

# How Hapgood Lost His Job

By HAROLD W. RAYMOND

Copyright, 1914, by the Associated Press

OVER the hills to the poor house I'm wending my weary way," sang "Devil Jim" Hapgood as he climbed on board the front platform of the 11:45 on the C. and S. K. trolley line, through the vestibule built for the protection of the motorman and swung the lever of the controller.

A scattering flurry of snow flew in at the open window and stung him in the face, but he minded it not. Muffled from head to foot in a shaggy winter coat with a collar which reached above his head, and that head buried in a double rimmed fur cap, with his hands protected by thick leathern mitts, Jim was as impervious to the storm as a shaggy brown bear, which he much resembled.

The 11:45 was the last car of the night on the little suburban road which ran over the hills from the city of S. K. to the thriving manufacturing town of Chapfield, not a thousand miles from New York. It was known as "theater car." Usually it carried to their homes a lively party of knifemen or blast furnace men, who, with their wives and best girls, had been down to the city for an evening's merry-making.

The run was about nine miles, four of the up grade, the remaining five, with many a curve and retrocession, down into the valley in which nestled the town whose passengers and freight furnished a reason for being for the busy little trolley line.

But tonight the car was running light. There were a few city passengers from the station, who were dropped off in due time, but no through ones. The day had been so stormy that the good folk of Chapfield preferred to hug their own firesides, and soon the trolley man and conductor had the car all to themselves. Beemls, the conductor, having counted his change and made out his slips, buckled down beside the heater in a sagged corner of the car and prepared for a comfortable doze, a doze which was somewhat disturbed by the brass band of Jim Hapgood's strident voice.

When Jim "cussed"—he was fluent in that accomplishment—it was a sign of good humor on his part. When he sang, look out! It was a sign to his friends to keep their distance, as Beemls was doing tonight. There was a dangerous devil lurking in Jim Hapgood's nature, the devil of an ugly temper, and when he tried to sing it was stirring.

"Hell's blazes!" cried Jim, breaking off in the middle of a strain. "Docked three days' pay for fast runnin' an' warnin' that the next time I kin look for a job somewhere else! What harm did I do? Burnt out a fuse; that's all. That might happen to any man on this up hill, down dale road. But that's the way it's been ever since this man Harker came up from New York, with his lockstep ideas of goin' just so fast an' so slow, an' devil take the man who don't keep dead on to the schedule. 'Over the hills to the—'

"Of course it comes just at a time when a fellow can't afford the money. Old woman worse than ever, an' the little gal down to York learnin' to be a stenographer, so she kin help out a little. Got a letter yesterday sayin' a winter cloak would come in mighty handy, as she feels the weather down there wuss'n she did up here in the country. Wonder how Harker would like it if his gal had to face the winter in summer duds just because there is a

doctor in the house every day an' some days twice, an' a doctor's bill as long as your arm an' growin' like a green bay tree? Dash him!

"I wish I had Harker on this 'ere car tonight. I'd put this old 'ere down the grade in a way to make his hair turn white, an' I'd lay it to the ice on the rails."

The idea tickled Jim. He put on the full power just as the car struck a level stretch of track. The great car bounded forward, and for half a mile it rocked along the sleek track at a furious pace, shaking the drowsy Beemls out of his slumber. But Beemls was a cautious man. He did not venture to expostulate with the wild spirit at the motor.

The rapid motion and the fierce sweep of the snow laden air seemed to lighten Jim's spirits greatly.

He was a queer combination, daring to a fault, soft hearted as a woman. He liked danger for danger's sake. When a boy, he was a leader in those perilous adventures so dear to the boy's nature.

When he was eighteen, there came a great temptation. A young officer in the army was visiting in Chapfield. Jim made his acquaintance. They went hunting and fishing together. They went hunting and fishing together. They went hunting and fishing together.

the world. She begged him not to leave her. And Jim, who lavished on her a wealth of rough affection, buried his ambition and became a railroad man instead and did his "rough riding" too, at times—on the tops of freight trains.

When came the wife, who was an invalid from the time their little girl was born. This stunted Jim more than anything which had gone before. When his daughter was a lass of twelve, he got a job as motorman on the new trolley line, because it enabled him to live at home, and for five years he had faced the elements on the front platform; rough work, this, but to his taste. His recreation was the little hose company of volunteer firemen, of which he was the captain. This was his safety valve, the outlet for those reckless qualities which had given him the sobriquet of "Devil Jim." He drilled off his company like a martinet and made it one of the most efficient in the state.

