

and hesitating to say anything that might be conclusive. Speaker Cannon, who wants to be nominated so badly that he dreams of it at night, has coyly remarked he is not a candidate, but will take the nomination if it is offered to him, which means if he can get it. Senator Knox has made a ringing address on the issues of the day, which consists of a discussion as to whether Peletiah Webster or Benjamin Franklin conceived the Constitution. Secretary Taft has unloaded a few tons of thrilling statistics about the Philippines, always a burning topic, and Vice-President Fairbanks has committed himself to the cause of Higher Education.

At that, when it comes to the Peletiah Webster issue Senator Knox may be obliged to revise his conclusions and revamp his forceful declaration on that imminent topic. Hannis Taylor is a studious person, who is special counsel for the Government in connection with the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, that celebrated body that is trying to find out how it is that fifteen times the assessed, natural and artificial value of everything that was on the island of Cuba before the Spanish War was destroyed during the war and during the preceding revolution, as shown by the claims presented by people who suffered these terrible losses and desire this Government to reimburse them. He was Minister to Spain under President Cleveland, and is a sharp on the Constitution and its genesis and interpretations. Mr. Taylor is committed to Peletiah Webster as the person who originated that immortal but much-abused document. When he read in his morning paper that Senator Knox had ventured to remark in his Pennsylvania speech that, in his opinion, Benjamin Franklin was responsible for the Constitution, Mr. Taylor sat down and wrote a brief paragraph of two columns in which he assured the Senator that the statement that Franklin had half as much, or a quarter, even, to do with the affair as Peletiah was so erroneous it seemed impossible a man so learned in the law as the Senator could have made it. Still, as he was convinced the Senator did make

it, Mr. Taylor begged to say the Senator did not know what he was talking about. More than that, Mr. Taylor was so impressed with this idea that he challenged the Senator to debate the proposition at any time or place, strangle-hold not barred, thus showing that Presidential candidates should be very careful, even when dealing with so fixed a topic as the Constitution.

Bargain Hunting in the Senate

WHEN the report of Charles G. Bennett, the Secretary of the Senate, came out I noticed that the men in the press gallery took copies and read them carefully. I asked about it and discovered that the report of the Secretary of the Senate is one of the standbys for an annual story. Mr. Bennett is obliged to report all the expenditures made by the Senate for the Senators, and a lot of interesting paragraphs can be dug out of it. It tells how many quinine pills the Senators consumed, what kind of mineral water they drink, how many hairbrushes they have, what patent medicines they favor and all that sort of thing. In addition, it shows how each Senator expended his stationery account of \$125 a year. You can learn from it what newspapers and magazines the Senators take and how many manicure sets they use, and other important matters of a similar nature.

Every year the correspondents have written funny stories about this report, and it has gilded Mr. Bennett, who is a most correct and methodical man, and who has a high veneration for the Senate. The Senate stationery shop is on the basement floor. It has many things for sale, including knives, pocketbooks, all kinds of pens and pencils, and much other stuff of a similar character. It is a fine place to buy stationery, for, if you have the privileges of the place, you can get everything at cost price, and the quality is always good. It has been the custom for the wives and daughters and lady friends of Senators to go to the stationery store and buy purely feminine knickknacks

and charge them to the stationery accounts of the Senators. Then, when the Secretary's report came out, there would be hair-curlers and manicure sets and shopping bags and writing sets for ladies charged up against Senators, and the bald correspondents would make remarks about the tastes of the statesmen in the public prints.

Secretary Bennett read these jibes at the Senators and was much hurt therat. He determined to stop this particular sport of holding the Solons up to ridicule, and he issued an order forbidding the stationery shop to sell to anybody but Senators stationery to be charged to the \$125 stationery account—that is, there must be no more bargain-hunting by the ladies of the Senatorial families in the Capitol. If the Senators want to buy pocketbooks and shopping bags for their lady friends they must buy them for cash. The stationery accounts, hereafter, are to be used for stationery for the Senators, bought by the Senators, and not for manicure sets bought by somebody else and charged to the Senators. Secretary Bennett thinks this will absolve him from the necessity of printing so many frivolous things in his report and that it will tend to preserve the dignity of the Senate. The order is mandatory. It reads as if Secretary Bennett was the master, instead of the servant, of the Senate. It says "must not" and "shall not." That is curious, too. Not many people can say "must" or "shall" to the Senate, unless the Senate wants to be addressed in that manner. No secretary would dare to issue such an order without the consent of the Senate.

