

Eliph Hewlitt and the Big Stick

He Expiates on Things Rooseveltian to Mr. Gilthorp—
And of Course Mr. Gilthorp Is Richer by a Copy of
Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium
of Literature, Science and Art.

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Butler.]

"Now," said Mr. Gilthorp, the
butcher at Gallup's Junction, Iowa, "I
don't want no books, and if I did I
wouldn't want that cyclopaedia of
your'n with that there appendix of the
Russian war printed in the simplified
spelling. I see how Congressmen
Hicks from this district is agin that
simplified spelling, and what is good
enough for him is good enough for
me."

Eliph Hewlitt, the little book agent,
with the sandy-gray whiskers, laid his
sample copy of Jarby's Encyclopedia of
Knowledge and Compendium of Lit-
erature, Science and Art on the coun-
ter and smiled at Mr. Gilthorp kindly.
"Yes," he said, "That's what Jarby
said, of Jarby & Goss, publishers of
this world-renowned work, comprising
useful information on one thousand
and one subjects, twenty thousand re-
ferences in all, from A to Z, includ-
ing the lives of all the world's great
men from Adam to Roosevelt, price
five dollars, one dollar down and one
dollar a month until paid. I said to
him, 'Jarby, use the simplified! Make
the spelling of the new edition simple
enough for man or beast.'"

"I wouldn't buy that book if you
gave trading stamps with it," inter-
rupted Mr. Gilthorp, decidedly, "so
it's no use talking at me!"

"And I don't demand to sell you
one," said Eliph Hewlitt, gently. "I
didn't expect to. That was what Jar-
by told me in his very office in New
York. 'Hewlitt,' he said to me, 'if
I print the Cyclopaedia in simplified,
you can't sell Gilthorp, Gallup's Junc-
tion's leading butcher. I would do it
for you if I would do it for anyone,
and for your sake I will include in
the superb new edition a complete list
of the three hundred words as bot-
tled by the maniacs of the English
language, but that is all that I will
do.' What," he says, 'is the knowl-
edge of a bunch of professors and one Pres-
ident when compared with the combin-
ed intellects of the gentlemen in Con-
gress assembled? How can you com-
pare the wisdom of William James, a
mere professor at Harvard, with the
deep knowledge of the English lan-
guage possessed by Timothy O'Toole,
Congressman from the good old Bow-
ery in New York? It is not Mr. Roose-
velt that is the true friend of the
English language,' he says, 'it is Or-
lando Hicks, of the Ninety-seventh
Congressional district of Iowa. So
long as I run this Encyclopedia,' he
says, 'I shall not look as if a spotted
cow had walked across its pages and
bit pieces out of the words. This is
not going to be any moth-eaten
book.'"

"That's right," said Mr. Gilthorp. "I
don't give no short weight when I sell
meat, and I don't want no short weight
when I buy words."

"Then was my very words to Jar-
by," said Eliph Hewlitt, blandly.
"Jarby," I says, 'I know them folks
don't want short weight when they
buy words, and it don't hurt none to
cut the suet off from a roast of beef,
does it?' 'No,' he says, 'not when it's
done by a butcher, but I don't call what
these folks are doing to the English
butchering it. I like a good, clean job
of butchering as well as the next man
does,' he says, 'but look at that word
thru. I don't call that butchery,' he
says, 'I call it a mangling. It looks
worse than a chicken with its toes
froze off. If I was over in France and
one of them frog-eaters handed me
that word on a plate I wouldn't know
whether it was a Chinese puzzle or
an insult. That word would look all
right in the Welsh language,' he says,
'where all the words look like rag-
out of alphabet, but before I would let
that word circulate among refined

ladies in this country I would take it
into the dressing-room and pin a
skirt around it. When a word has ap-
pendicils,' he says, 'I am not the one
to say the appendix should not be re-
moved. My own has been. But to
take a healthy American word, one
that our ancestors fought and bled for
in the Declaration of Independence,
and chop off its hind legs and graft on
a boiled cauliflower instead is against
my principles.' 'All right, Jarby,' I
says, 'but print it in simplified just
the same.'"

"You must have had some good reas-
on to make you stick out so," said
Gilthorp, with growing interest.

