Hashimura Togo Discovers Hon. Philander P. Knocks, Secretary of Statesmanship, and Is Told by Him Why One Angry King Can Make More Trouble Than Two or Three Dozen Farmers.

To Editor Oregonian who must appreciate kindness wherever met.

Hon. Dearsir:—

WHILEST in Wash D. C. I have one dutiful performance to make before departing off of this town. I must make call-up for see Hon. Phil P. Knocks & give him slight encouragement about that Secretary of Statesmanship which he does so nicely, thank you. So I go to the Stately Department, which is a grandy stone building full of importance and other dark hallways. Famous men are kept here in large quantities.

Pretty soonly I come to one diplomatic looking door of glass appearance covered with large gilty letters marked

SEC. of STATE

Walk Inwards.

So I do so, thank you, and there I discover one tall, skinnish gentleman of Fairbanks altitude reading the deathnotices in morning news-print.

"Are you Hon. Phil Knocks?" I require with nerves.

"I are not," he bounce back. "I are the 3d Substitute to the 16th Assistant Sec of State. If you wish find Hon. Knocks, go four hallways to your right, turn around twice and apply at room 13."

I trace up these instructions and at Room 13 I find there one Harvard appearing Ladd playing checkers with the Janitor.

"You are Hon. Knocks?" I requesh.

"Are not," he report. "I are third proxy to the Fourth Assistant Secretary's stenographer. If you wish find Hon. Knocks, go back where you came from and apply to Nineth Assistant Office Boy who will inform you that Hon. Knocks is not in."

I feel less encouridged by this information. That Dept of Statesmanship seem to be full of hallways & passages & tunnels like a bee's residence. Maybe I should be stung if I keep on. I enjoy frightened feelings inside my stomack. I remember stories of Travellers what have been lost in wooden forests. Maybe I never should escape out from here. Maybe I should wander for days & days, being continually shoved from door to door by Office Boys, Secrataries & Janitors until, of finally, I was picked up in a dead condition by some sweet reporter who should notify Japan of my starved exit.

This thought make me stand gast with alarmed elbows, when, of suddenly, I notice following happy sign on a Door right befront of me:

KNOCKS

I do so for several tap-taps. Sweet diplomacy voice decry "Come in!" so I go inside with polite doorknob. At a thoughtful desk of U. S. Govt appearance set a shorty Statesman talking like a dictator to a tipe-righter. I knew he was Hon. Knocks by his face. He look very similar to Napoleon, only more intelligent & ambitious. He refuse to see me approaching, but continue on saying with voice to Hon. Stenographer.

"Take following letter, if convenient: "To American Ambassador,
Germany.
Dear Doc:—

Your alarm is deliciously baseless. Nobody here is worrying about your silence. If you never say anything, you will never say anything to offend anybody. Keep it up.

Youre truly
Phil."

Hon Knocks pause shortly to poke eyebrows with thoughtful fingernail.

"Send this to Emp. Wm. Germany, please," he continue on.

"Dear Wm:

Congratulations on 15th grandson. If he don't arrive before this does, keep it till he does.

As always
Philander."

Another pause for this stately Knocks. He was thinking up something neighborly to say to Hon. Zar of Russia, when he suddenly poke up his eyes and seen my debased presence.

"Do you come here from Japan?" he require fearlessly.

"Thank you, so sorry, yes, please," I explain.

"Go back," he say gum-shoefully. "Go back and tell your Emperor that the answer of the U. S. shall be, 'Await further instructions.'"

"To what question is this the answer?" I require shyly.

"It is a Diplomatik Utterance," he say hissfully, "therefore it means nothing."

"Great Superintendent of Diplomacy," I commence, "I am but a mere trifle, yet I am here. Let me begin my questions by asking something. Shall you encourldge brotherhood feeling for Japan?"

"I have no little Brown Brothers like Wm. H. Taft," corrode he with smiles, "yet I claim a great many Foreign Relations in Oriental neighborhoods."

"What species of men," I ask out, "do you suppose would make best Ambassadors to trot around foreign Powers for America—should they be Lawyers, Doctors, Professors or Business Men?"

"Business men by every means!" exclaim Hon. Knocks. "America are like a great Commercial Warehouse, is it not? It is! Then best representatives for U. S. should be traveling salesmen what can show the goods fairly and widely."

Kindly Recall How I Lifted Hon. Castro by the Seat of His Coat and Spanked Him Back to Paris.

