

WHEN SHAKESPEARE ERRED

By OTHO B. SENGHA

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"That's one time when Shakespeare was in error; he didn't know what he was talking about."

The young man's tone was that of one resenting a personal affront.

His mother smiled understandingly.

"Was that when he said, 'What's in a name?'"

"Of course," with aggrieved emphasis, "I don't want to find fault with you, mother. You're the best mother ever a fellow had, but I'd give my next year's salary, even with the expected increase, if you had named me something else—John or Tom or any other name that is pronounceable."

"I don't like the name of Nebuzaradon myself, but you know, Don, you were named for your father's uncle, and he was seventy years old then and immensely wealthy."

"Yes, and he is ninety-four years old now and still immensely wealthy. And



"HAPPY, I HAVE A DREADFUL CONFESSION TO MAKE."

I am forced to sign myself 'N Nye' and am the butt of all sorts of ridiculous jokes on account of my name. I will not write out that name, 'Nebuzaradon,' and of course I don't want business men to call me 'Don,' as you do. One thing I am resolved upon—I shall marry a girl with an ordinary name, Mary or Elizabeth or Ann."

His mother laughed teasingly.

"It will be just your fate to fall in love with a girl named Clytemnestra."

Don groaned dismally.

"I wouldn't go within ten miles of her, and if I'm a lonely bachelor all my life you will know it is because no woman will marry me on account of my horrible name. Let's change the subject. The people who have bought the Parker place are fixing up the grounds beautifully. I noticed as I came by."

"Yes; I called there today. Mrs. Holmes told me that her daughter had charge of all that. She is just home from college and is a very charming girl. I'd like you to go with me to call on them. They are likely to prove a very desirable acquisition to the neighborhood."

"I hope the girl's name isn't Clytemnestra," growled Don.

"Really, Don, dear, I didn't question her as to her name, but her mother called her Happy."

"Happy, Happy," he repeated—"that is a very pretty name. Happy Holmes—that is a particularly pleasing combination. I have no objection to calling on a girl with so attractive a name."

During the long, bright summer Don and his new neighbor were together almost constantly. Happy's name was admirably appropriate. The sunshine in her heart seemed to shed its brightness on all around her. She had a sweet, frank nature and made no concealment of her pleasure in Don's society. The hitherto unimpressible Don was soon deeply in love.

"I'm thankful her name isn't Clytemnestra. How mother would enjoy teasing me! There couldn't be a nicer name than Happy, and a more lovely girl doesn't exist."

Don's detestation of his own name was deep, seated and genuine. He had a nervous dread that almost amounted to horror whenever he thought of the possible dislike that Happy might have for it.

"If it weren't for that infernal name I'd brace up and ask her to marry me. But what girl would care to have Mrs. Nebuzaradon Nye on her visiting cards? Even if I used the name Don that would be almost as absurd."

One day he cautiously sounded Happy on the subject of names. "Have you no name other than Happy?" he asked.

"My middle name is Ness," she replied. "I was named by my mother's aunt, who is very wealthy, and promised to make me her heiress if I were given her name."

"You should be thankful your aunt had so pretty a name," he remarked earnestly.

Don's eyes were fixed on a brown book that lay on the table. Happy's white neck and he talked to notice the pain she took that crept over her face.

STORY OF AN OYSTER

TOLD BY HIMSELF ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS TRIBE.

The Trials and Tribulations of the Succulent Bivalve From the Time of Planting Until His Appearance on the Fishmonger's Counter.

There were about 900,000 of us when, as tiny flakes of spawn—or "spat," as the oyster spawn is called—we floated out into the water one day on "the flats."

At first we were white and apparently lifeless. Then we turned gray and finally black. At this stage we became visibly alive. For several days we floated, the sport of waves and tides. Some of my brothers were carried out to sea and so vanished; others were swallowed by fish. At last we all began instinctively to sink toward the bottom.

Then began again terrible destruction. Many fell on mud—the most fatal thing a young oyster can do. These perished at once. Others attached themselves to plants and weeds which grew at the bottom of the sea. They lived for a time—so long at least as the plant remained alive. Then, when the plant died, they perished as well.