And that gives rise to the thought that perhaps the new order was not due so much to the sensitiveness of Secretary Bennett or the ridicule of the newspapers as it was to the fact that the Senators needed a regulation that would enable them to refuse the fair pleaders who want a card to the stationery room and the privilege of buying some little thing and charging it to the Senator's account. It is just possible the Senators feel they can use that stationery money themselves.

The Manœuvres of O-Yasu-san

The Little Joke on Mrs. Tom and Mr. Middleton

By ONOTO WATANNA

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

O-YASU-SAN'S arrival at her aunt's hotel caused a sensation. She came, as her new guardian expressed it, in bits. First, her father's servant brought her baggage, diminutive boxes and trunks, thirty-five in all, for she was modern and very fashionable; then, two austere-looking ladies, who described themselves as chaperons; a governess, bearing the young lady's books and school mat and stool; a tittering maid, Yasu herself, flanked by her fiancé's father, her fiancé's mother, her fiancé's paternal and maternal grandparents, her fiancé's several sisters, and a quite uncountable number of kotowing relatives, of both sexes and all ages.

When, however, the last farewell had been bobbed and bowed, and the little train had at last dispersed, Mrs. Bailey found O-Yasu-san and the aforementioned tittering maid alone on her shapely hands. The maid had retired behind the skirts of her mistress, and the latter small individual, very much composed, and almost condescending in her manner, made known her identity. She was very attractive and entirely Japanese, in spite of her blood, save for two things at once observable. Her hair curled, and, where the charming obi of her race usually encircled the waist, there was a very tightly-laced French pink corset. She said:

"How dodo? I come. You velly nize aunty-san for me. Yaes."

Whereupon Mrs. Bailey laughed and kissed her, for she was Nina's child.

Many years before Nina Bailey had made one of those unusual marriages which occur in an ordinary English family only once, perhaps, in generations. She had married a Japanese while at school in Paris. He was an attaché of the legation there. The marriage was a happy one, in spite of predictions, though it lasted only a year. The Marquis Hakodate, grown old in a day, took his little girl back to Japan with him the day after her mother was laid to rest, and, in Japan, O-Yasu-san had passed all her days. Her education had been that of the ordinary Japanese girl, save that she had been taught the English language. A fiancé had been chosen for her. She indulged in dreams of young love in consequence, though she had never seen her fiancé at all. He was at college, somewhere.

Then one day her maid brought her the astonishing intelligence that a "foreign Mrs." was in the



"Oh, My Lubber, My Lubber!" Sobbed Little O-Yasu-san

ozashiski. O-Yasu-san descended at once, precipitately. A hole

made by a moist, plump finger in the fusuma, a bright eye and keen little ear alternately applied thereto, and O-Yasu-san had learned the history of her blood.

She was not gloriously and honorably Japanese, after all, it seemed, but half barbarian. That accounted for—and excused—her uncertain temperament. The foreign Mrs. within was her aunt-in-law, wife of her mother's brother, and she had come to Japan, armed with a letter from O-Yasu's English grandmother, begging the Marquis Hakodate to permit her granddaughter to become acquainted with some of her mother's people, and to that end that she live with her aunt during the period of that lady's stay in Japan—a few months only. The Marquis Hakodate not only was willing to lend his daughter, so he courteously declared, but all his household and ancestors also. They were all at the service of the honorable Mrs. Mrs. Bailey, at first, had felt genuine alarm when the army of relatives and servitors presented themselves to her. Finally, however, O-Yasu, her maid, pets—a monkey, a chin and a pussy-cat—and her baggage, of course, settled down, and all seemed just as the lady had desired. Then, one night, plunged in sad and troubled thought, a solution suddenly presented itself to her for certain difficulties of the heart that at this time were afflicting her. She sent for Mr. Middleton the following day. She was a most resourceful lady, was this beautiful "Mrs. Tom," as she was called by her friends.

