

WHAT THEY TALK ABOUT.

Conversation Overheard on the Summer Hotel Piazza.

We all know about the piazza conversation in summer—how without any concerted arrangement or signals every woman in the house, excepting those who are earning wages, will get into one small space at certain hours. It is generally a corner where the east wind doesn't dampen around too much, and where the mail bag can be seen approaching. Without acknowledging it to herself even it is these summer gatherings that woman looks forward to to form the bright content of her summer outing.

The drives, the baths, the hops, the views, all pass like a pleasant panorama of last summer before the winter woman's eye, but if she would admit it, she would say that the idle lounging on the piazza, with the happy sense of irresponsibility from domestic cares, was the attractive bit of color to her in the whole picture. She couldn't remember anything that was said. It was all nonsense to say they gossiped all the time; it was simply a subtle agreement to give way to idle thoughts, and idle thoughts are not so very heinous.

One of these inspiring conversations is something as follows:

"Where is Mrs. Lilac?"
"I don't know."
"Neither do I."
"Anybody know?"
"No."
Silence and rocking.
"Oh, here's Mrs. Lilac."
"Oh, yes; here she is."
"Just speaking of you, Mrs. Lilac."
"Yes; I didn't know where you were."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"See the surf this morning?"
"Yes, indeed. Grand!"
"Lovely!"
"Never saw anything like it."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"Do you bathe?"
"No; doesn't agree with me."
"How funny! Doesn't with me."
"Nor me either."
"Nor me."
"Lots of work to get all your clothes off."
"And your boots."
"And so sticky you have to really take two baths."
"Thats'so; you do."
"That's a fact."
"Awful bother."
"So I think."
"Don't you think it is a very sleepy atmosphere here?"
"Just what I was saying to my husband the other day."
"Why, so was I."
"I can't seem to do anything at all."
"Nor accomplish anything."
"Not a thing."
All yawn.
"Do you suppose they'll have blueberry cakes for supper?"
"I hope so. I love them."
"With syrup?"
"No, sugar."
"Lovely."
"Delicious."
"Ever eat any brownies?"
"Whats's brownies?"
"Never heard of it."
"Neither did I."
"Nor I."
"Why, it's green huckleberries."
"Oh, is that all?"
"Thought it was pudding."
"Or some kind of breakfast stuff like oatmeal."
"Or a drink like mint julep."
"So did I."
"Wish we had some mint julep."
"Wouldn't it be lovely?"
"Do you suppose we could get any?"
"Yes. Do you?"
"No, I don't suppose we could."
"No, I guess we couldn't."
"Whats's could have a hop here."
"Whats's wouldn't it be nice?"
"Lots of fun."
"For the young folks."
"Oh, yes; that's what I mean."
"Whats's do I?"
"Whats's might clear the dining room."
"Whats's trim it up."
"Whats's hire those fiddlers in the next town."
"Whats's all dress up?"
"Whats's of course, all dress up."
"Whats's in our very best?"
"Whats's be lots of work though."
"Whats's I know it; so it would."
"Whats's I don't care much about it."
"Whats's Neither do I. I only happened to think of it."
"Whats's So did I."
"Whats's Nothing venture, nothing have."
"Whats's That's so."
"Whats's I wish I could be energetic."
"Whats's Energetic people accomplish so much."
"Whats's Don't they?"
"Whats's I love to watch them."
"Whats's I do."
All rock.
"Whats's See that sail on the water."
"Whats's I suppose it's a schooner?"
"Whats's I should say so."
"Whats's I guess it is."
"Whats's Must be."
"Whats's Must be dreadful to be pitched about so."
"Whats's Awful!"
"Whats's Wouldn't be on it for anything."
"Whats's Neither would I."
"Whats's Musses you up so to sail."
"Whats's Spoils your dress."
"Whats's And then your nose."
"Whats's So red."
"Whats's And shiny."
"Whats's Smell the fish?"
"Whats's Smells good."
"Whats's Lovely."
"Whats's Nice."
"Whats's Well, I haven't accomplished a thing today."
"Whats's Neither have I."
"Whats's Nor I."
"Whats's But, then, I never do in summer."
"Whats's I don't."
"Whats's I don't pretend to."
"Whats's Nor I."
"Whats's Every year I say I'm going to."
"Whats's Oh, yes, I do too."
"Whats's Every spring."
"Whats's Yes, so do I."
"Whats's But that's all."
"Whats's Yes, that's all."
All smile.
"Whats's I like to read?"
"Whats's Something interesting."
"Whats's Yes, real good."
"Whats's Like 'Miss Meander' in The Saturday Evening Gazette?"
"Whats's Oh, sometimes I do and sometimes I don't."
"Whats's Yes, sometimes she's good and sometimes she isn't."
"Whats's Yes, that's what I think."
"Whats's So do I."
"Whats's I do too."
It will be seen that there isn't the least element of gossip in this, yet Tom Jones says these piazza conversations somehow do not tend to elevate his wife.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

A Case for Sympathy.