I "Yet you enjoyed some angry rages with such a Business Man of recently, didn't it?" This from me.

"Travelling salesmen should not open their bags before every Thos., Dick & Henry," report this deep diplomacy with slight bore of tone.

"You mean Hon. Charley Crane by this?" I require.

"I do not remember such a man," he dib with peev.

"You was able to recall him a few weeks ago," I contribute.

"That would be a very popular joke in Japanese," derange Hon. Knocks sadly.

"Great & lofty Superintendent," is next noise I make, "I have always been nervus to know what is the difference, if any, between a Secretary of State and a Secretary of Agriculture. Which job would you most rather be, if you wasn't too timid to ask?"

"A Sec. of State is noticed by his dignified necktie. A Sec of Agriculture do not need to wear such ornaments—whiskers is sifficient decoration for him. Sec Wilson have got much easier job than mine, but less refined. My job is full of pomp, his is full of pump. Sec Wilson deals in Farmers, but I must deal in Kings. Now Kings is less intelligent than Farmers, though better dressed. One angry King can make more trouble than two or three dozen Farmers. When Farmere gets mad Hon. Wilson can talk to them soothingly about oat crops. But Kings does not care for oats, except in wild stews. When Sec Wilson can go around in a wagon lecturing them on How to raise more Than they Got. But when King Alfunzo gets in trouble with his Land, I can't go round lecturing him on how to increase his crops, because Spain don't raise nothing but Anarchy, and poor Alfunzo got more of that than he can use up. That unfortunate King is always telegrafing me to please think up some foolish but fascinating Game to teach them Anarchists, so they would stop thinking about him too much. 'Teach them Bridge,' telegraft back. No answer from Al.

"Do you use tackful politeness to everybody except Ambassadors to China?" I approach.

"I must occasionally act deliciously rude," he say. "Such occasions is brite spots in my dark & glummy job. Kindly recall how I lifted Hon. Castro by the seat of his coat and spanked him back to Paris. At such times I am terrible in my angry rage. That are the Secret of Diplomacy: The Plush Mitten must conceal the Brass Knuckle, and the shoe that dances on golden carpets must be full of nails when it kicks."

"In what direction will your next kick arrive?" I ask it.

"Map of all Southern Republics is too quiet to seem healthy," expose him. "Venezuela are now comparatively tame, affairs in Hayti do not seem any darker than usual, Cuba is smoking peacefully, and no trouble are expected from Mexico since Hon. Diaz was offered a place on Taft's Cabinet."

"Who, then, is left to spank?" I require sorrowfully.

"Here is!" suppose Hon. Knocks pointing to Nickeragua on map. "In this infant Republik resides a toy Nero name of Zelaya, who will soonly be moving his baggage. He have long had a kick coming from somebody. When it arrives I hope you will notice my boots mentioned in these connections."

"I should be delighted to hear any other sorrows you got," I snuggest kindly.

I Notice Following Happy Sign on a Door Right Befront of Me: "KNOCK."

"China," he gubble, "cause me more pain than Pennsylvania politicks."

"China are always a painful subject," I dib looking very cross about this Yellow Pearil. "What sin have she done now?"

"Hon. Taft," say this Boss Diplomat, "have got three subjects he loves with equal affection. One is Golfut, the other is Senator Aldrich and the third is China. In hours of ease, when there ain't no more Tariff to arrange & Hon. Tawney is asleep in Minnesota, then come telefone-ring to me from White House.

"'Hon. Phil, this is Hon. Bill—what you doing about Hon. China today?'

"'Same as always,' I corrode, 'We are attempting to enforce a 5c fare on the Ping Pong & Long Sing Railroad, but Prince Chink are raged by this and threaten to resign his job of President of the road. The Board of Directors are smoking opium, as usual.'

"'Why you no regulate them Railroads in Manchuria?' require Hon. Wm. taftishly.

"'Why you no regulate the Railroads in Pennsylvania?' are sharp stingback I make.

"'I instructed you earnestly to keep door open in China for ventilation. Are you doing same?'

"'Almost continually,' I otter, 'but Europe are constantly complaining. They say it would be kinder to Neighbors to keep that door closed until China are better fumigated.'"

"Thusly you see how my job is all wrapped up in complex."

"You are loaded for every emergency that may emerge," I say for compliment.

