

Gems In Verse

When He Comes Home.
When he comes home again I fashion off
The hundred tender things that I shall
say;
How I shall count the dragging hours
all day,
And when he comes shall hear his step
before
The old gate creaks and meet him at the
door
And help him with his shabby coat and
shawl
Half tearfully, the much brushed hat
away
And the stout cane he leans on, more and
more
When he is seated in his own big chair
That in his absence was so eloquent
As pleased as any child, he'll tell me then
About his visit—how each day was spent
Adding, the while I stroke the soft
hair,
"But nothing's quite like getting home
again!"
—Anna Twitchell in Good Housekeeping.

In Old Virginia.
I love the mountains wreathed in mist,
The twilight skies of amethyst,
The groves of ancient oaks, sun kissed,
In old Virginia.
I love the gorgeous trumpet flowers,
Wild rose and honeysuckle bowers,
The woodland incense after showers,
In old Virginia.

I love the laughter of the rills,
Cloud shadows stretched athwart the hills,
The jocund song of him who tills,
In old Virginia.
I love the martial ranks of corn,
Their blades alight with lights of morn,
The curtains of the night withdrawn,
In old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,
The deference paid to womanhood,
The chivalric and gentleman,
In old Virginia.

I love the love of native soil,
The simple faith that trusts in God,
The heads bowed near the chastening
rod,
In old Virginia.
—B. B. Valentine in Asheville (N. C.) Citizen.

The Hired Man on Contentment.
Tired of tradin' the furrer,
Tired of pitchin' hay,
Tired of routin' at four o'clock
Fr a fourteen hour day,
Tired of chores an' the grocery stores an'
a round in a ten quart pan,
Tired of livin' a whole life through as a
Kansas hired man—
So I kind o' thought I'd shift my style
O' life to the boundless sea awhile,
Fr I read twice in the paper
I shipped on the liner Tishy May.

Learnt to pull the balliards,
Learnt to hit the salt,
To eat the life of the sailor man
Ontl three or four a galley a week!
Bread to eat like bakin' cake, lolliped
In Porty Rock—
I felt like a stubbin' lo'ded with rocks—
an' the galley it blowed a week!
An' then the sloshin' wet the lime,
An' we was in fr a hotfoot time,
Fr when we crossed the deck 'twas—
who!—
Hippity hop, like a kangaroo.

All o' the lime a-slackin',
Inwards a steamin' wreck;
Baked our doughboys every day
By settin' 'em on the deck;
Took the bot an' went ad'nt, an' a liner
Fr Liverpool
Picked us up an' set us to work down in
her stokers' school,
Oh, the stowholes' hot when you're pitch-
in' hay,
An' the fields are hot on a July day,
But to bake your heart an' fizzle your
soul
You've got to git down in the stokin'
hole!

Feedin' her chunks an' dustin',
Feedin' her coal all day;
Hardly time fr a breath o' air;
Nevy's time lookin' at the
Stiddy chaw in her stakin' maw, growl
Fr more in her stakin'
An' that was the kind o' life I led to
Liverpool dock an' back.
Tie up o' cattle in fur from fun
Till fodder's done an' the chow is done,
But a real stout job ye'll never know,
Till ye feed in the stokehole down below.

Back to the farms o' Kansas,
Back to the soil fr me!
Gimme some land on every hand
An' never a snif o' sea!
The most o' men, now an' again, will
hanker fr suthin' new,
Whit'nt the world's no other chap,
tired o' what they do—
But I tell ye, friends, the trouble today
is 'cause so many look for the new,
If ye've built fr land, then back to me—
Don't git foolish an' go to sea.
—Holman F. Day in Success.

THE DICTIONARY.

Its Story May Lack Plot, but It Is De-

edly interesting.
Whoever says "dull as a dictionary" cannot be very familiar with one. We may sympathize with the old lady who remarked of the dictionary that she "didn't think much of the story," but nevertheless no one can use a good unabridged edition with any frequency and not attest to the fact that it is "all of the most fascinating reading. Indeed, notwithstanding the old lady's opinion, the dictionary often exerts a charm not unlike that of an exceedingly interesting novel. To be sure, the narrative lacks consecutiveness, but the work is full of most interesting stories.