"The hardened looking wretch in this cell, I presume," said the fair caller with a shudder, "is some low thief."

"No, miss," answered the turnkey, "he's the desperate villain that killed his grandmother."

"Why, he is the one I'm looking for! Poor, dear man!" exclaimed the impulsive young woman. "I've brought you some nice roast turkey and a basket of fruits."—Chicago Tribune.

A Slip of the Tongue.



Lady (unmarried)—I suppose you will hardly remember that we went to school together?

Gentleman—Oh, certainly I do! We have grown old since then—beg pardon—at least, I have!—Humoristische Blatter.

Children Easily Amused.

"It is curious," says Colonel Clawtrap, "how easily the children are amused. We have at our suburban home a small vegetable garden, in which we raise all the vegetables that we need during the season. This garden is a source of great delight to us. It is wonderful what a difference there is between fresh vegetables and those that have been carted about for two or three days. Take, for example, the cucumber. Stale, it is scarcely worth eating; but picked in the early morning and eaten when it is cool and crisp, the cucumber is a sort of vegetable champagne."

"At the family table I have given full and frequent expression to my views on fresh vegetables, and the children have now for some reason come to regard them with a certain degree of levity. This year they planted a little garden of their own, which has seemed to afford them considerable pleasure. They have raised a few radishes and other vegetables that are easily cultivated. One night at dinner I found at my plate a white dish containing one radish."

"We thought, papa," said Maud, "that you would like to eat something that came out of our garden."
"Whats's I would," I said, and as I tasted the radish I added: "How easy it is to tell a vegetable that is really fresh. You can fairly smell the odor of the earth about it."
"Whats's set Maud and Clarence wild. They pranced about like young Indians and laughed until they couldn't laugh any more. Then Maud gasped out:
"Whats's Why, papa! mamma bought that of a vegetable man a week ago, and it's been in the refrigerator ever since!"
"Whats's Then the children exploded again, and even Mrs. Clawtrap smiled."—New York Sun.

In Partnership.

He entered a barber shop in Jersey City the other morning and took a seat in the chair without a word. A young man who was reading a paper laid it aside and lathered him, and then sat down and resumed his newspaper.

"Whats's What sort of business do you call this?" demanded the customer after waiting three or four minutes.
"Whats's Partnership," was the calm reply.
"Whats's What do you mean?"
"Whats's Why, I lather and my partner shaves. He's gone to breakfast, but will be back inside of fifteen minutes."—New York Evening World.

Progress and Poverty.

Mr. Bilgate (entertaining a friend at his suburban home)—I haven't much elegance to offer you, but this modest little home is the result of years of self sacrifice, and it is very dear to me.

His Guest—Oh, this is delightful! By the way, who owns that elegant mansion across the way?

Bilgate—Oh, that belongs to one of my traveling men.—Clothes and Furnisher.

Oblivious.

Dashaway (calling on Miss Slimson)—Well, Willie (to her young brother), what prank have you been up to lately?

Willie—I pulled a lot of hair out of his ter's head yesterday.

Dashaway—I shouldn't think you would want to be so cruel to your sister as that.

Willie—Oh, she didn't know it.—Brooklyn Life.

Horrible.

Aunt (ending her story)—And three lieutenants fell in the attack.

College Girl—And is it possible there are people in this world heartless enough to kill a lieutenant?—Fliegende Blatter.

Too Literal.

Poverty Stricken Sultor—Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel!

Amanda—I should think so! Nothing to eat, and still less to wear. Not me!—Figaro.

The Irrepressible Hoy.

He worried the cat. He played rat-tat-tat On the window panes, fully an hour by the clock.

He tried roller skates Where dishes and plates In jeopardy lay, till some fell with a shock.

With an Indian yell On the doll's house he fell, And added that poor dolly's scalp to his belt. Then knocked off its toes, And its fair Grecian nose— Which same was of wax—he proceeded to melt.

Two tubs he upset, Without one regret; He stood on his head till his face turned sky blue.

A curtain he tore, And then sighed for more Inventively mischievous things he might do. He hid granny's "spears"— But that didn't vex; Her face brightened up with his fun and his noise.

"One sweet kiss repaid For all," so she said; Resignedly adding that "boys will be boys!"