O-Yasu-san blew into the pink and white "boudoir" of her aunt. She was arrayed for conquest. Mrs. Tom was to receive friends this afternoon, and Yasu was to have the honor of pouring tea. The lady had given some pleasant thought to the graceful picture of little Yasu-san in silken kimono, sitting on her heels, pouring and serving tea for the gay galaxy of magpie callers. But now, as the girl came into the room, all smiles and twitters, Mrs. Tom threw up her white hands in horror.

"Whas matter?" demanded O-Yasu, in alarm, her bright eyes round in innocent astonishment.

"I told you to wear your kimono," said Mrs. Tom impatiently.

"Yaes," assented Yasu smilingly, "I got one on. See! Behold that *kee-mono!*" And she lifted up the accordion-pleated, black voile skirt which an

accommodating jinrikiman in her confidence had bought for her at a European store. Underneath the skirt in question the scanty folds of a ruby-colored kimono were visible, while a tiny white-shod foot peeped out, guiltless of shoes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tom, almost tearfully, "you look a perfect little fright, and I wanted you to look your best all Japanese."

"I am not all Japanese," Miss Yasu asseverated stiffly.

"But you look so sweet in your national dress. There, run along and get into it quickly."

"I am *not* sweet," Yasu denied with fervor. "You gotter find out 'bout me. I nod sweet. Besides, I like wear this kind dress. So you do also."

Mrs. Tom was not fond of argument, nor was she used to being disobeyed. She shrugged her pretty shoulders a bit contemptuously.

"Oh, well," said she unpleasantly, "if you must wear European clothes, do so altogether. I have seen Japanese women appear half-way decent in a Paris frock; but you, my dear, are half-and-half. You look just ridiculous."

"Me?" said O-Yasu, with a queer little gleam in her eyes. "I am half-and-half? I like that—ridiculous." And all further parley, promises of sugary rewards, which had previously been quite enough to win her over to any desire of her aunt, were vainly tendered. Miss Yasu Bailey Hakodate, as she now was known, refused to be moved. And so, thus arrayed, she served the "exalted guests" of her aunty.

"How old are you, O-Yasu-san?"

The speaker, a very large and languid-looking Englishman, was seated on a stool, hard by the little table at which O-Yasu-san knelt. He was regarding the girl with a degree of interest mixed with humor, and occasionally his eye wandered craftily in the direction of his hostess, and always hers met his in a curious look of meaning.

O-Yasu paused a moment before answering the query addressed her. Then she looked directly at Mr. Middleton, and he forgot his question in unexpected internal speculation on the color of her eyes. They were golden, fringed with silken lashes of black. He thought of yellow-petaled daisies. Then her small, staccato voice, with its queer little ring of sarcasm, reached him:

"Has not perlite question you mek," she said, "and my honorable aunt say in England nize gentlewoman not call maiden by her Clistian name."

He laughed, and gave her more attention now.

"Well, but we are in Japan," said he, "and it is polite here to inquire a person's age—is it not? Don't you Japanese consider that a compliment?"

"I am not Japanese," said O-Yasu-san, and put four lumps of sugar viciously into the Englishman's cup—a thimble in size—adding as she handed him the sickly-sweet beverage:

"In Japan thus perlite you dring all thus given unto you."

He tasted, then regarded her in mock reproach.

"You are *not* Japanese, I quote," said he, "and I refuse, therefore, to suffer."

Whereupon he set his cup down, and O-Yasu quite unaccountably fell to tittering and giggling to herself in a curiously suppressed, yet wholly youthful, fashion. Mr. Middleton watched her, his hand curled up near the side of his upper lip, where once a military mustache had flourished. "I am curious to know if you are laughing at me," said he.

"I go liddle joke all in my own haed," said Yasu, smiling vividly. "Some day I tell you. You want hear?"

"I am perishing to," he said.

"Very well," said she. "To-morrow, perhaps, I telling you."

"Oh, I am to see you, then, to-morrow?"

"Yaes—you want see me?"

"I intended to ask you if I might."

"Aevey day," said Miss Yasu, lowering her voice confidentially, "I take liddle walk out to Shiba Park. You know that white lotus pool? Thus where I like go—er—mebbe, to-mollow."