Given a good, hot fire to fight, and Jim was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy. The little manufacturing town did not have many of these diversions, but occasionally there was a lively blaze. The population was a rough and careless one, the art of building fires and improving them with kerosene was not unknown among the housewives, the saloons were many and the liquor was bad, and as a logical sequence Excelsior Hose got called out often enough to give its members a right to call themselves real firemen. As for Jim, he had a "record." There was a handsome gold medal among the treasures of his little home. It had been given to him for entering a burning building and saving three lives at the imminent risk of his own.

So, you see, Jim Hapgood, "Devil Jim," was a person of some consequence in Chapfield. And here was a stranger of six months' residence imposing a fine and threatening him with dismissal because he had brought his car to the terminus a few minutes ahead of schedule time. It was more than mortal man could bear—at least such a man as Hapgood.

Jim's car pushed its way with varying speed up the long grade which ended at the divide, beyond which was a five mile descent to the river bank and the town which stood upon it. The glow of the furnaces seemed brighter than usual tonight against the black firmament, but not until he reached the summit did he realize that there was an unwonted tongue of flame reaching out from the clustering buildings.

"A fire, by Jinzo!" In an instant his troubles were blotted out. He forgot he was Jim Hapgood, the motorman, and remembered only that he was the captain of Excelsior Hose and that he was needed where that tongue of flame licked the black horizon.

Flinging open the door, he uttered a roar which brought the sleeping conductor to his feet.

"Hi, Hank!" said Hapgood. "There's a fire in the town. Looks like a big one. I'm goin' to run for it."

"What do you mean, Jim?" "Mean? That I'm goin' to let out every notch an' send this old car to the run of its life. Thought I'd let you know, so's you could jump off if you are afraid."

"I am afraid, Jim," said the conductor, his face paling at the thought. "But my place is on the car. Don't be rash, Jim."

"No, I'll not be rash," said "Devil Jim" with a smile. He slammed the door, let go the handle of the brake and turned the lever as far as it would go. The bulky car sprang forward and downward like a catapult.

That ride Henry Beemls says he can never forget. The great twenty ton car rocked like a rocking horse. Its four wheels were never on the track at once. And all the while the speed was increasing. For Jim Hapgood had no thought of using brake, and the grade was steadily downward. His thoughts were far ahead, in the pillar of flame now growing portentously large and near, wherein he saw his duty.

The bearded giant stood in the scant protection of his vestibule front, a modern Thor framed in ice. His eyes glowed with the joy of the soldier riding to the charge. He thought not of himself nor of the poor scared conductor who followed him.

"It's a wonder my hair didn't turn white," said Beemls afterward. "But what could I do? He'd 'a' killed me if I had interfered. I just hung on to the straps an' sort o' prayed."

But there is a special providence for brave men. The car, which seemed in the air most of the time, did not leave the rails. As the mad thing whirled into the outskirts of the town Jim set his heel to the ground and for the next half mile executed a devil's chorus which awoke many sleepers along the way who had not been roused before by the dull tolling of the church bells.

As he neared the terminal Jim's strained eyes caught sight of the fire in an opening between other buildings. It was a large white frame structure on a little eminence, one "L" of which was blazing fiercely. Jim uttered a strangled cry.

had half a hundred stout fellows bombarding the blazing pile with streams. But where was Harker all this time? He was not the sort of man to keep in the background. Jim's eyes scanned the faces of the workers and those of the crowd back of them. Nowhere did he see the boss whom he loved so little or the faces of Mrs. Harker and the two little girls.

"Blake," said Jim Hapgood, "a couple of axes, quick! Come this way with me." A moment later they were beating down the front door of the building. It fell in with a crash. A dense volume of black smoke rolled out of the doorway. It was followed by licking tongues of flame.

"Put a stream here!" roared Jim through his trumpet. Then he disappeared into the hideous crater. A few moments later he appeared at an upper window bearing in his arms the dead or unconscious forms of two children. He laid them across the sill, beckoned to the ladder men and once more disappeared in the belching smoke. Again he was seen at the window, this time with the white draped form of the mother. He waved his hand to the crowd below, who answered with a cheer.

"Don't go back, cap'n!" cried Blake. "You can't live in that hell." But Jim Hapgood had disappeared again.

It seemed as if he were gone for good this time, and firemen were beginning to volunteer for a search party when he rose up from the floor across which he had been creeping, dragging the body of the superintendent behind him.