When we go to look up a word we are in doubt about where we are attracted to other words in its neighborhood; they enlist our curiosity; we are impelled to find out their meanings, too, and to make ourselves acquainted with their life histories. Very strange things, most unsuspected things, they often tell us. Occasionally a very familiar word that we thought we knew all about reveals most remarkable qualities—much as some commonplace neighbor who for years we have nodded to in passing and to, regarding him as an excellent but rather dull individual, may chance to join us in a walk down the street or sit beside us on the train and casually betray traits, interests, qualities of mind or heart that entirely change our opinion of him. So we may read on and on, perhaps forgetting all about the word that we set out to look up, and finally have to turn to it again to reassure ourselves as to the precise points where we are in doubt about.—Boston Herald.

Anthony's Nose.
There is a remarkable natural curiosity on a small tributary of the Mohawk river in Montgomery county, N. Y., known all over New England as "Anthony's Nose." It is situated on the extremity of a mountain called "the Klips," and when viewed from the river at the entrance to the highlands has the perfect shape and general appearance of a human nose at least 300 feet long. Opposite Fort Montgomery, in Putnam county, on the east side of the Hudson river, there is another nose shaped projection known to the frequenters of that locality as "The Old Man's Nasal Appendage."

The Collision on the D. F. and J.

By Edward Fielding

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An absurd old college song begins with these words:
The prettiest girl that ever I saw
Was smacking cider through a straw.

I hadn't thought of it in many years, but it suddenly flashed through my mind as I gazed upon the girl and the straw. Nobody drinks cider in these days. Upon the occasion in question the beverage was even less strenuous than the apple juice of our forefathers. It was a preparation which they served at the Continental club under the name of a "mild cooler." As to the girl, she was undoubtedly the one referred to in the song, whenever and wherever it may be sung—the prettiest girl that anybody ever saw. Her name was Muriel Palm.

Miss Palm removed the straw from her lips, and I thought of the rest of the song, which every one knows. But my acquaintance with the young lady was not close enough to permit of my entertaining any idea in regard to her lips except that they were pretty to look at. Besides, the ladies' personal room at the Continental club is a plain sort of place, and there were fifty people present at the time.

"There's been a dreadful railroad accident," said Miss Palm. "Did you read about it?"

"No," said I. "Where?"

"Out west; a long way off," she replied, and then, with a sad little shake of the head, that made a golden ringlet just above her left ear shimmer like a fairy's jewels, "But I shall think of it tonight."

"Why should you burden your young mind with such an unpleasant matter?" I inquired.

"Because I shall be riding on a railroad train tonight," she replied. "I'm going home—all alone too."

Now, here was a real calamity, close at hand, and I, the personal attendant of Miss Palm and I sighed. It was a genuine, unpremeditated expression of deep feeling, and she seemed to appreciate it.

"I thought you were to make a longer visit," said I weakly.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "I've been here more than a month. Did you know that my uncle had adopted me?"

"But I've known you only two weeks," said I, more boldly.

Miss Palm seemed to take that matter under consideration. She slowly and daintily stirred the "mild cooler" with the straw, and her head was bent forward so that I could not see her eyes, but only the long lashes which looked so dark against the perfect whiteness of her skin. I am so constituted that I am especially susceptible to the influence of blue eyes with dark brows and lashes. And with a sudden illumination I perceived that I was so constituted as to be especially susceptible to the influence of this particular girl. She was like the breath of un-

seen blossoms and like the tints in clear water at the beginning of the dawn. Such loveliness has the fragility of the moments which are shattered by every silent stroke of time.

And with this thought a chill of superstitious terror descended upon me. I seemed to see the rush of great engines through the night and to hear the clang of iron and to feel the willfulness and cruelty of the force to whose blast and heading haste this priceless and most delicate fabric was to be intrusted.

"I wish you weren't going," said I, without meaning to speak at all.

"That's very kind of you," said she. "Upon some accounts I wish so too, but I must be home for my cousin's wedding."

"Your cousin's?" I exclaimed. "Not Pat's?"

"Oh, dear no, Pat's not ready to be married yet."

"Well, I hope he never will be," said I.

Miss Palm had talked to me a great deal about Pat, who was a ninety-ninth cousin, to the best of my comprehension, and a natural object of suspicion.

"What's poor Pat done to you?" she inquired, with the light of mischief in her eyes. "You don't even know him."

