

Personal Talk With You. If you do not read The Observer...

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber...

His Victory Over Women.

Ben Venard was a young man of extreme good will at school and college...

When he came to this resolution he was accumulating an excellent practice...

One morning the lawyer met with a surprise. A gentleman introducing himself as Francis B. Armstrong...

When the day papers were passed and the money paid, Venard was surprised...

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A MADISON SQUARE ARABIAN NIGHTS

By O. HENRY.

Copyright, 1908, by the S. B. McClure Co.

O Carson Chalmers, in his apartment near the square, Phillips brought the evening mail...

One of the incoming parcels contained a photograph of a woman...

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the same set of building blocks. Lots of 'em will state you to a dime and chop suey, and a few of 'em will play caliph to the tune of a top sirloin...

Oh, I'll take 'em!" said Plummer. "All that's included in the fall. There's a good boy for you, mister. I shall sleep on feathers tonight and dream of Bagdad. I hope it won't turn out to be a dream in the morning. Farewell, most excellent caliph!"

Again Chalmers passed restlessly upon his bed. But his heart lay as far from the table whereon lay the pastel sketch as the room would permit. Twice, thrice, he tried to approach it, but failed. He could see the dun and gold and brown of the colors, but there was wall about it built by his fears that kept him at a distance. He sat down and tried to calm himself. He sprang up and rang for Phillips.

"There is a young artist in this building," he said to Mr. Reisman. "Do you know which is his apartment?"

"Top floor, front, sir," said Phillips. "Go up and ask him to favor me with his presence here for a few minutes."

Reisman came at once. Chalmers introduced himself.

"Mr. Reisman," said he, "there is a little pastel sketch on your table. I would be glad if you will give me your opinion of it as to its artistic merit and as a picture."

The young artist advanced to the table and took up the sketch. Chalmers half turned away, leaning upon the back of a chair.

"How do you find it?" he asked slowly.

"As a drawing," said the artist, "I can't praise it enough. It's the work of a master—bold and true. It puzzles me a little. I haven't seen any picture like it for many years."

"The face, man—the subject—the original—what would you say of that?"

"The face," said Reisman, "is the face of one of God's own angels. May I ask who?"

"I don't mind it a bit. I'm a regular artist magazine and I have a red cover and the leaves cut when the caliph walks abroad. In fact, we fellows in the bed line have a sort of union rate for things of this sort. Somebody's always coming and wanting to see the picture. I brought it down so low in the world. For a sandwich and a glass of beer I'll tell 'em that drink did it. For corned beef and cabbage and a cup of coffee I'll give 'em the hard earned money."

"An hour later the Arab guest lay back with a sigh of satisfaction while Phillips brought the coffee and cigars and cleared the table.

"Did you ever hear of Sherrard Plummer?" he asked, with a strange smile.

"I remember the name," said Chalmers. "He was a painter, I think, of a good deal of prominence a few years ago."

"Five years," said the guest. "Then I went down like a quarter of lead. Sherrard Plummer, I sold the last portrait I painted for \$2,000. After that a grating picture."

"What was the trouble?" Chalmers could not resist asking.

"Funny thing," answered Plummer grimly. "Never quite understood it myself. For awhile I swam like a cork. I broke into the swell crowd and got commissions for portraits. The newspapers called me a fashionable painter. Then the funny things began to happen. Whenever I finished a picture people would come to see it and whisper and look queerly at one another."

"I soon found out what the trouble was. I had a knack of bringing out in the face of a portrait, the hidden character of the original. I don't know how it did it, but I'm sure it was there. The newspapers called me a fashionable painter. Then the funny things began to happen. Whenever I finished a picture people would come to see it and whisper and look queerly at one another."

"I remember one case of a prominent banker who sat to me. While I had his portrait on an easel, he came in to look at it. 'Bless me,' says he, 'does he really look like that? I told him it was considered a faithful likeness. I never noticed that expression about his eyes before,' and he 'I think I'll drop down town and change my bank account.' He did drop down, but the bank account was gone, and so was Mr. Banker."

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IMPROVING ON INSTRUCTIONS

By Taylor White.

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Ben Runyon regarded with amusement, if not approbation, the diminutive applicant for the vacant post of office boy. The lad's fluent talk, heavily flavored with the slang of the moment, was diverting even while it exposed his unfitness for the place.

"I'm afraid it's no deal, Lippy," he said, his face tinged with kindly reserve. "You don't quite fill the bill."

He turned back to his desk, but a grimy hand grasped his coat sleeve. "Forget it, boss," pleaded Lippy (he had confessed that to be the only name he knew). "I'm in wrong. Get that! I don't live like me fader and madder, but it's 'cause I ain't got none, see? What if I do live in a lodgin' house and ain't got me pants pressed? I'll be Johnny on de spot and work a deppin' dose like you."

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English Queens and Good Cheer.

The English queens have nearly always been of good cheer. Queen Anne was no exception. She was fond of holding profound, culinary discussions with her cook, and English cookery books still contain many dishes "after Queen Anne's fashion."

The stranger journeying on the South African veldt will see almost anywhere a little sentinel on a small tower, evidently watching with great curiosity every movement of the passerby. That little sentinel is the minket. Whether the little animal has been trained to use it as a spring trap is unknown, but the minket is never far from one. The minket is easily trained, but is a source of great trouble to its unhappy possessor. No animal in the world, for its size, can eat like a minket, nor can any other living thing be so much in one's way. It is a very tough little customer and is very cute. Often a dog overtakes and gives it what he fancys is the coup de grace, but as soon as the dog departs the little watcher goes on his way as if nothing had happened.

The Florence Nuovo Giornale published a letter of Mozart's father in which the relation between the composer and a youthful contemporary in his own day is discussed. Toward the end of the eighteenth century all great and talented men who went to Italy were entertained at the home of Cecilia Olympia, and so it was not wonderful that Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home, and there he and Wolfgang played nearly all day. Next morning we took breakfast with Mr. Gavarri, the minister of finance, and after the meal the boys played again, but not like boys, but rather like schooled masters. In abundance were shed when the party came the next day, and as a souvenir Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home, and there he and Wolfgang played nearly all day. Next morning we took breakfast with Mr. Gavarri, the minister of finance, and after the meal the boys played again, but not like boys, but rather like schooled masters. In abundance were shed when the party came the next day, and as a souvenir Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home, and there he and Wolfgang played nearly all day. Next morning we took breakfast with Mr. Gavarri, the minister of finance, and after the meal the boys played again, but not like boys, but rather like schooled masters. In abundance were shed when the party came the next day, and as a souvenir Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home, and there he and Wolfgang played nearly all day. Next morning we took breakfast with Mr. Gavarri, the minister of finance, and after the meal the boys played again, but not like boys, but rather like schooled masters. In abundance were shed when the party came the next day, and as a souvenir Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home, and there he and Wolfgang played nearly all day. Next morning we took breakfast with Mr. Gavarri, the minister of finance, and after the meal the boys played again, but not like boys, but rather like schooled masters. In abundance were shed when the party came the next day, and as a souvenir Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home, and there he and Wolfgang played nearly all day. Next morning we took breakfast with Mr. Gavarri, the minister of finance, and after the meal the boys played again, but not like boys, but rather like schooled masters. In abundance were shed when the party came the next day, and as a souvenir Wolfgang received from his father the letter which he published. The letter says that the English boy, Thomas Linley, should have met there the famous boy Mozart. "The two boys," the letter says, "spent the whole evening in a rapturous conversation, and the following day the English boy had his instrument sent to our home