Fortunately for myself, I drifted out to a bit of "culch"—that is to say, one of the old shells which the dredgers and oyster men so carefully scatter all over the sea floor of an oyster bed. I settled with my deep shell uppermost and my flat or right shell nearer the ground. At the time I did not know why I did this. I have since realized that it was because in that position I should be more easily able to eject the sand and grit which a rough sea sometimes stirs up in shallow water. I attached myself firmly to my anchorage of "culch" and felt myself at last fairly started in life.

Soon I noticed that every single morsel of shell or stone around me was tenanted by tiny oysters, all lying in the same position as myself and all firmly anchored.

There I lay, unmoving, for nearly a year. Food, in the shape of tiny animalcules, which an oyster loves best, was plentiful. When the water was thick with it we all opened our shells wide, and, making currents in the water by means of the tiny hairs which fringe our gills and which men call our beards, we washed the dainties into our mouths. Our choicest delicacies were the minute green algae, which give to full grown oysters that greenish tinge that is the mark of the aristocratic native.

When I first anchored myself, I was but the twentieth of an inch in diameter—so small, indeed, that a microscope would have been necessary to examine me. At that stage my shell was perfectly transparent.

At the end of ten months I had increased in diameter to fully the size of a dime and become what is called "brood."

During all this time I had been learning many things. I found out that it was necessary to close my shell tight when dangers of various kinds threatened, when the tide was low or, in winter, when frost was severe. You may perhaps imagine that an oyster is a creature of such low organism that it cannot see or feel much of what is going on round about it. But you are wrong. The mantle fringe of an oyster is very sensitive. If you watched us from a boat in calm water, you would see that the mere shadow of the boat crossing an oyster bed will cause those of us upon whom it falls to close our shells immediately.

It was necessary to be most careful. Dangers were many and terrible. Sea urchins prowled among us and devoured many. But of all our foes the worst is the five-fingered starfish. One of my sisters, anchored not a yard away, fell a victim to this terror of the oyster beds. It clutched her with its long fingers. She closed her shell. But the creature was not to be shaken off. Hour after hour it clung there until on the second day after its first grip she, poor thing, opened her shell to get a mouthful of food. At once the starfish injected into her a fluid which stupefied her so that she could not close again. Then the monster turned itself inside out, shot itself into the open shell and devoured her.

Then, one day a year after I had floated as "spat," came a startling change in my existence. Something huge and heavy came out of the shadow of a boat above and approached, rasping and grating along the bottom. It was a great triangular dredge of wrought iron. At the bottom was a flat bar with a blunt edge, known to the dredgers as the "bit."

As the "bit" approached it scraped the bottom of the sea clean, and next instant I, too, found myself lifted and dropped into the net, together with hundreds like myself and a miscellaneous collection of small shells and other things.

One of the men sorted over the catch and, having selected all the oysters and spat, "shaded" the rest back into the sea through a porthole.

I, in company with enormous quantities of other brood, was put into a "wash"—a measure holding five and a quarter gallons—and relaid. Here life was less eventful and food most plentiful. To fatten well an oyster must have a certain amount of fresh water.

In this snug retreat I passed from brood to half ware and from half ware to ware, or full grown oyster. But I still went on growing and developing, until one day the dredge swept me up again, and I was raised once more into the upper air and rapidly brought in.

I was then dropped into a large bag and suspended in a tank of fresh sea water, which is constantly renewed. There I await my final fate, which will, I fear, be a fishmonger's counter.

—New York News.

VERBATIM REPORTING.

It Involves Five Distinct Simultaneous Mental Operations.

Psychologists may find an interesting field for investigation in the intellectual processes that are involved in rapid shorthand writing. There are at least five distinct mental operations carried on continuously during verbatim reporting. First, there is the sensation of sound received by the ear; secondly, there is the perception by the brain of the word uttered, practically simultaneous with the sensation in the case of a distinct speaker, but often delayed a large fraction of a second when a preacher "drops his voice" or a witness in court has a foreign accent. In the third place, the stenographer must analyze the consonantal structure of all the less common words in the sentence, all except the stock words and phrases, which he writes by word signs by a practically automatic habit.

Fourth, these relatively uncommon words must be put on paper according to the principles of the system employed. This one operation involves many subordinate and infinitely swift efforts of recollection, association and decision.

