

SOME FAMOUS WHISTLERS WHO WERE NOT MORONS—REACHED THE HIGH PEAK IN NINETIES

(New York Sun)

The art of whistling, which has lately been the subject of some scholastic animadversions, reached its highest peak of performance in the early '90, of the last century, when a number of talented artists made it a conspicuous feature of professional entertainment.

Perhaps the most noted of these exponents of the piping art was Mrs. Alice Shaw, a lady of some social position, whose drawing-room entertainments, including such auditors as various crowned heads of Europe and President and Mrs. Cleveland at the White House, endow her art with a prestige never before or since enjoyed by it. Mrs. Shaw essayed the difficult coloratura flights of grand opera and was regarded as quite a whistling Patti when she made her debut before a mixed audience at the New York Casino of exalted musical memory.

Even more delightful was Mabel Stephenson, "The American Bird Warbler," who at the same theatre appeared during an interlude in the comic opera, "Uncle Celestin," in a sketch called "A Walk in the Forest," in which she simulated the songs of its feathered denizens. Although other oral exercises contributed to her effects their main accomplishments were by means of the whistling trill.

"There was something in her talents exotic to the environment of the painted scene," says a recent reminiscence. "One felt that proper milieu would be in some special sanctuary dedicated to arboreal harmonies. Her mimicry was as spontaneous and as fluent as the song of her prototypes, and as she chirped and caroled the footlights took on the glow of the summer sun upon the grass. Her entertainment was a pastoral poem and an education in the humanities, and the raucous years that have passed

have, at least to one auditor, not drowned out the memory of her delicate and dainty art."

Old-time playgoers will remember Harry Gilfoil as the comic waiter in Hoyt's enormous hit, "A Trip to Chinatown," at the Madison Square Theater. Gilfoil's specialty was an extremely clever series of imitations which he executed while setting a table, and which included some extraordinary whistling exploits.

On a somewhat humbler professional plane was a celebrated street character of the same period known as "The Whistling Coon." This itinerant minstrel, a solemn-looking, taciturn middle-aged dandy, found his most remunerative field in the cafes and barrooms of the old Tenderloin where he whistled a considerable stream of small change from the pockets of their habitués. On occasion, also, he might have been discovered on the stage, serving as a minor attraction in a cheap melodrama. Billy Jerome, in a popular song with a whistling refrain, says of him: "He's a knock-kneed, double-jointed, hunky-punky mope, and he's happy when he whistles this tune."

Another favorite ballad of the time was "I'll Whistle and Wait for Katie," recalling those much more durable classics, "Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad" and "The Whistler and His Dog."

Whistling went out as an art with the decay of melody in song, and the rise of ragtime, jazz and other pedal rhythmic. Crooning, blues and similar ululations hold out little encouragement to the possible successors of the warblers of "Little Annie Rooney" and "After the Ball."

A Philadelphia debutante kicked a highwayman in the face, but that isn't good manners.

WING-FLAPPING AIRSHIP TRIED IN ILLINOIS IN 1841

Danville, Illinois, Nov. 24—Just 90 years ago the first airship constructed in Illinois took off from a hill near here and crashed before its inventor had a chance to test his theories of flight.

Resembling somewhat the modern monoplane, the craft was a tangible representation of "Cray" Hugh Newell's plans and dreams. Newell, a farm's living six miles west of Danville had studied flying birds and believed that he could duplicate their feats.

He patterned the wings of his ship after the wings of birds. The operator sat between them, and turned a crank which caused the wings to move up and down. The tail of the craft copied faithfully the spread-eagle feathers of a bird in flight.

The story of Newell's first flight was revealed in the current issue of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society.

"According to some accounts, the ship was hauled to the top of a hay stack on a hill near the Newell home, where, after the wings had been started by Newell in the cockpit, the machine or car was pushed off," the article said.

"A great crowd was present. It was the climax of Newell's life and would show whether his untiring efforts and years of experiencing and study had been in vain. But the machine failed to fly. It was pushed off," the article said, "but fell to the ground and Newell's arm was broken."

Two wealthy neighbors, endowed with prophetic vision, or else won over by Newell's persuasiveness, joined with Newell in the "million dollar contract" by which they were to aid the inventor in the construction of a "flying car, or machine to soar through the air propelled upon a principle upon which the fowls of the air propel themselves."

The plans for the new ship fell through, and the three "inventors" were laughed at for several years. Sixty three years later the Wright brothers proved that man could fly through the air.

WORLD BEATER STOPPED SHORT

(New York Sun)

The owner of a chain of fruit-drink stands went through an exciting few minutes the other day when a mild-mannered little man appeared at his office and obtained an interview with him.

"I have an idea for a new drink," explained the mild little man half-apologetically. "I don't like to bother you with it, but I think it would be a great success."

"Fine!" said the business executive. What is it?"

"I called it 'the Tasty Toast,'" went on the visitor. "It combines the flavor of the orange drink with the tang of the pineapple drink, blending into it also the sweetness of the orange julius, the satisfying taste of the appleade, the tartness of the lemonade and the digestive qualities of the malted milk!"

The fruit-drink man was twisting excitedly in his chair, his hands clasping and unclasping, an eager light in his eyes.

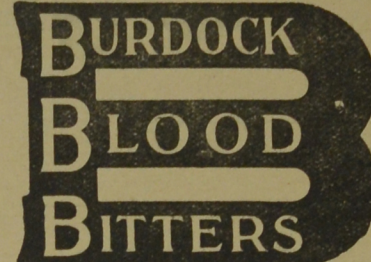
"Good Lord, man!" he exclaimed "That's a world-beater! Simply marvelous! How do you make it?"

The mild little man shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he said calmly. "I got that far and then I couldn't quite figure that part out!"

He was gently but firmly led from the office, and the fruit-drink executive has since passed a regulation prohibiting employees to allow strange's visitors to see him

Had Thirteen Boils On His Neck



Mrs. H. V. Duncombe, Grassy Lake, Alta., writes:—"My husband was covered with boils, having as many as thirteen on his neck at once. He tried everything possible, but nothing did any good until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, and before he had used one bottle the boils were all gone, and he has not been bothered with them since."

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Sure, the world is getting to be one great neighborhood, but that doesn't mean much to the average city man who couldn't even tell you the names of the people across the street.

There'll be no authorized war between Japan and China if Japan gets what she wants without it.

Psychology is where the manufacturers of weighing machines finally brought out the model with a tiny window at the top where the stout customer gets the bad news privately.

Money talks especially when it is spent to hire the use of the vocal organs of a salaried reformer.

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