"Good!" exclaimed the Englishman, and, under the watchful eye of his hostess, he reached across and took O-Yasu's little limp hand in his and shook it cordially. Then he smiled—but it was at Mrs. Tom his smile was directed.

A little later, shaking hands with his hostess, in that affected uplifted mode then prevailing in society, she said, smiling teasingly—there were a dozen friends at hand:

"Aha! my friend, another conquest for our little maid, eh?"

He responded more warmly than they had agreed upon: "Quite adorable—altogether—" The rest was lost in the hubbub of chatter about them, but what he actually conveyed to Mrs. Tom's ear was this:

"Easy as fishing. Little lady herself arranged it all. Didn't have to suggest seeing her again. She even

mentioned Shiba Park—the place of rendezvous agreed upon. Everything is falling in, apparently, with our plans. The gods wish us well, it seems."

Mrs. Tom's voice was raised, her face seemed grave, in spite of its seeming graciousness. Her friends heard her say:

"How sweet of Yasu-san. We shall be delighted, of course. I'm sure every one will envy me my little task of chaperon. Yasu is only a little girl—a mere child, you know. To-morrow, then. Good-night!"

Now, O-Yasu-san said nothing to her aunt of her engagement with Mr. Middleton, but, the following day, she appeared at the pool in question, a perfect little flower in appearance, gorgeous in purple kimono, flowered obi, gay parasol and glossy hair, bright with gilded ornaments. She found her swain in the company of Mrs. Tom, who surveyed her very benignly.

"*Ohayo gozaramazu,*" said Yasu, bowing extravagantly to the Englishman, and then very coldly to her aunt:

"Goo-by. I got nize ingagement make a talk with this English mister. Please mek excusing yourself."

Mrs. Tom looked up at her friend. Then she turned a trifle pale. He was laughing.

The meetings at the pool occurred daily now—even on rainy days when, arrayed in preposterous rubber coats, they sought the shelter of some flowering arbor. And every day O-Yasu laughed to herself, and said she had a "joke," and sometimes she would make believe to tell her "joke." Once it was a bunch of hair, which she withdrew from the bosom of her kimono. It belonged to her aunt. Yasu had playfully hidden it to show to the foreign master. Another time she appeared with her aunt's shoes upon her own diminutive feet, and, in the midst of her innocent mirth, showed the gentleman the size of the same. And again she appeared "writing on her eyebrows," aunty's pencil being useful for that purpose. And so on, until, bit by bit, she had playfully stripped the lady of all her clever feminine devices to stop the march of time upon her beauty. And always the Englishman—laughed.

O-Yasu had become a vital factor in this curious triple courtship. It was said among the foreign colony that the Englishman was a suitor for the hand of O-Yasu-san.

Mrs. Tom's plans had been more than successful, and she had reached a stage now where she found herself attempting to unravel the net in which she had unconsciously enmeshed herself. She had acquired an almost abnormal hatred for her niece; for, though the girl had made possible her daily meetings with her lover, yet Mrs. Tom had awakened to the electrical fact that O-Yasu-san was acutely aware of her manœuvres. She tried to convey this discovery to her lover, but O-Yasu, always obtrusively close at hand, overheard the words and stood before them a picture of obtuse innocence.

"Make no mistake about Yasu," had said Mrs. Tom bitterly, "*she* knows exactly why we come here." The Englishman had whispered feeling words of the apparent innocence and sweetness of the "child."

"Yaes, yaes, *me* knows—*me* knows allee 'bout it," asserted Yasu sweepingly. "Mister Middleton—he—he—lub me. Thas vaery nize. Thangs. Much 'bliged. All lide. Me mek marry wiz you ride 'way. Put you nize head mos respectfully unto my august father's most honorable feet. Say like this: 'Guv me your most beautiful daughter.' My fadder say: 'She is nudding but a worm, but tek her. Help yoself. When you like marry?' Then I am ad liddle hole on *fusuma*. I rush in quick like thees," and she illustrated with a rush toward the Englishman, seizing his hands impetuously in her own. "I say: 'Ride away, ride away mek that marriage. Hoarry. I got liddle joke telling him.' Then my fadder say: 'What is that joke?' And I answer at once, like filial daughter, 'I lub him—and he also lubbing me. *Thas my joke*,' and she brought out the word "love" with such fervid violence that the Englishman tingled; and a good part of that night he spent smoking under the stars, repeating to himself over and over again:

"And to think that was my poor little devil's joke. What a — I am."

