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Office Devil Plays Golf. Subsequently Narrates Experiences to Admiring Auditors. The office devil went out to the golf links during the championship tournament of the Newspaper Golf Club and was permitted to make one round of the course. The night before the tournament the moments when he was feverishly shooting around the office yelling "oop", sat on one end of the desk and told about his wild adventures on the golf links. "Hully gee!" said the office boy, as he spat reflectively through his teeth at a coo-coo that was downing a carry away a lunch basket. "say, it was a picnic. You ought to have seen yer uncle wid der funny-bat. Every time I took a swipe at de ball I dug up about a bushel of grass and stuff, and de committee made a job about running me in for tearin' up their grounds. "I had a horrible time starting. I'd yell 'come four er seven' or what 'tis dat you holle, and den I'd spit on my hands and I'd make a holy swipe at de ball and, gee! I'd just tip it on de top and it'd go about a half column. Everybody was a givin' me de horse, and I quit a hollerin' in, and all of a sudden I swiped dat ball, and gee! I ought ter see it sail; and it hit one of committee's wives rite in de back of de neck. And, say, I thought de ball was dead. She got up and de kicked around and wanted to make me quit playing, but Bill and all de gang stood by me, and dey said: 'Ah, anybody'd make a accident. Gwan, Jimmy.' "And so I chased up de hill, and hit 'em again for keeps. I got it acroin' again and dis time I got inter one of dem bumpers. D'y know wot a bumper is? Ah, a bumper is like wene dere makin' a sewer and dey trow up a lot of dirt out of de hole. Well, de dirt dat dey trow up is de bumper, an' you haf ter make de ball go a hoopin' over de bumper, 'cause if it falls down in de hole on one side de stuff's all out. "My ball got down dere in de hole, and it made me mad, and I got them bats wid de iron business on de end and I whacked away at de ball for keeps. I'd keep a hittin' clove and a snuff 'em, like I was tryin' to throw things at de gang on de other side. "Purty soon I whalloped de ball one, and, gee whiel! I went a whoopin' over dat bumper and hit away out in de tall grass. I tried to carry it into bounds, 'cause I tink yet it was a fowl ball, but de gang says nit, dat I have ter swipe it out in de weeds. And, say, I jest cut my eye like a lawn mower out dere in de weeds before I finally send de ball out were I cud get a fair swipe at it. "I hope to die if I didn't send de ball into de drink. Bill said I had to go in after it, and I was wading rite in wene de old greeks and, say, I jest cut my eye like a lawn mower out dere in de weeds before I finally send de ball out were I cud get a fair swipe at it. "Three years ago we—that is, my family and de fruit jars, moved to Chicago. Since coming here we have moved into a different flat twice. Last Spring my wife went back to Centralia on a Summer visit, and we stored the fruit jars and de rest of the furniture. Now we are moving

it went into de drink, too. Everybody giv' me de horse, and de gang said I was a tryin' to fill up de drink. I got some more balls and keg' gold' and I got round in about seven hundred and fifty. "But it was all on account of dem bumpers. If dey take dem things down I wouldn't do a thing to dat linka. Say, I'd do it in about sixty-seven strokes. But dem bumpers for me. Say, where's dat spurner's copy? Bill's hollerin' fer it upstairs. "And de devil disappeared down de hall.—Chicago Times-Herald.

into a different flat, and the fruit jars are still with us. "We have had those fruit jars 12 years, and not one of them has been broken. I calculate they have been shipped 7000 miles, that I have paid \$87 freight on them at different times, and that their storage at old months has cost \$29.27 more. The drays on them will add at least \$10 to the total. "We never can any more fruit. We buy fresh fruit the year around or go without. And yet my wife will not part with those fruit jars. They never break. We could not sell them for 50 cents the lot, for every other woman in Chicago is maintaining a collection of the same kind of jars in luxurious idleness. And yet they tell me the factories are turning out millions of 'em every year. Great Scott! I wonder who buys 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

