

# TOUR OF THE CORRESPONDENTS' CLUB

CONSTANT READER, "OLD SUBSCRIBER," "PRO BONO PUBLICO," "VERITAS," AND OTHER FRIENDS ORGANIZED AT LAST.

**W**HEN Andrew the Canny got a corner on libraries and William Jennings Bryan discovered the art of syndicalizing old missionary works of travel they left little for a notoriety seeker to imagine in with adequate remuneration. There came out of the West, like young Loebnar, a multi-millionaire, the worthy son of a progressive sire. This rotund, affable and erudite seeker for opportunity to do the greatest possible amount of good to the greatest number of mundane incumbents, with the greatest amount of acclaim, glories in the name of Adolphus Budweiser, hails from Liberty, Mo., and, consequently, is in line to be shown things. Budweiser, Sr., expended a few millions by discovering a process for putting a foam on Missouri River water, the aforesaid water having originally the color, consistency and body required for a substantial beverage; all that was wanting was the foam, and this the astute Missouri Teuton supplied; hence the abundant flow of shekels.

Now, when Adolphus glided on his fountain pen and check book he started East. Mahomet always faced the east. Bryan and even Dowle, came East and Adolphus came East to seek an outlet for his conditional benevolence.

**Adolphus' Offer Accepted.**  
Business manager, press agent and private secretary combined, he unearthed the one great cult not already under process of being exploited, the one great institution operated for the righting of all things wrong, the Correspondents' Club. This justly celebrated organization is composed of broad minded, self-sacrificing men who write to, not for, the press—a little band of ruthless critics to whom all men are things, and no things are sacred. The trained editor, the eminent scientist, skilled artisan and great specialist all qualify before the cruel strictures of these wielders of the trenchant pen. Their conclaves and formulas are as sacred and secret as the famous Council of Ten, and in order that they be not confounded with the base hirelings who kill space for wages each member has chosen a non de interference. These names are now household words, always before the public. Who does not know them?—Old Subscriber, Constant Reader, Vox Populi, One Who Knows, Pro Bono Publico, Admirer, Veritas, Long Sufferer, A Victim, Justice, A Taxpayer, One of the People, A Voter and Fair Play.

Russell Sage, Hetty Green and other spendthrift millionaires have repeatedly offered to finance a tour of inspection of an expedition for the Correspondents' Club, but all these overtures were firmly declined; therefore, Budweiser, Jr., had reason to indulge in pardonable pride when informed that his offer to escort the club to Boston and furnish all usually expected of escorts, had been accepted. Maps were consulted, passports secured and every preparation made under the supervision of a cotton goods druggist who had visited the country last year and was more or less

for the exploration notice was given the C. C. that arrangements had been made with the Sorrow line and that the C. C. would be given an opportunity to study ancient marine architecture and enjoy the ozone of Cape Cod at the same time. The sailing day, or rather night, arrived, and the C. C. silently and solemnly splashed their way down the hill, through crooked streets, over wet and muddy crossings, a line of adventurous, determined explorers, and fared forth to the water-side. Over piles of cordage, through long lanes of boxes and bales on the dimly lighted pier the chosen plodded to the gangplank of this panting, throbbing coffee mill which was to bear them to the Cradle of Liberty.

At the entrance Old Subscriber crossed himself and muttered Dante's "All hope abandon" line, but he was given no chance to protest, for the C. C. knew he bitterly resented the rejection of Andrew the Laird of Skidoo to send them a car of building blocks and a job lot of paper back novels. At the gangway stood the best, Adolphus. In proper personage, his porcine ponderosity actually radiating hospitality, and when confronted with exceptional opportunity, fairly became incandescent. The rooms for the star boarders were on the port side, and as their baggage had preceded them they were ready with the pilot and soon were at the rail watching the water front slip by into the night. Morning, Cape Cod, a northeaster and mal de mer came together, and the C. C. were not particularly interested in anything but Boston, which came out of the fog to meet them just before nightfall.

At the landing stage the guide, after consulting with the coast guard, informed the C. C. that their visit to the American Consul must be deferred until morning, and when the customs officials passed their belongings they sought the welcome shelter of an adjacent heaenry and the soothing quiet of their beds.

