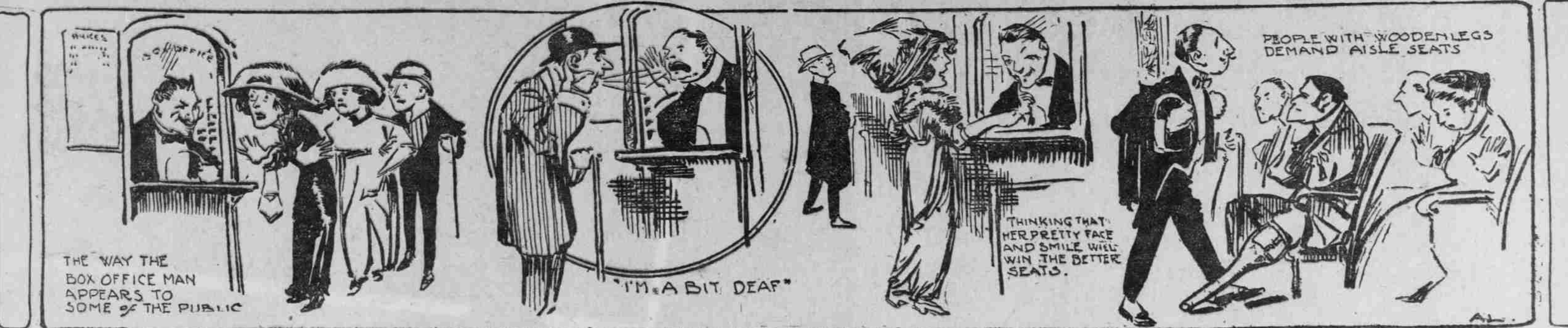


Lo, The Poor Box-Office Man NO ONE SEEMS TO LOVE HIM.



THE WAY THE BOX OFFICE MAN APPEARS TO SOME OF THE PUBLIC

Those who have preceded in the line. The box office man is always polite, but his work makes him a wit and once in a while when his head aches from the volleys of cynicism, he retorts in kind.

You may blame him if you are the cause of the retort, but if you know that you are one in a thousand and that the other 999 have passed as good or better appetites through the window or over the telephone, you would think differently.

At the end of a particularly trying day a woman called the box office of one of the theaters on the telephone. "Have you got one in a box?" was the question. The box office man did his best to find out what night the ticket was desired. All the satisfaction he obtained was frequent repetitions of the question, "Have you got one in a box?" In desperation the box office man told the woman to call up an undertaker and not a theater.

"Any Night Next Week."

A frequent time-and-trouble item for the theater is the customer who asks for "good seats for any night next week." The box office man may pick out a pair for Tuesday, and the customer will declare that Tuesday is an impossible date on account of previous engagements. When the matter is stammered down the box office man finds that on only one or two nights could the purchaser use tickets. But the purchaser goes away disgruntled and sure that there were better seats available than those he got. But the ticket seller is not a mind reader.

Stand at the elbow of the box office man behind the window for a time and you will see it from the inside out. A man asks for "Three on the side that is nearest the center," without specifying the performance, or whether orchestra or balcony. The man indicates that he always buys the best seats, and, of course, he wants them for tonight. He is given tenth

row, aisle left, and then comes, in minatory tones, the oft-repeated: "Is that the best you've got?"

A Swedish girl asks for "Fort row on side, Saturday afternoon." The box office man immediately assumes second balcony, but asks, "How many?" The girl says nothing, but places a half-dollar on the counter. That is easy to understand and the man in the cage heaves a sigh of relief.

A woman buys a 75-cent seat and asks if she can see from that seat. The answer is "Certainly," and a second query comes back: "How do you know?" The ticket man tells her that the seat faces the stage and she goes away perfectly satisfied.

A man who the day before bought tickets in the 12th row wants to change them for seven rows further back and berates the box office because he did not realize how near to the stage they were when he bought them. The very next man in line kicks like a mule because he cannot get seats nearer the front and although he seems to hear very well he tells the box office man that he is very deaf. This latter device is a frequent lever applied for the purpose of obtaining seats down front. In an hour or less than four people, all of whom hear perfectly the explanations of the box office man told him that they were very deaf. When a deaf person does buy tickets the box office man always recommends another performance at some later date if he is sold out on near-stage seats for the date asked, but for the pseudo-deaf he has no such courtesy to offer.