these packages I am bringing her a pair of trousers, which I had made to my measure, and which I shall wear. In this parcel is a pair of the very best patent shoes, size 8 1/2, a good deal too big for my wife; in this package is a box of cigars, and in my pockets I have a new meerschaum pipe and a packet of tobacco. Now, I don't see how she can fail to have a happy birthday, do you? I hope she'll enjoy it, for I want to get even for those fruit jars. They never break. We could not sell them for 50 cents the lot, for every other woman in Chicago is maintaining a collection of the same kind of jars in luxurious idleness. And yet they tell me the factories are turning out millions of 'em every year. Great Scott! I wonder who buys 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

got the wrong "freezer." Sleeping-Car Porter Makes Highly Embarrassing Mistake. As the porter passed through the car she called him aside. There was a whisper and a gleam of silver. "Now, remember they are in the yellow satchel." "Cyan't miss dem, ma'am." "You won't let any one see you?" "No, ma'am!" "The major is sitting in that car." "He won't see me, ma'am." "Well, here is the key." The porter took the key and passed through to the next car. "Guess dis am it," he said, slipping the thin key in the lock of a yellow satchel. He got it hard in the satchel.

wrist for her liking, so one day, meeting him in a lane, she said: "Excuse me, parson, but would you mind my cutting about an inch off your wristbands, as I think it very unbecoming to a clerical man?" "Certainly," said the parson, and she took from her pocket a pair of scissors and cut them off with satisfaction. Having finished, the parson said: "Now, madame, there is something about you that I should like to see about an inch shorter." "Then," said the good dame, handing him the scissors, "cut it to your liking." "Come, then, good woman," said the parson, "put out your tongue."—Spare Moments.

The Good Old Days. Oh, for the days when shirts of mail were quite the proper thing. When every time you took a step. You heard your armor clink. When you could not remove your coat. Without a monkey wrench. And fools who slipped you on the back with their feet wood clench. Eh, for the days of iron "pants." Or trousers, as you please. When they were quite too well put up. To bag much at the knees; When you felt sure within your plates. Your bucklers and your greaves. And when the does would bite your legs You chuckled in your sleeves. No, for the time of iron hats, And iron gloves as well. When by the pound you bought your garb— These good days are swifter. When by the aid of rivets big. You fastened on your duds, And 'sponder buttons did not drop With sad and solemn thought.—Baltimore American.

THEY STAY WITH HIM. Chicago Man's Expensive Experience With Fruit-Jar Mania. "Why is it," asked the third man, who had just finished moving into another flat, "why is it that a woman will never throw away a glass fruit jar?" The entry clerk didn't know, and said so. Besides, he was not a married man, and therefore was not expected to know. "Now, I've been married 12 years," said the third man, "and the first year we were married my wife bought four dozen glass fruit jars, half of them two-quart size, the others quarts. "Well, the first time she filled all 48

in that package from your tailor's" gally pulled out a bunch of hair. Then he relocked the ratchet. "Heah's yo' frizzer, ma'am!" "Don't speak so loud." "Anything else, ma'am?" "That's all, I believe. I just have a minute to put these on before dinner." The porter reached the platform in time to meet an irate tragedian. "Not a step!" he thundered, in tones that almost lifted the porter's cap. "What have you done with my whiskers?" "Laws," muttered the porter, "Ah went in de wrong satchel!" Just then a lady passed toward the dining-car. "Dah's yo' whiskers, sah," grinned the porter, "on top ob dat lady's haid!"—Chicago News.

HER DAD SUGGESTS AN EASY WAY OUT. Cholly—I can't find words to express my love for your daughter, sir. Her Father—Figures will do.