**Sunrise in Boston.**  
Morning! Who can imagine, let alone the effort of describing, the feelings of the faithful on this their first sunrise in a strange land? Delightfully strange was all they saw, and heard—the sights and sounds of a great city, but all so foreign and unusual. Breakfast was a series of delightful surprises. On snowy linen amid glittering glass and shining silver was a great steaming dish of the national food—the baked bean. One who has encountered the Boston bean in his lair, met him on his native heath, as it were, knows how succulent, toothsome, fragrant and energetic is the bean at home. Here is the food on which heroes are fed.

Here, muse upon the pilgrim's Sock,  
Whose link it was to lead  
Upon almost the only road  
Among the Flymouth socks.  
The latent energy, tireless expansiveness, strength giving bean enabled this little band to push back the wilderness and subdue the savage. Then came the greatest of all New England breakfast foods, fried pté. Here and here only can the breakfast pté, celebrated in song and story, be found in prime condition. The true enjoyment of this delicacy usually begins

followed by smoking coffee and crackers. The cracker, like the Boston terrier, is a native, but a hybrid. The terrer is a cross of the English bull and the bull terrier, while the cracker is a cross of dyspepsia and indigestion. It differs from the doughnut by having a large round hole in the centre and is consequently lighter. They are of the same family and are raised all over New England. This being the open season, the C. C. were enabled to enjoy this food without recourse to cold storage or game wardens.

Breakfast finished, the C. C. were informed that the American Consul was to umpire a champion game of fishball on the playground of the common, and they started to see the national game and present their credentials to the representative of their home government. The organization was well presented and assured of watchful care during its stay. The Consul provided the chosen few with a guide, and they proceeded to inspect the cradle of liberty. The old hall was not of great interest to Old Subscriber, who is a South Carolina man, until the guide informed the party that although called the cradle of liberty it was built with money made in the slave trade. Then Old Sub-

scriber stood against the combined forces of the trusts, and although barrels of ink were fired and the air for days was full of Lawson pinks, wrecked cup racers and copper stock, the verdure of the hill is in fairly good condition. This city is the hotbed of spiritualism, and many are the gilded temples of the creed, but a cruel city law prevents the séances from commencing after eleven o'clock P. M., causing worshippers great inconvenience, many being obliged to take their religion home with them, and some not being able to carry it without the aid of a hurdock-hurdock in a hansom cab with the front on the back side, a vehicle peculiar to Boston. The party noticed several bands of Indians. These savages often come in from the reservations at Harvard and Yale, which are not far from the city. They are quite peaceful and evidently all Spiritualists, as they gather in front of the temples and shout their war cry until far into the night.

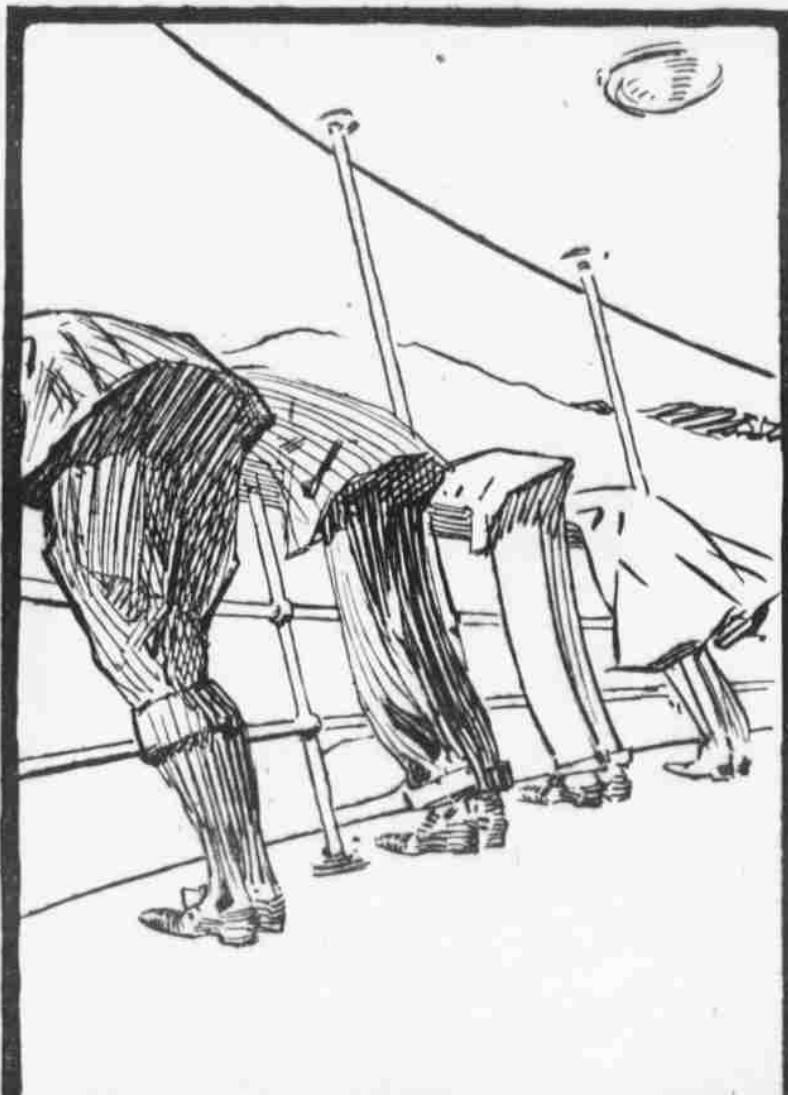
Boston Harbor was the scene of a tea party given by the Colonial Dames to the

