

# FUNNY THINGS IN PROSE



### HAD REASON TO BE MAD

If You Should Hear Your New Panama Hat Traded as His Was, You'd Be Mad, Too, Wouldn't You?

He had just purchased a real twelve dollar Panama straw hat. None of your imitations for him. The hat would not appreciate the difference between the good qualities and the bad, but what did he care for their opinion, anyway. He walked down the aisle of an "L. car" resplendent in his new Panama, and sat down on one of the cross seats next to a man glorying in one of the fifty-cent imitations. You couldn't duplicate the look of scorn that the man of the Panama gave his fellow seat holder. It would have crushed a man more mindful of the opinions of other people, or less confident of his own good sense.

But that one long, withering look of scorn was not only one which our friend of the Panama bestowed upon his neighbor. At intervals of two or three minutes you could see him turn his eyes in the direction of that fifty-cent imitation with a "hold-me-back" expression upon his countenance.

By the time they had traveled 30 or 40 blocks, the man of the Panama seemed surprised that his neighbor had not as yet given any "kick" for a while. On the side seats, at right angles to the seat on which sat the man with the Panama and his companion, sat two young men, who boasted nothing more pretentious than ordinary rubber-soled shoes, although, from their conversation, one of them, at least, had higher aspirations.

Must Have One. "You know, James, I think I'll get one of those Panama hats. They seem to be all the rage."

"I know; but the trouble is, you'll get stuck with it. You know the quality of the straw, and you'll pay a dollar for something that isn't worth a dollar."

"Oh, no; I know all about it, and before next week you'll see me wearing a ten-dollar Panama, with any doubt, and I won't get stuck, either."

"All right, Tom; if you want to lose your money, of course it's none of my business. But if you want to buy a Panama hat, I would certainly get some one who knows something about straw to go with me to buy it."

"But I tell you I know all about it already." (In a stage whisper.) "See that hat over there?"—pointing to that of our friend of the Panama. "Well, of course, I don't intend to buy anything like that"—our friend of the Panama, which, by the look of superiority and a self-satisfied grin pervades his countenance. "I know a good hat when I see it"—wider grin from under the Panama—"and of course I wouldn't get stuck with a thing like that"—something like convulsions from under the Panama—"but the kind of hat that I am going to buy will be something after the style of that one, but next to it, although, of course, not so expensive. Why, that's a hat that cost \$15, if it cost a cent, and a man doesn't have to be a Porto Rican butkicker to see the difference between that hat and the one of the fellow in the serge suit. I don't see how any one could possibly get stuck with a thing like that"—pointing to that of the Panama. "By the way, there now seemed to be an impatient volcano—and it's equally easy to see the superior quality of the one next to it. I'm going to get."

The volcano burst with a withering look of scorn, the man of the Panama arose, his face as red as though he had been trying to stare the sun out of countenance on a hot day at the seashore, and had come out only second best. Turning to the young man who knew it all, and more besides, he said: "My friend, I have been a damned fool to pay \$12 for a hat only to have it sold to me as if it was good as one that I'll wager my bottom dollar, didn't cost more than 50 cents, but I don't need you to tell me that. I know about my hat, and I wouldn't get stuck with a thing like that." And the man who knew it all subsided, thus diminishing the danger of an apple-cake stroke from the man of the Panama.—New York Herald.

### EASY WAY OF SPECULATING.

Uncle Jerry's Thrilling Wall-Street Experience.

"So you saw Wall street, eh?" was asked of Uncle Jerry as he got back home from New York and was ready to tell of his adventures at the village store.

"Yes, you bet I did," was the hearty reply. "I was standing in front of the Wall street store almost the first thing after I got to New York."

"And you speculated?"

"I did. That's what I went down there for. I wanted to learn the ropes, you know. It's just as easy to speculate in Wall street as it is to fall off a fence. 'How did you do it?'"

"Well, I was standing in a corner when a fellow came up and asked if I wanted to speculate in cotton. I told him I did, and he walked me into a place where a ticker was ticking, and said: 'Old man, cotton has gone up 3 points and you are 50 cents ahead. Take your money.'"

"I took the 50 cents and sauntered around the block, and then another man came up and wanted to know if I'd like to take a little flyer in wheat. I told him I would, and he walked me into a place and said: 'Old man, wheat has turned and you are out 15. Hand over the money.'"

"Was that all there was to it?" asked one of his neighbors.

"That's all. I handed the money over and stole a stroke from the man of the Panama." "But you lost 50 cents."

"I know it."

