



THE JOKE THAT WAS PRACTICAL

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PAULA SCHWARTZ, dressed all in white and wearing her Turn-school slippers, with a red heart on each toe, opened her father's gate without letting it touch her stiff, outstanding skirt; and then, turning on her heel with a right-about-face, she went marching down Mozart Street.

Paula's gaze was set straightforward, as if she had a bee-line projected ahead of her down the middle of the sidewalk. A man who met her stepped suddenly out of her way, feeling that he must not break the line of march. Paula was not only a little girl all dressed up, but she felt herself important as a member of the Turnverein. And, besides, it was the Fourth of July. With all these reasons, of which the first alone would have been sufficient, it is no wonder that Paula felt like a procession.

Standing in front of his father's store was Heinie Meyer, the girl-mocker, and he, too, had on turning slippers, with a red heart on each toe. Heinie, the moment he caught sight of her, perceived the spirit of her oncoming, and saw his opportunity; he stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and waited for her to pass. When she was almost opposite, he straightened up in mimicry of the Turn-meister,—heels together and chest thrown out,—and began to repeat: "Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts—"

As he timed his words to the fall of her feet, left and right, it was very humiliating to Paula; but she kept right on without

breaking step or turning her head. She merely carried her nose a shade higher as she passed. But when she was a good distance away she faced about and said: "Chist you wait. We girls can do as good as yous."

After that her way was not impeded except when she encountered Bruno, the Schmidt's big St. Bernard. Bruno was so used to having people walk round him that he would lie down and take his doze right in the middle of the sidewalk. He was lying there now, meditating, and when he saw Paula he rose and waved his tail as if he had intentions of making himself familiar. She gave him an indignant push that sent him lumbering toward the gutter; and then, having examined her dress to see if it was soiled, she kept on down Mozart Street more dignified than ever.

On Mozart Street many of the cottages bore the owner's name and the announcement of his business, some of them in German—Scheerenschleifer—Schlosser—Schmierkäse—Marzipan. There was hardly a business place among them that was not a home, nor a home that did not acknowledge some industry, nor a yard that was not a garden. It was a street favorably known to the teachers of the Third District School, for under this home system every child had two parents, one of each kind. Mozart Street had a peculiar philosophy that worked, and its name was *Bildung*.¹ It was largely founded on the idea that every man is the father of his

¹ "Culture," rather than "education," for the Turn-schule gymnast has a disdain for foot-ball and American "sport"; he exercises for physical "culture."

country; that under his roof he is at the head of the "human family" which we hear so much about. He has responsibilities according.

On Mozart Street, "good" and "bad" were not things, but uses, which was difficult for the residents of other streets to understand, especially as virtue was not to be found in any particular place. It often got in where it might not seem to belong. This was because it went there along with the whole family. Gambrinus was a decent, respectable god and spent Sunday afternoons in company with the Muses. Such was Mozart Street.

Having performed her errand at the Summer Garden, Paula returned on the other side of the street, now nibbling a pod of St. Jacob's bread which she had received as a reward of her industry. While she took no notice of boys, except to chastise them for wrong-doing, she stopped several times to gossip with young persons of her own sex.

"Yes," she said to Frieda Schmidt, "I am going along with Pa—away out. And then we are going across in a big boat. It is all woods. But I must make quick; Pa is going to be late."

Of the men who were to meet that morning at the Summer Garden, Paula's father, the baker, was the fattest and most imperturbable; he ran all to health and good humor and glaring cleanliness. Ever since he had ceased to be an active member of the Turn-verein he had taken on flesh, but as he handled barrels of flour with perfect ease, his increasing size was rather a satisfaction to him than otherwise. It is always pleasing to see nature telling the truth; and she had not yet exaggerated Herr Schwartz's health and strength. When he rolled his sleeves up to his mas-

sive pink shoulders and stood forth at his bakery door, he was the picture of goodwill and Republican prosperity.