For One She Knew. A party of young men were taking dinner a few nights ago at a fashionable cafe, when one of them, who is somewhat of a jester, called the waiter and said: "John, go and call Main— if a woman answers it will be my wife. Tell her that I instructed you to say that I am in the police station for a few hours and will not be at home for dinner. Say to her that the possibilities are that I shall not be at home tonight. Understand me, sir?" John winked a couple of times in a knowing way, bowed deferentially, and suggested: "Supposin'—"

HER THIRST HIS UNDOING. He'll Drink No More "Sticks" in His Glass. Every Saturday he and she came to the same restaurant and sat at the same table. He was her husband and her ideal. She allowed him to smoke now and then, but she abhorred drinking. Two glasses of ginger ale stood at their sides, respectively. The weather was torrid and she was thirsty. The waiter stooped by the table with a face that betokened a child-like innocence. He had, with expectation of the usual tip, which was handsome, smuggled a whiskey into the glass of the husband before it was brought to the table. She swallowed her ginger ale and then said: "Hubby, I'm so thirsty. Let me have a sip of yours." Before he could prevent her, she had sipped it, and a cloud that betokened more than a passing breeze thunderstorm came over her brow.

End of a Summer. "She will not know me," he breathed a sigh. "My maid of the many graces. When to my country she comes to buy Her silks and her satins and her lace. "She will forget summer days so dear. Forget all my fond devotion. Forget all her vows when she sees me here. Her silks and her lace's portion." "He will not know me," her heart was sad. "My maid of the many graces. There at his club, amid laughter glad. He'll forget those days at the ocean. "He will forget how we walked the sand. To me no more he is drinking. He'll pass me by in his carriage grand. With its silver harness clinking." He asked his hat, for his heart was sore. And fled from his post of duty. Set down to lunch, still living o'er Glad days with his Summer beauty. He never could forget those times of fun— For the girl he loved was the softest of them. Who brought his corned beef hash, str.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

BUYING THEIR FALL HATS. Marriage of Intending Purchasers at Hands of the Tyrants Who Rule in Millinerydom. Place—Any large millinery establishment. Time—The present. Persons—A number of haughty saleswomen; a lordly floorwalker; a number of weary-looking possible purchasers wearing their Summer and last Winter hats. First possible purchaser to floorwalker—I wish to look at plain black hats. Floorwalker—Certainly, madame; take a seat, madame. Miss Pannet, are you engaged? Show this lady some gay red hats. First possible purchaser—I wish to see plain black hats. Floorwalker, airily—Oh, certainly; bright blue hats, Miss Pannet. Miss Pannet is seated before the room; returns with her arms full of peach color, blue, green, burnt orange, royal purple, sallow, shrimp pink, pure white, old rose, turquoise, cerise, magenta, and automobile red hats. The customer—I said plain black hats. Miss Pannet, addressing the ceiling—They're not wearing plain black hats this season. Second possible purchaser to haughty saleswoman, holding in her hand a young henwren of a hat—I'm a member of the Audubon Society, I tell you, and I want my hat with blue feathers upon it—not even a goose shall have the something that isn't feather trimmed. Flight of Audubonite. Haughty saleswoman calls off; returns with a setting ben turban in one hand and a bird of paradise poke in the other, and says as Audubonite bolts for the door—"They're not belonging to the Audubon Society this season." Floorwalker pronounces himself before a portly dame clad unostentatiously in cloth of gold and sunburst. Floorwalker, between salams—State Federation millinery? In a special room all to itself, madam. No one allowed to come within ten yards of it unless she can show membership in at least seven clubs and wears the minimum number of badges—17. Miss Velours will take you there. (Aside to Miss Velours—"Treat her motion. She's Mrs. S. Ertavia Second-the-Motion, seventeenth vice-president of Sorosis and she's good for sixteen bonnets at least—one for each session of her hen party up at Albany next month.") Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser on the shady side of 40, with grating sandy hair, turned-up nose, wearing a simple little hat! M'ca call it our rainy-day hat; so suited to wet weather and that sort of service, you know. They're not wearing fancy hats in the rain this season. Not every woman could, of course, stand so severe a style, but you, madam, can, of course, wear anything. Yes, madame. Paid or charged? Anything to Suit. Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser whose head nestles into a hat with all the ease of a round peg in a square hole—not comfortable, madame? Well, you know they're not wearing comfortable hats this season. Really, I should hate to suggest a single alteration. However (sighing), if you wish, you can turn the hat inside out. (Turns it inside out.) We often do that when cranks—1 mean customers, complain. Or we can stamp on it (jumps up and down on the hat several times). This not only enlarges it, but alters the shape. If you like, of course we can make it still larger, or by adding a bay window in front and putting a couple on top. Some customers prefer a porie cochiere in front and a balcony at one side. Any customer will tell you that's all this hat needs. Floorwalker to a customer who asks to look at hats under \$15.50—They're not wearing hats under \$15.50 this season. Haughty saleswoman to doubtful purchaser; a regular circus of a hat is on the doubtful purchaser's head; on her face an expression as though she half suspected she was the fright she is—let me see a veil and then you can see how she really looks on you. You can never tell how any hat is going to look until you see it with a veil, you know. There (throwing the glamor of a bit of dotted net over the reddened nose, the freckled cheeks and the uninteresting eyes), now you can see for yourself how becoming that hat is. (Ties veil with a fetching knot in the back. Still sees minceful doubt and suspicion on the face behind the veil.) Of course I don't every woman who looks well in a veil; on her (with a sigh). But—yes, madame. Oh, by the way, most assuredly, madame. Paid or charged? Not a Bit Small. Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser upon the apex of whose topknot topples a hat the size of a dime—Too small! Oh, ho, indeed. They're not wear-

