

# The Greater Gain

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

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Nobody seemed inclined to pursue the subject any further when he stopped, but Lindsay, flushed with his discourse, joined largely in the succeeding talk, attempted epigrams and tried to show that he was not the raw outsider he might appear.

Lindsay could not sleep for hours after he went to bed. Physical fatigue, the novelty of his late experiences, the consciousness that he was entering at last upon the real struggle of his life, excited his overtaxed nerves, and there was a depressing undercurrent of alarm at the complexity and speed of the strange currents upon which he had cast himself.

Russell had advised him to look about for a few days till he should begin to feel at home, and next day he took his usual morning walk down Broadway from Madison square to the Battery, along the water front and in that amazing whirlpool that swirls daily round the placid tower of Trinity church. He was not much refreshed thereby. The turmoil of conflicting energies stunted his nervous system and hammered into his soul the sense of the terrific speed of the race for existence here where the race was to the strong. The idea of failure overtook him with a species of terror. He seemed to see himself falling beneath an avalanche of he knew not what filthy and abominable but all too irresistible forces. He had not made much progress toward feeling at home, but he began to experience a restless desire to be at work without further waste of the precious time.

He declined to go to Zinfandel's that night. So Russell went alone, and, meeting McGann at the door, they went in together.

"Where's your friend?" inquired the waiter. "I like the man with convictions. Does not his presence make you feel like the idlest of decorative objects—a mere flower, a little violet?"

"I'll tell you what it does do, McGann—it makes me mad!" ejaculated Russell, sitting up and forgetting his soup. "You and Lindsay are my oldest friends, I suppose, and I wouldn't tell this to any one else, but by Jove, it's worth telling. He and I were in the same class at Yale, and everybody thought there was no end to his genius. Oh, I know what a college reputation! But I tell you he turned out a story or two and some poems that the best man living might have been ashamed to sign. He had things in the best magazines, and his style had just that brightness that always makes a hit. We had always cherished the plan of settling down here or in Boston and writing for all we were worth, but he got married a year after he graduated, and I had to do it alone. I knew his wife before he did. She was a pretty little blond thing, genteel, private school, personally conducted to Europe and so on. She read up all the latest books to talk about them and thought she had always been in Boston. Why she married him heaven only knows."

"Why did she dislike the man?"

"I once heard of a man, discussing a name on the visiting list, said to his wife, 'You know perfectly well that I don't like that man.' 'Don't you think you are a little unreasonable?' asked the wife. 'Your dislike arose because he did not answer a letter you wrote him, and you found afterward that the letter was hung up all summer in the pocket of your overcoat and was never sent to him at all.' 'Yes, I know that,' was the rejoinder, 'but it was so long before I found out that I couldn't overlook his rudeness, and I never forgave him, and I don't believe I ever shall.' There is a good deal of ill feeling in this world that is without any firmer foundation.—Printers' Ink.

**Children Quick and Slow.**

"Children of splendid intellectual endowments are sometimes thought to be stupid," says an observing teacher. "The sharp child who learns a lesson in the shortest possible time, who is first with his answers in the mental arithmetic class, who can produce dates and geographical names on demand, is the one the teacher loves, and most commonly he is the one who in after life goes on the safe road to competence, but he is not one of those whose thoughts will be treasured by the world long after he has quitted it. And quite often the so-called stupid child, one of the dreamers in whom are the powers of the artist, poet or philosopher struggling for expression."

**Women and Pins.**

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend that torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neighbor.

"Have you any pins?" she asked.

The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. At last sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen of them were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry them and they don't," said one of the latter.—New York Post.

**Got the Thorn.**

Young Thorne (to his ideal)—And your name is Rose? What a sweet name Rose is! Rose—I am glad you like it. But—but—but I do not want to be a rose without a thorn.

"What could a fellow say after that?"