"The State Dept must be like the Fire Dept—always ready for hurry-up calamities," he snuggest. "At any moment of notice my Diplomatick Hook & Ladder Corpse must be prepared to slide down the pole and jump immediately to throw cold water on some International Blazes. I am always afraid to get away from my Official Capacity for fear something might happen. I even have my pajamas cut to resemble a frockaway coat, so that I shall be decently dressed to sign a treaty with France should such a foolish document arrive in the midst of the night. It is a doggish life," he gawp looking tiresomely in direction of Valley Forge where his dear farm and sweet cows is situated.

"In Europe it is a seriously awful year for the Peace Makers' Union," he say furthermore. "Kings and Emperors is going around making party-calls, which is always dangerous. For Kings is like Ladies. When they kiss each other too much it are a pretty sure sign there is going to be a fight in the family. Many thrones is now rocking," he add-on nervusly.

"Are it not alarming to see thrones rock?" I rebate.

"Not entirely," report him. "Many modern thrones is built like rocking-chairs, so that a slight agitation will only make it more comfortable for the Monarch what sets there. But when a throne rocks too much even the most experienced King is apt to fall out."

"One thing I have noticed, Mr. Sir," I negotiate arising with polite derby. "During our conversations you have said deliciously nothing about Japanese situations."

"Did you notice that?" inquire Hon. Phil coyly.

"One disgusting question on this subject," I migrate, "If Japan made sass-talk to America, would State Departmest kick-back to Japan like you mentioned?"

"If such a question were necessary, I would not answer it," snib Philander with iced glance. "And since such a question are not necessary, why do you ask it?"

I hang myself outside of door, feeling like my soul was shot in two. I am aware that I have just received a Diplomatick Stroke.

Hoping you are the same
Yours truly
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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Home Town Tales BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON

SUSIE'S FIRST BEAU

THEY were very young and very self-conscious. As they were walking down the street side by side she blushed a bit as she looked at him, and he reddened a little as he looked at her. To add to their embarrassment the imps who stood in front of the drug store and who knew them from babyhood had remarks to make that were little less than cruel.

"My! I wish I had a girl," said one.

"Say, Bert, does your mother know you're out?" said another.

Bert was angry enough to murder the whole band at the corner, but he did not dare to answer their jibes. Things were coming to a pretty pass when a gentleman of 17 couldn't see a lady home safely without being made a target for ridicule. Susie Southwick wouldn't have minded so much the catcalls and insults of Johnny Granger and Tommy Atwater and Willie Francis, only there were grown folks near by, and friends of her family at that.

It was a long time before either of the youngsters felt brave enough to talk. She was the first.

"You don't get up to the North End often, Mister Bings?" she remarked.

"No, but I could," was his saucy reply.

"Goodness! I didn't mean that!"

"Mean what?"

"Why, what you said."

"What did I say?"

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"Oh!"

Then there was a silence. He coughed several times, but that did not make conversation.

At last she giggled and suggested nervously: "I guess it must be 20 minutes past."

"Why is that?" he demanded.

"Don't you know that? Why, when everybody stops talking, almost always it is 20 minutes of something or 20 minutes past."

"Never heard of it before," admitted Bert. "Let's see if it is now." They bent their heads over Bert's new watch. "Yes, sir, it is," he cried.

"Sure enough," echoed Susie.

"That's funny," said Bert. "The longer I live the more I find this is a strange world."

"So do I," said Susie.

They were in front of Susie's home now, and for 30 minutes they talked, he not knowing how to say good-bye and she not knowing how to retire gracefully. After another 30 minutes Susie's mother rapped on the front window with her thimble.

"I've got to go in now," said Susie.

* * * * * *

On a Thursday evening Bert Bings offered his arm which was not carrying a large bag of oranges to Miss Susie Southwick, who accepted it with the free arm which was not supporting a chocolate layer cake. They were starting for the surprise party Mary Hollis had been preparing for over two weeks. It was the first public appearance of Bert and Susie as a couple. After a half mile both Bert and Susie were wishing the other would suggest transferring their respective packages to the other hand. Susie feared to withdraw her arm, and Bert couldn't bring himself to the suggestion. It was a petty annoyance which precluded easy conversation.

They were starting for the surprise party Mary Hollis had been preparing for over two weeks.

Being somewhat of a novelty in the North End, Bert Bings received the largest mail in the posoffice game which was early started, and Bert's popularity pleased Susie, since she had come with him. "Another letter for Bert Bings," sang out Mr. Hollis, who was tending door.

"This letter? Oh, no! No one you know, Mr. Smith."

