SIMPLY OLD ENGLISH TONGUE

Interesting Account of the Origin of What Is Known as the Irish "Brogue."

Perhaps nothing illustrates better the vicissitudes of pronunciation in English than a study of what is called the "Irish brogue." This lingual mode, for it is scarcely to be called a dialect, is usually presumed to be a deterioration of language due to lack of education and contact with legitimate sources of English. It proves after a little study to be a preservation of the old method of pronouncing English, which has come down to a great degree unchanged in Ireland from Shakespeare's time.

In Elizabeth's time, however, it came to be realized that if there was to be any real affiliation of the two countries, then the Irish language must be supplanted by English, and a definite effort in this direction was made. This change of speech, resented and resisted, was nevertheless successfully accomplished all over the island, except in the west, within a decade after Shakespeare's death. This fact takes on a new significance when we study what we now call the Irish brogue in connection with what is known to have been the pronunciation of English at that time. The two are found to conform in practically every respect. Irishmen pronounce English as their forefathers learned it; and have preserved its pronunciation because they have been away from the main current of English speech variation ever since.—James J. Walsh, LL.D., in Harper's Magazine.

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE

Gallant Colonel Points Out Danger of Too Much Politeness on Occasions.

"A man should always try to be polite to women, except, of course, on street cars," said Col. Wilbert Wimble the other day after he had stepped on a policeman's foot in his effort to return a feminine handkerchief. But there is one thing politeness should never lead you to do. Never try to pick up a woman's purse for her. If you see a woman drop her gloves or a book or a parcel, jump for it with all the eagerness of a bull pup, and return it to her in your best manner. You will be rewarded with a smile. But do not jump for her pocketbook. No, sir, do not. I once made that mistake, but never again. The owner did not understand. With the cry of a wounded lioness saving her cubs she pounced upon her property, nearly driving a hatpin through the padded bosom of my frock coat 'No, you don't!' she hissed. 'You can't snatch no hard working woman's purse like that.'

"When you see a woman drop her money, give a yell and spring back from her about four feet and stand with your hands up. Then she cannot possibly misunderstand your intentions."

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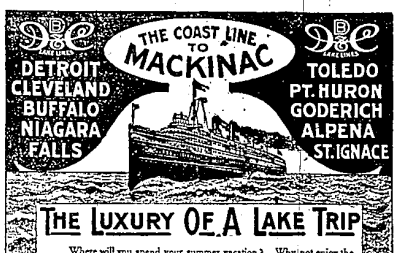

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DID AWAY WITH MUCH WORRY

Suggestion Made by Common Sense Man That Proved Eminently Practical.

She entered a car carrying a huge handbox in one hand and a number of parcels on her other doubled-up arm. They were unmanageable parcels. Even after the woman got a seat they kept slipping off her lap at every lurch of the car and jolted all over the floor.

When the common sense man had picked up one particularly refractory parcel for the third time, he said: "Madame, may I ask if you have a hat in that box?"

The woman said she had.

"Then allow me to suggest," he said, "that you put it on your head and pack the small hat you are now wearing and all your bundles into the box. It is big enough to hold them all."

Resentment at his interference flushed across the woman's face, but just then two more packages slipped their moorings, and her expression changed to gratitude.

"Thank you," she said. Then, with the aid of a mirror loaned by a woman opposite, the transference of hats was effected, and the woman rode the rest of the way home with only the handbox to worry about.

SOMETHING COMING TO HIM

Artist's Model Wanted Share of Proceeds of Picture in Which He Had Figured.

E. Phillips Oppenheim was talking in New York about literary popularity.

"Those writers who are unpopular," said Mr. Oppenheim, "impute all the big successes to advertising. They give the author himself no credit; the credit goes to the publisher's advertisements."

Mr. Oppenheim lighted a fresh cigarette.

"And that reminds me, he said, "that reminds me in its absurdity of a blacksmith of whom Whistler made an etching.

"The blacksmith some months later, came up to town and called at Whistler's studio in Chelsea.

"'Hello, blacksmith!' said Whistler. 'What brings you here?'

"'Why,' said the blacksmith, 'I heard as how a prize had been awarded for that there portrait you made of me, and I've come for the cash.'"

Characteristics of the Breton.

"Bretons are immobile like their dolmens, rugged like their rocks, gnarled and knotted like their trees," says a writer. "Nowhere is the relation between man and the soil whence he springs so apparent, so harmonious. The Breton people are animated stones; and in the names of Brittany also have souls, for there is no more soulful country than this, and it would seem to exercise a mystical attraction on natures responsive to its expressive melancholy. The repeated presence of enigmatic vestiges of a secret past, the piety of the people practicing—or having until quite recently practiced—rites and putting their faith in superstitions without discernible analogy in other civilizations, clearly, however, displaying affinity in their art, as also in their physical features, with Asiatic races—such circumstances stamp this ocean bound nation with a mark occult in its vast significance. On many a sphinx-like Breton face you will distinguish a look which seems to reach beyond horizons—the look of one who has a great problem to reflect upon, a secret of great import to guard."

To Live Long.

Col. H. A. du Pont of the Delawware family, was one of the seven members of the West Point class of 1861 that were present at the class' golden anniversary last month at the Hotel Astor.