"No," I admitted, "but you speak of him continually, so that I almost feel as if I knew him."

"Well?"

"He is no friend of mine," said I. "I'm agin him."

"I'm sure I never said any but nice things of Pat," said she. "If you hate him, it is upon your own responsibility."

"What nonsense!" she cried. "And besides, what can I do? I can't live here always?"

"Even that might be arranged," said I. "And yet I suppose you must go, but I'd like to hear of your safe arrival."

Her eyes twinkled, shaking the heart in my breast with the magic of their light.

"I shall telegraph my uncle," said she.

"Confound—I beg your pardon. Telegraphing him won't do me any good." She studied me a little, with her head inclined to the right, and then to the left, after the manner of a bird. Looking into her eyes I saw the gleam of a gentle fancy that danced in her brain. She took a dear little memorandum book out of a bag that hung at her belt.

"I haven't your address," said she. "And, besides, it would be silly to telegraph to you if I am safe. But if there should be a wreck, and I should be killed or very badly hurt—"

"Don't! Don't!"

"Why, you'd like to know of it," she continued. "So I'll just put down your name right here on the front page"—she turned the book over and opened it—"and I'll write the one word 'notify' over it. Would you like that?"

Like it, indeed! Could any man be so dull as not to feel the joy and the honor of it? It was as if we had made some vow together. That message would never be sent. I would trust the angels to guard against such a need. But there would always be a thread, delicate as a strand of her shining hair, extending from that dear little book to my heart. So long as she preserved the book we could never be wholly apart; all the vast fabric of human communication would be bewitched to serve as the waiting slave of our friendship, and I might always feel that I stood ready for her service.

"I should never have dared ask so much," said I. "How long will I hope that you will keep the book?"

She was writing my name with dainty precision.

"Oh, I'll keep it a long time," she said. "I have important accounts in it. You mustn't peep at them; they are dreadful, extravagant. Now write the address under the name."

I wrote it, and she put the book into the bag.

"I'm afraid you'll forget all about the name and the man," said I, "but

"I'll keep it a long time."

at any rate, I'm now a knight sworn to your loyal service. Some day, perhaps, but why dream? You will never need me."

"One never knows when one may need a friend," she replied. "My cousin Pat says—"

"Hang Pat!" I exclaimed. "Do you really care for him?"

"Cousin Pat?" She laughed with huge enjoyment. "What a joke! I should pity a girl who cared for Pat. He's a sad bird. His heart, as Longfellow expresses it, 'like a scene in an old play. The curtain rises to show music and, to enter the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne.' I despise flirts."

We have a large clock on the mantel in that dining room, and I think it is a mistake. It struck with a loud and painful sound just as I opened my mouth to say something really serious.

"So late?" she cried. "And my trunks are not ready. I must hurry home."

I could not detain her. We walked along some blocks of city streets together, and I felt like a boy chasing a butterfly. Physically, she walked along soberly and demurely enough, but her soul—which I fancied myself desirous of addressing—seemed merely fluttering in the sun; here, there and everywhere, daintily elusive. We said good-bye at last before her uncle's door, and I had gained absolutely no ground since the judgment of my name in the tiny green covered book. True, at the last moment she returned the pressure of my hand heartily enough and looked me in the eyes, yet somehow I felt that I might never see her again.

I spent that evening in the billiard room of the Continental club, and made many dreary attempts to cheer myself up. It was after midnight when I reached my rooms, and I had planned to sit up for an hour or so before a bit of sea-coal fire, for the autumn had had turned chilly.

I had taken three or four letters out of my box below stairs, absentmindedly, without even looking at the script of the addresses; but as I flung them upon a table something yellow fluttered out from between them. I stared at it; but why should I be alarmed? I receive many telegrams; there was no reason to suppose that this one bore any evil tidings. Yet as I paused I heard a boy crying a late extra on the street, and his stupidly unintelligible jargon sounded like—The sweet broke out suddenly upon my forehead and instantly the telegram was open in my hands.

Miss Palm injured in collision here. She hope not seriously.

DR. S. K. ADAMS.