Take the greatest bases in the existence of the box office man is the existence of people, or those who insist in giving a lengthy tale that has little to do with theaters or tickets. One woman told that she had four sons that their boss had given them a dollar apiece to go to the theater with. He had given them the money Christmas, but they had not used it before because one of them had a bad cold

and stayed in nights and they all wanted to go together. She had come in to get the tickets and the boys had paid her car fare, but she did not want them to do that and she was going to give the money back to them. She told the names of all the boys and finally came down to the fact that she wanted four dollar seats for that night. Another woman wanted two particular seats which were sold. "But I must have them," she protested. "You know, my husband is a very peculiar man and he wants to have these seats, and if I do not get them there is sure to be serious domestic trouble." As she insisted on having those seats she changed to another performance when they were not sold, but she said she thought that a theater might make an exception in case of this kind.

One box office man received so many requests for aisle seats in the fourth row that he declared that if he ever built a theater it would have nothing but aisle seats in the fourth row in the house if he had to put them on top of one another a mile high.

A woman bought 14 seats and explained that they were for 13 girls and a chaperon, but that no chaperon could look after so many girls in a public place and would the box office man see to it that no man procured seats anywhere near the girls.

A man asks: "Have you anything in the first row of the first balcony for tomorrow," and receives his seats. "Are those good seats?" he asks. "Nothing wrong with them," says the box office man. Five minutes later he comes back and exchanges them for the sixth row.

Most people are in a hurry or are nervous when they buy theater tickets. Many leave their change on the counter, and when they are called back for it seldom say, "Thanks." A woman hurries up and says: "Will you tell me what you can give me on the edge, first row off the aisle?" and thinks

she has been very explicit. Some women think the theater is a bargain counter. One asked: "What have you got in 75-cent seats today?" and when she was told, turned away with: "I don't want them, I was only pricing." A man asks for the two best seats in the house and is handed two orchestra stalls. "Are they good seats?" and "Are you sure they are the best you can give me?" he asks, as he lays a \$5 bill on the counter. When he received his change there was a great do. He only wanted to pay \$1 apiece for the seats.

Many and unique are the expedients adopted to outwit the box office and get some of the hundreds of best seats that the people think are saved up. A frequent occurrence is for a man who is taking a young woman to the show to send her up to the box office while he hangs in the back-ground, thinking that her pretty face and smile will win the better seats. When any question comes up about the seats, however, she gives herself away by calling him up to the rail for consultation.

Many men put up the argument that they have come many miles to see the play, and if they have good seats where they can see and hear well they will recommend the show back home. This type of man always uses the same excuse and is quickly recognized. Usually he lives within the 5-cent-fare limit.

A woman bought a seat in the orchestra circle, and asked the box office man if he thought her husband could hear from there, he was a little deaf. The box office man advised the purchaser of a higher-priced seat. The woman told him he acted like an auctioneer and that her husband was not going to sit in the seat any way she was going to sit there and her hearing was very good.

Theaters do not take back tickets and refund the money once the buyer has left the box office. In the past this was done and people who found or

stole tickets obtained the money on when he obtained the money on that night's performance. Half an hour later he came back and explained that he had been waiting for the doors to open. The ticket man told him that there was no matinee that afternoon and that his ticket was for the evening performance. He angrily tore it in two and then demanded his money back. He got it, although there was no reason why he should.

A man looked carefully at two tickets laid before him, remarked that a man who would sell tickets like those would raise chickens and walked away without buying.

Many seats are bought by mail, and the letters are as typical as the oral requests. One man wrote: "Please try and favor me with two seats side by side each other with no posts between as I am going to bring myself and a young lady."

Now and then people will declare that they do not understand the diagram and ask if they may go into the theater and see the seats they are buying. Of course, this is against the rule, but some of them do get by the door when there is no performance going on.

People who want the best seats must buy them far in advance, but as any box office man will tell you: "Every seat in the house is good; you can see the stage from any of them."