"Maybe I'm too critical," confided Bert as they cozily ate their refreshments in a shadowed part of the front hall stairs. "But, honest, I can't stand for the frivolous type of girl. Anything but a giggler."

Susie accepted this modestly as an indirect compliment.

"Average young men never appealed to me," said Susie; "now somehow you seem different."

"Well, I hope I am not like some fellows I know," admitted Bert.

"Why, here you are! We've been looking everywhere for you two," cried Jessie Upton. Fortunately, the piano lamp was overturned at this moment, and in the following general excitement the accounting was postponed. A hassock now covers the burned hole in the front-room carpet.

"Isn't the moon fine tonight?" asked Bert, offering his arm to Susie for the walk home.

Somehow, now that Bert had called her attention to the moon, it seemed to Susie as if she were looking at it for the first time. Previously to Susie the moon had been a mere satellite, whose usefulness was limited to regulating tides, the clipping of hair to make it grow, and, when new, something to look at over the right shoulder for good luck.

"Seen Bert lately?" injured Jessie Upton, in the offensive manner of one who could throw light on a dark subject. She knew perfectly well that Bert had not been seen in that part of the town for two whole days. Susie was suffering of late from the very "catlike" behavior of certain "best friends."

"Not very lately," Susie admitted.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," said Jessie, humming a flippant tune. "I told the other girls you didn't care two straws about Bert or where he goes."

"I don't!" snapped Susie. "Where did he go? Not that I care a rap!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know Bert has been over to the Hoppers twice to see that Miss Johnson who is visiting them? She's terribly pretty—and I never saw such clothes in my life. They say she fascinates everybody."

"She's welcome to Bert," sniffed Susie. "Probably he'll take her to the entertainment this evening," observed Jessie casually. "Are you going?"

Up to this leading question Susie had been resolving to withdraw from all social gaiety and spend the rest of her life "doing good" and bringing sunshine into the darkened lives of others. But, no! She would go to this entertainment in the church parlors, be the "gayest of the gay" and snub Bert Bings to his very teeth.

Susie was almost surprised at her own success. Bert's marked attention had brought her into the limelight, and other young men who previously had overlooked the shy Miss Southwick now were ready to follow her like a flock of sheep. A very cool nod to Bert, who came late and alone, produced the satisfactory result of making him look very glum. After avoiding him all the evening, Susie decided to crown her triumph by marching off home with someone else. But when going home time came, Bert had disappeared! And it was very humiliating to find that in spite of her evening's general popularity the other boys had drifted off too!

As young Susie Southwick started homeward she "thanked her stars" she was not like the other girls who had to have "some feller tagging along home with them." She would hurry and catch up with nice old Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Was that a figure standing in the shadow of the trees?

"Ahem!" coughed the shadow.

Up went Susie Southwick's proud and haughty head. She was now quite near the shadow.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Bings?" she asked nervously as the shadow stepped forward.

"Sure! Who else would it be? Say, Susie, what was the matter with you, anyway? I called for you——"

"Nothing was the matter," said Susie, sweetly. "How's your friend Miss Thompson—or is it Johnson? I expected to see her with you this evening."

"Miss Johnson? Oh, nonsense! What put that in your head?" demanded Bert indignantly.

"They say she's a sweet, lovely girl."

"Oh, cut it out!" burst out Bert. "I can see some one has been stringing you. I went out there twice for mother, and I talked with Miss Johnson both times. I couldn't get out of it. She's engaged to Biff Hopper's brother that lives in Chicago, and——"

Susie took Bert's arm—no, she grabbed it!

"I'm thankful Susie hasn't got her head full of boys at her age," said Mrs. Southwick, gratefully. "I don't know what I would do if she were like some of the silly girls in this neighborhood."

"I'd put my foot down on any of that nonsense," said Susie's father, firmly. "Of course, this young Bings is merely a boy friend. I don't object to Susie having pleasant acquaintances, and he seems like a nice, sensible sort of chap."

"He is," agreed Mrs. Southwick, heartily. "I like Bert—he's always so respectful."

Other people looked at it differently, perhaps because they saw more of Susie and Bert. "Those silly young geese just went by again," observed a woman who lived at the end of "Lovers' Lane." "I declare, you can't look out the window that they aren't strolling by. If I had a daughter—"

Susie would have much preferred to have Bert go away to war. It would be so much more romantic. Still, there wasn't any war to go to—and, anyway, he might be killed—so, perhaps, it was just as well that instead he went to the city to "make his mark." They would write every day, and it would be such fun getting letters. Susie had never received any of "that kind" of letters. She would have them all and tie them up with a blue ribbon.

