

A MNEMONIC DEVICE.

Written for the Evening Post, by Gertrude Adams.

"1816, the battle of Waterloo," I said, as we walked along. "What are you talking about?" "That is the way I used to remember my aunt's address, when I was a boy," I said. "Oh, then, your aunt lives at 18 Fifteenth street, is that it?" asked Anita. "Yes, either at 18 Fifteenth street, East or West, or at 15 Eighteenth street, East or West; at one of the four, I am quite sure," I replied with confidence. Anita and I had been married a fortnight before in San Francisco, and had started for the East directly after the wedding. This particular Sunday afternoon in New York had been set apart for our programme for calling upon my aunt, the venerable Miss Willhampe Van Brunt. Accordingly, we left our hotel at two and strolled slowly down Fifth avenue. In the astronomical observatory with which I am connected I am most orderly, but unfortunately my methodical habits do not extend to the arrangement of my private papers, and I found, that afternoon, that I had neglected to bring my aunt's address East with me. Happily, though I had not forgotten the old memory crutch of the battle of Waterloo. This might necessitate our calling at four different houses, but there was also a chance of our achieving success at the first place of inquiry. As we approached a druggist's Anita suggested our going in and looking at a directory. This I did, little knowing at the time how familiar I was fated to become with the interiors of drug stores during the afternoon. A search of the directory did not reveal the name of Miss Willhampe Van Brunt. Thereupon we pursued our downward and crosswise stroll, and ranged experimental bells at East and West Fifteenth and East and West Sixteenth streets, but with the discouraging result of discovering that there was no Miss Van Brunt concealed in any one of those abiding-places. At the last place of inquiry as I descended the steps I thought I saw a look of annoyance on Anita's face. "The battle of Waterloo—" I began. "Oh, bother the battle of Waterloo!" exclaimed Anita, in a tone I had never heard her use before. "I do wish you were a businesslike man, but you are so vague and scientific. Now, I don't believe you have the least idea where that poor old aunt of yours lives." Anita at this exclaim stamped her foot loudly on the pavement, thereby attracting the attention of two or three men to us. We maintained after this outbreak a silence so prolonged that it extended over into the next block. As we approached the second corner Anita spoke. "Don't get so vexed about your poor memory, dear," said she, "that you can't even speak to me." Her tone was soothing and evidently calculated to calm a man in a violent rage. "I am not vexed," I replied; "I have only been thinking about the best way of dealing with the unexpected." "Well?" said she; "have you thought of another address we might try?" "40 East or West Sixteenth street," I replied promptly. "And why?" she asked. "Because it makes 1648, the date of the execution of Charles I. I think that possibly I may have used that instead of Waterloo to remember my aunt's street and number. At all events, we can try the two, they are so near." "And after that, 16 East or West Forty-ninth street," said Anita cheerfully. "It's a poor memory device that won't work long ways." "No," I said. "The Van Brunt house isn't out of the teens; of that I am certain." "And if we don't find her at the execution of Charles I.," said Anita, "shall we have to give her up?" "I am afraid we shall," I replied. "Those are the only dates I have ever been able to remember. And that I do remember them so well that makes me quite sure that there was something important connected with them—something, that is, of real importance." The execution, when tried, worked no better than the battle. "If you are sure of the house in the teens," said Anita, "remember my aunt's that met our inquiry at our last house, we have something still to work on. Now, you say you stopped at the house for a week; think carefully; wasn't there something peculiar about the house, something you could remember it by?" "It was a high-stoop, brown-stone," I replied, heroically trying to rise to the occasion, but conscious that I was falling miserably, "with windows in front." "Really?" said Anita, "you surprise me." Then she laughed, but her disappointment was nevertheless keen, and on this account. My aunt, after the wedding that she wished to make Anita a wedding present of a huge piece of Van Brunt mahogany—a bureau, she had written, or a chest of drawers, as Anita should decide upon inspection of the pieces when she came to New York. "The chances are," said Anita, as we turned to walk up town towards our hotel, "that your aunt, who is peculiar, you say, will be so offended at you for not having called that she won't give us the mahogany at all. I am so sorry, for I just dote on Dutch things, as you know." She gave me an inclusive smile. "The drawers in that lumbering bureau, or in that chest, that she promised to