HASHIMURA TOGO, DETECTIVE

TOGO, ASSISTED BY WEATHER PROPHET MOORE, DISCOVERS 1911.

To Editor Oregonian, who would not be in News Printing Business, if he knew what was going to happen Next,

Dear Sir:—

"Who can tell what Great Events will explode in year 1911?"

It was Hon. Albert Beverage who bespoke thusly, while he was setting in Hotel Astoria drinking sassparilla-ale with Left Over expression. Like all Republicans, Hon. Beverage have considerable time to think of literature and other sports.

I make no intelligent answer to his reply.

"Fate," he say, "act very flimsical and skittenish, jumping elsewhere when you think he would not do so. Man is but a feeble puppy in the hands of Circumstance. He beholds what will happen—and O See! it is something else. What is Fortune? It is the wind what tickles sweet flowers to-day, but to-morrow he jumps on aviation meets and makes biplane too reckless. It is the rain what irrigates happy farmer, yet postpones angry baseball. It is the snow what makes joyful sled for schoolboy, but unhappy slip for politician. Fate is like the weather, it collapses when it feels like. Who can read the Future?"

"Maybe Hon. Willis Moore, Chief Weather Bureau Clarvoyant, can do so," I snuggest.

Hon. Alb think thoughtfully for a momentary second.

"Togo," he sub with voice, while wiping a tear from his cuff, "I should so muchly like to know what will happen to year 1911! O Togo, kindly to go to Washington and dishcover this Weather Signal Man. Ask him to read the Future to Jan. 1, 1912, and receive the entire thanks of everybody from Charles F. Murphy down to Theodore Roosevelt."

With speechless affection I twisted his hand and depart off. I shall find this Moore man and compel him to explan everything.

* * * * * * *

It was exact midnight, 1910. Me & Nogi, disfiguised to look like Cold Waves, arrived to Weather Bureau Office, Wash., D. C. This Office is situated in the basement entrance of a baloon attached by a rope ladder to Washington Monument. When Hon. Moore wish to become more approximate to Hon. Moon, he lengthen out rope ladder so to extend 10,000 feet in altitude. Here he sets writing weather reports. Friends what wish for to see him must give call-cards to Janitor who remains upon the earthly ground hoisting and lowering that peculiar gas-office.

"We wish see Hon. Weather Clarvoyant, please," say me & Nogi to Janitor.

"Names, if any," depose Hon. Jan.

"Togo & Nogi, Detectives," we approach.

"Hon. Moore is always willing to interview Japanese Detectives," confuse him. "Ascend upwards 2 miles and knock 3 times at door of baloon."

We do so with considerable climb. When we had arrived 1 mile in heavenly highness Hon. Moore begin letting out more rope-ladder from baloon, so the more we walked the less we got there. Yet who can discouradge a Samurai detective? Answer is, Nothing! With intensified toes we continue climb-up, till pretty soonly we arrive to a beautiful limousine baloon distinctually labelled

WEATHER HEADQUARTERS
VISITORS WELCOME

We make knock-knock to door.

"Come inwards!" say a voice full of science.

We enter to interior of baloon, and there we seen, setting at a tall oak desk, surrounded by maps of Mars, Kansas and the Mississippi River, a medium size Astrology Professor. Every occasional moment he would point a thermometer in direction of Mexico and take a photo of the weather.

"I see a delicious storm in Mexico," he snuggest.

"Perhaps it is only a riot," I repose.

"Who knows what will be next in that Southern climate?" he require.

No intelligent thoughts from us. Hon. Moore turn his telescope at direction of Maine.

"Deep Republican frosts still preside there," he nudge. "This extends to N. Y. State, but is stopped by Pennsylvania, which is too solid to freeze."

"Hon. Moore," collapse me & Nogi with assembled voices, "we has been sent hitherward to discover with you about the Future. You are hired by U. S. Govt to do Prophet work. By looking at the Pacific Ocean you can see Spring coming before it arrive. You can tell how the wind will blow in March by merely smelling the clouds. You have a remarkabilious brain. You can tell how weather will be Fair but Rainy 3 months ahead, and if it do not happen like you say you can give reasons why it didn't. Everything what is going to happen you have got down in your Chart. Therefore, you must have considerable excited news about this year 1911 which is so soon to be shot off."