**Mirth.**

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit. Wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.—Fuller.

and opened a new bottle of ink. He had a brain full of ideas that had been accumulating for years, and he set to work upon a story of the middle west, his own country, that he had long been revolving. It came hard; the ideas refused to run freely into words, and he was forced to build up his tale in a laborious brickwork of slow sentences.

So, thus launched, Lindsay fought his fight. It was hard and bitter, for on one side stood the horror of failure, of financial failure, in New York, and this to a man unaccustomed to risk is totally destructive of mental poise, and on the other side iron habit held him down in a groove of orthodoxy.

The rejected manuscripts began to come back in about five days, and for three weeks Lindsay listened for the postman's whistle as for the tramp of doom. As the manuscripts came he read them in cold blood, and the result was sickening. He quite agreed with the editorial decisions. He said that he wouldn't print such stuff in a magazine of his own. But he knew that he could do better; he knew that he had ideas that were novel and striking, and he plunged desperately into work again, ready to have dissected his own heart if it could have taught him the lost secrets of his craft.

Five days later Russell came into his room and saw the wastebasket standing in the middle of the floor, crammed with torn paper to the brim. Lindsay was sealing an envelope.

"Hello, old man! What have you been doing?"

Lindsay turned up a colorless face.

"Why," he began vaguely, but with an attempt at dignified cheerfulness, "I—the fact is, I'm going back."

"Going back?"

"Yes, to Ramones. My successor hasn't been definitely appointed yet, I learn, and I can have my old place back at—ah—a slightly reduced salary. It's no use, Russell; you must have seen it. I can't work at high pressure any more. If I ever get the doctor's order, or a letter from my father, I suppose I can do my college work. Don't fancy, though, that I'm going back from a mistake to the real work of my life. I never liked teaching, and I never was any good. They'll take me back because I was there so long, but there won't be process or honor on the campus at my return. But it's the only thing that I can do, I—you see, I had always built my best hopes on something else."

He looked at Russell, and there was absolutely nothing to be said.

Russell went to the depot next evening and saw him off. It seemed to him an older, more stooped, more gray haired figure than had come. He could have wept or cursed from sheer rage and pity. "Poor devil!" he muttered bitterly as he was being carried back up Forty-second street. "He has lost the world and gained his own soul, or is it the other way—he has lost both?"

**Biois' Beautiful Staircase.**

New or old, Biois is an amazing achievement of the human brain and the human hand. The great staircase in the courtyard, an outside one, forming an essential part of the elevation, is, of course, the masterpiece of wonder and delight. There is nothing like it in the world, and probably there never will be. The staircase of Paris Opera—an interior one, by the way—would have everything to fear in the comparison. The other is a mass of the richest and of the purest ornament, with a beautiful proportion between its shadows and its lights. It is characteristic of the spirit in which such work was done that it is not always easy to give due gratitude to architect or to stone carver.—Richard Whiting in Century.

**Why He Disliked the Man.**

"I once heard of a man, discussing a name on the visiting list, said to his wife, 'You know perfectly well that I don't like that man.' 'Don't you think you are a little unreasonable?' asked the wife. 'Your dislike arose because he did not answer a letter you wrote him, and you found afterward that the letter was hung up all summer in the pocket of your overcoat and was never sent to him at all.' 'Yes, I know that,' was the rejoinder, 'but it was so long before I found out that I couldn't overlook his rudeness, and I never forgave him, and I don't believe I ever shall.' There is a good deal of ill feeling in this world that is without any firmer foundation.—Printers' Ink.

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## NEW SHORT STORIES

**John Henry's Chivalry.**

Thomas W. Lawson was discussing an attack that had been made on him by a broker.

"It was a chivalrous attack," he said. "It had in it the same spirit of chivalry that used to animate the words and deeds of old John Henry."

"I was born in Charlestown, and John Henry had a farm in the neighborhood. He was tall and lean and round shouldered. His manner was sudden and forbidding. He worked hard. People said that he was rich. 'His wife was a little, thin, wiry woman. She, too, was round shouldered.'"