His philosophy, like his physique, was constitutional, so that one day when the big oven burned down his kitchen, he looked upon the conflagration with perfect equanimity, and descanting upon life in general to his assembled neighbors, he said: "For dot I would not pull out one hair of my head." His wagons were rolling farther and farther every year as other nationalities learned to eat the crispy *semmel* for breakfast. When Herr Schwartz made *semmel*, he made them "so." And when a German makes anything with that ideal before him, it means much.

When Paula got back, her father was not ready; and so she went out and sat on the steps, spreading down a sheet of wrapping paper to keep her dress clean and being careful to keep her distance from Zip the dachshund. Zip was Paula's dog. As her father said, he looked like "der Prooklyn extension pridge."

Zip's face was longer than his legs, so that when he wanted to keep his nose on a scent all he had to do was to hold his countenance at a different angle. He was a thoroughbred, warranted to follow a rabbit through all the circle of its flight and never to catch it; he was the hunter's ideal. The legs on which he paddled along were so short that he never *could* catch it; and so the evidence of his pedigree, on that point, was entirely superfluous. Herr Schwartz prized him as an example of German dog ingenuity, a specimen of their special machine building in dogs. Herr Mahler, the model-maker, appreciated him as much as if the design had been a product of his own shop. He was so entirely altered from a



Drawn by C. J. Taylor

"WE GIRLS CAN DO AS GOOD AS YOU"



Drawn by C. J. Taylor

“DISS ISS A FREE COUNTRY!”

dog's rightful shape that when he sat on his haunches he was really lying down; but, as Paula always said, it was not Zip's fault. When people scoffed at him, she took his part, telling them that Zip could not help it, and he was not to blame. He was a dog, and therefore she loved him. Despite all that breeding had done to him, he still had his affection left, and a bark big enough for Bruno.

While Paula's father was getting ready, five men awaited his coming in the Summer Garden attached to Steinmueller's "Heimath." Herr Steinmueller had three willow-trees, much worn by human contact, which continued to grow in the sunless depths of a lot surrounded by the blank walls of buildings, and this forest

solitude he preserved as a family resort. To Steinmueller's patrons, a class who clung to their healthful domestic and outdoor instincts, this little place presented to the imagination the sylvan, gnome-haunted retreat in which all well-regulated families should drink beer and talk together. It was at the round table under one of these willows that the five were sitting, drinking and talking while they waited for Schwartz. As time passed, and the mugs returned to be filled, the topics under discussion rolled up into a great volume of argument. Any one passing on the street would have supposed that there were at least ten men behind the lattice.

"Ach—dere is perpetual motions in religions und reforms und politics und all

dose. Und I wish I could make von vonce out of brass und iron."

It was Herr Mahler, the model-maker, who spoke.

"Yah?" interrogated Schuster.

"To show how it don't vork. Dot iss how I show it—in mein business. I make it. I say noddings."

There was a momentary subsidence of the voices. In the impressive interval, Herr Schmidt, the sausage-maker, brought his fist down on the table with a thundering blow.

"Diss iss a free country!" At which the whole chorus rolled forth in *basso profundo*, as if a great mass of thought had been dislodged by the blow.

Herr Schmidt, the sausage-maker, was a different sort of heavy man from his stout companions—a tall, big-boned frame of sinewy strength and a countenance which gave one the impression that he might have been thinned and smoked and partly pickled by his own meat-curing process. He might also have been suspected of being a hard and cruel father; but nothing could be farther from the truth. It was against his principles; and these, he often declared, were due to the fact that a man raised him with an ox-tail. For flogging, an ox-tail, salted and dried in the sun till its meat has turned to leather, leaves little to be desired: it is nature's own whip. Its flexible weight of bone, well articulated and thoroughly bound together, is the very thing the American muleteer tries to achieve in his weighted "blacksnake." Herr Schmidt would explain all this in his own way. If a man will prepare an ox-tail, with a hole bored in it, and a loop by which to hang it on its nail in the kitchen, he will never need another. It grows better by use, so that it will serve to raise a family and then be handed down to the next generation. "Ach, yah: dot iss so."