Hon. Moore look at me osteopathically.

"You wish know everything what will happen in 1911?" he require.

"If convenient, please," I otter.

"Nothing would be easier," snuggest Hon. Willis. "By my complete kit of scientific tools I am enabled to locate future Trouble by geometric palmestry."

Hon. Moore pull down from shelf one enormalous book of Census appearance. It was marked distinctually, "BOOK OF PROPHECIES, 1911."

"This approaching Year," he commence making mysterious fireworks with his eyes, "this approaching year will be born under Capricorn, the Goat, and Cancer, the Lobster. This means that High Cost of Living will be reduced, but everything will cost just the same as ever. The Goat will cause considerable butting in during all political caucauses. The Lobster will cause considerable speculations in oil stocks and increased faith in the Tariff to lead the Republican Party out of the woods.

"By observing through telescope I notice that Halley's Comet is in contact with Venus. This means that Affinities, Salome, Russian Dances, and Sue Falls will be fashionable some more. However, many children will be born. There will be considerable suicide and other forms of aeroplaning. There will be considerable gunpowder, Bibles, poetry, soda-mint tablets, cigarettes and antique furniture manufactured all over the world. John Redmond will be made Premier of England and Belfast will be the capital of the British Isles.

"Among other reliable Public Events to collapse will be following:

"TRAVEL—Theodore Roosevelt will not visit Africa this year. Nothing more will be done with the North Pole, which is still there. Some wild tribes of Suffragettes will be discovered in Colorado.

"WAR—England will declare war against the German measels. Congress will order a dozen Dreadnoughts costing $100,000,000 apiece. Panama Canal must be widened six feet to fit these battleships which will be so modern that they will be out of fashion before they are built. A war will be expected with Japan as usual.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE—Woman's place will be in the home, same as ever. But homes will be arranged so Woman can vote, run for office, etc., without neglecting the baby.

"POLITICS—A Third Party will be formed to include following ticket: For President, Hon. Joseph G. Cannon; for Vice-Pres, Hon. J. Caesar Burrows. Motto of this Party will be "Reform Politics, but Don't Hurt Business." J. Sunshine Sherman will continue to be Vice-Pres, but nobody will notice it.

"AVIATION—This marvellous Science will advance so fastly that Aviators will be able to carry lawyers with them on all trips, so that patent suits can be kept up without interfering with business.

"SCIENCE—An Italian Professor will invent a noiseless street piano. He will be greater than Chris Columbus, because Hon. Chris merely discovered America, but Hon. Prof made it fit to live in. A German living in Jersey City will learn how to get a house and lot without paying for it. Like most other geniuses, he will have to go to jail, because he is too smart.

"EDUCATION—Walter Camp will attend to this in his new book entitled 'Football for 1911.'

"FASHIONS—Styles will arrive from Paris in their usual astonished condition. Ladies will be arranged to look like bolsters, barber's poles, taffy and Egyptian mummies. Husbands when they see these styles, will report 'How foolish!' Then they will peeve at their wives if they don't get some like them."

Hon. Willis Moore look upward from that Prophecy Book.

"Is there something more you wish to require?" he mention.

"Please, if convenient, I have one answer to ask," say Cousin Nogi with quibbling knees.

"I shall be disposed to tell everything," say Hon. Moore. "Maybe your question are about Europe. In that region you must expect two Kings to die off and 3 revolutions to revolute in year 1911—"

"What do I care for Kings?" snib Nogi. "My questions are more important as that."

"Maybe you wish to know about Literature for 1911," narrate Hon. Moore. "During this important year there will arise up in Indiana—"

"I am neglectful about Literature," dib Nogi.

"Maybe you are feverish to hear about the great Hindoo surgeon who, in July, 1911, will show the world how to cure cancer by—"

"I am disgusted by surgery conversation," gubble Nogi.

"What great Prophecy, then, do you require to know?" ask out that famous Weather Clarvoyant. "I have offered you several International Events and you make scorn with nose. What important Future Calamity are you so nervus to hear?"

Nogi swallow his heart-beats with difficult teeth.

"Please, kind sir, Mr. Prof," he otter, "which team will obtain top-high position in National League next season?"

Hon. Moore close up Book of Prophecies with cross snap.