"Dear Susie: I know I haven't been very prompt about writing lately—but you can't say anything—you didn't answer my last one for over two weeks. Things are booming with me, and it keeps me on the jump every minute. Of course, I like to get your letters. And I'm glad to hear you are having a good time back there. There's an awful lot doing here and I've been meeting some nice people through my roommate. You'd like him. He's got an awfully nice sister, that is just the jolly kind of girl you'd take to. Who is this James Smith you mentioned? Don't seem to remember him. Guess he's some one that blew into town after I left.

"I often think of the pleasant times we all used to have in the old town. I suppose things drag along there about the same. So Jessie Upton is going with Biff Hopper? I had to smile—they both seem like mere kids. Maybe I'll come home on a visit around Christmas—just think, I've been away nearly a whole year! And I tell you, Susie, there's no one I'll be more pleased to see than you—"

"Who's your letter from?" interrupted a voice over Susie's shoulder, as she walked slowly back from the Postoffice one evening.

"Oh! Mr. Smith! How you frightened me!" smiled Susie. "This letter? Oh, no one you know, Mr. Smith. He lives in New York."

"I hope he stays there!" declared James Smith.

"Why?" queried Susie innocently.

Etc., etc., etc.

Specimens for Naturalists.

Zoologist.

Students of the crustacea often find the cod a useful assistant collector. Thus the circular crab seems to be a favorite food of cods and rays; and it was chiefly from the stomachs of these fish that some of the older naturalists obtained specimens.

Another hunting ground of the naturalist is the sailing ship which has been in foreign ports. In this way Dr. Cook has been able to add a tiny Chilian crab to the Cornish crustacea. It was obtained by Vallentin on the sides of a bark from Patagonia in a coating of seaweed and barnacles.

The crab itself may become a collector of specimens for the zoologist, for it is often covered with various species of sponges, hydroids and bryozoa. Sometimes the species found thus are such as are not easily obtainable otherwise. One species of crab, indeed (maia squinado), is regarded in Cornwall as the provider of material for the naturalist.

Axioms That Failed.

"Aim high," they said to William Brown,
And he chose notions elevated;
To common things he gave a frown,
He felt for greatness he was fated.
Alas, he did not rise to fame,
Nor realize his high ambition;
He put so much thought on his aim
He quite forgot his ammunition.

And "Hitch your wagon to a star."
Was what they counseled Henry Walker.
He wished to journey on and far
Behind a steed that was no balker.
Alas, the journey that he made
Was not distinguished by its farness;
His wagon led no cavalcade
Because he overlooked the harness.

"Do not put all your eggs," they said
To Hiram Perkins, "In one basket."
Now, Hiram had it in his head
To some day own a treasure casket.
Alas, he met the worst of fates—
He thought of fortune in a slather,
But while assembling all his crates,
He did not think the eggs to gather.

"A burnt child dreads the fire," they told
To Julius Miggles for his training;
He waited then till things were cold,
Even a lukewarm chance disdaining.
Alas, although his fingers ne'er
Were scorched by anything he handled,
The fortune that might be his care
Today in other hands is dandled.

—Chicago Post.

Next to Nature Itself

Recent Inventions for Production and Applicatioon of Electricity.

THREE recent inventions for the production and application of electricity show that it is the next thing to nature itself. The first gathers electrical energy direct from the sun's rays, the fountain head of everything in Nature, says the Chicago Tribune. The other two seem to show up electricity as a master hand in the business of nature faking. The second uses it to fake the mother hen in hatching chickens, and the third to fake the light of day in awakening quail or similar game birds, causing them to feed often and become fat.

An inventive genius in New York City has made a discovery that enables him to gather electricity from the rays of the sun and bottle it in storage batteries so that it can be turned on or off and used for light, heat and power, the same as if it were produced by artificial means. It is called the "solar electric generator," and transforms the electricity that lies in the sun's rays directly into energy for commercial uses.

The primary cell of this generation is simple. It is a rod or plug about three inches long, made of an alloy of several common metals, on one end of which the sun shines in a glass inclosed space containing still air heated by the sun. The other end is set in a composition of asphalt and other materials that are nonconductors of heat, light or electricity, and it is placed so that it will be in the shade and cool moving air. The rod forms part of a circuit wired in the regular way to a storage battery.