Two days later at noon Jim Hapgood eluded into the office of the C. and S. K. Railroad company. He carried his cap in his hand and looked dazed and frightened. Jim's moral courage was a minus quantity.

Harker, pale and hollow eyed, sat at his desk flinging a penholder. There was a large plaster across his cheek where it had been cut open getting him down the ladder. His arm was in a sling.

"You sent for me," said Hapgood. "I did," said the superintendent sternly. "Hapgood, I told you if you did any more fast running I would discharge you."

"You did, sir?" "Well, I understand you ran down the mountain at full speed the other night and smashed about \$200 worth of car fixtures by letting your live car run into a line of dead ones."

"Guess I did, sir," said Jim, his heart sinking. "Well, now, I tell you," said the superintendent. "I hate to be severe with you, for you saved my life and those of my family, but I honestly do not think it is safe to trust you with cars to you. You are too—too unreliable."

"I suppose so," said Jim, thinking of the sick wife and wondering where the money for the medicine was coming from now.

"I've decided to let you go," said Harker, "but before we part company I thought I would let you know that the town council held a special meeting this morning and after voting you a special award of \$100 for your magnificent work at the fire night before last unanimously voted to make you chief of our fire department at a salary of \$900 a year. Jim, you are too big a man for the front end of a car. Jim, shake!"

And the discharged motorman nearly hugged the breath out of the slight little man who had lost him his job.

**THE CURFEW BELL.** Originally *Running Morning and Evening to Give the Time of Day.* The story of the curfew was but the unsupported assertion of one historian of the sixteenth century, which was repeated in prose and poetry till it was woven into the language. Like many other legends, there is just a grain of truth in it, but its suggested origin is false, the derivation of curfew is erroneous, and the scuttle shaped instruments which supported the theory were quite different articles of household use.

Probably the word is derived not from *couvre feu*, cover fire, but from *carrefour*, in old French spelling *carrou*, from the Latin *carrostrada*, and is the name of the morning and evening bell, which originally sounded from the crossroads or market places both in France and England simply to give the time of day. It was and is rung at 4 or 6 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening. One inscription on an old bell runs thus:

I am called by Curfew bell,  
I ring at VIII or more,  
To send ye alle to bedde,  
And wake ye up at IV.

—Pearson's Weekly.

**The Bucket Shop.** "Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?" "A bucket shop, my boy," said the father feelingly; "a bucket shop is a modern cooperative establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

## FACTS IN FEW LINES

Devilish have been added to the list of food fishes.

About 10,000 gross of pens are produced from a ton of steel.

Memphis, Tenn., has a ball nine two members of which are respectively named Kane and Abel.

The latest breeding freak is a double cocoon race of silkworms, which has been bred in Japan.

A Salvation Army officer in England has substituted a coffin for the traditional soap box rostrum.

Seven of the world's twenty-four famous mountains are yet to be climbed including Mount Everest.

Spain has just enacted a Sunday closing law. It does not go into effect each Sunday until 11 o'clock a. m.

A fan that gives out the dead or unconscious forms of two children. He laid them across the sill, beckoned to the ladder men and once more disappeared in the belching smoke.

Again he was seen at the window, this time with the white draped form of the mother. He waved his hand to the crowd below, who answered with a cheer.

It seemed as if he were gone for good this time, and firemen were beginning to volunteer for a search party when he rose up from the floor across which he had been creeping, dragging the body of the superintendent behind him.

Two days later at noon Jim Hapgood eluded into the office of the C. and S. K. Railroad company. He carried his cap in his hand and looked dazed and frightened. Jim's moral courage was a minus quantity.

Harker, pale and hollow eyed, sat at his desk flinging a penholder. There was a large plaster across his cheek where it had been cut open getting him down the ladder. His arm was in a sling.

"You sent for me," said Hapgood. "I did," said the superintendent sternly. "Hapgood, I told you if you did any more fast running I would discharge you."

"You did, sir?" "Well, I understand you ran down the mountain at full speed the other night and smashed about \$200 worth of car fixtures by letting your live car run into a line of dead ones."

"Guess I did, sir," said Jim, his heart sinking. "Well, now, I tell you," said the superintendent. "I hate to be severe with you, for you saved my life and those of my family, but I honestly do not think it is safe to trust you with cars to you. You are too—too unreliable."

"I suppose so," said Jim, thinking of the sick wife and wondering where the money for the medicine was coming from now.