Herr Schmidt never cherished this, his chief childhood memory. It rather typified the things he was free from and had forsworn. In the argumentative bouts at Steinmueller's "Heimath," his remarks were few; but he could bring his fist down powerfully as he said, "Diss iss a free country." Strange to say, it fitted into almost any argument.

He had four sturdy boys and two demure little daughters; and while his own

education had been neglected, he knew what was going on in each grade of school. But this he could hardly help knowing, for any man who has a large family studying out loud of evenings must get some idea, sooner or later, as to what an adverb is and what a prime number, if he never knew before. Herr Schmidt listened to these mysteries, and smoked his pipe in solid satisfaction; nor did he neglect the other phases of *Bildung*. His particular object was to bring up a family with opportunities *different* from what he had himself. He pursued gentleness with the ardor of revenge. Even in his listening there was something deep and determined, as if he were thinking of who should contradict; and while he said little at length, he would back up the model-maker with a most guttural *Ach* or a deep stomachic *Yah*, or break in more explosively at times—*Recht—Zwar—Gewiss*.

Herr Schuster, the optician and instrument-maker, was of a more profound intellectual temperament—a quiescent, powerful man with capacious head and roomy, sagacious brow. His thin hair was tawny, like that of Prince, his St. Bernard dog. He was plainly a scientist and a thinker. When you went into his little store to buy a microscope, you dealt not with an anxious, nervous workman, nor yet with a truckling tradesman, but with Herr Schuster himself, a Bismarck of natural law. If he happened to be engaged in his work, you could hear the clock tick louder and you would realize that you were in the presence of the true nobility.

Herr Schuster's family consisted of six, four of them boys. They were all going to participate in to-day's outing. At present he came into the argument with a voice as deep as himself—profoundly deep, as it were the thunder of his own mental prowess. He was a thick-set man of probably two hundred and twenty pounds, with a well-developed chest that was as resonant when he spoke as if his whole body were a bass viol. While he was not trying to take precedence of the model-maker, he did much to swell the Wagnerian chorus of argument.

As to the model-maker himself, one would need to meet him in his shop to form a true estimate; and that place could not be described in anything less than a

catalogue. In one room he was completely equipped to deal with man as a tool-using animal. Here were the hidden headwaters of what is popularly known as progress; for Mahler was skilled to do anything whatever for the secret and sanguine inventor. There were threshers and dynamos and plows and engines that you could hold in your hand—little machines that looked like an industrial age not yet grown up. As his business called for the manufacture of but one article of a kind, and that one unique, he had in his shop a corner for every trade; the one room was a complete industrial plant, and himself the whole force of men. In his person, the blacksmith, the tinner, the machinist, and all of them met together and became one, thus coöperating successfully on the one piece of work. As soon as Johann Mahler had fully perceived the object to be attained, he would reach out as with the arms of Briareus into that *omnium-gatherum* of tools and raw material; and out of it he would bring to pass the very thing the world lacked. And if the inventor, that fanatic missionary of progress, had not the means to his end fully worked out, Johann would do the inventing also, merely as a part of his trade. He was eminently practical, as it behooved a man of seven sons to be; and if inventors became scarce, he would do anything, from overhauling a baby buggy to repairing a meerscham pipe.

While Johann Mahler had been shaping and tempering the iron all these years, the iron had been shaping and tempering him. His passion was truth. And he wanted truth built out of facts. In appearance and disposition he was somewhat between Herr Schuster and Herr Voss—he was a mechanic with the temperament of a musician. As he had to work in all parts of his shop, hastening from one trade to another, he had that alertness and agility which one is surprised to find in the two-hundred pound German. He had, in fact, deteriorated but little from the activity of his younger days, thanks to the scientific exercises of the Turn-verein. And it must not be supposed that Johann Mahler has stopped talking all this time in order to be described. On the contrary, he has been talking all the time.

