stick and his gray easter gloves, you could spot Ogden for the real thing as far as you could see him.

Remembering what Sadie says, I makes a stab at bein' sociable. "Howdy, Mr. Beverley," says I, shovin' out the open palm. "Goin' to hit up the fir blossom ozone at the camp for a few days, I hear."

"Ah—er—beg pardon?" says he, givin' me the absent-minded stare. "Oh! It's you. Is it, McCabe? Charmed, I'm saddy!" and with that he pivots for an-

other lap towards the other end of the Pullman, leavin' me to shake hands with myself.

Now that was done polite and refined, wasn't it? Sounded a heap better'n sayin', "Ah, go chase yourself!" didn't it? But say, it meant just the same. "Charmed, I'm saddy!" Say, I'm goin' to practice that, and if I can only work up the weary look in the eyes and the side lines along the nose that goes with it, I can insult my best friends without their bein' able to get in a comeback.

But that's only one of Ogden's little ways. He's got a whole list of others that it would be hard to describe, and any of 'em has the same cheerin' effect on me as walkin' under a cold shower by mistake. For why? Well, that's further'n I ever got. Course, I admit that me and Ogden ain't in the same class. He was wearin' attached cuffs and carryin' a checkbook when I was still in the celluloid collar stage and grabbin' off ten-dollar purses at amateur nights. By the time I'd learned enough about pictures to quit askin' was they real hand painted, Ogden was speakin' of Botticelli as though they'd worked in the same studio.

I heard him tellin' once about how he put in a whole year over among the smoked Arabs, just buyin' a rug. He's an expert, too, on such things as old platters, and antique chairs, and them green stone bugs they find wrapped up with mummies. He's parlor broke and table trained down to a fine point. He's one of the sort they call on to mix the salad dressin', or build a powdered sugar bonfire on the rum omelet. Maybe I could learn them tricks too, if I tried; but up to now about the limit of my dinin'-room education is how to chop butter into a boiled egg without makin' a noise like a homein'-house.

Not that Ogden's got a corner on all the refinement and culture I ever heard of; but he makes you feel it more'n the others do—wears it on the outside, you know. And the way I affect him must be something awful to bear. I never knew just how rough I did grind

on his nerves until we left the train at Paul's and got all tucked into the Fish's big bubble headed for camp.

Ogden had picked up Miss Dressler on the train, and while I was lookin' around for the maid, he'd stowed himself and her away on the back seat. I spots a meek-lookin' female in black starrin' around kind of helpless on the platform; but I ain't sure whether she was a maid or not. Anyway, she says a spiel about Henry James and some duck by the name of Turgitt.

Can you see where I came in? My tongue might's well been one of the pickled kind that you buy in a bottle, for all the use I had of it. Miss Sally could chime in now and then with "Really, Mr. Beverley!" or a "How interesting!" for he was flin' all his enlightenin' conversation at her; but my chances of buttin' in was about as good as if I'd been wearin' a gag.

Ever have it rubbed into you that way? Makes you feel so comfy and homelike, don't it? I couldn't tell whether Sally was followin' it all or not; but she was throwin' a good bluff anyhow. She's one of these big bloom-in' Omaha girls, that was brought up to think refinement had something to do with lard makin', and didn't learn different until she came East to a boardin' school. But it's all of three years since Papa Dressler built on Riverside Drive, and Sally has been catchin' on fast.

As for me, I had a lovely ride, while it lasted. For one thing, the road wasn't built to run a 60-horsepower bubble over at 30 miles an hour. It's one of these exhorcist speedways, ornamented with thank-you-ma-mams, and sprinkled with rocks the size of a dog-house. Seems that Henri had been over the course a lot; so he was takin' his chances on doggin' the big stones and straddlin' the little ones.

But this was the time when he took one chance too many. Lucky for us, he'd just slowed up for a curve, or instead of stoppin' with a bang and a smash that jarred us all into a heap, we might have gone into the air and come down on our heads. Henri had tried to straddle a rock just an inch too high to be treated that way, and it didn't take any expert to figure out the damage. It wasn't any mere case of the trouble. The front axle had been put clean out of business.