"And ain't you going to raise no fuss about it?"

"Naw, why, bless your soul, but there ain't a day in the year that fellers ain't lost'n from \$5 to \$10 on Wall street, and it's just as easy to get a good looking as balm as pumpkins. I'd ask every body they meet whether they'll give soda water or ginger ale."—New York Telegraph.

of surprise or exasperation. I was the recipient of such hearty congratulations that I saw I had escaped a refusal, and the matter was clinched, when Nellie finished by saying: "I shall be so proud of my new papa! Mamma, you're a peach!" "And what became of the widow?" "Became of her? Why, I married her, of course."

### NABBED ON THE SPOT.

Too Rare a Visitor to Be Dismissed Without Reward.

As the visitor sat down near the desk, the editor glanced him over and was rather pleased with his appearance. He was a man of good size, agreeably apparelled, intelligently countenanced, reasonably voluble and of pleasing personality.

"I have traveled somewhat in the United States," he said, when the editor looked up from his work as a signal that he was ready to listen, "and it occurred to me that I might have something I could tell your readers."

"Um—er," hesitated the editor, "travel is one of the things that is written to death. Still, if you have anything to say that has not been said we will be glad to consider it. We are always ready to buy what we think our readers want to read."

"Nothing in particular, I believe; but a good deal in general. It is not so much what I have to offer as what I do not have to offer."

"Ah!" And the editor paused on the threshold of an unsatisfied curiosity. "Will you please explain?"

The visitor smiled.

### He Explains.

"Certainly," he responded. "For instance, I will offer something about Maine, but not refer to her scarcity of liquor nor her superiority of spruce gum; I will have something to offer about Boston, but will not refer to her beans and her brains, nor to the comicality of the wheresever of her at; I will have something to offer about New York City, but will not refer to her police force as the Irish standing army; I will have something to say about Connecticut, but will not refer to her wooden nutmegs and hams; I will have something to say about New Jersey, but will not refer to it as a foreign land; I will have something to say about Philadelphia, but will not refer to its slowness or the grass growing in its streets; I will have something to say about Washington, but will not refer to the arduous labors of her statesmen; I will have something to say about Virginia, but will not refer to her crop of mint juleps; I will have something to say about Kentucky, but will not refer to her pretty women, her fine horses and her good whisky, and I will have something to say about Delaware, but will not refer to the fact that the frost has killed the peach crop."

Here he paused to take breath. Resuming, he remarked:

### Much Else to Say.

"I will have something to say about Texas, but will not refer to the hanging of a prominent citizen for stealing a horse; I will have something to say about California, but will not refer to the size of its lars; I will have something to say about the Dakotas, but will not refer to them as being in the banana belt; I will have something to say about Chicago, but will not refer to the abnormal growth of the feet of her ladies; I will have something to say about St. Louis, but will not refer to her superiority to Chicago; I will have something to say about New Orleans, but will not refer to the word rivalry; I will have something—"

"Hold on," exclaimed the editor, "you're all right. You just ahead and write your stuff and I'll get it in the paper even if I have to throw out the society news and editorial. We pay on publication. Make out your bill."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### 'T WAS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Man Proposed, Mother Was Thankful, Daughter Gave Blessing.

They were talking about popping the question, and a thoughtful man who had not joined in the discussion hazarded the observation that, in many instances, the popping was accidental, owing to environment—a moonlight night, which always went to the head; propinquity, or some other result of circumstances. He was greeted with howls of derision and asked to prove his premises, which he finally did.

"I boarded with a widow and her daughter before I was married, and fell violently in love with the daughter, who had no other suitor, but seemed rather indifferent, receiving my advances with great coolness, yet not actually rejecting me. Indeed, she had not the chance to do that, for I had not proposed, but had quite made up my mind that I would do so at the first favorable opportunity."

The widow, who was young enough to contemplate a second marriage with a rich lumberman who boarded with them when in town, was evidently well pleased with me for a son-in-law. I was old enough to be settled in character, and had enough of this world's goods to make a comfortable home for my wife

and have something over. My only fear was in regard to the girl herself. "And the moon was shining."

"One lovely moonlight night, as I was going to my lodgings, it occurred to me that I had been dangling after Nellie a good while and had never asked her to marry me, or even talked sensibly of my plans for life. I had made love in the usual gushing method, but I had not spoken of any serious intention, either to her or her mother. I decided to ask her that very night and announce our engagement to her mother with her on my arm. Well, you'll see how fate criss-crosses into Cupid's affairs."