"Yah, it is all vords, vords. Ven vords can make good perpetual motions, den vill

everybody be satisfied. But ven you are a fool, und you make it in brass und iron, it is different. Dot brass und iron says after a vile: 'Such a fool vat you are. You are a liar.' So I sharge my price und I make it. Dey von't belief me, so I make it; I say noddings. Yoost in brass und iron dot von't vork. I know. Und if it vas dot way in laws und religions—"

The sausage-maker brought down his fist with a resounding thump.

"Zwar," "Gewiss," said Schuster and Voss together in tones that sounded like a mingled roar and hiss.

Voss, courteous and finished in his manner, was apparently the musician among them, or possibly a soldier. He was, in fact, the violin repairer and musical instrument dealer. He was another such large-chested, capacious man as the optician, but with a more compactly athletic poise. When he stood up, he was always in "position" either as a violinist, a soldier, or (what he was) a Turner. His little frame store, facing the street, with a show window of small panes, might have seemed a very humble appeal for business; but many an orchestra leader and professor knew where it was. They knew Herr Voss was inside, and they passed the big establishments, where business is done by clerks, in order to deal with a master-workman. People told him that he ought to move into a larger place on a main street, but he saw no call for it. Ever since his boyhood days, when he rolled violin strings in the Black Forest, and carried them many weary miles to market, he had been used to the ways of domestic industry; and now that he had built up a reputation for "good work," and was known among artists, he could not lay aside his craft to be a mere storekeeper. Herr Voss's family, and business, and physical constitution—his whole standing as a citizen—were as steady and reliable a growth as the big ivy that festooned the corner of his shop; and as cheerful and contented, in its way, as was the Harz Mountain canary that sang his song in its verdure every morning.

Besides these men, there was Steinmueler himself, who, on this morning, was not so much a host as a companion. As the pewter lids clopped on the mugs, and the mugs returned to be filled, the volume of talk rolled back and forth like the noise

between contending armies; they drowned out the sounds of the day with their own roar and growl and hiss—a Fourth of July of conversation. And then there was a lull as Johann Mahler looked at his watch.

"I t'ink," offered Steinmueller, "it is too bad for Schwartz dot his odder Fourt' of July comes on de t'ird. Dot battle of Sadowa he moost fight again all day yesterday. Und all night. Und dot makes him late."

"He vas oudt late?" mused Mahler.

"Zwelf o'clock he vas yet going, in my place. Und two odder mans—*yah*. He look up at der clock, und he see dot is vas yoost over—dot t'ird of July. Und dot Fourt' of July vas yoost coming. Und so he stood up mit ein beer, und he saidt: 'Shentlemens, it has all day been celebrating dot birthday of Germany, vere I vas fighting. Und here comes dot birthday of *mein* country. Shentlemens, ve vill now drink dot United States of Germany oudt, und dot United States of America in.' Und so he did it. Mit ein big glass—*yah*."

"It iss too bad for Schwartz," said Mahler, "dot his Fourt' of Julys don't come separate oder togedder. Two days iss too mooch."

"Yah, dot iss *too* mooch."

"Vell," said Voss, "I vas at Gettysburg. Und here I am good for anodder country yet."

In the meantime, Herr Schwartz, fully recovered from his celebration in two hours of sleep, rose and donned his gala raiment; and soon he came striding down Mozart Street, closely followed by Paula and the dog. He wore a uniform of a peculiar shade of brown. Under his left arm he carried a bass-drum as lightly as if it had been a barrel of flour. On the head of the drum, in Gothic text, it said, Bismarck Band. Paula stretched her stride to the utmost in her effort to preserve marching order; and thus they arrived at the entrance of the Summer Garden. Schwartz announced his coming with a thump on the drum, whereat they all arose with a chorus of greetings that sounded like a climax in grand opera; and, without further loss of time, Voss took up his trombone, Schuster his cornet, Steinmueller his tuba—they all took up their instruments and proceeded to the sidewalk, where they fell in two abreast, and marched away.