"I've decided to let you go," said Harker, "but before we part company I thought I would let you know that the town council held a special meeting this morning and after voting you a special award of \$100 for your magnificent work at the fire night before last unanimously voted to make you chief of our fire department at a salary of \$900 a year. Jim, you are too big a man for the front end of a car. Jim, shake!"

And the discharged motorman nearly hugged the breath out of the slight little man who had lost him his job.

**THE CURFEW BELL.** Originally *Running Morning and Evening to Give the Time of Day.* The story of the curfew was but the unsupported assertion of one historian of the sixteenth century, which was repeated in prose and poetry till it was woven into the language. Like many other legends, there is just a grain of truth in it, but its suggested origin is false, the derivation of curfew is erroneous, and the scuttle shaped instruments which supported the theory were quite different articles of household use.

Probably the word is derived not from *couvre feu*, cover fire, but from *carrefour*, in old French spelling *carrou*, from the Latin *carrostrada*, and is the name of the morning and evening bell, which originally sounded from the crossroads or market places both in France and England simply to give the time of day. It was and is rung at 4 or 6 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening. One inscription on an old bell runs thus:

I am called by Curfew bell,  
I ring at VIII or more,  
To send ye alle to bedde,  
And wake ye up at IV.

—Pearson's Weekly.

**The Bucket Shop.** "Dad," said little Reginald, "what is a bucket shop?" "A bucket shop, my boy," said the father feelingly; "a bucket shop is a modern cooperative establishment to which a man takes a barrel and brings back the bung-hole."

## WOMAN AND FASHION

**Gymnasium Dress.** The necessity for physical culture has become a recognized fact, and suitable costumes are now included in every complete wardrobe. This one is designed for young girls and includes the broad sailor collar that always is being coming and that opens over a shield as illustrated the material is dark



blue flannel, with collar, cuffs and tie of white embroidered with blue and shield of plain white, but all the materials suited to the purpose can be made available. The suit is made with a blouse and generously full bloomers, which are joined by means of a belt. To make it for a girl twelve years of age will be required four and three quarters yards twenty-seven or three and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with half a yard of either width for collar, shield and cuffs.

**The Touch of Pale Blue.** For several winters red and black have been the colors which held the enviable position in fashion's favor, but just now it is blue. Whether mildly has a blue rose in her hat that rests on the hair, a fine line of blue about her collar and cuffs, a blue girdle or rosette on a pale gray or tan gown, the touch is there, just the same. Large blue blouses, belt buckles, fancy brooches and long chains of turquoise or blue porcelain beads will supply the desired tone on a black or white gown, and it must be said that the color used in this manner is almost universally becoming.

**Fashion Hints.** Fur peleries are being made of two sorts of fur.

A clever dressing jacket has capelle sleeves.

Passmenterie ornaments adorn some of the new furs.

Tulle, a mere twist of it, is seen on winter millinery.

Puffed effects remain among the elaborate sleeves.

"Moist sugar" is the odd name given to a new shade of yellow.

**Ribbon Trimming.** The dominant note in the way of trimming is ribbon. It is twisted into any number of devices, rings, criss-crosses, crosswise or straight rows, lozenges, etc. It is also interlaced through large embroidered silts or trousseaus with pretty effect and is sewed in geometrical designs, is made up into rosettes to put up each side of the front of a skirt or to go over the bodices to form epaulettes.

**A New Topcoat.** Among the new topcoats for the season are those in hip length. The one here shown is especially smart and a practical model for general wear. It is shaped by shoulder and underarm seams and as illustrated was made of black broadcloth. The collarless neck was outlined by a trimming of velvet finished by three rows of silk braid arranged in design. The sleeve is full, and the cuff carries out the design used on coat. Chevot, melton, broadcloth and silk will all be appropriate for the making, with trimming of braid or stitched bands of the material. The medium size requires four yards of forty-four inch material.

**Styles in Furs.** Advanced styles in furs show the most elaborate combinations seen in years. Lace, particularly Irish point and gulfure, is combined with fur in wraps, coats and stoles. The muffs have great ruffles of lace on either end.

**A Hard Pie Crust.** A good story is told of a Barry lady who in making some pie mistook flour for Paris for flour and did not find out her mistake until the pie had been served up. For once pie crusts and promises bore no similarity, and the pie was buried in the back garden, doubtless to be discovered in the future as Roman remains.—Western Mail.

**Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in chains.** The more a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize time.