"SHE SOMETIMES KICKS WHEN BEIN' MILKED."

ed. She, too, worked hard. This couple were each about sixty years old. They had no children.

"And now about John Henry's chivalry."

"He came to Charlestown one day to buy a cow. He found finally the cow he wanted, and the price, to his amazement, suited him. It was a good, low price, and yet the cow had not a blemish.

"There be no blemishes about this cow?" said John Henry.

"Nary a blemish, John," the salesman said.

"How comes it, then, ye're sellin' her so reasonable?"

"Well, I'll tell you, fair and square," said the salesman. "She don't milk good. She sometimes kicks and kicks hard when bein' milked."

"Oh, that's no consequence," said John Henry. "The wife does the milkin'."

**Walker Blaine's Advice.**

A prominent Washington clubman says that in the days of the old University club at the capital there was a certain objectionable person of the species of nouveau riche who had succeeded in gaining admission to that club, now defunct, which was considered very exclusive.

One day this vulgarian became extremely noisy and offensive in the card room—so much so that a certain indignant member of the club blurted out:

"See here, if you'll resign from this organization I'll give you \$500."

The objectionable person left the room in high dudgeon. Chancing to meet on the stairway Walker Blaine, the son of the then secretary of state, the aggrieved man related the incident, adding, "Now, what shall I do about this?"

"I would advise you to stand pat," replied Mr. Blaine. "I think he will make it a thousand dollars."—New York Times.

**One on the Conductor.**

William F. Sanders, who died recently at Helena, Mont., was a noted character. Senator Sanders was a passenger on one of the Montana railroads at one time. He had an annual pass on the road, but on this occasion he had left it at home. He had traveled the same route many times before and was well known to the conductor. When that official came around for tickets the colonel, in a fit of forgetfulness, forgot his ticket. The conductor, however, was obliging. He must have ticket or money. The colonel, rather than have a scene, finally pulled out a five dollar bill, which was ample to cover the expense of his trip. It was a very ragged affair—all torn and pasted.

"That's a fine looking bill to give me," growled the conductor.

Colonel Sanders was by this time thoroughly nettled.

"Well," he cried out in a voice that could be heard all over the car, "if you don't like it turn it in to the company!"

The laugh that went up was at the expense of the conductor.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**At Breakfast With Lord Macaulay.**

This morning we breakfasted with Lord Macaulay and Mrs. Milman in the cloisters of Westminster abbey. They had promised afterward to show us the abbey, which we had never entirely seen. Our party at breakfast was very pleasant. Besides ourselves there were Messrs. Macaulay, Hallam and Hayward and a sister of Mrs. Milman. Mr. Macaulay was as brilliant as usual at breakfast and told many pleasant anecdotes. One I remember, of a police officer at Paris, when the famous cantatrice, Mile. Sontag, applied for a passport. Instead of filling up the signature with a precise description of forehead, hair, eyes, nose, etc., he drew a line down the whole and wrote, "Angeliqne." "Galaat, n'est-ce pas?" the Everetts in England," in Scribner's.

**Reasonable.**

Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and splash, down went his glass of milk!

"I knew you were going to spill that!" said mamma angrily.

"Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

**Gentle Hit.**

Mr. Kidder—Ah, my dear, wouldn't you like to see me in a magnificent automobile? Mrs. Kidder—No, I'd much rather see you on a humble wagon.—Chicago News

## WASHINGTON LETTER

**Special Correspondence**

"This small old town of Washington is hardly in the infancy of its development," remarked that widely popular gentleman and astute financier, W. R. Hibbs, the broker, at the Shareham the other evening.