"I did," said Eliph Hewlitt.

"What's three hundred words?" I
says to Jarby. "Three hundred!" says
he, "three hundred!" Who says they
simplified three hundred? 'Nowhere
near it,' he says. "That's the decti-
fulness of them; half the list is words
everybody uses. Use jail instead of
gaol, they say. And who in the last
hundred years ever heard of gaol, any-
how? Use favor instead of favour, they
say. And who that ever sang the
"Star-Spangled Banner" up to where
his voice fozzed on the high notes, which
is all any American can do, every used
favour? No one! But into the list them
words went," says Jarby, "so that folks
would say, 'What difference? Half
the words is such as we use, anyhow;
the list can't be so bad, after all.' It's
as if, says Jarby, 'a man should come
to you with a plan for simplifying your
words, and had a list of four things for
you to accept. Item one, to wear one
nose. Item two, to wear one mouth.
'Well, why not?' you say. 'I do that
already, so where can be the harm of
the rest of the list?' and the rest of
the list is: Item three, to wear but one
ear. Item four, to wear but one eye.
And, says Jarby, 'the same way these
fellows hand you favor and jail, and
then when you are not looking they
stick a thru into your back.' Says I,
"Jarby, there's sense in what you say,
but you go ahead and print the new
edition in the simplified."

"I guess," said Mr. Gilthorp, "that
you was thinking of selling the books
to these here ignorant foreigners, the
coming to America by shiploads,
wasn't you? That was what made you
stick out, wasn't it?"

"That's your benevolent spirit, Mr.
Gilthorp," said Eliph Hewlitt, "and
it's kind in you to think of that, for all
the men, women and children of
Europe, Asia and Africa, full descrip-
tions of all which continents, together
with maps and tables of their flora
and fauna are given in this useful, moral
and entertaining volume, the price of
which is five dollars, neatly bound
in cloth, a dollar down and a dollar a
month until paid. The thought does
you credit. You think of the poor Mr.
Czyzgowitz from Wzuckgzzg, and
of the little Wildliffits from Bny-
bryggin, and you consider how
hard it is for them to learn
a spelling like the English. You see
how the difficulties of the English
spelling book are keeping thousand-
s of emigrants from our shores and
depopulating Baxxyl and Bnyg. You
see the cruelties of American spelling
are keeping out the Chinese who hate
to leave their native land and their
simple spelling, in which a map of the
railways of Ohio, a wrecked chicken
coop and a stroke of lightning, together
with the other symbols met with on the
tea chest, spell the word 'cat.' You
see how the Japanese refuse to attend
the schools of San Francisco, although
the San Franciscans beg them to, and
just because the spelling lessons are
so hard. Yes, I thought of that, but
it was not my reason for saying to
Jarby, 'Print in simplified, Jarby.'"

"If you had such a good reason,"
said Mr. Gilthorp, "why didn't he print

out the whole book simplified instead
of just the appendix of the Rooshun
war?"

"Just what I said to him," said
Eliph Hewlitt. "Why not," I says,
but says he to me, 'Hewlitt, go up
and look at the simplifiers, and then
say what you think of it. This book,'
he says, 'is the foremost volume in the
world, and in the new edition is
brought up to the latest minute of
time, with the dying thoughts of all the
great men that is dead, and new dying
thoughts added as fast as other great
ones die, up to the time of going to
press. They can't die too fast for use,'
he says, 'to keep the volume complete
and up to date. That's our aim, and
if a new great one don't die in time
to get in the new edition we change
the thoughts of some that is already
dead and in the book. Progress and
we aim to please, is our motto,' he says,
'but the way them words is debilitated
at the word works ain't my way.' So
I went up to the word works and had
a look around."

"Word works?" inquired Mr. Gil-
thorp.