**Why a French Author Wept.** It is told of the French romance writer La Fontaine that his wife once found him at his desk weeping bitterly. To her solicitous inquiry he explained that it was the woes of his favorite hero which caused his tears.

**Diagnosed.** "Oh, it is too soon to do that," he sighed. "I am still in the first volume."

**Disgraceful.** Mrs. Tittle—Wasn't it disgraceful the way those women talked during the play last night? Mrs. Tittle—Well, I should say so! Sarah Snookins was trying to tell me the fuss in the Brindles family, and those two women made such a clatter! I couldn't hear more than half she said.—Boston Transcript.

**Very Often.** Teacher—Now, then, what do we mean by composition? Little Girl (energetically)—Please, miss, composition is the art of bringing simple ideas into completion.—Manila Times.

## THE ART OF SUCCESS.

**It Is Nothing More Than Getting Along With People.**

"What a fine fellow Percy X. is!" remarked a business man one day to a lawyer friend.

"Yes," rejoined the lawyer, "he is. But he has been with the K's," naming a great corporation, "for ten years now, and he is getting only \$150 per month. He has a wife and three children, and, with their tastes, I fancy they have all they can do to live comfortably. He ought to be earning more with his education and capacity."

"Why doesn't he rise faster?"

"I'll tell you. He doesn't rise and he can't rise until he learns how to get along with people. He can't manage men at all. If he tries he gets himself disliked, and he keeps them in a constant state of irritation."

A similar conversation was recently overheard between two business men. Said one: "I hear that young Paul G., only four years out of college, has been placed at the head of the E. branch of the Y. company. I didn't know he was so smart. What is his strong point?"

"He is a great fellow to get along with people," answered the other man. "No man would of course be put in a place of such responsibility without integrity, fair quickness and ability and a good education. But there are scores of men who have all of those qualities, and yet they do not go forward because they cannot exercise authority. If they receive any they either make the men under them cross and restive by petty tyrannies or else they are too good natured and lose the respect of the men, are imposed on by them and don't get good work out of them. It seems to be the rarest thing in the world to find young men who have dignity and keenness enough to maintain discipline and yet can make their subordinates bear the yoke cheerfully and render good service."

A third young man was characterized by the president of a great railroad thus: "I haven't had a chance to talk with him and find out how much he knows, but I have watched him several times as he manipulated a gang of men, and he has for weeks managed them wonderfully. We have rarely had a man in our employ who could get so much work out of a lot of men and at the same time could keep them so decently good tempered."—Independent.

**LABOR.**

Labor is the ornament of the citizen.—Schiller.

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.—Curlye.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.—Novalis.

What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor?—Cicero.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetness of all pleasures.—Vaubanergues.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by Time, is the only one whose prizes were worth taking up and carrying home.—Theodore Parker.

Labor is the talisman that has raised man from the savage; that has given us plenty, comfort, elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.—McCulloch.

**A Story of Senator Vest.** The late Senator Vest of Missouri used to say that the hardest question he ever was called upon to answer was put by the Rev. Dr. Styles, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Frankfort, Ky., in which the senator's father and mother held membership. Mr. Vest met the clergyman in Missouri, and the preacher said: "Well, George, are you yet within the folds of the church, and do you still remember the teachings of your good father and mother, long since dead and in heaven, where I soon expect to join them? Now, what shall I tell them about you when we meet, about your Christian life, your daily walk and conversation?" The senator declared he felt himself growing pale as he walked away without even attempting to reply.

**Primitive Account Keeping.** Even now there are certain parts of Britain into which the long arm of progress has made but little headway, and in the north of Scotland the old fashioned "tally" is the sole system of "bookkeeping" understood by the inhabitants. The "tally" consists of a flat piece of wood upon which the farm laborer records his day's work. Each notch at the edge represents a day's toil, and half days are recorded by a cut made in the flat surface of the wood. Over time is represented by a small round hole drilled in the "tally" with a penknife. In his present state of education it is likely that it will be many years before the north Scottish laborer improves upon the primitive methods of his forefathers.

**For a Remote Future.** Mr. Green looked with a calm but not unkindly gaze at the simple minded young man from Vermont who aspired to be his son-in-law.

"What preparations have you made for the future?" he asked gravely. "You know how my daughter has been brought up."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, with equal gravity, "but up in our little town there's not so much difference between the Orthodox and the Methodist as there is in some places, and I'd be willing to go to the orthodox church if 'twould make any difference. I'm not what you'd call narrow, sir."