"There isn't a city in the world about which there is so much misconception as this capital of the Yankee nation. The public looks on it as a political headquarters and nothing more, but in this the public is blind. For I tell you, the time is not distant when Washington is going to be among the great financial and business centers of America. Even now, in the dull days of midsummer, the local banks and trust companies are check a black with business. The shrewd moneyed men of New York note the signs of the times, and they have come in here and bought heavily into our leading financial institutions. A seat in the local Stock Exchange that was valued a year ago at \$3,000 is now worth \$10,000. Could there be such a rapid rise in value there was sold more stock than in any other market in the world."

"There is not a Washington interest that is not appreciating at a rapid rate. The street car lines of a town are a splendid criterion, and the monthly receipts of our traction companies are just \$20,000 greater now than for the corresponding period of last year."

**Department Telephones.**

The readjustment of the telephone arrangements of the navy department under the new form of contract with the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company has been made, and a considerable addition has been made to the telephone facilities of the department at a decrease from former cost. The state and navy departments were formerly served from one branch switchboard, and the other departments were divided, the services of each department going through its own switchboard. A total of seventy-seven telephones have been installed for the navy department, of which forty-two have exchange service, and thirty-five are restricted to communication with other telephones on the departmental switchboard and with other departmental exchanges connected with the navy board by tie lines.

**Restoring the Capitol Rotunda.**

The interior of the rotunda of the capitol is being restored so that long before congress reassembles it will look as it did nearly half a century ago before the inside was smeared with paint and rendered unattractive to the artistic eye.

Probably many people of the present generation do not know that the capitol was originally built of the old Aquia creek sandstone, a really beautiful building stone and one that it was an artistic sin ever to cover with paint. All the interior of the rotunda is built of this stone that is now (since the paint was removed) a soft gray white, just the tint to harmonize with the dark marble floor when the latter is cleaned, as it will be when the work is done.

**Will Not Pay Outside Specialists.**

Uncle Sam will not pay for treatment of his sea warriors by outside specialists even when such persons receive very exclusive attention. Many experts have contracted diseases in the line of duty.

A decision to this effect was recently rendered by Comptroller Tracewell of the treasury in the case of Rear Admiral Lamberton, who suffered a severe affliction of the eyes, contracted while in the South American service.

On the advice of the surgeon general of the navy, the rear admiral was treated by certain famous oculists, and the bill for \$327 was sent to the navy department. Comptroller Tracewell says the government cannot pay it, as the work should have been done by navy surgeons.

**State Papers in Mourning.**

During the thirty days ending July 30 all the papers of the official of the state department carried a broad band of black as a mark of respect to the memory of John Hay. When Secretary Root asked for some paper and envelopes after taking the oath of office he was furnished with writing materials with heavy mourning. The symbol of sorrow was marked on all the communications of the department, instructions to consuls and diplomatic officers in foreign lands, and even state papers intended for delivery to kings and queens, were prepared on paper tinted with black.

**One Cent For Four Years' Work.**

The postoffice department recently drew a warrant in favor of Adriel L. Stuart of Freedom, N. H., for 1 cent.

It is Stuart's pay for carrying the mails for four years from Freedom to a railroad station seven and three-quarter miles away.

He travels this distance of fifteen and a half miles six times a week. His pay is a quarter of a cent a year, or one three hundred and twelfth part of a cent for one trip.

This is the smallest treasury warrant ever issued and Stuart will have it framed instead of cashed. He did this low figure because of the prestige which the sign "U. S. Mail" on his wagon gives him in his passenger carrying business.

**Washington Monument.**

A reception room has been constructed on the lower floor of the Washington monument. The frame of the room was built of steel beams and channel irons, with concrete walls.

Since the monument was first opened to the public, Oct. 9, 1888, up to June 30, 1905, 2,573,000 visitors have ascended to the top of the shaft, most of them having used the elevator, but a large number walking up and down the stairway. The total number of visitors during the past fiscal year was 130,803, of which number 89,235 used the elevator and the remainder the stairway. CARL SCHOFIELD.