"I have told you entire year's secrets of life, death, love and politics. But you have went too far. There is some things too sacred and terrible to be prophecied by even Government Officials."

So he poked us carelessly from Hon. Baloon where we fell 3 miles and was bursted to vulgar fractions.

Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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"HE BEHOLDS WHAT WILL HAPPEN, AND, OH, SEE! IT IS SOMETHING ELSE."

"LADIES WILL BE ARRANGED TO LOOK LIKE LOBSTERS, BARBERS' POLES, TAFFY AND EGYPTIAN MUMMIES."

WE WOMEN

BY CHARLOTTE ROWETT

We Women—and Our Boys

ALONG about any time of the year, it is always proper, it seems to me—human nature being pretty much a non-variable quantity in season and out—for someone whose eyes and ears are not prudishly shut to the ways of the world to sound a note of warning: Mothers, take care of your boys!

"Mothers, take care of your — your —" what? Why, as I live, it ought to be "Girls" — that last word! What do you suppose I meant by changing it about in that silly fashion? Was it just foolishness? Or might it, maybe, be something mighty like an inspiration?

I wonder! Yet, honestly, when you come to think about it, I almost believe it was inspiration.

"Take care of your boys." Because if we mothers do that, if we take care of our boys, if we have been taking care of our boys all these years before, ever since we had them, the girls won't need any taking care of whatever. They will be perfectly safe.

Think of how nice that would be—to know that our girls were just as safe as could be, no matter where they were. That they didn't need the strong hand of the policeman on the corner to take care of them. That we had somehow managed it that a girl's brother and his friend and all the other girls' brothers and their friends would take care of a girl so that her mother might be perfectly safe and at ease about her.

But right here I might as well give it as my opinion that we can't do anything like that if we go around day after day and year after year saying:

"Tommy, now don't you do that, if you do I'll tell your fawther."

"Tommy, don't you dare be saucy to your maw, nobody but a naughty little boy is saucy to his maw."

"Tommy, you stary right here—now, Tommy, didn't I tell you to stay right here? What do you mean by chasing away like that?"

"Now, Tommy, don't you know how wicked it is to fight? Only rude little boys fight, and God won't love a little boy that fights."

And then on top of these offenses to say: "I can't do a thing with Tommy—he's getting perfectly awful." And Tommy not seven years old. And, later on, philosophically: "Oh, I suppose boys will be boys." And then—last and worst: "She is a bold girl, and I have no doubt whatever that she led Tommy on. She's as old as he is, and you know a girl is always so much older for her age." That is, if it is your son. But if it is the other mother's son—ah, then, woe is you for your sweet daughter!

No, if we keep on doing things like that, we can't really take care of our girls. Nor of anybody else's girls. And when you come to look at it right, the taking care of somebody else's girl is just as important as the taking care of our own, because if the other girl is all twisted and warped, how do we know she won't begin to twist and warp that Tommy of ours? And spoil the little we may have left unspoiled of him?

Things work just as perfectly as any bit of mechanism you ever saw in your life. Some mother starts one little thing—Tommy all spoiled and left about like that for other people to stumble over—and there we have mighty near an endless chain of things that we would rather not have had. See? No mother lives to herself alone, and neither does Tommy.

So, if we will persist in doing things like that, how can we expect to be able to take care of our girls?

No, I'm not crazy, I mean just exactly what I say. I think if we mothers would take care of the boys, the girls would have a perfectly lovely time. They wouldn't have to be everlastingly scolded and told to "Don't." You know that what we ought to say to Tommy when we take care of him isn't "Don't" at all. It is "Do."

"Be honest and square," we should say to Tommy, "and obey the law. It is required of everybody on earth. While you are a child I am the law, and I will do my best to be a just law."

"Be clean in life, in soul and in body, we should say to Tommy. "It is right and manly and the thing to do. Besides, you just notice the people who are not, and notice how the disobedience to the decencies finally eats them up till they are entirely and utterly the sort of thing you wouldn't like to have around. You will find that effect follows cause.

"Be square to the girls," we should tell Tommy. "They are not objects of pursuit at all—they are fellow humans. You never can rise—you or any other boy—in a world where the girls do not rise also."