About half of the people in the community think that they pay the theater sufficient honor by being present to entitle them to a pass. "I'm Mr. So-and-So of the Legislature," will say some up-state member. "What is the best you can do for me tonight?" He expects nothing less than a box and of course he does not expect to pay for it. Or he may be the editor of some little country paper in a town where there is no theater, or an insurance agent, but he considers himself very big, even if nobody else does, and he cannot understand why the box office man does not agree with him.

People who have wooden legs, and there are several who are theatergoers, always tell the box office and demand aisle seats so that the artificial limb may be stretched out. The ticket man always complies with such a request, but often the wooden-legged person gets right and left mixed up and so gets a seat on the wrong side. Then after the play begins there is an argument because usually by that time all the other seats are sold.

Similar confusion occurs with people who are defective in sight or hearing on one side or the other and wish seats on the side of the theater which will aid their defects. If the deficiency is on the left they mean to ask for seats on the left so that the good eye or ear will be towards the theater stage, but two-thirds of the time they will ask for seats on the right and discover their mistake later.

An old man comes up to the box office and, laying a half-dollar on the counter, asks: "How much more do you want for a good seat?" He is told that a dollar more would give him a good seat. "Well, don't you think for a minute I haven't got it, young man," he said, pulling out a large roll of bills. Leaving the line he went outside the rail and selected a dollar from the roll, and then despite the beckoning of the box office man he took his place at the end of the line again and waited several minutes more to get up to the window.

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Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

THE FINDER NOT FOUND.

William M. Wood, the head of the woolen trust, said in Boston, apropos of the new tariff:

"It listens good, as the slang phrase goes, but will it listen good to the very end? Won't the end be a dismal surprise, like the tale of the lost coat?"

A country minister, driving to church with his new overcoat on the seat beside him, lost the coat en route, and announced his loss from the pulpit.

"Dear friends," he said, "I met with a sad loss this morning. Somewhere on the river road, while driving to church, I lost my fine, new, silk-lined overcoat. If any of you find it, I hope you'll bring it to the parsonage."

"It's found, doctor," said a voice from the back of the church.

"Bless you, my friend! Heaven bless you!" said the minister, beaming on the speaker gratefully.

"It's found, sir," continued the voice, "I came along the river road just after you, and it wasn't there."

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

Dr. Talcott Williams, the very successful head of Columbia's school of Journalism, said the other day in New York:

"Newspapers should never steal from one another. If a paper copies a news item, an anecdote, or an editorial, it should give suitable credit always."

"Right, eminently right, at least in spirit," was the young Nola Chucky editor who copied in his paper a poem beginning "Full fathom five thy father lies," and at the poem's end put these words of credit:

"William Shakespeare, in the New Orleans States."

AS BAD AS HATS.

Mrs. Arthur Wentworth Balfour, the western Audubonist, praised in an address in Tacoma, the action of Congress in forbidding the importation of all feathers save those of the ostrich and the domestic fowl.

"Feathers, anyhow," she said, "aside

from the cruelty of them, make so for vanity, don't they?"

"I know a lady who sat at the opera one night behind a lady with an 18-inch white algrette in her hair. The man craned to the right, he craned to the left, but that for 'white, thick superb algrette' was always in his way."

"At last, desperate, he bent forward and whispered:

"'And I, sir,' the lady answered laughingly, 'paid \$60 for this algrette. It was in order to be seen.'"

APPLIED LOGIC.

An onlooker shook his head as he watched a steam shovel bite off earth by the ton. He said: "It throws men out of work! It loads those cars faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it."

But another onlooker answered:

"See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and tablespoons?"—Rio Grande Employees' Magazine.

LITTLE WILLIE WANTED TO KNOW.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what does eskw mean?"

"Askew?" repeated the old gentleman. "Why askew means gone wrong, crooked. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I noticed that after your name on all your letters they put E—S—Q, but I didn't know you'd ever gone wrong or was crooked, pa. What did you do?" asked little Willie.—Harper's Weekly.

A PERTINENT QUERY.

The drummer had been bragging about his achievements for a goodly time and finally the meek little man in the corner piped up.

"Excuse me," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me why you gentlemen are called drummers."

"Well, why shouldn't we be so called?"

We drum up trade, don't we?" was the retort.

"I know," said the meek little man, "but the drum is not a wind instrument."—Harper's Weekly.