Col. du Pont, discussing at this anniversary the interesting question of longevity, said:

"The average age of the survivors of our class is 75 years. I am sure that all these survivors, out of their vast experience, will agree with me in the dictum that:

"It is not work that kills men—it is worry. The revolution is not what destroys machinery, but the friction."

Which Would You Prefer?

E. Phillips Oppenheim, the well-known novelist, condemned, at a dinner in New York, the trashy fiction that finds so ready a sale among the masses.

"Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' he said, 'brought its author $25, and Defoe got less than $25 for Crusoe, but I know novelists whose trash sells in editions of six figures, and whose incomes permit them to keep yachts, motor cars and even aeroplanes."

Mr. Oppenheim smiled scornfully.

"The author of the past died," he said, "but his works lived. The author of today lives, but his works die."

His Point of Interest.

"Will you be kind enough to remove your hat, madam?" the usher asked at the summer theater in an unstagy whisper.

"Why should I?" the woman asked. "There is nobody behind me. Who wants me to take my hat off?"

"That man back there."

"But it doesn't obstruct his view of the stage. I am three seats to the right of him."

"That is true, ma'am, but you cut off his view of the women in the right lower box. That seems to be what he is interested in."

Their Day Dream

"There ought to be a garden out in front," said Mrs. Neyrock suddenly from the depths of the porch hammock.

"Bully idea!" agreed Neyrock from the steamer chair. "Let's make one!"

"Let's!" agreed Mrs. Neyrock.

They sprung to their feet simultaneously and dashed out through the porch screen door. The Neyrocks always do things that way. Neyrock had said when he came over to his country home for the week-end that he wanted a complete rest, but the garden idea hit him.

"Now, let's see," Neyrock mused as he grabbed the rake in one hand and the broom in the other from where they had been left against a tree. "Let's have it rambling and wild instead of formal. There must be winding paths—"

"And odd-shaped beds," from Mrs. Neyrock. "You can't dig with a rake, Henry. Get the spade."

Neyrock had spaded up quite a bit of earth when Lillmire came along. Lillmire is the sort of summer resorter who dons spotless white flannels and a soft hat, never steps off the walk and fancies that he is getting close to nature.

"Hello!" said Lillmire over the front rail fence. "Will you please tell me why you are spoiling the grass?"

"There isn't any grass," insisted Neyrock. "Only this scrubby stuff. I am making a garden."

"You should plan it on paper first," said Lillmire. "Otherwise how in the world do you know whether you are digging beds or paths?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Neyrock. "I'll get some paper!"

"You must have a pool in it," added Lillmire as he moved along.

"I'll get the galvanized iron tub from the well," said Neyrock at that, "and put it down here—this is the pool."

"We might carry the bricks left over from the barn foundation," suggested Mrs. Neyrock brightly, "and lay them down to outline roughly the walks and beds!"

"Splendid idea," said Neyrock.

At once they dropped the rake, the spade, the broom and the papers and pencils and began carrying bricks. They had to scatter them far apart to outline everything. Just as they were finishing the Crayfoots stopped their automobile out in front.

"How do?" said Crayfoot. "I hadn't any idea any one here was going to start a brickyard. Send me over a load for my new chicken house, will you?"

"It's a garden," explained Mrs. Neyrock, rather shortly. She was conscious that her hair was stringy, her dress horribly muddy and her usually white hands a sight from carrying brick.

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Crayfoot from the machine, with all the exasperating sweetness of one in frilly, fluffy, immaculate attire. "Do you like that sort of thing?"

"Cat!" muttered Mrs. Neyrock intensely as the machine plowed on. "She just loved to make me feel like a day laborer! Henry, I can't get the idea of a pool from an empty tub—I'm going to turn the hose into it and fill it!"

"All right," agreed Neyrock. "I think we're getting on splendidly. We probably can't get it all done today, but we can sketch it out. There ought to be an arbor at this curve in the walk, with vines over it—"

"Get the stepladder, and set it there so we'll remember it's an arbor, then," directed Mrs. Neyrock. "I wish I had something to sit on—gardening is hard work."

"Here," said Neyrock, turning over the hose reel, "sit on this."

"I am planning whether to have roses or poppies here," mused Mrs. Neyrock, "or would you advise tulips?"

"Do you suppose there would be any room left for a few tomato vines?" inquired her husband.

"I've heard of gardens that had parsley instead of candytuft for borders," said Mrs. Neyrock eagerly.

"Hello!" said Bingle from over the fence. "What is the trouble? Has there been a fire, that you've moved everything into the front yard? But why save the bricks?"

"This," said Neyrock with as much dignity as one can show when there is earth on one's face, when perspiration has soaked one's collar and when one's shoes are covered with mud, "is a garden!"

"There will be roses here," explained Mrs. Neyrock, pointing at the spade, "and an arbor there," waving her hand at the stepladder, "and the main walk runs along that rake and I think I'll have nasturtiums here and pink phlox over—"

"Fine!" said Bingle. "But of course you realize that you can't start a garden now! It's months too late!"

There was an appalled silence on the part of the weary Neyrocks as they stared at each other.

Then Neyrock threw down the trowel on the only unoccupied spot on the lawn. "Aw, who wants an old garden anyhow!" he demanded as he stepped backward—and sat down in the galvanized iron tub which the hose had just filled to the brim.

A Cross-Country Run.

Property Man—Did your company have a long run in Squeedunk?

Comedian—They chased us only two miles out.

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