I think, myself, that it is a deplorable state of affairs when a girl of 15 has to go out into the world and earn a living and help the family, entirely unprotected by the presence of an older relative.

But then, on the other hand, it is a perfectly awful world into which a 15-year-old girl cannot go and be safe. And I'd like to know who makes the world awful? Why, Tommy, of course. Didn't we spoil him ourselves?

It is awful that a girl has got to be sure she walks quickly and in a business like manner, so that she may not be spoken to on the street by an objectionable. Who is the objectionable? Why, Tommy.

It is awful when a sweet, pretty, 15-year-old girl gets on a streetcar alone and the conductor tells her how pretty she is. The girl hardly likes to get off the car—she hates to make a scene. But her cheeks burn—oh, you know. And who is that conductor? Why, Tommy.

It is awful when a clean, sweet girl has cigarette smoke blown in her face by a leering creature, and she dares not make complaint to the police officer for fear that if she does, he may class her where she does not belong and tell her to keep off the streets.

Who is the leering creature, and who, for the matter of that, is the police officer? Why, just Tommy. And we have spoiled Tommy and given him wrong views of life, of his rights, his privileges, and of the place of the girl in society and the treatment she has a right to expect from her brothers.

Why, by the time we get done spoiling Tommy, he hardly seems like the girl's brother at all, but just like a wolf—with fangs and awful appetite. And that isn't in the least what Tommy was meant to be. So I say, why in the world don't all of us mothers take care of our boys?

And, do you know, it seems to me that one of the very best ways for a mother to take care of a boy is for her to remember that he thinks.

Believe me, boys have a lot of thoughts. Doesn't the poet say that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts? I used to wonder just what he meant by that; being young myself at the time, and therefore unable to look at youth with an unprejudiced eye. But now I know. And, when you come to think a minute, you know, too.

So, when your boy, mother dear, sits in the twilight occasionally, looking at something you can't see, don't say at him, "What on earth are you mooning about, Tommy?" If you do he'll shut right up like a startled clam.

But, instead of demanding of him what he is thinking about, just give him some more things to add to his subjects—good things, honest and honorable and upright things. And add to them the idea that such thoughts are meant for everyday use. And maybe you will find, years afterwards, that he remembers every word you murmured to him that far vanished Summer evening out on the front steps, or before the open fire, where he sat wondering about one thing and another, and you slipped up and sat down near him, without breaking his young dream, and let your voice get low and confidential to that boy of yours.

This is the very essence of my plea; let's don't be everlastingly levitating literature and last year's proverbs at our poor girls. Let's remember how like they are to us, and let it go at that. They will come out all right if they marry the right man.

That sounds upside down, too, doesn't it, just like what I said in the first place? Still, every once in a while somebody tries to tell you something like that, and probably gets a slap on the wrist for his pains. Just as Tennyson did when an inspiration of the early Victorian era made him write Locksley Hall and say, among other things,

As the husband is, the wife is. She is mated to a clown,
And the grossness of his nature shall have weight to drag her down.

Well, a lot of people rose up and declared that the hero was impolite to his mother when he said she was influenced by his father, who was probably a brute, anway. And yet though certain portions of the context lack conviction—my conviction—I think Tennyson was just trying, in his clumsy masculine manner, to say what I'm telling you. He recognized what a mistake had been made in the bringing up of himself and the gentleman who was to wed his former love, as well as of numerous other sturdy Britons, and demanded, as well as he could manage to get at it, that mothers should take care of their boys and not let them be clowns.

You see, when the boys are not clowns, it will be possible for the girls, without much trouble, to refrain from being the mates of clowns. Get the idea?

Yes, I acknowledge that I am saying that men are the affirmative part of creation. Well, I don't care.—A snub-nosed, freckle-faced, red-headed brat of a boy is the very essence of the future, of all good in the world. And he's well worth taking care of. And for mercy's sake, let us mothers try to fit him to be a good husband to some sweet girl who is now wearing a co-ed suit and a hair bow as big as the wings on an Antoinette, monoplane.

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AND MAYBE YOU WILL FIND, YEARS AFTERWARDS, THAT HE REMEMBERED EVERY WORD YOU MURMURED TO HIM THAT FAR VANISHED EVENING BEFORE THE OPEN FIRE.