"Nellie was standing at the window when I entered the parlor, her slim, graceful form outlined against the lace curtains in the moonlight, her small, sleek head thrown back, as she looked pensively into the sky. Now was my opportunity. There was no other light in the room but the moonlight, and I stole up and slipped by arm about her slender waist and poured out a flood of superlatives which told her that other girls may have been loved, but not in such degree as she would be, if she would consent to marry me! I was an orator in love, as the dullest man usually is. She responded by laying her dear head on my shoulder, and sealing our betrothal with a kiss, I led her to the other end of the room. Her mother had just entered, and I wanted her congratulations. "Gentlemen, it was Nellie I faced, with her mother's head on my shoulder. I had proposed to the widow, who was her daughter's counterpart, except in the matter of years, and she had accepted me."

"Before I had time to utter a word

and they are stopping at the same hotel with you.

Don't introduce yourself by chatting pleasantly of your last season's social triumphs. The people who knew you best then will appear later in the season and your prestige will suffer accordingly.

Don't complain because men are scarce. It's a law of nature.

Don't try to form a man trust for your own exclusive benefit.

Don't be disagreeable to the dull man because he failed to bring down those six clever friends of his on Saturday night. The successful woman must be a hypocrite.

Don't fall to take an interest in the mission church. The rector is almost sure to have a young assistant before the Summer is over.

Don't forget that last Winter, in a burst of hospitality, you invited all your girl friends to visit you. Because they are sure to come, and it will under any circumstances be difficult to conceal your disappointment.

Don't fall to cultivate some little eccentricity or trademark, so that the people who gossip about you will not be obliged to remember your name. It's just as well to be known as "the girl with the disgracefully short bathing suit" as to be called "that Miss Higgins."

Don't get engaged to men you are likely to meet next Winter. Your own wit should teach you to avoid that danger of monotony.

Don't forget that you are the central figure of the National Life and that everybody is looking at you. Because it's as well to keep your illusions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

few minutes, the game little machine was singing and vibrating, ready for another

It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Rugby could be persuaded to resume the trip. They were 10 miles from the city, and there were no electric or steam cars near; besides, the damp condition of her clothing would not admit of her taking passage in a public conveyance.

Her confidence in Rugby's ability to manage the machine was completely shattered, and it was only on condition that the mechanic who had repaired the auto should accompany them that she consented to re-embark.

She borrowed a mackintosh from a sympathetic woman who lived near by, and they started on the return trip. The clever mechanic, who had turned out to be an electric-car motorman, insisted that Mr. Rugby act as chauffeur, while he assumed the role of adviser. This arrangement soothed Rugby's lacerated feelings, as it would have wounded his self-respect past all repair to see himself superseded. Everything went so smoothly that Mr. Rugby gradually regained her spirits and confidence, and when they reached town, raised no objection to Mr. Rugby's proposal that they leave the auto to the mechanic, and go to the city a mile or more from the Rugby flat, and then proceed quietly, by way of an unfrequented street, to their own home.

As they proceeded down the main thoroughfare, and as they turned a sharp corner into the side-street which led to the back door of their flat, so there was nothing for it, but to wait for the procession to pass or proceed down the main thoroughfare. The latter course seemed more desirable, as it was near the hour for divine services to close, and Mrs. Rugby was getting nervous, lest they meet their acquaintances. To be sure, the main street led directly past her church, but Rugby assured her that he would go at such a high rate of speed that her own whether or not she recognized her, should it happen that service was just dismissing. So they decided to chance it.

A Dreadful Mishap. Just as they were opposite the church the doors swung open; the tones of the organ pealed forth, and the people poured out. Rugby touched a lever, but, instead of dashing away like a winged thing, this terrible automobile pliously pranced up to the pavement and came to a full stop.

Instantly, Rugby saw his mistake. He had pressed the wrong lever. But it was too late to escape. The street was swarming with people, on foot and in carriages, and no one but an expert could steer an automobile through such a crowd, with any degree of safety.

The Rubgys, despite their disheveled and hatless condition, were instantly recognized by a multitude of friends, some of whom hastened to the window, anxious inquiries; while others, including the Jacksons, stared and passed coldly by on the other side.

The following day the Rubgys left town, on an indefinite vacation. H. B. F.

### SOME 'DON'TS' AS 'DON'TS.'

Things for the Would-be Successful Summer Girl to Con.

Don't, in choosing the field for your campaign of 1901, let anybody persuade you that you like rusticity—woods, streams, farmhouses, "dotted cream," and all that. You don't.