"How annoying!" says Ogden. "And how will you get us out of the camp now?" Henri shrugs his shoulders and passes it up. He ain't long on information of any kind. The most he can say is that



"I GUESS IT'S UP TO US TO HIT THE ROAD," SAYS I. "IS EVERYBODY READY?"

up and frowns so you could lay a pencil between his eyebrows.

"Really!" says he, half to Miss Dressler. "I wonder if we are expected to."

"Oh, mayn't I ride in front, please?" speaks up the young woman in black. "You have our permission, I'm saddy," cuts in Ogden, so cuts that Miss Dressler has to choke down a giggle.

That leaves me one of the turn-down seats in the corner, and as I'd met Miss in a spial about Henry James and some duck by the name of Turgitt, I

thought I'd better not exactly what occurs. Ogden gives her just time to go on talkin' about some art exhibit he'd seen in London last Winter. He rings in about Lady Binghamthorpe, and how he just missed meetin' her, and how much he expects they're goin' to enjoy each other's company at the camp. And when he drops at he starts a spiel about Henry James and some duck by the name of Turgitt.

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"How annoying!" says Ogden. "And how will you get us out of the camp now?" Henri shrugs his shoulders and passes it up. He ain't long on information of any kind. The most he can say is that

we're between eight and ten miles from the San Susie, and that he's got to tramp back to the station and telegraph for a new axle.

With that he piles out and looks around. There's a fine roomy sheep pasture on the right, and on the other side of the road is a grove of broom handle fir, so thick you can't see in more'n a couple of feet. Over behind the pasture the sun is droppin' into a cloud about the color of a lemon pie, and above the fir the sky is gettin' thick. Funny, ain't it, how soon a place of first-class scenery can get monotonous when you find out you're anchored to it?

"Hey, Frenchy!" says I, just as Henri starts off to leave us stranded, "ain't there any spots in this landscape that's inhabited?"

He ain't sure, but he thinks maybe there's a farm house on ahead a piece.

"Then I guess it's up to us to hit the road," says I. "Is everybody ready?"

"Come on," says Miss Dressler. "What a lark!"

But Ogden ain't feelin' so larky. "I say," says he, "who—who's to carry my bag?"

"The same party that carries you, I guess," says I. "Do you see any baggage car on this caravan?"

"Hey!" says Hiram, settin' down the bag. He's one of these glum-faced, round-shouldered, sandy-whiskered old hay-makers that looks like he'd soured on life young and never got over it.

"I was about to remark," goes on Ogden, "that we wish a conveyance to take us to the camp of Mr. Bleeker Fish."

"I do, eh?" growls Hiram. "Well, let's see ya get it!" and with that he grabs up the pails and pokes off towards the house.

"Oh, I say, now!" sings out Ogden. "Stop a moment, my good fellow, and—"

"Ah, cut out that good fellow business, can't you?" says I. "This ain't no cab stand. Here, you drop in the back-

ground, Ogden, and let me handle him!"

But I has a job cut out for me. Old ground face don't feel any too kindly towards folks in store clothes anyway, and bein' passed the hired help hall hasn't softened his grinch much. He lets me follow him into the kitchen and watch while he strains the milk, and then I gets out of him that Zeke is off over in the next township, doin' a hayin' stunt, and that he has both houses with him. So there's no ridin' to San Susie for us, unless we go in a wheelbarrow.

Next I puts it to him gentle that four rations of hot grub and whatever sleepin' accommodations he can spare for the night would make him our best friend. He warms up to that proposition like a boy does to havin' his ears washed. First off, he don't keep no hotel, nohow. Next, the old woman's laid up with rheumatism, and he has all he can do to rustle his own grub. More'n that, he don't know as it's his lookout if folks go tearin' around the country in automobiles and break breakfast in the mountains, and says it's his duty to serve 'em darned well right! he says. Maybe they won't scare the gizzards out of so many young colts, but—

"I know what's the matter with you, uncle," says I. "You're hankerin' for some more polite conversation with Ogden."

"Huh!" says he. "That dude with the fashpole cane that talks like he had hot pertaters in his mouth?"