Some Live Talks With Dead Ones

THE OLD YEAR LOOKS BACK ON HIS PAST LIFE.

"OH, I'm just sticking around to welcome my successor," said the Old Year, when I met him by appointment at a late hour last evening in one of our leading cafes. "Really, there's no need of my staying. My work is practically over, my books are all posted with the exception of the amount carried forward, known to the layman as the hangovers, and there's nothing on my mind but my hair and mighty little of that. But I'm still on the job for this last half hour because it's the custom.

"Yes, sir; in just about 30 minutes by the clock young Nineteen-Eleven will come bouncing in here, pink and new and sanguine. Whistles will blow for him. Several thousand gentlemen who have been simmering gently all evening will come to a boil and rise up and extend the freedom of the city to the visiting fireman. Quite a number of ladies will go berserker with the heat or something, and after calling names freely, will be taken home in cabs weeping copiously because nobody loves them. For, as the poet says, hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

"But nobody will notice me, as I take my hat and umbrella and slide out by the side entrance. If anybody does see me fading into the background it will be only to wonder why such an aged and tottery old party should be staying up so late. That's the way it goes. Twelve months ago, when I started out, I was as full of promise as a mining stock circular. I thought I was going to make quite a deep and perceptible dent in history. But by 1914 people will be remembering me only as the year they had the inflammatory rheumatism so bad or the Summer they made the first payment on the new 48-pound set of encyclopedias."

"And yet," I suggested, "taking everything into consideration, you've been a reasonably full year."

"Yes, reasonably full," he said modestly, "but nothing conspicuous. Fact is, I've been sitting here this evening sort of reviewing my past life and thinking over the things I was responsible for. I suppose age is telling on my memory, but for the life of me I can't seem to remember anything about my early youth except that January was uniformly cold and a great many people who hadn't had their money very long discovered they positively couldn't stand this climate in Winter, and had to go to Palm Beach. February is also more or less of a blank to me. Washington and Lincoln, following their habit, had birthdays that month. I believe Senator Nelson A. Aldrich also had a birthday along that time, but I don't seem to recall any loud, clamorous, popular demand to make it a legal holiday, too. And I think it was in March that a fearful wave of mortality swept over the country."

"I don't seem to recall any pestilence about that time," I said, rather puzzled.

"It was the deadliest disease known to man," said Nineteen-Ten. "It was the U. S. Census. A plague only kills its thousands, but a census garners in its millions. This one did, anyhow. On the day before it started a future metropolis would have 200,000 inhabitants if it had one. The local newspapers conceded it. So did the Commercial Club. As soon as they'd annexed a couple of outlying suburbs they were going to name Greater South Rome Center and give Chicago the race of her life.

"And then a little while later you'd find them hoping that the official figures wouldn't throw them so very far back of South Bend. There it was—countless thousands of the population wiped out and not a suspender button or a hairpin left to tell of their fate. You may recall the young man who came around from house to house back yonder early in the Spring, when the weather was still such as to make the little crocus quit crowing and start cussing. He wore a turndown collar, slightly soiled, and a made tie, and he carried a fountain pen and a book pocket full of blanks. You must remember him—the intellectual giant who asked you if you spelt Erasmus with a "j" or a "p," and were you white or colored, and if so, how long, and whether the dog next door bit strangers? He didn't look like a Besom of Destruction to you. He looked more like a former bill clerk who had a cousin on the Republican county committee. But he certainly was a little Archangel of Death and related to the Mortality family on the father's side. For he was the lad from the Census Bureau.

"In April Spring opened and was immediately closed again for repairs owing to frozen pipes. Along about here the language was enriched with several new words. We acquired taxicabist, meaning one who skins people as distinguished from taxidermist, who only skins animals. The Rebel Yell was taken out of the mothballs and given at length in all the accounts published by the Northern papers of the Confederate reunions, a Northern paper being the only place where this yell is found in the flower of its perfection any more. The belled buzzard did his annual reappearance at a number of Southwestern points where there were resident correspondents of the Associated Press. Several of the magazines printed that standard article—it's a great favorite of mine—telling how much wealth mankind owes to the American hen for laying the American egg. The oldest Mason died several times in different states, mostly of old age, but once or twice of pneumonia caught while returning from his grandmother's funeral. There were strong arguments on the high cost of living, but nobody stopped to figure that the cost of high living might have something to do with it. Several new and attractive diseases, suitable for wealthy persons, were discovered, including one with a German name long enough, if properly illustrated, to run as a moving picture film. The Spring fiction, which is mostly seed catalogues and floral guides, came on the market, preceding by several weeks the Summer fiction, which is mostly Summer resort advertisements.