At the *Halle* they found that the rest of the foot excursionists had gone on without them, having no great need of the band till they reached the scene of festivity. The band again fell into line and followed, thinking possibly they might catch up. Paula strode along nobly beside her father; Zip followed the band at a short distance, plying his abbreviated legs industriously, as if he were going at a great rate of speed. He knew well that such excursions led to the green woods, and possibly to rabbits.

THE musical contingent of the picnic arrived at Abe Stebbins's ferry in about an hour. Abe had been waiting for them some time, sitting on the edge of his boat and whittling into the water. His boat, a small stern-wheeler, was propelled by a "horse-power" located in the middle of it; and Abe turned his head at times to take note of the breathing of his horse. The horse, standing in his little inclosure on the inclined treadway, was doing his best to get over a violent attack of "heaves" which had resulted from three continuous trips across the river, heavily loaded; and Abe congratulated himself that part of the passengers were belated. Since taking over the last load he had whittled so industriously on a billet of smooth pine that most of it had gone away in long spiral shavings down the river. He was just deciding to scrape down what he had left and call it a toothpick when he saw the Bismarckians coming over the edge of the bank.

"Wa-a-al, here ye be at last. I was jest beginnin' to sepsicion that ye had lost yer way. Git right in, three of ye on a side."

The band stepped aboard, but did not immediately sit down. Mahler, having an eye for machinery, had to take a look at the gearing; and Steinmueller, who blew the sax-tuba, was jocosely interested in the winded horse.

"Old?" said Abe, in answer to Schmidt's jibe. "Wa-a-al, yes; ye might say he 's old. He 's right smart of a horse though, for a thirty-year-old."

The passengers took their seats in a high state of philosophic humor. Abe threw off the clutch, the horse-power started, and they moved off, the horse breathing in a way that made him seem, indeed, "jest the same as a steam-engine."

"No, I don't have to say git-ap or whoa.

at all," Abe said in answer to Schwartz. "I pull the throttle to make him start, push it in to make him stop, and I regulate the speed with the jack-screw. The horse is run intirely by machinery, gentlemen. No, he is n't scary of steamboats." Thus Abe expatiated as they made their way across, keeping his hand on the steering-gear and

but there was considerable astonishment among the passengers for a while. They poked him to see if he would move; they pulled his tail to convince themselves that he was dead. And by the time they had fully decided that he was, they looked up to realize that they had traveled about a quarter of a mile without his help. They



Drawn by C. J. Taylor

“WA-A-AL, HERE YE BE AT LAST”

holding his craft at a particular angle upstream.

When they had reached the middle of the river, the horse fell with a bang on the treadway. As his weight continued to operate the machinery he crashed through the end-gate of the horse-power, and very nearly landed on Schwartz's lap. He raised his head once, gave a mighty kick, and lay still. He had dropped dead.

Abe had been expecting it any time the last five years. He was hardly surprised;

were going along at a fair rate of speed, sidewise, the wrong way of the river.

As they had stopped right in the main channel, they followed the pathway of the strongest current from the moment they started; and while their speed was not very noticeable, as judged by the distant trees on the shore, it became more impressive every time they looked back and saw the far-off ferry landing growing more and more remote. Presently the current swung them round a bend that shut off all

view of the landing-place, and introduced them to an entirely new prospect of woods and hills. It was at this point that Schwartz stood up on the seat and remarked, with what eloquence of truth:

“Dieser ist ein ausserordentlicher schlimmer Unfall.”

By which he meant that it was an extraordinarily bad accident.