Mrs. Tom took to writing letters to him:

"My dear Jim:

"Wake up. Beware of that little Japanese fraud. Believe me, she is absolutely alive to —"

And, just then, O-Yasu-san looked over her shoulder.

"Why," said she, "you writing unto my lubber! 'Jim'! Thas her beautiful name of heem. What you writing?" For Mrs. Tom had crushed up the letter and now sat with it clenched in her delicate fist. She stood up suddenly, her eyes narrowed menacingly. From her queenly height she looked down at little dwarfed O-Yasu. For a moment they surveyed each other in silence. Then O-Yasu said, in that guileless, naive way which never deceived her aunt for a moment:

"Never mind, I see that letter some udder day. All hosbands read those letters to their wives. Mr. Needleton going show me that letter some day."

Mrs. Tom spoke succinctly:

"You and I understand each other perfectly, O-Yasu. I will tell you one thing, however. You will never marry Jim Middleton, and, in a few days, I will see that you are returned to your own people—the people to whom you really belong."

The following morning the Marquis Hakodate called solemnly upon Mrs. Thomas J. Bailey, and most of the morning was shut up in her room with her. Alas! the hotel walls were not paper *shoji* and O-Yasu was unable either to see or hear; and a prying maid in her confidence, who had crawled along a perilous rain pipe to gain egress in some way to the room, was observed by a stupid, open-mouthed bell-boy, who, a lover of the aforesaid maid, gallantly ascended another drain pipe to rescue her. Whereupon, a wordy war ensuing, the argument came to a violent end, maid and boy crashing down to the court below and picking themselves up ruffled and bruised from head to foot.

Presently O-Yasu-san was called into the room. Her father's face was very grave; her aunt smiled upon her.

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"O-Yasu, dear," said she, "your papa deems it expedient that your marriage to the Marquis Momoso should take place immediately. I congratulate you upon your good fortune."

"Thangs," said little Yasu dryly, but she turned her eyes inquiringly upon her father. Still grave, he said briefly: "Have your insignificant belongings packed at once, my daughter, as I wish you to return with me to your home this evening."

After a deep bow signifying obedience to her father, O-Yasu turned a beaming face upon her aunty.

"Thangs ag'in," said she; "you mos' kind aunty in all the whole worl', b-but *please* permit me stay wiz you liddle bit longer," she pleaded.

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. Tom, smiling graciously, "I only wish you could stay with me longer, but, of course, it must be as your father says."

Whereupon, O-Yasu turned to her father quickly. His eyes regarded her tenderly and lovingly, for it had been many days since he had seen her. She said:

"Dear my father, it is the wish of my honorable aunty that I should stay with her much longer, and she begs that you permit it."

This was said in Japanese, while Mrs. Tom drew her brows petulantly together, and clasped her finger in nervous exasperation. Bowing deeply, the Marquis Hakodate said in English, a language he spoke perfectly:

"I thank you, madame. It is very kind of you to wish the longer stay of my daughter, but ——"

"Oh, please, *pl-ease*, father," coaxed little O-Yasu, seizing his hands, and holding them tightly, and entreating his glance. He coughed uneasily, for he had been made aware of the danger from the designing Englishman pursuing his daughter. "Please, permit me to remain," begged O-Yasu, tears in her voice now.

"Till to-morrow, then," said he gruffly; "to-morrow morning—at eight o'clock, you must leave."

O-Yasu looked piteously at her aunt, who was looking above the child's head into space. Then she said meekly, "Thangs. Vaery well. I will go home to-morrow—at eight."

The following morning, some time before sunrise, she shook off wakefulness her grumbling but finally excited and curious maid, and for some time thereafter the two fell back and forth into each other's arms, thus smothering back the ebullient mirth which possessed them. In the gray of the morning the gaping-mouthed bell-boy spied them stealing forth, but he told no one. He was in the secret—via the maid. Also his services were required.