Don't forget that what you want is plenty of hotel piazzas, a large and public beach for bathing, and a good view of the hotel. Insist on having them. Don't omit your athletic outfit, however much you may suffer from inertia. It's becoming and convincing.

Don't assume that you are the only original imported brand of Summer girl, and advertise yourself as such. There are always other varieties "just as good," and if you make the mistake of introducing an element of competition you will

be

### Under Way.

It was, however, with many misgivings that Mrs. Rugby finally seated herself in the horseless carriage. Mr. Rugby mounted the seat beside her, placed his hand on the motor, and the vehicle moved, as by magic, rolling noiselessly and smoothly down the street. After they had gone a few blocks, Mr. Rugby remarked, triumphantly: "Well, by dear, how do you like it?"

"Why, it is simply delicious," replied Mrs. Rugby. "It gives one the sensation of flying—this moving through space so quietly and swiftly; I had no idea it was so delightful." "You're breathless," Mrs. Rugby sat up straighter and smiled indulgently down on the little woman at his side. Presently he pressed a lever, and the mackintosh fell to the ground, as they sped down another street.

"Wasn't that beautifully done?" exclaimed Mrs. Rugby, and she mentally regretted that she had expressed any doubt as to her husband's ability to handle the machine, when she saw how dexterously he did it. They rolled past the park, passing their former acquaintances to whom they bowed graciously.

"There are the Jacksons," exclaimed Mrs. Rugby. "Do you see them? She is so patronizing; she is always talking pains to mention how much they drive. Isn't their horse a little lame?" Mrs. Rugby concluded, critically eyeing the Jackson equipage, as the automobile whirled past.

As they neared the suburbs, Mr. Rugby suggested that they go a little faster. "I want to try the speed of the machine before I agree to take it," he observed, at the same time moving the motor. On the instant, they shot ahead with an impetus that fairly took their breath. As soon as Mrs. Rugby recovered herself, she exclaimed, in alarm: "It is running away!"

"Well, I guess not, while I'm at the helm," whistled Rugby, and they dashed on like a whirlwind. Fences, trees and houses flew past them light lightning. People stopped to stare at the flying machine, small boys hooted and horsed around, as they saw their arch enemy heading down upon them. In a few minutes, the town was far behind, likewise Mrs. Rugby's hat.

### Hats Don't Count.

"Do stop this machine!" she chattered through her set teeth, as she clung to Rugby's arm. "Can't you control it?" "Certainly, certainly!" asserted Rugby. "But what do you want to stop for? I enjoy their racing," and he fumbled nervously at the brake, and it fumbled nervously at the brake. "But I've lost my hat!" shrieked Mrs. Rugby.

"So there I," replied Mr. Rugby. "But never mind; they're reduced to poverty. He's bound and duped by notions of the law. But when his real friends would make him free."

He turns from them to kiss the hand of tyranny. He is the Atlas bearing up the world. When he at last grows conscious of his power, The pigmies from his pathway shall be buried And his oppressors from his might shall cover.

Above the startled nations he shall tower Like some Levathan aroused from sleep. There shall be justice then; and from that time The wages that he merits he shall keep. The fields in which he sows, there shall he also reap.

Sleep if you can, secure in dreams of ease, And follow up your greed and low desire, O creatures with your stolen luxuries, Unhumbled of a People's growing ire. But know the God of Nineveh and Tyre, Of Babylon and Rome, reigns yet today; And know your unjust system shall expire, In some red night of ruin and dismay. Across whose wake the dawn of ages shall grow gray.

Good not too far the giant. Think of him. His service to mankind through all the years. His olden in ages past and dim, His toll whose wages were but blood and tears.

Has he no claim that to your heart endears His patient worth? Why crush him for your gain? For know the hour of his redemption nears, When all your tyranny shall be in vain. The kingdom he creates, there shall he also reign. —Denver News.

My Neighbor in the Flat. I never really met her, Yet I know can't cast her Should I live to be as ancient as the late Methusalem; For this was the partition, And her favorite position, Was at an old piano, where she'd drum, drum, drum.

She was at it in the morning, When she'd wake me without warning, And she'd raise the thing a-going through the entire blessed day; And when I'd strive to slumber Some infernal old back number From the Young Business' Album she'd be sure to up and play.

With old Mozart and Beethoven She had no excuse for loafs; But she'd raise the very mischief with some silly ragtime dance; And though with Liszt and Chopin She was never fond of copin', She'd knock the very cover from a horrid cake-walk rance.