Abe and the model-maker looked the boat over from end to end, idly prospecting for some means to devise a pair of sweeps. The rails on the sides of the horse-power were of too narrow stuff. The seats might be put together after a fashion, but Abe had no nails aboard, and no way of pulling nails except with the monkey-wrench, which was no way at all. Evidently they could not make sweeps in less than an hour or two, at best; and this was longer than they cared to contemplate continuing their journey. The situation was solved, one way, by the fact that they were all good swimmers, including Paula; and they were congratulating themselves upon the advantages of physical culture when the current, veering toward shore, aroused hopes and shut off all debate. To the passengers, who knew less of the ways of rivers than Abe did, it looked as if they might be taken to shore at once. In a short while they were all looking toward the bank, only two hundred feet away.

“Now is your time to swim, if you are goin’ to swim,” advised Abe.

All cast downward glances at their new band suits of Bismarck brown. Schwartz took a look at his bass-drum, Schmidt at his snare-drum, Steinmueller at his tuba. Then the current, striking out again, carried them away from shore. Again they were traveling down the middle of the river.

These very obvious ways of getting to land were impossible; and their time had been fully occupied in finding it out. Meantime the boat kept on. There seemed to be no way but to continue on their travels until they saw somebody ashore or met some one in a boat.

“If ve see a man in de woods, or up on a hill, ve can make him hear, anyvay,” said Steinmueller. “Ve have tools for dot.”

He did, indeed, have tools for that, and he blew some blasts on the tuba on general principles; but with no effect except to

scare away a cow that had come down to the shore to drink.

Voss and Schuster fell into philosophic contemplation of the dead horse.

Paula had been asking and saying and doing all sorts of things; and now she, too, subsided. Then, as she looked at her fat father she thought of something else.

“Oh, Pa,” she said, “why don’t yous get in and march? The horse he only marched.”

“Himmel und donnerwetter!” exclaimed Schwartz, “was für Dummkoepe sind wir?”

“Chackasses,” said Voss, out of courtesy to Abe.

Each stood up and looked at the other and laughed as if he were a joke right out of the “*Fliegende Blätter*.” It was just plain comic sense. And it was a truly Teutonic situation, because it was perfectly scientific. As they saw the adventure come to such a holiday conclusion, there was an outburst of humor that would have done credit to the bar-room of Steinmueller’s “*Heimath*.”

“I would ‘a’ thought of that myself, if it had only crossed my mind,” drawled Abe.

Having cleared away the debris and extracted the forelegs of the horse, they filed into the horse-power two abreast, with Schwartz and Schmidt at the head.

The engineer looked them over critically; then he picked up the monkey-wrench and fell to work under the forward end of the treadway.

“Vat is it?” inquired Schwartz, leaning out over the rail to see what was being done.

“Nothin’. I ’m jest regulatin’ ye a little,” answered Abe, sticking his head out. Suddenly he stood up. “How many horse-power, now, would ye reckon that horse o’ mine developed?”

“Aboud half a horse,” answered Schwartz.

“Well,” explained Abe, “when I ’ve got this for’ard end of the treadway jacked up to this mark ye see here, he developed two horse-power. That is, with a twelve-hunderd-pound horse. Accordin’ to figgers. On that last trip across I put her up to the top; a good uphill slope it is, too. But I would say you fellows ran more ’n twelve hunderd. Yes,” he continued, looking them over again, “I ’d say

you ran all of fourteen hunderd. Ye 'd develop about two and a half horse-power, if I kept ye up where ye are. I 'd better screw ye down to about two."

He again dived under the end of the treadway, and they felt themselves being lowered, a turn at a time. When he had this feature of the machinery regulated to suit him, he went to work at the gearing.

"Was ist los?" inquired the model-maker, leaning out over the rail.

"Nothin' 's loose," answered Abe, taking up the oil-can. "I jest thought I 'd oil ye up a little. Ye 'd run better. There ain't no use wāstin' good power."

"Vell, let us know when you are ready," said Schwartz. "I vill mark time."