give you, stick like the mischievous," I said. "They're not worth the house-room they take up. I know that well; they were in my room when I stopped at my aunt's. They spoiled my disposition." "And they will spoil mine," said Anita, "if I don't get them, or one of them." "Anita," I exclaimed, "I have a capital idea!" "Well?" said Anita, looking at me resignedly. "For a week I was in that street, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, or Nineteenth, as the case may be, it doesn't matter." "Ah, but it does, though!" interrupted Anita. "For the purpose of my experiment, it does not," I replied. "Now, I walked up and down that street, whichever one it was, twenty times a day on an average, for I was an uneasy cub on a boy then, and it was dull at any rate. So, it stands to reason that if I once get on the right street, the old habits will reassert themselves, and almost involuntarily I shall turn towards my aunt's house. Hitherto, in our search, I've thought of nothing but finding the number, but now I shall go with my eye out for landmarks; some church, some hotel will appear, the right train of an association will start, and I'll be for I know it, quite as a matter of course, I shall be ringing the bell at my aunt's house." "That's scientific, isn't it?" said Anita. "It's physiological and psychological," I replied enthusiastically. "Heaven help us, then," said Anita, "it will take a long time to work. Now, I'll go into this druggist's and wait. Don't try for more than an hour, and he'll come back for me." She disappeared from my side, and I went off alone to perform my experiment. This is not a physiological or psychological treatise, otherwise I should have much pleasure in explaining how my experiment might have turned out successfully had it not been for an unforeseen accident. As I was walking slowly up one of the streets I was attracted to a face at one of the basement windows of a house I was passing. It was a wrinkled face crowned with iron-gray hair, and after a second glance I recognized it as the face of Bridget, my aunt's house-maid. She it was who twelve years before used to grasp firmly one of those glass knobs in that mahogany monstrosity, and with me, a stout determined boy, hanging like grim death to the other knob, would say: "Now, then, devil fly away with the old beauty, wan, two three. Misther Rutgers give it a twistler av a jork, and we'll have it out betwixt us." "True friend tried, I had not forgotten the service rendered me in my boyhood, and I smiled broadly at her through the iron grating and the glass that divided us. But Bridget had forgotten me. She behaved as a respectable woman does when smiled at by an unknown man. She frowned and then turned her back, indicating by a movement of her elbows both indignation and contempt. By no means dejected at his treatment, I mounted the steps and rang. Bridget opened the door cautiously. "Does Miss Van Brunt live here?" I asked. "She do, sor," Bridget replied, through a crack of the door. "Thank you," I said, and copying the house number, 25, on a card, without taking time for any explanation, I sped away to the drug store to tell Anita the good news. The druggist's was just around the corner, and I soon saw his shining front and glistening colored hair. He looked carefully through each of the two large windows, but no Anita sat on any one of the Vienna chairs near the soda water fountain. I examined the surroundings with minute attention. This was certainly the drug store at which three-quarters of an hour ago I had left Anita. I went into the druggist's, thinking that possibly she might be sitting somewhere inside where I from the outside could not see her. While I was purchasing a wholly unnecessary cake of soap I looked carefully about the store, but there was no Anita visible. I went out feeling very much mystified. Anita had left the drug store, contrary to our agreement. I can calculate to a second the reappearance of any given comet, but the appearance of a third thing to man, and it would be useless to wait there for her, in the shadow of uncertainty. Then again, it was just possible that I had made a mistake in the drug store, and that the woman I was looking for had left the store, and it was possible that Anita was anxiously waiting for me at some other druggist's. Forth I accordingly started. During the course of the afternoon I lost count of the number of druggist's I visited, but a little before 5 o'clock I had in my pocket two cakes of soap, a small bottle of violet water, and two boxes of cough drops—souvenirs, all of them, of the different establishments I had entered on the still-hunt for Anita. I had also in one of the places imbibed a nauseating compound, neither food nor beverage, served in a glass with a long-handled spoon, beloved of Anita, and known as "chocolate ice-cream soda." It was after I had partaken of this unspeakable mixture that I lost all hope. Anita, I concluded, had returned to the hotel. I would go there myself, but first I would stop at my aunt's and explain