ing hats to fit this season, you know. Just let me get you a magnificent glass. There, you see it doesn't look small. If it feels too small, it's the fault of your hat—that's the trouble. Now if you would wear your hair a trifle higher, or lower, or over one ear or down your back like a Chinaman's pigtail, or have it shaved off altogether. They're not wearing much hair this season, you know.—New York Sun.

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POEMS WORTH READING. My Simple Simian Cent. I walked along Broadway one night, I'd not a penny left. Indeed, mine was a pretty plight. Of money all bereft. An apt-looker tramp accosted me; "I don't know what he meant. He handed me a copper cent— My simple, simian cent. "My single, simple, Simian cent—" "The all that I have left! My single, simple, Simian cent— Of other coin bereft: It's worth a million to me, now, For all the rest is spent. I'll never spend it! Never lend it! Simple, Simian cent! I've made a dozen fortunes since— Been rich and poor by turns; But other coin a tiny hole In every pocket burns. It goes like wildfire to the wind; I'll retain that thick and thin My simple, Simian cent. (Repeat chorus.) I've had consumption, rheumatism, Pneumonia and the gout, Appendicitis, heart disease And scrofuly stouts; But though I die before my time, On one thing I'm intent: Pray bury with me—no crime— My simple, Simian cent. (Repeat chorus.) —P. K. M. in New York Herald.