Dazed, I glanced up at the date line. The letters danced and blurred so that it was ten seconds at least before I read the word. The message had been sent from Conway, a little town in the

northern part of the state. Being familiar with the route of the D. F. and J. road I knew that the train which Miss Palm had taken could not have reached Conway before twelve o'clock. Dr. Adams had been prompt with his message, and the transmission had been unusually rapid. Probably the accident had happened while I was saying good night to some fellows at the club, joking and laughing with them. Blessed heaven, and my love in perils and pain! With what ghastly cruel nature plots behind our backs.

It was no time for pouring vain accusations into the deaf ears of the Fates. The need was for action. First, money. One must count cash in these days before he encourages any altruistic impulse. If you stretch out your hand to save your own father from drowning in God's ocean some mercenary rascal will find means to take toll of you. However, I was fairly well supplied; a matter of a hundred dollars and a check book ought to see me through. Second, transportation. There used to be a train northward at 2 o'clock on the D. F. and J. Third, since I had time for the subject, clothes. It would be unpleasant to go to Conway in evening dress. But in the meanwhile a telegram. I rang for a boy and sat down to write.

At such a time the familiar acts of life oppress us strangely. They seem to pass like little people bearing great burdens. We watch them and groan with their toil. The drawing up of my chair, the finding of the telegraph book (though it lay ready to my hand), the lifting of the pen and, above all, the choice of words with which to frame my message—all these took shape as individual tasks of difficulty and labored heavily for their own accomplishment. My effort seemed to be to let them go on in their orderly way and not to break in upon them at the thrust of sudden and unreasoning impulse. I wrote this:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VACANT HOMES.

Houses That Are Neither For Sale Nor For Rent.

"Do you know that there are several hundred houses in Philadelphia the owners of which keep them idle because of the death therein of a member of the family?" said a real estate dealer.

"In the territory where I do much business I can show you fifty houses abandoned by her and her children because of the husband's death five years ago. Several times have I endeavored to induce her to rent it, but my efforts were unavailing. The interior of the house, I understand, still contains the beautiful furnishings it possessed when the family moved away. In fact, you can see the lace curtains at some of the windows. They have been turned yellow by the sun."

"Neither can you purchase the homes referred to unless poverty forces such families to dispose of them. Death alone holds the key of entrance."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sweetening Sugar.

How Poor Qualities Are Brought Up to the Standard.

There are certain kinds of sugar which fall short of the required standard of sweetness, and these sugars have to be sweetened artificially.

There are some establishments in Europe where they do this kind of thing. You are taken into the sweetening department, and you see cones of sugar ready to be operated on. A cone is placed over an apparatus, apex downward. You notice many little holes in this apparatus close to the apex or point of the cone. Some thickish liquid is poured on the flat end of the cone, and then the machinery is set in motion.

The holes become the mouths of liquid tubes, and the sweetening liquid is drawn through the cone, giving it the necessary quality.

Another interesting fact in connection with this article is that some of the pieces of "lump sugar" are really made up of dust or fragments pressed together.

If you will examine certain pieces you will observe that the crystal formation of good sugar is not to be seen, and you will also discover that these close grained "lumps" take longer to dissolve, though, of course, all sugar that takes a long time to melt is not necessarily made up stuff.—London Globe.

China and Russia.

The bureau of statistics provides in recent issues of the consular reports tables showing the trade for many years of the United States with China and with Russia. The former was by far the greater every year of the past twenty.

We sold last year \$12,862,000 worth of goods to China and bought from her \$25,842,000 worth. The year before we sold \$18,000,000 and in 1892 \$24,000,000 worth.

Russia bought of us last year \$19,944,000 and sold us \$10,712,000. War preparations accounted for much the largest purchases on record. In six years we have sold much more to China.

Tea explains why our Chinese imports are so heavy.

Germany's Acquired Territory.

It is twenty years, says the London Post, since Germany began to build up a colonial empire, and the net result is that after spending some fifteen or twenty millions sterling she has acquired more than a million square miles of territory, with a sparsely scattered German population of between five and six thousand souls—men, women and children. Of the adult male population a third are officials or soldiers. Militarism is rampant everywhere, with the result that the white settler avoids German colonies as he would a plague.

Conversation is an art in which a man has all mankind for competitor.—Emerson.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Simple Blouse or Shirt Waists fill a need and are always in demand, however much more elaborate ones may be liked. This one is laid in box folds for its entire length and is becoming to the generality of woman-kind, while it is absolutely simple and



BOX PLAITED BLOUSE.

well suited to wear with the jacket suit. The sleeves are among the latest of the season—wide and full at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists, where they are finished with deep cuffs. As illustrated the material is royal blue taffeta, with figures of the same color, but all the season's waistings are correct.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarters yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide.