**Names of Birds.**

Certain birds get their names from St. Peter. According to a writer, "the petrel (in German Petersvogel, Peter's bird), a bird that skims the waves, is named after the apostle who walked upon the waves of Galilee. But the parrot is a less simple case. In Spain and in Portugal, as in France, the word corresponding to 'parrot' is a familiar name playfully applied because Peter was so common a Christian name. Similarly a house sparrow is nicknamed 'petrot' in France."

## WOMAN AND FASHION

**For Cool Afternoons.**

No material makes a more serviceable summer gown than pongee. Whether one is to spend her holiday season by the seashore or in the mountains, it is always well to have a costume that should be included in the wardrobe. The material is just heavy enough to be desirable when the thinner wash dresses are a bit too cool, and at the same time it is light in weight and withstands the effect of atmosphere admirably well. In the



PONGEE SUMMER GOWN.

illustration is shown one of the best liked models of the season that is a mass of the fine plaits that are always so graceful and becoming. In this instance the color is a dull sage green and the trimming is taffeta silk cut into bands, which on the waist are held by handsome buttons of rhinestones, but the material supplies much variety of color, while there are others which can be similarly treated and which are equally in vogue.

The waist is accented plaited, then shirred to form a yoke and arranged over a smoothly fitted foundation, the closing being made invisibly at the front, while the sleeves are shirred to form a succession of puffs. The skirt, however, is sun plaited, so providing more fullness at the lower portion and less over the hips, and also is shirred to form the yoke, the shirings being held in place by a plain foundation.

**Lace Dresses.**

The fashion of combining coarse lace with the finer style still finds considerable favor, and an entire dress made of imitation Irish lace of good quality may be well and wisely trimmed with very narrow mechin edging in white, put on in either a scallop or key pattern design, followed by a narrow edging of black.

**Velvet Ribbons.**

The use of velvet ribbons is rapidly becoming quite a fad, and in some instances they almost threaten to displace all those of other weave. Brown velvet ribbons are highly favored upon white and delicately tinted gowns, and this combination of brown upon white is one that is highly favored by Mme. la Mode.

**In Regulation Style.**

No matter what fashions may come or what may go, the sailor suit in some variation or other is certain to be in style for young girls. It suits their needs on certain occasions more perfectly than anything yet devised, it is chic and smart in effect, and, combined with all these advantages, it is absolutely comfortable to wear, allowing perfect freedom to growing mus-



SAILOR SUIT FOR GIRLS.

cies. This one is among the best of its sort and can be made either with or without the applied yoke. In the illustration it is shown in white linen trimmed with embroidery, but it is suited to colored linen, to chambray, to serge and galles and, as a matter of course, to serge and flannel for cooler weather, and the shield can be of white or of the same color, as liked. The skirt is a favorite of the season and is seven gored, with a plait at each seam. For a girl of fourteen will be required nine yards of material twenty-seven, seven yards thirty-two or three and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

**Not So Attentive Now.**

"Is Tim Silencers still paying attention to Mandy Tompkins?" asked the man who had been away from home for some time.

"No," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "They don't neither of 'em pay any 'tention to the other. They're married."—Washington Star.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Coleridge.

## FACTS IN FEW LINES

Electric traction has been employed in Germany a quarter of a century. The most vibrant of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both.

The geologist who accompanied the British mission to Tibet reports that the country is strikingly poor in valuable minerals.

It is said that white mice will detect a gasoline leak, and they are kept for that purpose on board vessels carrying the commodity.

The Kings dwarfs, six specimens of which have been brought to London by Colonel Harrison, never reach a greater age than forty years.

An insurance policy has just been written at St. Louis covering the whole of a big brewing plant and is for the sum of \$6,000,000. This is said to be the largest "single plant" policy in the world.

Steamship lines engaged in the Italian emigrant trade are preparing to handle the heaviest business next fall that they have ever known, although practically all records were broken during the spring of this year.