When Mrs. Tom, at seven A. M., discovered that O-Yasu was gone, and with her maid and all her petty belongings, a thrill of fear shot through her. Some women would have reasoned that O-Yasu had returned to her home. Not so Mrs. Tom, who at this time was palpitating with all the intuitions of a woman guilty in love. Her mind could jump to startlingly true conclusions. That is why the address she gave to the runner who brought the jinrikisha to her was the same as that given earlier in the morning by O-Yasu to a public jinrikishman of Tokyo.

Mrs. Tom's boy, however, flew swiftly to the southward, while O-Yasu's man had gone east. And Mrs. Tom's boy stumbled as they passed through one of those strange waste places of the city which seem almost like deserted country—stumbled, fell, and broke the shaft of his vehicle. So there was Mrs. Tom, doomed to wait—and wait—and wait, until the gaping bell-boy should return from his quest for another carriage.

Meanwhile: Rap! rap! rap! on the woodwork of the English master's room. A murmured grumble inside. Rap! rap!

"What is it?"

"Veesitors, Excellency," shrilled the English master's "boy," a weazened, wise old fellow of sixty.

"Visitors," exploded the voice within. "What the —— You, Tomagawa, what do you mean by waking me at this hour?"

"Veesitors!" patiently repeated Tomagawa, a note of reproach in his voice.

A noise heard inside—the tramp of a heavy man, barefooted, across the floor. Then the door opened a crack. As it did so a little figure darted forward, thrust itself through the aforesaid crack, and, a moment later, Mr. Middleton found himself encircled in the convulsive arms of Miss O-Yasu Bailey

Hakodate. Her maid had also entered the room, quite as a matter of course, and she now stood off at a respectful, admiring distance, examining the bare legs of the foreign mister from several oblique angles.

"Oh, my lubber, my lubber!" sobbed little O-Yasu-san, clinging frantically to his waist—she had tried vainly to reach his neck. "Soach a trubble—soach a trubble."

The speechless Englishman with one desperate pull freed himself from the embracing arms, threw one agonized look about the apartment and, with a dash, plunged into his bed—the only modest place of hiding for a decent gentleman. Curious the moral sense of Mr. Middleton, who thought nothing of making love to another man's wife, yet panicily hid his naked limbs from the innocent gaze of little O-Yasu-san. However, she followed him swiftly across the room to his place of refuge, and now, upon her knees, she wailed aloud her "trubbles."

It seemed she had a cruel, ugly old aunt, who hated O-Yasu very much. She had sent for O-Yasu's father and had told him many wicked lies about her dear lubber (and she put her face fondly and warmly against the hand which she clutched tightly with her own). She, the ugly, very old aunt—she was very near forty, perhaps more—asserted O-Yasu, had told the Marquis Hakodate that he, Mr. Middleton, was in pursuit of his daughter. Her honorable father—a descendant of a thousand samurai, she asseverated, was greatly enraged, and was now looking all over Tokyo for the despoiler of his house. He had with him the two sharp swords of his ancestors, and he intended certainly to run them through the heart of her dear, dear lubber. Therefore, she, weak and helpless as she was—and here she let fall a sob, which induced the Englishman to put his free hand over the little one clinging to his other one—had come thus early to save his life. She knew that his intentions were of the most honorable, for had not he always courted her in the presence of a chaperon—the very aunt herself? But how could they make the Marquis Hakodate believe this also? Why—simply by an immediate marriage. (Here the Englishman let fall her hand and regarded her with his eyes bulging out, and his mouth gaped open.)

It could be easily arranged, urged O-Yasu. Why, there was a clergyman—a "Clistian" she called him—just around the corner, and she had brought a jinrikisha right to his very door for the purpose. She stopped, sat back on her heels and regarded her "lubber" in a most engaging manner.

"Miss O-Yasu," said he, when he had found his voice, "please go outside for a moment. I won't be an instant getting into my things."



A Hole Made by a
Moist, Plump Finger
in the Fusuma

"You going to do it?" she questioned joyfully, astounded at her own success.

"You mean, marry you?"

"Yaes."

"If you will have me," said he, quite simply.

She had arisen now, and stood looking at him a bit uncertainly. Then:

"Sa-ay, I got you sk-skeered mebbe?"

"No."

"Sa-ay," she was retreating now toward the door, "I—I just meking liddle joke ad you. I gotter make nudder kind marriage. Me? I just want disgusting you at my honorable aunt, account her husband, my honorable uncle. Ax-ecuse me—I going now."