The piano she requisited Must have erected castles vaulted Of an ancient discord-rainfall in the early days of Rome; And I scarcely need to mention That the thing deserves a pension, And a chance to end existence in some hospital or home.

Of course I couldn't stay there, For it seemed as if each day there Was a little worse than t'other oae, if such a thing could be; So I gathered up my chattels, And I left that box of rattles, As I fled from those apartments just as quick as I could fee.

It is true I never met her, But I really can't forget her, Should I live to be grandpapa to the late Methusalem; Oh, that wretched, thin partition! Is it still her foul ambition To slaughter that pianner with her drum, drum, drum! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Wish. They looked the moon in the face, "Now make a wish," said she, "I will if you will make one, too." He answered pensively. They gazed up at the crescent that Hung in the western sky, And wished and turned away and broke off a little sigh.

They sat alone upon the steps, He and the maiden fair; She looked around to be assured No one was lurking there. "What was your wish?" she sweetly asked, "Ah, something good, I know! Confess, and I will tell you mine, Perhaps, before you go."

He looked into her upturned eyes, Her little hand sought his, "My wish tonight," he said, "was what My fond wish always is; I wished that I, somehow, might find The road that leads to fame— That, dying, I may leave behind A great, an honored name."

She pulled her little hand away, She sighed another sigh, "What fools they are who wish," she said; "Good evening and good-by!" And, going home, he wondered at The sudden change of air— Some people know so little Of the ways of maidens fair. —Chicago Times-Herald.

### ILLUSTRATED TITLE "TOO MUCH JOHNSING."

KATZOMININ DOME HEAR RUFUS JOHNSON



### TRANSCENDENTALISM.

It is told, in Buddhist-theosophic schools, There are rules, By observing which, when mundane labor irks, One can simulate quiescence From a timely evanescence From his active Mortal Essence, (Or his Worries.)

The particular procedure leaves research In the lurch, and you can't get it out, But, apparently, this matter-molded form Is a kind of outer plaster, Which a well-instructed Master Can remove without disaster When he's warm.

And to such as mourn an Indian Solar Climate At its prime, 'Twere a thesis immeasurably fit, So expansively elastic, And so plausible fantastic, That one gets enthusiastic For a bit.

Just to sit and roam and idle till the day Dies away, In a mistiness imponderably spare, An attenuated double, Like an achromatic bubble, That has left the Pipe of Trouble For the air.

And with gossamer of shadowy design Opaline, To assume the filmy fabric of an hour; In the early imaginary Of a feather-banded fairy On a flower.

Oh, to leave one's earthly tenement asleep In a heap, To detachedly regard it as it lies, With an ornamental pickled Where the prickly heat has prickled And a sense of being tickled By the dies.

Let the intricate mosquitoes do their worst Till they burst; Let them bore and burrow morning, noon and night; Till again I seek asylum In my domicile (though whilom Void and vacant) corpus vilum, Let 'em bite.

Oh, my cumbersome misfit of bone and skin, Could I win To the knowledge that would render me exempt, From mold of decent ether, Frailer, lighter than a feather, I should simply treat the weather With contempt!

I should lay my clumsy habitation down With a frown, And, pursuant to my comfortable aim, Riving every mortal shackle, I should quit my tabernacle, And serenely sit and tackerle, At the game.

But, alas! "the mystic glory swims away," And the die is cast; Is as vulgarly assertive as of yore; And the cuticle is pickled Where the prickly heat has prickled, And the ears and nose are tickled As before.

And until the Buddhist-theosophic schools Print the rules That will teach us to repudiate our woes, And, going home, he wondered at The sudden change of air— I shall have to stay inside thee, I suppose. —Times of India.

### His Mourful Plain'

I want to be a Magnate Of some kind, I don't care A darn what kind of Magnate, If I can get my share Of stocks and bonds and money, And gold and grease and grain, And coal and transportation, And other things of gain And profit to the holder— Because I need a raise, And I'm out for any thing that pays.

I'm sure I've no objection And would not raise a fume If somehow I should happen To be an Octopus; A really truly Octopus, Pus, with tentacles That reached in all directions With everlasting guile, At everything of profit— Because I need a raise, And I'm out for any thing that pays.

A Ross Octopian Magnate That craves the earth is what I yearn to be this minute, And have the finest yacht To sail around my property, and see if I could find somewhere some other Good thing that I could buy To add to my possessions— Because I need a raise, And I am out for any thing that pays.

—W. J. Lampton in New York Herald.