"Oh, you don't need to bother about runnin' the machinery," answered Abe. "I 'll tend to that. When I pull the throttle, you 'll start; when I shove it in, you 'll stop. Same as an engine or a horse. It 's perfectly automatic, gentlemen, perfectly automatic. Why," he exclaimed, pointing with the oil-can at the horse, "I never had to say a word to him. I 'll run ye accordin' to what I need of ye."

He fell on his knees again and continued his work.

"Naow," he mused, rising with an air of satisfaction; and without further remark he pulled the throttle, and they were off.

Abe turned his steering-apparatus till the boat was headed right, and sat holding it a while. Then he fastened it in place and stood contemplating the working of the wheel. The weight of the horse in the stern had entirely upset his calculations. That end of the boat was overloaded to such an extent that the paddles were immersed too deeply; thus the power was being wasted in lifting water and throwing it up over the wheel. The horse could not be shifted; there was no place to put him.

Abe picked up the monkey-wrench and went forward again. As he gave it a few turns, the feet on the treadway went faster, and there was a noticeable increase in the power behind. There was some confusion among the marchers as their time was changed—still more confusion as they all tried to catch step at once; but Schwartz soon had them all going in unison by calling out, "Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts; Links, Rechts."

Abe sat down at the steering-gear again, and this time he stayed at his post. The wheel was wasting power in all directions and making a turmoil like a small cataract; but they were crawling steadily toward land. When they were almost to shore, Abe turned the boat and ran along the bank until he came to a place where the horse could be unloaded to advantage, a piece of foresight that was primarily for his own benefit. The Bismarckians, brought suddenly to a standstill when he pushed the throttle, turned about and filed out of the horse-power; and then, at a remark from Steinmueller, there was a general outbreak of the German language—a confusion of conversation and vociferous deep-chested laughter.

"You do not understand German?" queried Steinmueller, turning suddenly to Abe.

"Oh, I understand laughin' in any language," said Abe, dryly.

"Oxcuse us," said Herr Voss, turning about with an air of most musicianly courtesy, "You vill oxcuse us, Mr. Stebbins. Ve have some chokes to say vich it don't give in English."

"Go right ahead," answered Abe. "Don't be ashamed to use any language that 's necessary. I have only one request to make, and that is that ye 'll give me a lift to get rid of this horse."

To the six Turners this was no trouble at all. Instead of "Links, Rechts," it was now a mere case of "Ein, zwei, drei," and the horse went with a splash into the water.

"Wa-a-al, that 's the last of you," mused Abe, solemnly. "They 'll have to git a new horse on to the grindin' mill at the brickyards now. Ye 've spent five years goin' round and round an' never git-tin' there. And goin' uphill on the treadway, an' never comin' to the top. But ye 'll git where ye 're goin' to now. Go ahead, gentlemen, with yer language. I 'll sit down an' wait fer ye."

All courtesies of the case being now tended to, the Committee on Foreign Affairs went into session again. Steinmueller, who was the first to speak, must have said something that was very true, for they "woke the echoes" with their Gothic glee. There were roars and growls of laughter that would no doubt have scared the horse had he been alive. Presently it subsided

into what was evidently a mere exchange of philosophic drollery.

"Wa-a-al," said Abe, rising, "have ye decided what ye 're going to do?"

"Ve have said it," replied Voss. "Und ve have told each odder, it is no sense in valking ven ve can take such a boat. Mr. Stebbins,"—and Herr Voss delivered this with a mock-serious courtesy and a musician's bow that did him much credit,— "vill you be so kind as to accompany us on der throttle?"

Again they got under way; and now it was more like traveling. The horse being off, the boat was trimmed properly; there was not only less weight, but more power. To make their speed still greater, Abe kept them in the slack water near shore. The wheel, dipping just right, sent them strongly forward, and every passing tree bore witness to their progress. Sometimes their heads were swept swiftly by the twigs of an overhanging branch. It was a beautiful day; the surging wheel fluttered and splashed with a pleasant sound and left a wrinkled wake on the water behind. Abe filled his pipe with one hand, scooping it into his pocket and packing it with his forefinger; then he lit it, and settled himself for an easy, comfortable trip.

