

Latter Day Legends.

THE MEETING OF THE YELLOW MEN.

"**B**EHOLD there is within our land a strange man from the region of the East, even near unto far Cathay," quoth the mighty man of the great journal.

And straightway he sent unto Ching Tung a reporter who was skilled in the art of handing out conundrums to noted people about the wages they paid their maid servant, and if they borrowed much money from their man servant, and what kind of wash their sisters bleached their hair with.

In his youth they called his name Aleck, but now many who knew him well called his name Mud. He boasted that he had been kicked in seven languages and thrown down stairs by all the great men of the day.

Aleck hastened unto the presence of the new representative of the Chinese Emperor's mother-in-law.

Now, Ching Tung was a man with a winning smile, but he used the same smile whether he was winning or not. For was he not rich in rice, clothed in Confucian philosophy and chubby with much chop suey? Ching Tung was a sport.

When Aleck appeared before him, Ching Tung asked him if newspapers were printed with ink or glue.

When the reporter had answered, Ching asked him if all Americans swelled up through their hair, like mushrooms in a mossy meadow, or if they just wore their hair off getting up against the real thing.

He asked if reporters stole their clothes ready made, or only stole the money to buy them with.

He wanted to know why the New Yorkers trimmed their copper with brass by putting buttons on their policemen.

He asked if they put such big mirrors in all their bar rooms to make the drunkards reflect, or only because their customers were never satisfied until they could see double.

He asked the gentle scribe if he used glasses as a brace



to keep his nose from growing any more crooked, or only because he was cross-eyed; if he was so lean because his paper didn't pay him a sufficient number of yen per to feed full, or if he lost his money playing poker.

He asked him if his wife was as ugly as he was, and if she supported him entirely, or if her parents helped her out on the job.

Then the eighth hour of the day having arrived, the bell for the evening meal tintillated sweetly. Ching Tung shook hands with himself, and told the reporter to be sure and come next day, as there were a whole lot more things he wanted to know, and they could have another good time together.

Thus it was that His Celestial Majesty's new representative to the United States was deeply impressed with the kindness and courtesy of the papers, which send nice talky men around to give information to visitors.

—M. T. OLDWHISTLE.



The Blues.

What with nothing to wear and nothing to do,
And no where to go but out;
And no one to talk to the whole day through,
And nothing to talk about.
And nothing to eat that is tempting and sweet,
And no where to rest where its cool;
And someone else sitting on my favorite seat,
Where I always sit as a rule.
And actually someone else reading my book
That I was so interested in,
And my marker deliberately out of it took,
So all over I'll have to begin!
Although I suppose I could sit down and play,
The piano is all out of tune;
As for finding a piece that "I feel like" to-day,
I might as well cry for the moon!
My hair's coming down and needs "doing" again,
Some ironing has to be done;
But from these things just now I will refrain,
Warm work in the summer I shun.
I might as well tell you each one of my woes—
The minute details of the blues;
For I'm blue from the crown of my head to my toes,
From the tip of my hat to my shoes!
I feel "mad" at myself; I feel "mad" at my friends;
I can't "bear" anybody I know;
And when this most miserable, crazy, fit ends,
There'll be several "gods" in a row
For whom I would do anything just to please,
Tho' to think of it now makes me "mad,"
I feel foolish, and ugly, and quite ill at ease,
But I'm not the least particle sad.
To be lonely or sad would be quite a relief,
For then I'd find something to do;
The feeling I have will most likely be brief,
While it lasts, though, I'm "properly blue"!

—H. K. D.