"That's a great describer, uncle," says I. "That's Ogden. But don't you mind him. He's all right when you know him well—and don't care what he says. It's only trouble with him is he's so refined that when he rubs it against common folks, like you and me, it's all he can do to keep from throwin' a bomb."

"Then, b'gum, he ought to flock by himself!" says Hiram.

"Shake, uncle," says I. "You've said what I've been tryin' to say in a way the last hour. But just now he happens to be flockin' with a nice girl, and a maid that's half scared to death, and above by some first-class scenery, and he's as much as you do. Now you ain't goin' to put up the bars on the whole crowd of us, just because of Ogden, course you ain't!"

Well, I had him goin' then. He don't see how he can put us up, nohow; but maybe he could get us to San Susie. Seems we wa'n't movin' half a mile from the same lake the camp is on, and Zeke, he has a gasoline launch; down by the shore. If uncle can start the blamed engine, he can take us all of them in a little over an hour; but he'd have to charge two dollars for the job."

"Make it five, uncle," says I, "and I'll see that Ogden is stuck for the whole bill."

"That wins him. Inside of 20 minutes we're aboard, and under way. It's a smelly, smelly old tub, with a tin engine that misses two explosions out of every five; but bein' headed for a good dinner is better'n waitin' in the barn. We was all more or less chirped up except Ogden, who kept sayin' there ought to be cushions on the seats."

I don't know if he was the hoodoo, or whether it was just our night for trouble; but we sure had it comin' to us. We hadn't been chug-chugin' along more'n half an hour, when that yellow cloud began to get in its work. First there was wind, and then there was rain, and then both together. And say, how it can blow up one one of them in the middle of the inside of started! The water gets lumpy and begins comin' in over the sumps in big chunks.

"Hey, you, back there!" shouts uncle, who's up in the front end, steerin'.

"Git out that bail scowp, will ye?"

"Sure things!" says I. Looked like it was time for the water to gettin' up around our ankles. I don't know much about what my friend Hefney calls dose liddle lumpy pores, but I do hate to have the water rise on the inside of 'em. So I goes at it. For every quart I threw out, though, two came sloshin' in. Then I looks around for Ogden; and what do you think? He's wrapped himself in the canvas cover that goes over the engine, and is holdin' his feet up out of the wet, leavin' the two women to take care of themselves. And right there I quits tryin' to be polite.

"Ogden!" says I. "You crawl out from under cover, grab that dipper, and get on the job with me!"

"But," says he, "I—I—"

"It's hail or swim, Oogie," says I, makin' a move to reach for his neck.

"Which'll it be?"

"Hill ball," says he, and he splashes them sweet gray gaiters down into the greasy water.

Well, say, it wa'n't any time to be mad or scared; for Uncle Hiram was yellin' at us to bail faster, and the rain was peltin' us, and the spray was sloppin' down the backs of our necks. I kept thinkin' maybe it was only a shower and would let up in a minute; but the longer it lasted the harder it blew. At last Uncle Hiram shouts out that he hasn't kept on any longer, and he'll have to make for the pint.

"Suits me so long's you land us on something solid," says I.

"Oh, oh!" groans Ogden just then. "I can't bail any more. I've bruised my knuckles terribly."

"Gwan!" says I. "You keep jumpin' at it, or you'll be bruised somewhere else."

Maybe we wa'n't a sloshy quintet! Miss Sally was the gamest of the bunch. Uncle Hiram is moanin' about how the damp he is, and says it's his first time she's ever been shipwrecked in the mountains, and ain't it fun? Hiram says we can thank our stars we ain't in the bottom of the lake; also that he's got to go home, and if we follow the shore a couple of miles we'll get to the camp."

It's good and dark then; but the storm is about over, and pretty soon the moon tries to leak through the clouds; so we takes a vote on it, and the decision is that we try to make the camp. For an evenin' stroll, that was a little the punkest I ever took part in. There was a strip of sand it was all lovely, and the water was where yer to pick your way through a swamp.

"Here you, Ogden," says I, "get hold on 'Ogden,' and there and help!"