Swiss Elder Garments.

Swiss elder is the material at the head of the list for comfort garments purposely designed for lounging during the cold season. They are made up with a dainty binding of stitched silk, and about the waist is loosely tied a silk cord, with tassels end, which matches the binding in color. The Swiss elder can now be bought not only in the lowliest of plain colors, but in many attractive fancy designs, showing stripes and dots of a contrasting color; also a mottle effect, which is new.

Children Wear Cashmeres.

Cashmeres, so enthusiastically accepted by their elders, are being generously used for the little folks. Those, while soft and graceful and rich in coloring, lack some of the serviceable qualities of the flannels. Then there are "wool delaines" quaintly dowered and a new, very smooth and hard twisted serge and the albatross and the mohair and very light weight worsteds.

Panama Vols.

There is a new wave of velveting quite heavy, called Panama vols, that is used for street and semidress gowns. It is shown in both plain and embroidered effects and in the most fashionable colors.

Smart Suit For Girls.

Mannish mixtures in tweeds and chevrons make smart suits for young girls in their teens. An attractive outdoor costume is shown here developed in brown and tan chevrot with leather trimmings. The use of leather on walking suits is very fashionable this season. The closing is made with leather



COAT AND SKIRT.

covered buttons. The skirt is shaped with narrow gores and box plaits. Costumes in this mode may be made of velveteen, corduroy, ladies' cloth, zibeline or melton, with chambray, velvet or heavy silk for trimming. Some suits made of smooth faced cloth are trimmed with fancy braid. To make the skirt in the medium size will require three yards of material forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of contrasting material for trimming. To make the skirt in medium size will require five yards of material forty-four inches wide.

The Opposite Way.

He was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. He had come from Germany and was receiving his first lessons in rowing. "Back water," said the coach. The German did not understand. The coach explained that it meant to use his oar "in the opposite way," and the Rhodes man followed instructions to the letter as nearly as he understood. He lifted his oar from the rowlock and put the handle into the water.

A brave man is sometimes a desperado, but a bully is always a coward.—Halliburton.

NEW SHORT STORIES

English Humor.

Charles M. Pepper, the newspaper man who was appointed a commissioner, on the intercontinental railway commission, tells an amusing story, in which the main figure is Henry Norman, the British journalist. Norman visited Washington a few years ago.

One evening just before the departure of the Britisher it was determined to put up a joke on him at the Press club. A Mr. Decker was selected to be the perpetrator. This gentleman arose in his seat and, taking a small bell from his pocket, addressed Mr. Norman as follows:

"Sir, I have been designated by my fellow members to convey to you an expression of our pleasure. On behalf



of the National Press club of Washington I am instructed to give you this ring."

As he uttered the word "ring" Mr. Decker rapped the bell smartly and placed it on the table.

It was plainly to be seen that the Englishman was taken aback. After a good deal of hemming and hawing he replied:

"Mr. Decker and members of the National Press club, words fall me. I am overwhelmed. With respect to this gift, which I am pleased to receive, I suppose that Mr. Decker, as was only natural in the embarrassment of the moment, for we newspaper men are notoriously poor speakers, has made a mistake, for he has, as you see, given me a bell instead of a ring."—Denver Republican.

The Woman of the Lion?

In our big fire at winter quarters one of the best lions got free and took refuge in a barn, writes Samuel Hopkins Adams in McClure's. The inhabiting cow said something to him that he didn't like, and the lion killed her. Out came the woman of the house with a bale stick and sailed into the lion. Being the king of beasts, the intruder was scared almost to death, because his assailant was not afraid at all. At the first blow he retreated, snarling, into the dimmest corner. The woman's husband arrived with a gun and fired several shots into the darkness. Result, he destroyed a piece of property worth hundreds of dollars, when by merely shutting the barn door he would have kept the animal perfectly harmless until we could have got to him. Presently the trainer came hurrying up.

"Have you seen anything of a lion in your barn?"

"Lion!" screamed the woman. "I thought it was a dog."