HENCE ITS ORIGIN.

"Every superstition, or nearly every superstition, can be traced back to something sensible and rational. Take the Friday one, for example."

The speaker was Mayor Reutter, of Lansing.

"Take the Friday superstition," he resumed. "One Lansing clerk said to another:

"'Now you start off on your vacation on a Friday, Bob?'"

"You bet your life I wouldn't," Bob replied.

"What a superstitious ass you are, Bob?"

"Superstitious be hanged!" said Bob. "I wouldn't start off on Friday because Saturday's pay day."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

"Now is the time to pitch in and achieve—now, now!" said Norman Haggood, the new owner of Harper's Weekly, in an eloquent political address in New York.

"Remember, my friends," said Mr. Haggood, "the present is the future from which you hoped so much."

A COLORADO VERDICT.

Some years ago in a Western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room, hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the Coroner's Inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."—New York Sun.

OH, JOY!

Spring on her way, I'm all agog; Today came a Seed catalogue.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ANOTHER.

Mary had little lamb— 'Twas gentle as a pup. When Mary took it out one day The beef trust grabbed it up.—Florida Times-Union.

Quips and Flings

Sherlock Holmes glanced round the room. The pictures were torn into shreds—the chairs were broken—the table lying on the top of the piano. A great splash of blood was on the carpet.

"Someone has been here," he commented with wonderful insight.—Brooklyn Life.

She (after the quarrel)—"Leave my presence!"

He (confused)—"Why—er—you've got them all!"—Judge.

Tell a man that there are 370,149,325,481 stars and he will believe you. But if a sign says "Fresh Paint," he has to make a personal investigation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Son of the House (to caller)—I wanted to see you 'cos father says you made yourself.

Caller—Yes, my lad, and I'm proud of it.

Son of the House—B—but why did you do it like that?—Puck.

Trotter—While I was in England I met an old nobleman who actually believed in the abolition of the House of Lords.

Trotter—Did you, really?

Trotter—Yes. He said it was such a nuisance to go there.—Puck.

She—Why do you work so hard?

He—I'm too nervous to steal.—Cornell Widow.

"What is that man's occupation?"

"Widow," replied Senator Borahum. "It all depends on your point of view whether you say he is conducting a campaign of education or is just a plain lobbyist."—Washington Star.

Customer—And do you guarantee these trousers all wool?

Einstein—Well, this I won't deceive you, mine friend—the buttenth ith metal.

men that he have gone the same way. Bereaved One—They haven't all gone, have they?

Little Effie—Grandma, do you like candy?

Grandma—No, dear; I never eat it.

Little Effie—Then I wish you would hold mine until I get dolly dressed.—Troy Times.

"Did you have a bad toothache?"

"I think so, but if you know of any other kind of a toothache, perhaps it was that kind I had."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"So you claim the world is round," sneered the skeptic. "How do you know that it is not square?"

"Because I have had too many dealings with it," grimly replied Columbus.—Florida Times-Union.

"They gave poor Bill just three years just for sneezing."

"For sneezing? How d'ye make that out?"

"Well, he was cracking a safe and he sneezed and woke the watchman."—Boston Herald.

Missionary (to cannibal)—What makes your chief so talkative?

Cannibal—Oh, he ate a couple of barbers this morning.—Washington Star.

Husband—You have changed washer-women, I see.

Wife—Yes. How do you know?

Husband—Instead of getting Brown, Jones and Robinson's shirts, I am getting some strange garment. I never wore before.—New York Weekly.

Clara—Of all mean, selfish, worldly, despicable creatures, I think Mr. Huggett is the worst.

Dora—Why, what has he done?

Clara—When I refused him he did not commit suicide or go to a mountain or anything. He's engaged to a girl I hate.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Servant (answering bell)—My master isn't in, sir. You may leave the bill if you wish.

Caller (in surprise)—Bill? I have no bill. I wish to—

Servant (in surprise also)—No bill? Then you must have called at the wrong house.—London Answers.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

I'D HATE TO THINK.

I'd hate to think that all I'm here for is to do things people cheer for; And by products of my labor Rouse the envy of my neighbor. Life indeed would be distressful If man had to be successful In the way men count successes Ere he tasted happiness; Building every moment sunny Always on the thing called money.