Wedded. Well, you are wedded, and around your life Twine two great joys; for some one calls you wife, And lips murmur "mother" and you smile After long years of sorrow and heart strife. Smile up into the eyes that meet your own— Feel the strong, sheltering arm around you thrown. And say, "My husband!" and with love words while, Away the hours, no longer dark and lone. You feel the clinging of your child; you feel His arms about your neck; his kisses steal Away the sigh which trembles to your lips When faithful memory doth some face reveal! From out the fading past * * * But tears or sighs Are not your sweet lips—for such sweet eyes! What earthly joy can now your joy replace? For, cherishing you, your love could be but woe! And yet, I know that upon your brow There is a faint—faded shadow resting now; The beads of dew drop lower, till at last Your weeping face in your pale hands you bow. And give yourself to grief! * * * Is it not so? A voice calls to you from the long ago— A love is stretched toward you from the past And joy is lost in bitterness and woe! You wonder why the tears your eyes should fall; You wonder why your breaking heart: "Be still!" But the heart moans with yearnings unexpressed— Vague yearnings which the world can never fill. For women love but once, and if denied That first, sweet love, they live unatisfied. And clinging to it to the cross of Christ, Whosoever that blessing hearts are crucified! And this is life! * * * Heaven's mercy on us, sweet! Be it that you and I no more shall meet. 'Till the grass is green above the breast And God's white galaxies grow at head and feet! —Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Lessons in War. Wumst my pa he Says I musen't never hit A boy that's littler'n me 'Cause it Ain't right, you see. So, when I went to school one day And got a playin' marble with A little boy named Charley Smith, And winned all his away, He up with all his might, And hit me rite on the eye. And made me cry— And then, Almo before I thought, He nearly hit him back agin. If it wouldn't been for what My pa he said I bet I'd smashed his head! And then, one other day, When Willie James Snuck up and took my knife away, And called me names, And sed I'd never get it back, I up and I give him a crack With my fist, right On the mouth—with all my might! 'Cause he ain't littler'n me, You see. But pa never told him not To hit littler boys'n him, I s'pose, And so frast thing I knew I got Struck on the nose! At first I thought I fell Way down a deep, deep well, Or tumbled from a roof somewhere— But when I was running down all over me, And I couldn't hardly breathe nor see, Ner anything! And then I wished I'd die So they'd put HIM in jail, and my Pa he'd be sorry 'cause he told Me that about fightin' boys as old As me! And ma she cried When I went home, and drew My close up to her side— And I cried, too! And then one other day, When Eddie Spriggs were der department he Wouldn't play. He's the boss o' it, Was drivin', so First thing you know We got to fightin'! My! He wasn't strong at all, And he's littler'n me, too! And I hit Him on the cheek, made him bawl And when we was through I wasn't hurt a bit! Boy's pa might know a lot About most things, but I Can't seem to see Just why It was that my pa he Told me not To hit littler boys'n me! I guess he never fought With bigger boys'n him before. He got Grown up—in I won't deny more! 'Cause when you hit a littler one He runs 'n bellows, too— And hittin' others ain't no fun When they hit harder'n you! —S. E. Klier in Chicago Times-Herald.

With the Battle Flags. I stood alone in the quiet dusk, Beneath an arch of the vaulted roof, And watched the brilliant colors fade At the stealthy touch of the creeping gloom. I saw the deepening shadows rest On stately columns of honored dead, And through the lofty columns stood Tall phantom pillars rose instead. And soon I heard soft whispered tones; Then ghostly cheering, murmuring sighs; And sometimes laughter, now low moans, Then earnest questions, stern replies. I heard the sound of the cannon's roar Come wafted faint from I know not where, Then beat of hoofs, the swish of flags And crash of sabres filled the air. Dim phantom forms swift passed me by And misty horses reared and fell; Red drops of blood and tattered flags, Then martial notes I knew so well. When all the place was filled with light I stood alone in the vaulted room; But never a whisper, never a moan From those so near in the creeping gloom. No sign whatever to make me think I had aught but dreamed of that battle scene Except some silent tattered flags From niches gaining down steps. —Dorothy King in Boston Transcript.

My Old "T. D." Up two flights, then three doors back. In a bachelor's den hangs an old pipe rack. Its owner says, "Ah, yes, 'tis a useful thing. This pipe rack has a sort of a lover's ring. As a grace from him I've kept it." That glove on him from the chimney place. Face of man half hid by scowls, Hands enveloped in monkish coils, And other things from mouth to ear. Smiles never changing from year to year. He takes from the beds the bear gun. And sees meerschaum bowl with its amber stem. Noting its color with silent glee, Then puts them aside for the old "T. D." "Here is a friend I've had for years; In his own way, he's a useful thing. He's never let me down, and he's a good friend. And other things from mouth to ear. Smiles never changing from year to year. He takes from the beds the bear gun. And sees meerschaum bowl with its amber stem. Noting its color with silent glee, Then puts them aside for the old "T. D." 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