Over she went in a dead faint and cut her head open. What does the husband do but want damages for her injuries and that after killing our high priced animal. Well, he didn't get any damages.

Helpless.

H. C. Barnabee, the veteran actor, lay disabled from a fall and listened to the condolences of a dramatic critic.

"For years and years," the writer said, "you haven't missed a performance. Now, here you lie, helpless as a corpse."

"As helpless as a corpse," said Mr. Barnabee, "or as helpless as two inebrates of whom I heard the other day."

"These two men had dined together and after dinner had sat too long over their coffee, their liquor, their brandy and so on. When it came time for them to go home they were in a very bad way, helpless, in fact. They leaned on one another, going with linked arms, but each, as a reed to lean on, was rotten."

Finally they fell, and, with a loud splash, they rolled into a full gutter. A police officer appeared and grabbed the upper man by the collar.

"No, no. Save my friend. Never mind me, I can swim!"—San Antonio Express.

He Burned Wood.

"There is an old negro down in my town," said John Sheep Williams, "who did me a service, and I wanted to reward him, so I said:

"'Dude, which shall I give you, a ton of coal or a bottle of whiskey?'"

"'Foah de Lawd, Massa John,' he replied, 'you all shorely knows I burn wood.'"

Senator Hoar's Epigram.

The late Senator Hoar said of his dead friend, the late Senator Davis of Minnesota. "No spark from his train was ever a chider in the eye of a friend."

Magic In Art.

There is a magic in the word that makes men, even when they are so crass and ignorant that they don't know the meaning of it, profess a love for art.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Absentminded.

The Groom—I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents. The Bride—Papa is so absentminded! He lit his cigar with it.

Our enemies are our outward confidants.—Shakespeare.

BOX OFFICE TRICKS.

THE BERTH OF A THEATER TICKET SELLER IS NOT A SINECURE.

Why the Man Who Sits Behind the Wicket Must Be a Good Judge of Human Nature—The Art of "Dressing" a Light House.

To the average theater goer the man who sits behind the wicket in the box office and sells tickets seems to have one of the sinecures of earth. True, he does to answer many fool questions and deal with many fool persons who are often ugly because others with more foresight have picked up early all the good seats. He has to handle diplomatically the woman who wants dollar seats for 75 cents and with the other fellow who wants "first row, center," after the play has begun and that has been sold for a week ahead. But all these things seem but his share of the minor lulls of earth. Outside of them apparently his job is what is generally known as a "snaps."

But the man in the box office has other things to do besides sell tickets. True, that is where he comes in contact with the general public, and that is all that is usually thought about his duties. But at the same time he is serving the public he is working for two masters behind the scenes, the proprietor of the house and the manager of the attraction, and he must serve them equally, while their interests sometimes conflict sharply. Furthermore, he must serve them as against the public if need there be, and it keeps him hustling to hold his job to it too.

The man behind the wicket is a good man if he can make you buy a seat that costs you more than you intended to invest to see the particular "show"—all attractions in a playhouse are "shows" in the parlance, be they opera, comedy or vaudeville. Now, most men think they know what they are going to get when they visit a theater, and they especially have the price fixed in their minds. Perhaps, psychologically speaking, they are stronger minded than the house treasurer. Then they do get what they want, and he never "serves" it. But the average man is not. The treasurer is trained in ticket selling. It is his daily routine, while it is an occasional act on the man's part. Hence he is fortified for the public, and the latter is not for him, and so when the people step up, especially if it is rather late and there is something of a rush, a clever ticket man can easily get the extra price out of them for a higher selling seat.

How does he do it? Largely by the power of suggestion. He implies that you want it, for instance, when you go up. In other words, he puts the question as to what priced seat by asking you about the higher ones before he mentions the lower ones, and when he does refer to the latter, at your suggestion, he does it rather apologetically. He has the higher rated tickets in his hand, and if you do not take them he reaches to the rack for the others, and all the time the line is waiting, those back of you are scowling, if not making remarks, and every one within earshot of the window knows that you have refused the higher seats for the lower priced ones. This is embarrassing. Especially is it so if a girl is with you, waiting just outside the rack that separates the mob from the line, and the chances are 10 to 1 that you will take the cue, involuntarily, and pay a quarter more, when you had no intention of doing so when you approached the clever man in the box.

That is one way. It doesn't require any falsehood. It does require a good knowledge