"Then came June, month of flowers and brides, the flowers being quoted at three dollars a dozen and up, and the brides at even a higher figure. The engagement of a foreign gentleman named A. Bruzzi or something of that sort to the daughter of a Mr. Steve Elkins was reported three or four thousand times off and on. In June also, a well-known faunal naturalist returned from Africa. New York was hung with banners reading 'Welcome to T. R.' which are also the first two letters in the word trouble, and a large delegation of New York financiers went down the bay to meet him and find out for themselves if his throat trouble wasn't more serious than reported. They found out it wasn't, which practically spoiled the whole day for Mr. Morgan and several others. Also on account of Colonel Roosevelt, the same group of rich men turned out later in the year—in the early part of the second week in November, to be exact.

"In July, Mr. James J. Jeffries, the pride of all the white race, except those who were on, had his life line crossed by a dark stranger carrying something heavy in each hand. Shortly after this, the winner, Mr. Johnson, suffered from pains in the head and had himself examined by a prominent Chicago geologist, who reported that except for a small fissure common to formations of the Silurian period, there didn't seem to be anything the matter with the champion, which was a great consolation to his friends, who'd been afraid they might have to send his skull to a quarry for treatment.

"During August a great number went on vacations, and many of them lived to get back without being seriously impaired in health. In September the Fall campaigns warmed up, but Colonel Roosevelt didn't call as many people liars in September as in October, which was natural, October being one day longer. In the new realm of air navigation a number of flights were made, followed as a rule by private interments at the late home of deceased. Portugal was carried by a large party of gentlemen proclaiming themselves as Republicans, but as they immediately fell out among themselves and began to quarrel violently, I'm inclined to think there was a mistake made, and that they must have been Democrats.

"Mr. Walter Wellman then took quite a voyage in his famous balloon, Bide-a-wee the First, accompanied by several hired hands who really wanted to go. They started for Europe. After sailing so far up the coast that Mr. Wellman's position as National president of the Hearth and Home Society of Indoor Polar Explorers was seriously threatened by violation of the rule prohibiting any member in good standing from going north of Bangor, Me., he turned around and came south along the coast to the point where the heroic crew were recued, which wasn't very close to Europe, but was quite close to the magazine offices, and so was a great triumph for science.

"It was long about here that Mr. Hill said stocks were going down, and they did, but Mr. Morgan said they were going up again, and they did, to the great joy of Messrs. Morgan and Hill, who locked arms the same as the finish of any other brother act and made their exit laughly, taking with them considerable quantities of the coin of Messrs. Lamb and Goat, nonprofessional Wall-Street investors.

"In November the elections occurred. For the sake of many concerned, I will dismiss it with a word. Grand opera and the horse show, both undress affairs, opened on the same night and practically all of society's leading backbones, shoulder blades and strawberry marks were shown to the world simultaneously. A genius in St. Louis invented a noiseless soup spoon, but nobody followed this up by bringing out a non-lisping asparagus tip or a proof-proof Saratoga chip, so that except for the consommé course, dinner continued to be in the nature of a musical function. In England the suffragette movement scored a great forward step by getting pasted in the eye and locked up in jail, and on this side Mrs. Belmont enriched the cause with several new and pleasing costumes.

"That brings us up to December. At an early date in December the President of the United States threw Congress into a coma by means of an original forty-thousand-word lullaby called a message, and sufferers with insomnia who had been putting themselves to sleep by counting imaginary sheep jumping over a fence, at once saw a great light and wrote to the public printer for copies. Old Doc Wiley, who's been trying to cure the country of the food habit for so long, found a young lady who felt the same way that he does regarding benzoate of soda, and cards for the wedding are now out.

"And then came Christmas and now—"

Bang!

The clock star began to strike twelve. The whistles cut loose.

I turned to my companion and I didn't have one.

Ninteen-Ten was with his fathers.