### The Babbler at the Play.

Of the babbler that is bred 'neath society's wing, Where they flourish, breeding the aristocrat's sting, One genius in impudence reveals the rest And pre-eminence stands as the Theater pest. For the bones we allude to ignore all restraint, They're as deaf to appeals as they are to complaint; Pochryematous nutances surely are they, All those garrulous people who chat at the play!

Who is there that knows not the scenes they create In the stalls every night by arriving too late? Who is there that hasn't with reason, grown surly At their troublesome craze for departing too early? Who is there that's felt not the weight of their feet? —London Truth.

### The Cup Defenders.

I saw in dreams the other night Time roll its curtain up, Revealing on the asphalte deep The squadron of the Cup. Like swans upon the created wave They proudly swept ahead— The racing yachts of fifty years With all their canvas spread.

The schooner-bull America, The veteran of the fleet, that once had dared to cross the stormy sea, Old England's yachts to meet, Returning with the silver cup In triumph o'er the blue, Showed how to win the prize again, And how to keep it, too.

The Magic and Columbia First Sappho and Madeleine (Last of the schooners in the class For racing honors seen), The sloop-rigged Mischief, Puttitan, Mayflower and Volunteer Were sailing with the Vigilant, To every yachtsman dear.

Defender rode a tower of snow, Over the foaming sea, Her sails all set as when she met The British Valkyrie; Were sailing with the Vigilant, Still ready for a race, Columbia second scudded past, A miracle of grace.

Then Constitution from their midst Came swiftly speeding by, A ship of white wood, with a mast That raked the Summer sky, A glorious cloud of windy sail On ocean's heaving breast, She shimmered like a silver bird, And lol'ed all the rest. —Leslie's Weekly.

### Harbor Dawn.

There's a hush and stillness calm and deep, For the waves have wooed all the winds to sleep. In the shadow of headlands bold and steep; And some gracious spirit has taken the cup Of the crystal sky and filled it up With amber wine, and in it afar Has dissolved the pearl of the morning star.

With the first red sunlight on mast and spar A ship is sailing beyond the bar, Bound to a land that is fair and far. And those who wait and those who go Are brave and hopeful, for well they know Fortune and favor the ship shall win That crosses the bar when the dawn comes in.

The guardian hills the bay defend, In purple raiment are hooded and staid, And smit on the brows with fire and gold; In the distance the white white sea Is a thing of gloom and the witchery With its wild heart attired to a passing rest And the sunrise cradled upon its breast. —The Critterion.

### Just as Much a Queen.

In olden times, when a girl grew up, They tied her with ropes of gems, They shackled her ankles and wrists with ore, And they crowned her with diadema. They soaked her tresses in perfumed oil, They rubbed her with pastes and queens, Then brought her forth, as a queen, bent To rivet the gaze of kings.

But now—a dip in the tumbling waves, With a rest on the sands between, A linen skirt, and a sailor hat— And she's just as much of a queen! —Life.



### OUT FOR A SUNDAY SPIN

Mr. Rugby Undertakes to Show Mrs. Rugby That He Can Manage the Frictionless Automobile.

"My dear, I am thinking of buying an automobile," announced Mr. Rugby, "and the agent is going to send one round for me to try tomorrow morning. We will take a little spin and see how we like it."

Accordingly, the following morning one of the latest and finest gasoline automobiles rolled up before the Rugby flat. It was Sunday, and Mrs. Rugby, who was a regular attendant at church, had some scruples about going on the Sabbath. Mr. Rugby, however, overruled her objections by stating that it was simply impossible for him to get away from his office on a week day, and that, at all events, a quiet little spin in the country would do no harm; moreover, they would probably be back in time for service, anyhow.

When Mrs. Rugby found that the chauffeur was not to accompany them, and that Mr. Rugby himself was to guide the machine, she raised still further objections.

"What do you know about managing the thing, anyhow?" she demanded.

Mr. Rugby replied, with quiet dignity, that he guessed he knew enough to do such a simple thing as hold a brake, press a lever or turn a corner.

"But you know, my dear, that you are very much lacking in mechanical genius," argued his wife, and, to prove this, she referred to the time that he built a chicken-house in the backyard, and forgetting to leave an opening for a door, nailed himself securely within the coop. She also mentioned the occasion when he painted himself into a corner, when undertaking to stain the drawing-room floor.

Mr. Rugby quietly ignored these references by remarking, with some sarcasm, that, although he might be endowed with a brilliant aptitude as a carpenter or a painter, he guessed he could run an automobile.

### Under Way.