When the sun shines on the end of the rod and heats it a difference in temperature is produced between it and the other end that sets up an electrical action which is transmitted by the wires to the storage battery. While the energy thus gathered by one rod is small, it is a comparatively simple matter to multiply the number of rods and consequently the amount of energy.

Tha device now in use consists of a frame similar to a window sash with 16 panes of glass, each pane inclosing 61 plugs whose ends are exposed to the sun, making a total of 976. It is claimed that enough electrical energy can be gathered by this device in two days of sunshine to light an ordinary house for a week. It is not costly and lasts for years. An automatic mechanism shuts off the battery when the sun ceases to shine, and opens it up at once when the sun's rays touch it again.

The business of the old hen in hatching chickens is satisfactory but slow. Man found that it would be to his advantage to increase the output away beyond hen hatching possibilities. But the nature fakers found that the old hen knew her business mighty well and that to imitate the ways of Nature was not easy. Various ways of hatching eggs artificially have been used, but evidently electricity provides the best way of getting close to Nature's conditions. The principal advantage of electricity seems to be that it provides a way for maintaining a constant temperature.

This is accomplished by the "electroplane," the most important feature of the device. It is an asbestos board placed at the top of the incubator, metal bound, and electrically heated by a heating coil underneath it, through which is passed a current from an ordinary lighting circuit. In the circuit is included a thermostat, which, by the expansion and contraction of strips of metal used, breaks the circuit when the temperature reaches the desired high point and makes contact again when the temperature drops. By this arrangement the temperature can be regulated to a part of a degree. The heat is continuous and there is no smoke or smell or lamps to take care of.

In the London Zoo electric light is used to imitate sunlight to make the birds feed earlier. A flood of light is turned on several hours before sunrise and the birds wake up, hop about and begin to feed. A gamester in London in this way takes advantage of the habit of quail to feed only at sunrise. They are kept in cellars and a number of times a day the electric sunlight is turned on, the quail wake up and feed according to their habit, and after a time the light is turned off and the birds take to their nests. In this way they can be made to take half a dozen breakfasts a day and are kept fat and plump for market.

"Make Good," That's the Thing.

Boston Herald.

If you are tempted to exaggerate your loyalty to any cause in words, take thought. Cut out some, if necessary. Be sure you can "make good." "His word is as good as his bond" is a testimonial worth having. It takes something more than honesty of intention to acquire it. Conservatism in promise is essential. Promise little. Do more. Make performance exceed promise. Don't borrow too much credit from the world on the strength of your promises to "make good." Let performance earn its reward, and instead of being in debt to the world for promises unfulfilled you will have a deposit of recognition and gratitude to your credit on which you can draw in time of need. The truth applies to every individual in his relations with society. The person who "makes good," whose word, if it be but a single vow, is vowed true, is regarded as dependable and strong, and counts for something among his fellows. Therefore, make good. That way lies success.

Mr. Fairbanks' Whiskers.

(Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks is reported to have had his whiskers shaved off while in the Far East.—News item.)

What's this news the cable brings us,
What's the news the wireless flings us?
Is it true or some mistake,
Sent from some far Chinese haven?
Mr. Fairbanks is smooth shaven—
Is it barefaced fake?
What's this news the wires are hissing?
Mr. Fairbanks' beard is missing.

To a Chinese barber said he:
"Hop Lee, shave me, I am ready.
Rub the lather in;
I will pay you for your trouble,
Shear away this growth of stubble
Hiding now my chin.
Clip and scissor, shave and singe,
Please remove my wiry fringe.

"Long, too long, my chin they've hidden—
Hop Lee, do as you are bidden,
Take my spinach off;
I will tell you if it's hurtin',
But shave off this old lace curtain,
Though the public scoff.
You and I will be the gainers,
So remove my bouillon strainers."

Hop Lee, each dispatch is stating,
Lost no time in hesitating.
"Alle light," said he,
Snip! snip! went his shears of nickel
Like a reaper's keen-edged sickle,
Now the world may see
Mr. Fairbanks' chin at last
Over which no cocktails passed.

Softly sigh the Summer breezes,
Never more a zephyr teases
Fairbanks' lilacs now;
Never more a gale caresses
Mr. Fairbanks' bunch of tresses;
Like his marble brow
Is his chin and just as fair,
Now the paint brush isn't there.

—Detroit Free Press.