Three rare specimens of male tree fern, *Osmunda regalis*, of more than 1,000 years' growth, have been procured for the imperial botanic gardens of St. Petersburg from the virgin forests on the Black sea coast near Adler.

Dr. Bernardo lately sent from his London homes to Canada a party of 365 boys from eight to eighteen years of age. Since the beginning of his rescue work he has sent 10,526 from the streets to an independent and useful life.

Paris has a dwarf elephant about the size of a Shetland pony. Its keeper is a Senegalese, who has to sleep in a cot above the elephant can see him. The captive's favorite dish is six pounds of rice steeped in four pints of milk. He can also enjoy a nice two pound said.

Reuben C. Clark of Borwick, Me., says that for years he has fought the tent caterpillar and the currant worm with a spray of soapsuds made from old fashioned soft soap. The remedy has proved most satisfactory, the insects never moving after the solution strikes them.

Out of \$5,225 collected in Ireland for a monument to Wolfe Tone, \$4,730 was spent in various ways by the former centennial association or collecting committee, says the Irish Independent, and the monument is not yet erected. A fresh executive now has the matter in hand.

A Brunswick (Me.) man has a small glass case full of honey which he has preserved for forty-four years, and it appears to be as good as when it was first made. The package, which originally weighed five pounds, now weighs three and a quarter pounds, the shrinkage being due to evaporation.

A young woman fishing from a wharf at Lake Penacook, N. H., hooked a two pound bass. As she swung the fish clear of water a pickerel weighing one pound made a rush for the disappearing bass and caught it by the tail. The pickerel was unable to let go its grip before both were landed on the wharf.

Charles A. Smith has compiled some interesting figures showing the growth of Barre, Vt., since incorporation ten years ago. The gain in valuation is about \$2,000,000, the number of real estate transfers has been 195, the increase in the number of polls 1,201 and the number of new buildings and substantial improvements appraised 704.

According to a British board of trade return just issued, the sugar consumed by the working classes in Germany costs 5 1/2 cents per pound; in Austria-Hungary, 7 1/2; in Belgium, 7; in France, 7; in Holland, 5 1/2 cents, and in Russia, 5 1/2 cents. Sugar is cheapest in Denmark, where it is 5 cents per pound, as compared with 5 1/2 cents in Great Britain.

John Dunning, the janitor of Maine hall at Bowdoin college, has in his possession the compositor's stick which was used in setting up Longfellow's "Outre Mer," published in 1842. This compositor's stick has been owned since 1825 by T. S. McClellan, who is ninety-six years old, the oldest printer in the state, as well as the oldest Mason in the state.

Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson, president of the public records commission of Maryland, a prominent member of Baltimore society, has begun a personal investigation of the records in the old courthouses on the eastern shore of Maryland preparatory to reporting to the next legislature their condition with recommendations for their preservation.

A Pennsylvania boy wrote a relative, who is a legislator, asking for the report of the state fish commission. The member was so pleased that he showed the letter pretty generally around the statehouse and then wrote to the boy asking what volume he desired. The reply leaked out in some way and reads as follows: "I don't care which year it is. All I want is any old thing heavy enough to press with flowers."

A fashionable New York stationery house has a new device. Near the entrance, where customers will fall over it if they don't walk around it, is a handsome table on which rests a Waksas lacquer ware tray, with this invitation attached: "Our patrons will confer a favor by leaving their visiting cards in this receptacle." While some customers feel resentful, others are complimentary.

When a Dover (N. H.) man finished planting his pole beans he left the bag containing the left over seed in the grass beside a tree. He found the bag the other day firmly rooted to the ground. The bottom layer of beans had sprouted and the roots lapped themselves in the turf. The upper layers had swelled and served as a mulch for the vines, the tops of which protruded from the mouth of the bag.

**Misfortunes Sometimes a Blessing.**

However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts, for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any man in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house and my heritage.—Dr. Lucas.