"The place where they eviscerate the
words," explained Mr. Eliph Hewlitt,
"removing their tails and other vitals.
I went up there and met the boss of
the word works, and he said, 'because
they contract the length of the words
—and he was a nice man, with a poor
little word in one hand and a con-
ductor's punch in the other, punching
holes in the word to see how it would
look one way and another. He had
believe by the hind leg and had got it
punched down to bevel, and was look-
ing at it to see if he could punch out
any more of it without killing it dead.
'This,' he says, 'is to be one of our
next batch of three hundred. Ain't it
sweet and nice and short? We have
high authority for this spelling. Josh
Billings spelt it so. Also it is one of
Chaucer's 56 varieties of spelling it.
We have a lot of high old authorities
for it. Shakespeare spelt it this way
when he was a boy. But we will have
some that are even better than this in
the next batch. There are some you
don't recognize unless you call because
they were. Sometimes I can't re-
member what they are myself. No-
body can. That's the beauty of the
simplified spelling. When we get all
the words simplified English will be
every bit as good as Greek to most
folks.'"

"I told the boss contractor," said
Eliph Hewlitt, "that the first time I
saw that word thru I really did think
it was Greek, and he shook his head
and looked sad. 'That word,' says he,
'was not as good as it might be. It
was one of the first that left the face
tory, when we had only raw hands to
work with, and they hadn't got the
hang of the machines yet and was
nervous. It shouldn't have been sent
out to the trade. We should have held
it back and sold it to some dialect
story writer. They like our mangled
words first rate, and so far they have
been our biggest buyers, and if the
general sale don't pick up some I guess
we'll go in for that trade exclusively
and get out a brand of grammar to
match.' And that," said Eliph Hew-
litt, "was what made me think maybe
Jarby was not all wrong. This mar-
velous work of knowledge that I hold
in my hand is not a dialect story
book, and it don't aim to look like one
and be sold under false pretenses. It
is the crowning triumph of the world,
containing information on every sub-
ject from the Garden of Eden to Amal-
gamated Copper, all carefully indexed,
including 'How to Pare Potatoes
Without Waste,' 'Hints for Sermons,'
'The Best Way to Clip Dogs,' 'Is Mars
Inhabited?' and 'What to Feed the
Baby,' as well as every subject known
to man, woman and Mr. Roosevelt.
The whole book, including the hand-
some allegorical frontispiece, only \$5,
the equivalent of which amount in all
moneys of the world is found on page
580, together with the metric system
and how to tell a man's height by

measuring his ear. If you like," he
added, "I will write down your order
now."

Mr. Gilthorp took the sample copy
and turned the pages. "If that appen-
dix only wasn't simple spelled," he said
doubtfully.

"Every subject under the sun fully
treated," said Eliph Hewlitt, "and a
complete list of the three hundred sim-
plified words, which no home should
be without. A national work and as
such I begged Jarby, of Jarby & Goss,
to put in the list of three hundred
words and to spell out the appendix
in the simplified way, although after
seeing the word works at work I no
longer believed in the bargain counter
style of spelling. I told Jarby my rea-
son for wanting them in and he agreed.
The list of three hundred is in each
book, with the appendix as a sample
of how to do it, and if desired we
throw in a knitting needle free with
which them that wish can take the
book and punch out all the letters to
make the whole book match the three
hundred. It affords a pleasant occu-
pation for the winter fireside and is
much enjoyed by young and old. A
butcher can do it as well as a college
professor and has as much right, none
of the words of the English language
being patented or able to hit back."
"I guess I don't need no games to
keep me busy," said Mr. Gilthorp.
"This butcher business keeps me busy
enough."

"I should think it would," said
Eliph Hewlitt, with sympathy. "You
do your own slaughtering, don't you?"
"Every bit of it," said Mr. Gilthorp.
"I drive out and buy the cows, and I
drive them to town, and I kill them.
I have to do the whole thing."

"Troubled much by meat inspect-
ors?" asked Eliph, smiling at the
butcher.

"Never seen one yet," said Mr. Gil-
thorp, "and I don't want to."

"And yet," said Eliph, "you do
your own slaughtering, don't you?"
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drive them to town, and I kill them.
I have to do the whole thing."

"I know there would be one of them
Secretary out here interfering
with business."

SURE REGULATIONS.—Mandrake and
dandelion are known to exert a powerful
influence on the liver and kidneys, re-
storing them to healthful action, inducing
a regular flow of the secretions and im-
parting to the organs complete power to
perform their functions. These valuable
ingredients enter into the composition of
Parrot's Vegetable Pills, and serve to
render them the agreeable and salutary
medicine they are.