But strangest of all, At night's quiet fall, How meekly how placidly this rogue would say: "Good night, mamma dear! Good night, papa, dear! I've tried hard to be such a good boy today!" —George Cooper in Independent.

NEW YORK'S TENDERLOIN CLUB.

An Institution Formed for the Preservation of Individuality. (Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, July 23.—One of the most marked tendencies of constant residence in a large city is the destruction of strong individualities. The closer a man sticks to town the more like all other town men he becomes. As the facilities for travel become greater this tendency toward sameness of dress, manners, and even of character, is felt farther and



JOHN KELLER.

[First President of the Tenderloin Club.] farther away from the thickly populated centers; and this is claimed by some to be the principle reason why modern works of fiction are so much stronger in plot and incident than in the presentation of unique types of character.

The novelists are complaining that there are no more "characters," unless one looks for them in uncivilized parts of the country where the shriek of the locomotive is a thing talked about but never heard, and that where such a character is found it is more interesting to the naturalist as a rara avis than to readers of light literature as a character in a story, for the majority of readers will refuse to believe in the existence of such a being. It has been discovered, moreover, that the higher a man's social standing is the more strongly he resembles all the other men of his social rank. The younger men in club life particularly are hardly distinguishable one from another, except in the matter of noses, mouths and chins, which still weakly suggest the idea of heredity, and by close observation of the current mode of wearing the hair of the head and face even all small physiognomical differences are swept away. The thing most deprecated in modern club life is originality in anything that a man is, says, wears or does. The slightest deviation from this principle is "denuded bad form, don't you know."

It was perhaps a year ago that a few literary men, some newspaper writers, some artists and a dozen or so of men about town with no fixed occupation, decided that the situation had become alarming and was a reproach to the intellect of the country. The evil was at its worst in the clubs, so they attacked the disease with the weapon of homophobia—similia similibus curantur—and started another club. This club was given the nickname of the police precinct in which its first home was located, the "Tenderloin," so called because of the thoroughbred character of the larger class of its residents. It was decreed at the outset that members of this club should, when in the clubrooms, speak and act according as the spirit moved them, without reference to the feelings of other members. Any member was at liberty to sing a song, make a speech or read selections of his own poetry, and all the other members were at liberty, it was even urged upon them as their duty, to comment audibly on such performances without regard to the nature of the comment suggested by the quality of the said musical, oratorical or poetical offering.

It came about, therefore, one evening that some verses recited by a particularly terrible poet of an especially amiable disposition were received, with a storm of hisses, to which there was no possible doubt that every one in the room contributed. Instead of being utterly crushed, the poet beamed upon his audience and said:

"I thank you, gentlemen. The Tenderloin club, original in all things, is especially original in its manner of expressing its approval. I thank you, gentlemen."

As a monument to the poet's wit the hiss was thereupon declared to be the Tenderloin club's highest mark of approbation, and since that time many a public favorite, who in an evil hour has accepted the club's hospitality, has suffered such temporary humiliation as was never thrust upon him from parquet or gallery. But when the members have thoroughly enjoyed the consternation of a guest he is gravely informed by the presiding officer that he may consider himself tumultuously applauded. This explanation being made at one time to Otero, the Spanish dancer, she responded quickly:

"I am vare happy to know zat. If evair zair should be von hees in ze theater zen I shall know zat von membrair of ze Tenderloin club oes present."

Whether the individualities that are thus being preserved and developed by the Tenderloin club will be of value to the novelists is something for the future to determine.

Want More Pay and No Tips.

It will be welcome news to Americans going abroad that the system of "tipping" servants is dying out in England. This announcement is based on the statement of Mr. Harford, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. In the course of examination before the house of commons committee on the hours of railway servants, this witness said that the guards would rather have extra pay and do without their tips. Tips were "not worth much in these days," and their tendency was to demoralize the recipient. It would be instructive to know upon what statistics Mr. Harford founds his statement as to the decadence of tipping.

LOVE'S LEGEND GAVOTTE.

Used by permission of Hitchcock & McCarlo Publishing Co., New York.

By EDUARD HOLST.

Musical score for piano and voice, titled 'LOVE'S LEGEND GAVOTTE' by EDUARD HOLST. The score includes an introduction and several staves of music with lyrics in German. The lyrics are: 'Ich hab' dich lieb, du meine Liebe, du meine Freude, du meine Hoffnung, du meine Ruh'. The score is marked with 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). It ends with 'D. C. al FINE'.



Moving Household Goods and Pianos a Specialty

100 Finest Engraved Calling Cards, \$2.50 Wessel Printing Co.

Telephone 176. Office 1001 O Street.