English visitors, which accounts for the popularity of tea in the city. The dames who gave this party can be seen by the hundred on Washington street any afternoon, and doubtless they remember the function. The streets and sidewalks are all very narrow and crooked, which is the reason for most of the women being pigeon-toed and bow-legged. This fact came near ending the expedition disastrously, as Adolphus, emboldened by the friendly attitude of the natives, went so far as to ask a buxom dame if the report were true. When informed that some women might be so constructed Adolphus looked sceptical and said, "Well, I'm a stranger from Missouri"—. When the C. C. rescued him from the wreck of umbrellas and eyeglasses he was a fully convinced, sorely chastened explorer.

At the Old South Church the C. C. was shown the sword and clothing of George Washington. On inquiry they learned that George was a large man with big feet who went about sleeping in places. From



A LINE OF ADVENTUROUS, DETERMINED EXPLORERS.



CAPE COD, A NORTHEASTER AND MAL DE MER.

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the number of places near Boston and Hordentown, N. J., which are pointed out, George must have lived to be over a hundred and have slept all the time.

The C. C. next visited the shrine of the sacred Giffith on Beacon Hill, established when the Bostoners threw off the British yoke and put on Mrs. Edly's. Then, as Adolphus wished to secure a statuette for the rotunda of the court house in Liberty, Mo., the party went to the Fenway to see the stock of Mrs. Jack, who is the most extensive importer of European novelties in the city. A visit to the former home of Edward Atkinson, the inventor of the hardshell clam; the birthplace of "Jim" Fisk and the grave of Lawson's hopes brought the party back to their brows bread and the ark in which they were to return to Gotham, pausing long enough to purchase a pair of souvenir spectacles and a volume of Browning. They took a fearful last look at the great gilded dome of the shrine on Bunker Hill and set sail for Cape Cod.

## The Humors of Encyclopedia Making.

By Albert Porter  
(of the Jewish Encyclopedia, Standard Encyclopedia, &c.)

**A**n encyclopedia is probably the last kind of work in the compilation of which the uninitiated would expect humorous situations to occur. The very name is ordinarily suggestive of an array of sober scientific facts, dreary dissertations, arguments more or less ponderous in short, of a dry-as-dust area, in which the biographical articles are welcome oases. Yet those who have been behind the scenes in the making of such volumes know how often the tedium of German archaeologist who, writing about one of the ingredients of the Temple incense, stated that to render it less rank it was necessary to soak it in kypereen, meaning very minute, the word was misread, the translator stating that the ingredient should be soaked in kerosene ("—without doubt the earliest instance of the use of the latter.

An English contributor whose handwriting had been denounced by many a comrade slumberer was watched by numbers of elves" was satiated to read in the proof sent to him "Their bridal slumbers were worried by an English clergyman who had written of the coming into existence of the mother of the human race to find himself quoted as a having spoken of "Eva awaiting to life," suggestive of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

After translation articles are subjected to editorial revision; the copy is then prepared for the press, and the manuscript is finally turned over to the tender mercy of the compositor. The need of revision is exemplified by the following passages in which originally the words in small capitals appeared:—  
"The throne hall with the ARTFUL IVORY throne of Solomon."  
In this example the translator was at sea in his English. In the next two examples the authors evidently deleted some words and failed to supply the intended sense matter:—  
"He was an actor; born at Warsaw in 1861; PREVIOUSLY HE HAD BEEN A CROOKED SINGER IN THE POLISH OPERA OF THAT CITY." "He was born in 1623 in Mogreb, and HAD FORMERLY LIVED IN HUNGARY."