Fifth, all these mental operations are carried on while the pen or pencil is from two or three words to an entire sentence behind the speaker—this, of course, in rapid speaking—thereby complicating the situation by compelling memory to keep pace with attention. In other words, while the scribe is writing the predicate of one sentence and analyzing an unfamiliar word in the subject of the next, he is at the same time giving his auditory attention to the predicate of the second sentence then being uttered by the speaker. This is impossible to an untrained mind. The average educated person cannot retain more than perhaps six or eight words of the exact phraseology of a speaker at one time. The competent stenographer can hold up ten, fifteen, twenty words or even more in his memory, while at the same time taxing his mind by the act of writing the words that preceded.—The World Today.

SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

Amusing Mistakes in Examination Papers by British Pupils.

The following list of amusing mistakes made by British schoolboys in their examination papers is compiled by the University Correspondent.

Iron is grown in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in S. France.

The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south and east.

The diminutive of man is maulked.

Question Define the first person.

Answer: Adam.

Blood consists of two sorts of corkscrews: red corkscrews and white corkscrews.

Asked to explain what a butress is, one boy replied, "A woman who makes butter," and another, "A female butcher."

Teacher's dictation: His cholera rose to such a height that passion well nigh choked him. Pupil's reproduction: His collar rose to such a height that fashion well nigh choked him.

A job's comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them.

A skyscraper is an overtrimmed bat.

Political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labor.

An emolument is a soothing medicine.

In the United States people are put to death by elocution.

Gravity was discovered by Izaak Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees.

Sure of a Fine Funeral.

"Larry," said a merchant to a sturdy Irishman in his employ, "are you saving any of your money?"

"Indeed I am, sor," replied Larry.

"I've got \$400 hid away in a safe place."

"But it isn't a public spirited policy to hoard money away," remarked the merchant, thinking to quiz him. "You ought to deposit it in a good bank, so as to keep it in circulation."

"Sure it'll all go into circulation the second day after I'm dead, sor," said Larry proudly.—Youth's Companion.

He Knew a Thing or Two.

Anaxagoras, the Athenian philosopher, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ, taught his scholars that wind was air set in motion by rarefaction; that the moon owed her light giving properties to the sun; that the rainbow was the resulting phenomenon of reflection; that comets were wandering stars, and that the fixed stars were at an immeasurable distance beyond the sun, besides giving them many other ideas thought to belong to more modern times.

Information at Hand.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—I confess that this particular passage in the book of Revelation has always been somewhat obscure to me.

The Rev. K. Mowatt Laightly—Why, I cleared that all up in the first sermon I ever wrote. I shall be glad to let you read it some day.—Chicago Tribune.

Ingrown Appreciation.

Wealthy Patron—This portrait doesn't resemble my wife a particle—not a particle.

Artist—No; it doesn't look much like her, but, oh, dear sir, the technique, the technique!

A Critical Summary.

"What do you think of that writer's work?"

"Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "he has said two or three clever things and several thousand others."—Washington Star.

MESSENGER CANIENSIS

By Barry Pain

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It was close and sultry. No breath of air stirred the pines, and the mallets stalks beside the roadway were drooped flat to earth. Even the drone of the locusts seemed faint and despondent, and the occasional cry of a blue jay in the woods was far more in the nature of a protest than anything else.

On the top rider of the rickety rail fence beside the road sat Mr. Thomas Morley Gray, smoking very methodically, as he did all things, an ancient briar pipe. A huge pine shaded his perch, but for all that Mr. Gray was perspiring and evidently ill at ease. Every few minutes he looked at his watch, and every time he did this he groaned disgustedly and uttered an expletive under his breath.

When an hour had passed—a long, dragging hour—during which he had alternately fanned himself with his hat and waged unequal combat with the mosquitoes, which despite the smoke had declared hostilities, Gray put on his hat with a determined air and slid down from the fence. As he did so he saw a cloud of dust moving along the roadway in his direction. Then out of the dust cloud emerged a yellow dog, trotting along heavily, with his tongue lolling from his mouth.

At the sight of the man the dog gave vent to a series of joyful barks. He came the remaining distance in long bounds, and when he reached the man he stood before him, his tail in violent motion.