I'd hate to think that I must hurry Here and there and always worry, Letting this grim thought harass me; That some stranger may surpass me; Fearful always that I never May be listed with the clever; Every nerve and muscle straining Some advantage to be gaining; Feeling that my short life's story Must conclude in earthly glory.

I'd hate to think my earthly mission Is to serve a great ambition; That I must, to help my brother, Speedily oust another; Must forego the present pleasure For tomorrow's hoard of treasure; Must, though health and strength decline, Be the first man at the finish. And shall be a failure reckoned, Even though I come in second.

I'd hate to think that only wise is He who captures life's few prizes; That simple ways are quiet makers, Lips that softly hum "hosannas!" Feet that in content are plodding Grassy ways, where flowers are nodding.

Hearts that know not the obsession That all joy is in possession, But are thrilled by love and beauty Do not also do their duty.

EARTHLY GLORY.

I do not envy any King The royal purple that he wears; A crown is but a foolish thing, Accompanied by many cares. I would not wish to be a Czar,

Compelled to base from jealous foes; I'd rather be a baseball star, Who dazzles everywhere he goes. I would not journey overseas To loom up as a diplomat, With breeches reaching to my knees— I fear I lack the legs for that.

I would not be the bard who wakes The harp, to thrill as Homer thrilled; I'd rather be the man who makes A home run with the bases filled. —Chicago Record-Herald.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray; Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you for every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can Be clever; Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long; And so make Life, and Death, and that forever.

One grand, sweet song. —Charles Kingsley.

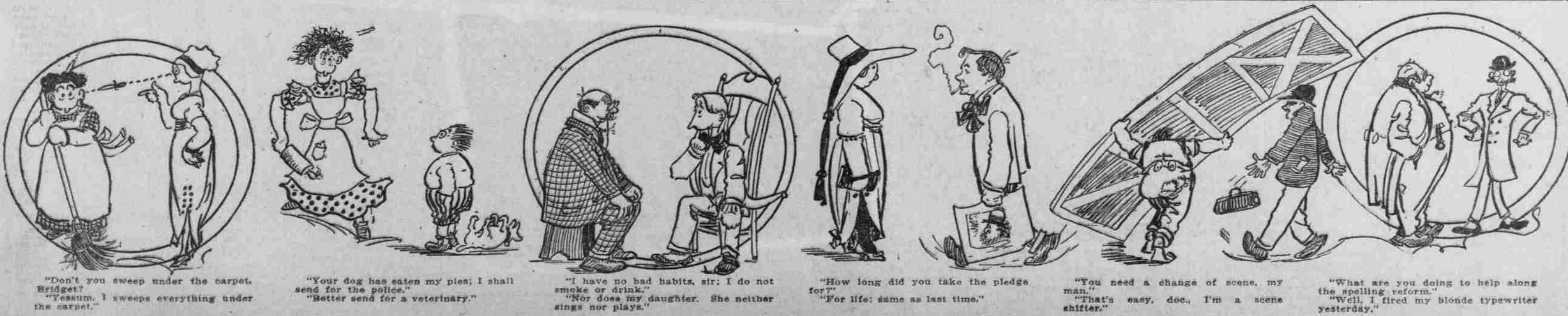
THE RULING PASSION.

The Amazon in days of old displayed A man-like vigor on the battlefield, But, none the less, ere fighting she surveyed Her features in her shield!

The modern maid who also yearns to face Some day, if need arise, her country's foes: Would she not, ere the battle, pause and place Some powder on her nose? —R. Merton, in London Opinion.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PRAYER.

"Footlights and fallen star And one fierce call for me; Oh, may there be no throwing of the eggs, When I peep out to see!" —Punch Bowl.



"Don't you sweep under the carpet, Bridget?"

"Yessum, I sweeps everything under the carpet."

"Your dog has eaten my pies; I shall send for the police."

"Better send for a veterinary."

"I have no bad habits, sir; I do not smoke or drink."

"Nor does my daughter. She neither sings nor plays."

"How long did you take the pledge for?"

"For life; same as last time."

"You need a change of scene, my man."

"That's easy, doc, I'm a scene shifter."

"What are you doing to help along the spelling reform?"

"Well, I fired my blonde typewriter yesterday."