She had reached the door now.

"O-Yasu!"

She stood still, looking at him somewhat fearfully now.

"You *will* wait for me, won't you?"

"My fadder *nod* goin' kill you," said she.

"Thas lie. I jus' want

mek liddle marriage wiz you for liddle bit while, till my honorable aunt go away. Then I, gittin' divorce, ride away.

Git marry agin wiz my honorable Marquis Momoso."

"Very well," said he cautiously. "Then wait outside; there must be a marriage, however."

"Ye-es," she hesitated, and then cried out:

"No—no—I got a changing of mind now. I not going mek you do that. Good-by!"

"Tomagawa!" shouted the Englishman at the top of his voice, and then, as the weazened face of his "boy" appeared at his door, he added peremptorily:

"Hold this young lady till I can join you."

"Sertinly, Excellency," smiled Tomagawa, and seized little O-Yasu by the sleeve, holding her a prisoner.

By and by, fully dressed, Mr. Middleton opened the sliding doors of his chamber. For a while he stood in silence, his arms folded, looking at O-Yasu. Then quietly:

"You may go, Tomagawa. I will take your place."

Released, O-Yasu remained still, her shamed eyes avoiding the Englishman's, but, when he put his arm about her, she laid her face against his coat and began to cry.

After a time:

"You goin' mek me marriage wiz you, mister?"

"Yes, Yasu-san."

"Why?"

"Because—I'm—I'm quite mad about you," said he.

"But my honorable aunty?"

"There was no 'aunty' for me, Yasu, after the second time I saw you."

"Oh," said she. "Then, if has so—then—then my honorable uncle not going lose her ride away."

"I suppose not. We won't talk about it. Come. Are you willing?"

"Yaes," she nodded.

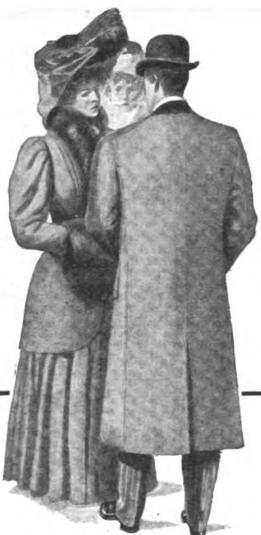
"Why?"

"Same reason you got," said she. "And they went out together."

Mrs. Tom Bailey lay in her shaded room. She still shook and trembled from her late seizure. Ever since her return from the house of the Englishman she had gone from one fit of hysterics into another. One moment her mind was flooded with the imagined scenes of the past few months; she saw herself the central figure in a quiet, perfectly-refined little every-day divorce—later an accidental meeting with her friend, and still later a marriage. And then, jumping in, like an elf, upon these mind



Behold that Kee-mono!"



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laws of trade toward that line of conduct which seems to promise the most substantial rewards, and, like other men, he is oftentimes persuaded, because of the force of competition, or in obedience to the law of self-preservation, to do things he condemns at heart, and which do hurt to the opinions, and perchance to the rights, of others.

This is not peculiar to the retail liquor trade, because investigations have shown that many great fortunes and many great franchises have been acquired by questionable methods; but the saloonkeeper's shortcomings have been much more extensively brought before public notice than those of any other set of men.

Why do so many saloonkeepers violate law? Because they find it profitable, or else because their competitors practically force them to violate law.

If one manufacturer secures rebates from railroads, his competitors must do likewise or else retire from business.

To protect honesty it must be rewarded, and dishonesty must be punished.

We are all controlled by promises of rewards for right conduct and of penalties for evil conduct, and even the ministers would find it hard to inculcate religion if these factors were eliminated from the doctrines of the churches.

We would, therefore, urge that the following suggestions be embodied in an act and passed by the Legislature of your State for the regulation of saloons:

First.—All licenses now outstanding should be made permanent unless canceled by a vote of the majority of the citizens of a State, county, precinct or municipality.