**Comical Tautology.**  
In "COPPIN" a receptacle in which is placed the DEAD BODY OF THE DEAD," the tautology reminds one of the young newspaper reporter who wrote—"Not content with mortally shooting him, he shot at and killed him again." Speaking of a certain ancient Russian city, one author wrote:—"Here lived the ruler of the Chasara, whose name was built palace, was the only subject of his article."  
An English collaborator wrote of the "the committed suicide AT SEA from the deck of a steamship IN THE HARBOR OF PUNCHAL."  
At times the mere juxtaposition of certain statements affords quaint reading, as in the sentence:—"He married her in the following year and at the same time embraced Christianity."  
Still more odd is the biographical note:—"Later he went to Paris, and in 1821 he became insane. He remained a consistent Jew throughout his life."  
A German author who had said of a picture was surprised to read in his

proofs that he was made to describe the locality as "malarial."  
The word was in the sentence "Der Aufstand der Juden in den letzten Jahren des Trajan, war noch nicht." &c., led the translator into a curious blunder. Instead of placing the apostrophe in question in the last years of Trajan the translator rendered:—"The insurrection of the Jews in the last years of the Trojan war had not."

A writer on the Balaeric Isles referred to a charge made against the Jews there of having crucified a Saracen, but the translator made the object of their cruelty a certain Sara Ezenen.  
Indistinct handwriting is the source of many a laughable error, as in the case of a German archaeologist who, writing about one of the ingredients of the Temple incense, stated that to render it less rank it was necessary to soak it in kypereen, meaning very minute, the word was misread, the translator stating that the ingredient should be soaked in kerosene ("—without doubt the earliest instance of the use of the latter.