matters. A little after 5 o'clock I remounted the steps at Number 25 and rang the bell. "Is Miss Van Brunt at home?" I asked, when Bridget appeared. "She is, sor," said Bridget, eyeing me with stern disfavor. I placed a my card on Bridget's tray, and she side up and towards her. Instantly her stern features relaxed and her long upper lip shortened. She opened the door of the drawing-room. "Misther Rutgers, himself, ma'am," she exclaimed, as though I were in the habit of appearing at times as an apparition. I charged forward with the eager haste becoming an affectionate relative, but stopped half way, for there, with her hat and jacket off, was Anita, complacently sitting on a high-backed mahogany chair, before the grate of glowing coals. "Anita found me, you see," said my aunt, with a marked accentuation on "Anita." "But I am quite as keen," I retorted, "for I have found you both." "Did that funny scientific mooning around really work?" asked Anita. "I confessed that it had not. When the druggist told you where I was," said Anita. "Nothing of the sort," I said. "I've seen druggist enough. Heaven knows, but they have told me nothing except the prices of things I did not want to buy." "You have been to some club to consult a dictionary of dates," said my aunt. "You, Anita, have been telling tales," I said. "I have only been boasting a little of your historical knowledge," said Anita. "How did you get here?" I asked. "With neither history, science, nor old memories to help you, it's most amazing!" "Nothing amazing about it," said my aunt. "She asked the druggist when you left her if he knew where I lived, a most common-sense way of

going about it. I've lived here for the last thirty years, and it's nothing amazing that the druggist who has put up my prescriptions for me during all that time should know where I live." "So, when he told me," Anita pursued, "that Miss Van Brunt was so near, I thought after I had finished my glass of chocolate ice-cream soda that I would just make the call by myself, for it was not at all certain when you would turn up. But I told the man most particularly to tell you, when you came back for me, where I had gone." "Very remiss of him not to do so," said my aunt. "He didn't have a chance," I interjected. "When I saw Anita wasn't in his store, I concluded that I had made a mistake, so I hunted around for another drug store, and another, ad infinitum." "Just what I told you he would do," said my aunt, with a triumphant nod at Anita. "Why?" asked Anita, "were you so foolish? Why didn't you go in and ask the man where I was? That's what people do when they want to find out where any one has gone. You could have gone in and described me and—" "Describe you," I repeated. "Dear child, you are indescribable." It was not chance shot, but a lucky one. Anita subsided, and I then related how Bridget's face at the window had given, so to speak, a black eye to my interesting physiological and psychological investigations. "Well," said my aunt, "I, at least, have had a delightful afternoon with Anita. She has selected that old bureau and the chest and a table and the old Dutch cream jug." "You are too good to us," I murmured, with a smile of admiration at Anita, who had certainly made hay during my absence. "No; I intended all along to give you more than one niece," said my aunt. "If I found Anita to be what I hoped she would be, some one capable of appreciating and looking after the old things." I fancied from this that in my boyhood I had not established a reputation for humanness to my mahogany. "The question is, though," said Anita irrelevantly, "with is the date you used to remember the address by? And why do you remember those other dates? They're no use to you at all." "I don't know why they do each other, date has gone," I replied, "but there was one, I am sure. Those other two dates I crammed for an exam. years ago, and never had a chance to use them. But I kept them in mind, the thrifty Dutch way, hoping to put them to some use, and this afternoon I seized the opportunity." "The story is told of the English actor, Penley, the creator of 'Charley's Aunt,' that on one occasion he was going north on a train, and he barely caught the train at Euston. He jumped into a carriage where were some young fellows, and the only available seats were filled up with bags and gun-cases, and as no one offered to move them out of the way, he stood up and held on to the hat-rack. "This went on for an hour or so, when one of the fellows shifted some of the things and asked him if he wouldn't like to sit down. "Oh, don't," said Mr. Penley, "I'm only going to Scotland!"—San Francisco Argonaut. When the late Neal Dow was a young man he was chief of the volunteer fire department of Portland, Me. His activity in temperance reform made him unpopular with the liquor sellers, and they tried to get him removed. At a hearing on the matter one witness testified that Mr. Dow was arbitrary and reckless of the lives of the men. By way of illustration, he said that he was ordered by the chief to take the pipe which he was holding into a place where he refused to go, telling the chief that no man could live there. On cross-examination he was asked: "What did Mr. Dow do then?" "Smashed the pipe from my hands and told me to clear out." "What else?" "He took it into the fire himself." At that point the case against the chief broke down.