**Why a French Author Wept.** It is told of the French romance writer La Fontaine that his wife once found him at his desk weeping bitterly. To her solicitous inquiry he explained that it was the woes of his favorite hero which caused his tears.

"But," she said, "why not put an end to them?"

**Disgraceful.** "Oh, it is too soon to do that," he sighed. "I am still in the first volume."

**Disgraceful.** Mrs. Tittle—Wasn't it disgraceful the way those women talked during the play last night? Mrs. Tittle—Well, I should say so! Sarah Snookins was trying to tell me the fuss in the Brindles family, and those two women made such a clatter! I couldn't hear more than half she said.—Boston Transcript.

**Very Often.** Teacher—Now, then, what do we mean by composition? Little Girl (energetically)—Please, miss, composition is the art of bringing simple ideas into completion.—Manila Times.

## NEW SHORT STORIES

**Remembered the Story.** Wallace Macfarlane and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll opposed each other in a lawsuit in Pennsylvania in the early eighties, and in its course heat and acrimony developed. Mr. Macfarlane, it is hardly necessary to say, retained the dignity for which he is justly celebrated, although sorely tempted to retort harshly to the shafts of wit of his gifted adversary. Presently, after Colonel Ingersoll had in his pleading been more irritating than before, Mr. Macfarlane broke in with:

"Have a care, have a care, Colonel Ingersoll. Remember your theology. Recall the story of Ananias and Sapphira. Have a care, I say!"

"I well remember that story," retorted the colonel. "In fact, I have been considering it every time you spoke, expecting to see you drop."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**In His Prime Now.**

"What are you laughing at, you colored rascal?"

The white lifted a grinning face to that of the Hon. Robert Carter Lee, brother of General Robert Edward Lee, who was entertaining a party of friends by enumerating the charms of a fascinating young widow. He had



**AM I NOT ALL RIGHT?**

been brushing his master's broadcloth as he listened to the conversation of his superiors.

"Are you laughing at me?" with attempt at further severity.

"Now, now, Mars' Carter! Leastways not 'zactly' at you, suh."

"Then at whom—the lady?" shaking a fist at his bodyguard.

"Now, suh, Sut'ny not at de lady. She's all right."

"Am I not all right, too?" walking up and down the room, with a confident air. "Am I not in my prime?"

"Yes, Mars' Carter, you suh'ny is in yo' prime—de fines' looking gemman in de lan'."

**What?**

"Well, suh, I wuz jst thinkin' dat yo' is in yo' prime now—yo' bes' prime—but whar'll yo' be, marster, when she gets in hern'?"—New York Tribune.

**Mrs. Astor Didn't Know.** Mrs. Astor, the head of the Astor family, attended during her recent European tour a garden party in the English midlands.

Mrs. Astor's dignity is great. It resembles that of a duchess of the old school; hence a certain young officer should have been wiser at the garden party than to say to her as he took out his cigarette case:

"Does smoking incommode you, madam?"

"I don't know, really," Mrs. Astor answered. "No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."—Baltimore Herald.

**When Kruger Despaired.** A story told in sporting circles of the late President Kruger during the early days of the South African war shows the simplicity of the old Boer leader. When the first Australian contingent arrived at Cape Town Mr. Kruger is said to have asked General Joubert if he knew anything about these Australians.

"I only know that eleven of them once beat all England."

"Good heavens," cried the president, "we are lost! Thirteen thousand of them have just landed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Corrected Diagnosis.** A Starks county (Ind.) physician tells this story on himself: After writing a prescription for a patient the physician told him that the druggist would probably charge him 90 cents for filling it. Then the patient asked the physician to lend him the 90 cents. Thereupon the physician carefully scratched out a part of the prescription and handed it back, with 10 cents remarking: "You can get that filled for a dime. What I scratched out was for your nerves, but you need nothing for them."—Indianapolis News.

**Rather Ambiguous.** Shortly before he came to the throne William IV. changed to sit next to the then secretary of the admiralty at dinner and said to him:

"When I am king, you shall not be admiralty secretary. Now, what do you say to that?"

"All that I have to say in such a case," placidly answered C., "is 'God save the king!'"—The Bits.

**A Grasher.** Violinist (proudly)—The instrument I shall use at your house tomorrow evening, my dear sir, is over 200 years old. Parvum—Oh, never mind that. It's good enough. No one will know the difference.

**Very Often.** Teacher—Now, then, what do we mean by composition? Little Girl (energetically)—Please, miss, composition is the art of bringing simple ideas into completion.—Manila Times.