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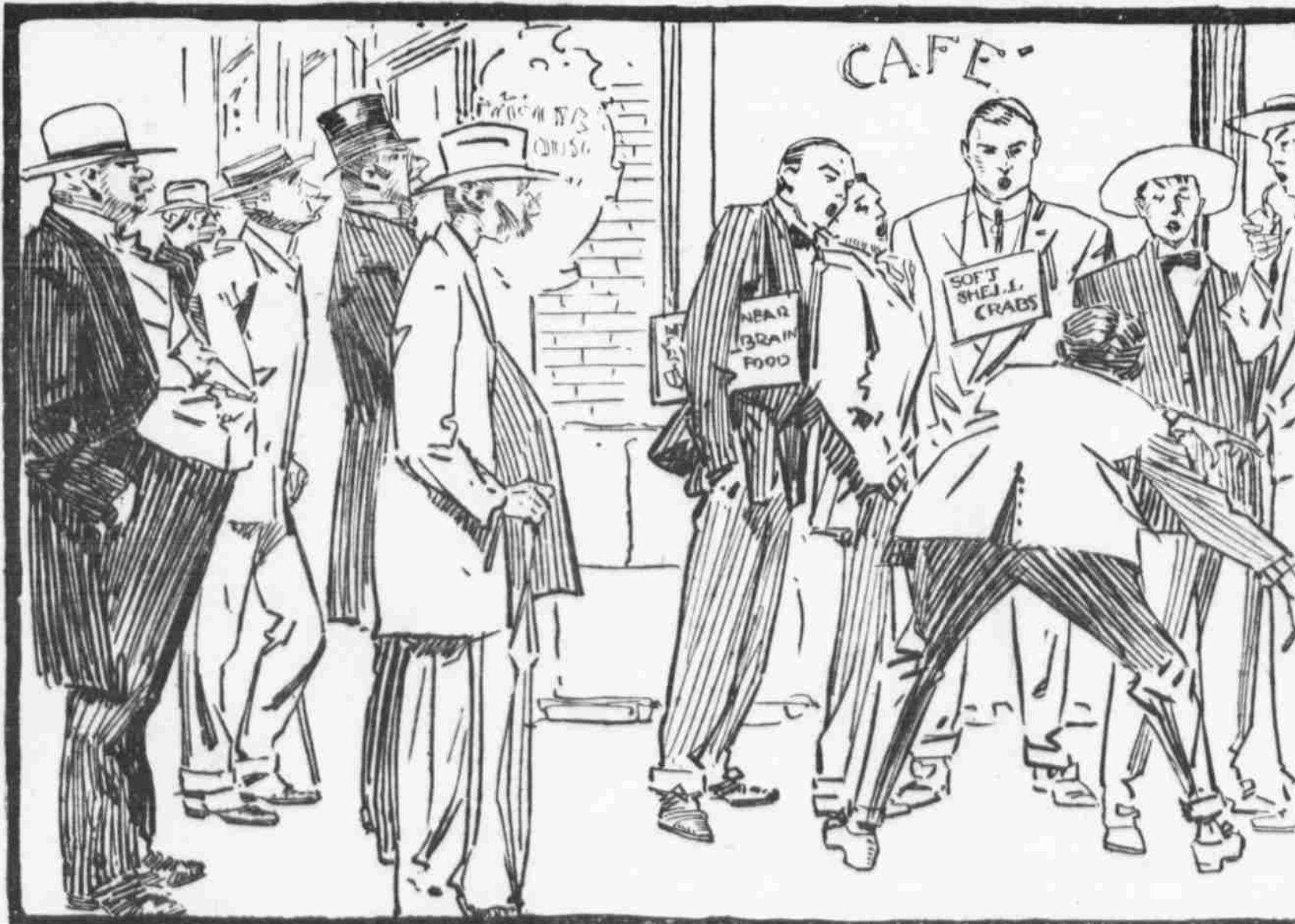
of the typesetter is responsible for much curious reading, as in—  
"Pharaoh pursued the Israelites, repenting his demerity with wagons."  
The absence of punctuation in the following sentence leaves the reader wondering by whom the propaganda was really made:—  
"He proclaimed himself the Messiah and King and left his wife and six children to propagate his views."  
It is strange to find Americans holding college degrees writing as follows:—  
"He was a native of CUMBERLANDSHIRE," and  
"He was born at Darwin, in LANCASTERSHIRE."  
The following is a fine example of a passage which, as Lord Dunsyre would say, "no fellow can understand."  
"The importance of helms consisted in the not having posthumous punishment to be offered by them."  
Finally, as an instance of how a "break" will escape editors and proofreaders, may be submitted the following, which found its way into the printed volume:—  
"Jews were insane on the streets, stores and houses were plundered and many of them were wounded."

**Her Reason.**  
Mrs. Gramercy—What in the world induced her to cut down her bathing dress?  
Mrs. Park—So her husband wouldn't have so much to find fault with, no dear.

**A Song of the Bell of Herald Square.**  
When morning breaks or even falls,  
If mayhap I am there,  
I watch the iron athletes toil  
The Bell of Herald Square,  
Not mellow, soft, melodious,  
But vibrant is the note—  
The tenor of some Norseman god  
From his titanio throat.  
It wells and swells and dwells;  
It fills the trembling air,  
And day and night it marks the hours,  
Its brazen tongue speaks there  
In accents clear and strong,  
To all the passing throng;  
As the hammer swings it rings and rings  
Far over Herald Square.

And when it is the noon of night  
And all the Square's ablaze,  
I hark the deep, the solemn sound  
And bellward turn to gaze.  
It seems to me that on the Square  
There rests a while a spell  
And Clamor's self in silence stands  
To listen to the bell.  
I know not what its message is,  
If mayhap I am there,  
Hath it a tale? I do not know  
The story of the bell.  
But should the athletes fall to ring  
The hours when I am there,  
I'd miss thy voice, I'd miss thy song,  
O Bell of Herald Square.  
L. C. EVANS.

**Family Appreciation.**  
The Sister—Then you are really going to be married? Well, I tell you you'd remain a bachelor if all girls were like me.  
The Brother—Yes, I'm sure I should



SHOUT THEIR WARCRY UNTIL FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

familiar with Bostoners, thus avoiding the absurd one hour after absorption and last... further raved over its pure Colonial type... shown the granite shaft which marks the certain district that it was malarious... spot where the intrepid Tom Lawson made... They next visited Bunker Hill and were... a German author who had said of a picture was surprised to read in his... (epitaph) was surprised to read in his