There are times when an ounce of in-
genuity discounts a ton of energy.

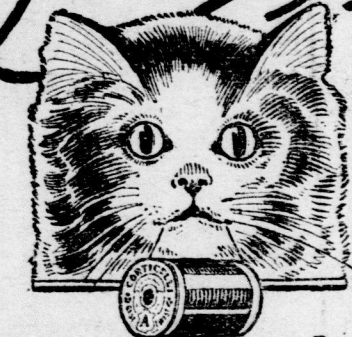
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T E A

IT'S GOOD TEA

When shopping you
will find that—

Corticelli



costs you no more than
inferior silk

The Smoothest
Longest
Strongest Silk

Ask for Corticelli



WHERE THE HEART
OF SHELLEY LIES

SOME SAY IN ROME, WHILE
OTHERS CLAIM IT IS IN
ENGLAND.

A paragraph in the Church Times of
England asserts that Percy Bysshe
Shelley's heart does not lie in the
Protestant cemetery at Rome, but at
Boscombe, near Bournemouth.

The correspondent, who signs him-
self "Peter Lombard," says: "I was
many years ago expressing my opinion
that if Shelley had lived he would
have done as the radicals, Words-
worth and Coleridge, did, namely,
turn Tory and High Churchman, and
I said I was glad that his cremated
ashes had received Christian burial.
'I am very glad to hear you say so,'
said an old listener, 'for it was I who
buried Shelley.' The speaker was the
late Richard Burgess, rector of Holy
Trinity, at Chelsea."

The usual Shelley tradition respect-
ing his death and burial is that stated
in the handbooks on English literature,
i. e., that he passed the winter of 1822
at Pisa, and in the April following
took residence near Lerici, in the
Gulf of Spezia. Passionately fond of
boating, especially of yachting, on July
8, 1822, accompanied by an officer of
the British navy, he sailed from
Leghorn, having gone there to meet
Leigh Hunt, and being overtaken by
a sudden squall, was capsized and
drowned with his companion. The
bodies were washed ashore and burn-
ed, according to the quarantine law
of that time and place, the witnesses
to the cremation, as asserted by
Chambers's Encyclopedia, being
Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Mr.
Trelawny. The ashes were preserved
and buried in the little Protestant
cemetery at Rome, close by the body
of his associate in melodious verse,
Keats, over whose tomb is written:
"Here lies one whose name is writ
in water."

But what of the heart of Shelley? I
mean his fleshy one. It is affirmed that
in the process of cremation—then
crude—this organ was not consumed;
and that the resting place of Shelley's
heart, as stated above, is in old Eng-
land, and not in far off Italy.

"That heart," truly speaking, was
never buried, but throbs on as in
"Prometheus Unbound," and wherever
love of liberty beats, with hope for the
future of man.

The old and distorted views of
Shelley, like those of his friend, Lord
Byron, are laid to rest. He was tried

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"Save
money on
the family
bill for rub-
bers by buy-
ing Maple Leaf
Rubbers."
—Witness from
"the old woman
who lived in a shoe."

Made of the
toughest Para gum,
and reinforced at
points which receive the
hardest usage.

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wear all others.

Don't have to buy a new pair so
often.

There's something better and different about

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to those of any other make. And while a few grocers in
this country, for the sake of a little extra profit, may urge
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Remember, the energy and experience of over fifty
years goes into every box of Eddy's Matches. And in the
future, as in the past, all other lines are simply down and out

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as by fire, and made atonement for
many sins. But his soul of kindness
and continuous philanthropy, like his
passionate poetical dedication to great
ideals, will linger with us to quicken
many minds to a higher life.—Now
York Post.

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GARGET IN COWS

The more sunshine there is in some
men's lives the less they make.
THEY ARE A POWERFUL NERVEINE.—
Dyspepsia causes derangement of the
nervous system, and nervous debility once
engendered is difficult to deal with. There
are many testimonials as to the efficacy of
Parrot's Vegetable Pills in treating this
disorder, showing that they never
fail to produce good results. By giving
proper tone to the digestive organs, they
restore equilibrium to the nerve centers.



DAN JAY'S
"I WOULDN'T BUY THAT BOOK IF YOU GAVE TRADING STAMPS WITH IT!"