As he neared the place where the current swept in to shore, he took them out nearer the middle of the river. As they were turning up-stream, they were suddenly saluted by an oncoming steamboat. It was the *Laura Lee*, loaded down with Fourth of July excursionists. The *Laura* took a drunken list to starboard as her passengers sighted this strange craft. Abe, despite he had whirled his steering-wheel promptly, was passing very close. There was a babel of exclamations; and then more of a silence, as if everybody was wondering.

"What is that?" somebody called out in a loud voice.

The six looked up at the impending audience, the overhanging cliff of countenances, and were at loss for an answer.

"*Ach*, ve are a *boat*," replied the sausage-maker. And then the faces swept past like a cloud, and were far behind.

The pilot of the *Laura*, knowing Abe and his horse-boat, reached for the whistle-cord as he left them, and held it open in one long steam jeer. Abe understood the spirit of it, and so, evidently, did Stein-

mueller, for he turned his head and looked at his tuba in the stern.

"I vish I had time, und dot horn," he said. "I vould show dem a blow."

Abe, mindful of his responsibilities as pilot and engineer, brought them in toward shore, and then ran along close to the bank again.

In the meantime, some one at the brick-yards had missed the ferry-boat, and after looking up and down the river in vain, had rowed across and made inquiries of the merry-makers in the woods. The Turners, being thus apprised of some mishap to the band, had gone down the shore in a body to search for them. Thus it was that Schwartz, who stood highest on the tread-way commanding the shore, saw the Turnmeister coming over a knoll and heard a buzz of voices behind him.

"Paula, kevick!" said Schwartz. "Dot trombone, dot tuba, dot drum: dey are coming. Schmidt, don't forget. Ve vill holdt dose drums on der fence in front here."

This "choke" having been so thoroughly planned out beforehand, was performed with remarkable rapidity. In a moment they broke forth in full blast—"Die Wacht am Rhein." They were marching to its music up the river.

"Mister *Stebbins*," yelled Voss, suddenly taking the trombone from his lips, "dot monkey-wrench! Make it faster. Dot *tempo* iss too slow."

Abe fastened his steering-wheel, with the hook, and hurried forward with the wrench. In a few quick turns "Die Wacht am Rhein" was screwed up to its proper time, the band going faster as he turned.

It was no sooner accomplished than the whole host of picnickers came running to the bank, a mighty chorus of Teutonic exclamation. It was a wonderful demonstration of the power of music. That inspiring old tune has done mighty things in history; but this was probably the first time it ever demonstrated its ability to run a boat. The picnickers, laughing, shouting, singing mightily, accompanied them along the bank, their feet falling, under compulsion of the music, in unison with the feet on the treadway.

As they reached the landing, Abe pulled his throttle; but this time he did not stop the Bismarckians. They turned face



Drawn by C. J. Taylor

“THE PICNICKERS, LAUGHING, SHOUTING, SINGING MIGHTILY,
ACCOMPANIED THEM ALONG THE BANK”

about, and kept right on marching down the treadway, off the boat, and up the bank. They did not stop until they were confronted with a keg and six tall glasses—a wonderful demonstration of the power of beer.

Paula, followed by Zip, had kept close to her father's side; and now she held to

his coat-tail to realize more fully her possession of him. Standing near by, in open-eyed wonder, was Heinie Meyer. Paula gave him a disdainful stare, and Heinie Meyer, the girl-mocker, was squelched.

“Oh, Pa,” said Paula, looking up at her father, admiringly, “that was such a nice ride.”



THE VOICES

BY CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

MUSIC for one to lift him to the light;
For one, a picture holds the Master's call;
For one, a poem beaoning from the height;
And the sky, the sky, for us all!