Ninety-nine people go out to join the wild hunt for happiness, and the hundredth man stays comfortably at home and wins it.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

**The Boss of the Ranch.**

Mabel's mamma and papa had just moved into the new apartment, and Mabel had been intrusted with the important duty of tending door while the maid washed windows. Very anxiously she waited for the bell to ring that she might enjoy the full dignity of her new post. At last the reward came, and a loud peal sent her scudding to the hall. A pompous looking old gentleman stood before the small tot as latch and swung open the portal.

"Is your mother in, little girl?" said the pompous old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Mabel.

"Tell her the landlord would like to see her a few moments."

"The-what?" asked Mabel doubtfully. She had never heard that word before, and if she had she could not have pronounced it.

"Tell her—a gentleman," said the old man, seeing Mabel's dilemma.

Presently Mabel came running back.

"Mamma says she's very busy and what do you want to see her about and who are you, please?"

"Tell her," said the old gentleman desperately, "that it's the man who owns the house."

"Oh!" A great light broke over Mabel's face. "Mamma," she cried, "he said he was the Lord, but it's only the Janitor!"—New York Press.

**The Crucial Point.**

"As for me," said the person with the cigar which had a gilt band on it, "I do not care what people think of me."

He tilted back in his chair and regarded his listeners with a calm, contented expression.

"I don't care what they think of me, either," ventured the man with the meerschaum pipe. "I never worry about that. What worries me sometimes is what they say about me."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Terrific Jolt.**

Algy—Do you—aw—think it would be wrong for me to marry a girl who is my inferior intellectually?

Miss Wise—I think it would be impossible.



**Such Is Life.**

Time, 1850. Barefoot Boy (sobs)—Gee! I only jest wish I was a millionaire wunst!

Time, 1905. Millionaire (formerly barefoot boy)—Heavens! I'd give my millions if I were a barefoot boy again!—Browning's Magazine.

**A Rich Post.**

"I can't expect," said Scribbles, "to be as successful a poet as De Ritter. He has wealth on his side."

"Nonsense! He isn't very well off."

"He isn't? Why, he has money enough to buy all the postage stamps he needs."—Baltimore News.

**How She Knew.**

Mother—I'm afraid that young man who called on you last evening isn't much of a society man.

Pretty Daughter—He seems to be very intelligent.

Mother—Yes; that's the trouble.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Magistrate.**

"Your position is one which must often call for great tact and delicacy."

"Yes," answered the magistrate; "it is sometimes very difficult to properly discipline people who run automobiles without hurting their feelings."—Washington Star.

**Not What He Required.**

Physician—You should drink plenty of pure milk, as it contains all the elements of blood.

Patient—Excuse me, doctor, but I'm not bloodthirsty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Wasteful.**

Mrs. Chatters—You don't seem to consider my opinions very valuable.

Mr. Chatters—My dear, I consider them so valuable that it shocks me to see you give them out so promiscuously.—Philadelphia Press.

**Smoking the Umbrella.**

"What can I do for you today?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Well," replied Brokeleigh, producing his umbrella, "I hope you will help me to lay by something for a rainy day. How much on this?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**No Response.**

"Didn't that patient respond to your treatment?" asked the doctor's wife.

"Not yet," replied the physician, "and I've sent him three bills."—Yonkers Statesman.

**The Paragon.**

He never broke a rule at school  
Nor got mixed up in trouble there;  
He never had wild oats to sow  
Nor bowed his parents down with care;  
He never made an enemy  
And no one ever heard him swear;  
He never—well, to tell the truth,  
He never did much anywhere.—Chicago News.

**A Great Idea.**

"Did you ever notice that most of the sudden and disastrous fires are due to spontaneous combustion?"

"No, but I've often thought spontaneous combustion would be a splendid thing to keep on tap for lighting the kitchen fire."

The imperial kitchen of the Austrian emperor at Vienna costs about \$250 a day, says a German contemporary. In this sum, however, are not included the extra expenses for court dinners, etc.