"Billy," said Gray, stopping to pat the panting beast—"good old Billy! What—what the"—He broke off suddenly in surprise, for tied to the dog's collar was a violet envelope of small dimensions, and the superscription on it was his own name. Gray snatched the envelope and tore it open.

"Dear old Tommy," he read.

"Hurrup!" he interpolated. "I know these 'dear old Tommies' trouble." H. again turned to the note.

I can't read Chaucer beneath the pine tree with you this afternoon because I'm going out automobileing with Mr. Ben. Excuse haste and brevity but he'll wait for me now. I shall show you your golf clubs here and tell him to find you which I'm sure he'll do. Now don't be angry and make me call you 'Tommy Green Eyes' again. Trusting Billy may find you soon.

HELEN.

Mr. Gray surveyed the cloudless sky for several tumultuous moments.

"Now, wouldn't that"—he began.

The sentence died in an inane gurgle.



MISS DENNISON SAW A STRANGE OUTFIT TROTTING SEDATELY ACROSS THE LAWN.

Miss Helen—she read and laughed softly—I received but the merest fragments of your note, for Billy tried conclusions with a bull terrier with disastrous results. Nevertheless enough remained to give me considerable enlightenment. Billy's appearance when he reaches you—if he doesn't get into other difficulties on the way—is the result of my poor attempt to express my state of mind. We'd better make it early fall and spend our honeymoon in the Berkshire.

And Mr. Thomas Morley Gray, who strode up the gravel walk at that moment, beheld Billy struggling from the embrace of a young woman, who blushed furiously as she saw him standing there.

The Dean's Delicacy.

Dr. Pigou, the dean of Bristol, had been pointing out the openings in church work to an audience of clerics and lay women of devoted lives. In getting down to specific cases, as he confesses in his book, "Odds and Ends," he said:

"Next to opportunity we think of the instruments fitted to the opportunity. Naturally our thoughts turn to widows who are 'widows indeed,' whom God has taken aside from the world by sorrow for a life of devotion to his service."

The dean paused. He was thinking secondly of unmarried women. Why he did not say unmarried women he cannot understand. He thinks he may have been nervous about using the old fashioned word spinster, so he said:

"Next we think of those women whose prospects of marriage are slowly fading."

There was an instant roar of laughter, in which the archbishop and some of the married lay women joined. The discomfited dean deprecated the unseemly merriment as best he could. But he did not mend matters greatly, for he went on:

"Many of whom I have in my mind's eye."

There was another burst of laughter, and Dean Pigou went hurriedly on to "thirly."

A Question of "Nerve."

The hotel barber shop has its little joke as well as any other part of the house.

In the tonsorial establishment of one of the downtown hostilities the other day a drummer who knew all the doctors was being operated upon. Near by a swell barber shop had been set up in business, with plate mirrors, mahogany furniture and the like, and was making a great splash for business.

"How's the new barber shop getting on next door?" asked the drummer of one of the barbers.

"Oh, so-so," was the reply. "However, we manage to keep at work," he added, just to show that though there may be "butters in" competition is the life of trade.

"I suppose you get a few still who don't see the other place," remarked the drummer.

By this time the barber was sarcastic.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "They wander in here occasionally—a few like yourself, you know—and I suppose after they get in they don't have nerve enough to go out."

"Not at all," said the drummer. "I think it's nerve that keeps them in." And the laugh was on the house.—Detroit Free Press.

Wears Her Hair Short Now.

As she stepped bareheaded into the elevator in a Broadway business building all the men in the car admired her wealth of chestnut hair. It towered in a pompadour tier, built up mansard fashion, above her rosy little cheeks. But it glistened suspiciously. There was a smell of brilliantine, benzine or something like that. One of those men who cannot go around without a cigar blazing as fiercely as the one that William Gillette used in the famous dark scene of "Sherlock Holmes" got in at the eighth floor and crowded his way behind the girl. Somehow or other the cigar and the hair came together and at once got busy. The pompadour sizzled, sputtered and sizzled like a pin wheel. One man put his hat on it, the elevator man stopped the car, and the shrieking girl was hustled into the hall with a badly damaged silk tie surmounting her neat wash blouse. The fire was out in five seconds, without the assistance of hand grenades. The man with the cigar said he was sorry and asked if there was anything he could do.

"Sorry" shouted the girl. "Do! What can you do? You fool!"—New York Press.