—Youth's Companion. At one of the recent general elections in England the Earl of Carlisle (I believe) was a candidate. The Earl is exceedingly youthful in appearance, and during one of his speeches he was interrupted by the question, "Does your mother know you're a candidate?" lightning the earl replied, "Yes; and tomorrow she'll know I'm in." Another political speaker who was antagonized by an irate questioner as not having the manners of a pig, had the occasion with "And there goes Peverill with the Peak!" Scott's forehead, of course, was very pointed, while the peculiarity of Lord Robertson's figure may be easily guessed from the story. What it is that constitutes a successful reporter? Undoubtedly one of the main elements is the rapidity of production. 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sugar, Germany comes first with about one-third of the world's crop; then Austria with about as much, and then France, Russia, and Belgium and Holland together, with substantially the same quantity. In respect of the production of beet sugar in the United States there has been a vast increase since the establishment of the McKinley tariff in 1890. The year previous the American product was 2,800 tons. Two years later it was 10,000 tons. Four years later it was 20,000 tons. Last year it was 42,000 tons, and the product is on the increase. The McKinley tariff established between July 1, 1891, and July 1, 1905, a bounty to be paid by the United States government to sugar producers, with a view of stimulating the industry and compensating those engaged in it for the changes made in the duty upon imported sugar. Among scientists the opinion has been general that a moderate amount of sugar, like a moderate amount of salt, should enter into the dietary of the people of each nation; but it is only when the figures of the consumption of sugar are examined that it is seen that the quantity contained varies radically, and it is a curious fact that in those countries in which the maritime spirit--the spirit of navigation, commerce, travel, and colonization--is strong, there is a very considerable consumption of sugar per capita, whereas in those countries in which these qualities are not predominant among the inhabitants the consumption is smaller. In England, first among the maritime nations of the world, the consumption of sugar is 86 pounds a year for each inhabitant. In Denmark it is 45, in Holland 31, in France 30, and in Norway and Sweden 25, whereas in Russia it is only 10, in Italy 7, in Turkey 7, in Greece 6, and in Servia 4. The consumption of sugar seems to have very little connection with or relation to the production of sugar, for in Austria, the sugar product of which is large, the average consumption is only 19 pounds, while in Switzerland, in which there is no production to speak of, it is 44. And another curious phase of the matter is that there is a great disparity in the consumption of sugar in the two tea drinking countries, England and Russia. The large amount of sugar consumed in France is attributed, in part, to the fact that the French confectioners and candymakers, and more especially those doing business in the city of Paris, use in their trade enormous quantities of sugar in a year, amounting abnormally to the average consumption of sugar in the French Republic. LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE. "This extravagance," said her husband gravely to himself, "requires a check." After thinking the matter over he wrote a check and said nothing to her about it.—New York Journal. She—"I wonder why a little apple caused Adam's downfall?" He (recalling a recent experience)—"I suppose the banana peel hadn't been discovered then."—Chicago News. Mrs. B.—"I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say." Mr. B.—"I am, my dear, as little as possible."—Brooklyn Life. Said the married man who likes to be sympathized for: "My wife is never happy unless she has a grievance." "How happy she must be!" said the pretty girl. And then the married man grew strangely silent.—Cincinnati Enquirer. THE JABBERWOCK. "Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogroves, And the mome raths outgrabe. He took his vorpal blade in hand, Long time his mawm for he sought; So rested he, the knave the tumtum tree, And stood awhile in thought. And as in uffish thought he stood The Jabberwock with eyes of flame Came writhing through the tulgy wood And burbled as he came. One, two, one, two and through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack; He left it dead and with its head He came gullimphing back. And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! Oh, frabjous day! Callo! Callay! He chortled in his joy."