These licenses should be transferable from one to another, as any other property is transferred, or left as a part of an estate, as the good-will of any other business may be left. This form of license is similar to that enjoyed by all other lines of trade, and if granted to the retail liquor dealers it will, in our opinion, remove them at once from active participation in politics. Under the present system the saloonkeeper is at the mercy of the political boss, and of the authorities elected or appointed for the purpose of issuing licenses each year, and as long as this continues he must, of necessity, remain an active factor in all political fights.

Second.—No license should be issued in the future until the proportion becomes not more than one for each 500 of population, and thereafter they should be issued in such proportion as society or convenience may demand.

Third.—A license should yield a good annual return to Government, but it should not be excessive for several reasons: principally because it encourages, and in some cases almost compels, the handling of impure liquors, the sale of alcoholic beverages to intoxicated men and to minors, and the violation of laws in regard to closing at certain hours, etc.

If society imposes upon the saloonkeeper the saloonkeeper will certainly impose upon society.

Fourth.—All licenses to retail liquors should be clear, unambiguous contracts between the State and the individual, and they should provide that conviction in a circuit court (first offense) of the violation of law should carry with it a thirty days' suspension of the business of the licensee, and the second conviction should work immediate cancellation, and, furthermore, that the holder could never be licensed again to retail liquors in that State.

Fifth.—A penalty should be provided in all laws governing the retail liquor trade against any minor over eighteen who represents himself to be of age in order to procure intoxicants.

The idea that is paramount in these suggestions is to give as great value and security to a license as possible, so as to encourage the utmost obedience to the will of society as expressed in the laws on the statute-books; to remove the liquor dealer from politics by making his right to continue business dependent on his own will and acts; and to provide the immediate and inevitable cancellation of license upon conviction of the violation of law.

If these suggestions are embodied into law they will not interfere with any provisions that a State or a municipality may choose to adopt for the regulation of the liquor traffic, but they will insure the enforcement of these provisions by an automatic process. The saloonkeeper will enforce the provisions, because it will pay him so much better to obey law than to violate it. To preserve so valuable a license as we have suggested from cancellation, the saloonkeeper will be of all men most anxious to run an orderly place, to refuse to sell to minors or inebriates, and to close at the hour named by society.

We submit these suggestions with confidence to society, because we believe that they contain the solution of a problem which has puzzled this country for so many years. If they fail of the desired effect they will offer no obstacle to the enactment of any other form of legislation.

It is their purpose to submit this first to a convention of lawyers, ministers and public-spirited citizens, and then to the legislatures of the States as a substitute for the measures of the Anti-Saloon League.

Whatever the merit of this Model License Panacea the Southern patient is apt to gag at it, being ill of a nausea that hath more need of a stomach pump than of further dosing. The Southern pulse does not beat very temperately at this present moment. The protest of the people is being filed and a long account must first be reckoned. Then, perhaps, a just balance may be struck.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of Mr. Dickson's articles on the Southern movement for Prohibition.

The Manœuvres of O-Yasu-san

(Concluded from Page 11)

pictures, fluttered the gaudy, mocking little form of O-Yasu-san, and she clenched her delicate fists at the thought. About her wisps of rice-paper were scattered like snow, the pieces of O-Yasu-san's letter which she had torn to pieces in a frenzy:

"Darling Aunty Tommy:

"I got marriage with Mr. Middleton," wrote the jade. "Listen, honorable aunt-in-law, I did not intend making this beautiful elopement with that lovelorn man. I just want making revenge on you, because I listening at the *shoji* on that day you making plan with him—for just little bit while, so you can see him much. I say that I going unto that Englishman making a big raddle and noise. Mebbe, he getting skeered, and run away from Japan. But

he not want doing thus. Say he got mad with love for me, and so we make that marriage, sure enough. That's very nice. Thanks you for making me acquainted with my honorable husband. Good-by. Mebbe my honorable uncle thank me also. Yes?" and she signed her name in dashing letters—Japanese—at the end.

Marie held the ice-bag over her mistress' temple. She spoke thoughtfully:

"Madame was always better at zese times when m'sieu' was wiz her. Perhaps, madame ——"

Mrs. Tom buried her face deeply in her pillow. From there her muffled voice came:

"Cable, Marie—cable—cable. Say—we are—going—home."



There was once a man, Mark Twain tells us, who wouldn't shingle his roof when the sun shone because it wasn't necessary, and when it rained he couldn't. So he never got anywhere.

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