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Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A spinster is a woman who doesn't believe that men need encouragement.

The fellow who gets something for nothing often finds that he has no use for it.



Matrimony is a legal lien on your pay envelope.

Easy money is the kind that is hard to get.

A word from the wise should be sufficient.

A poet's children seldom write poetry, for with the example before her their mother tries to bring them up to lead useful lives.

The world is prolific in excuses when a fellow tries to collect the living that the world owes him.

You never find a gossip who is out of practice.

When you serve the devil don't be surprised if his tips burn your fingers.

One way people have of losing money is by cultivating the acquaintance of real estate men.

The Mainspring.

"Tis money makes the mare go;
"Tis money makes the heir go,
And I opine
By that same sign
It sometimes makes dull care go.

"Tis money builds the shanty;
"Tis money feeds the ante;
A roll of it
Will make a hit
With sage or dilettante.

Though we affect to scorn it
As though it were a hornet,
We make a fight
When it's in sight
And try our best to corn it.

"Tis money grinds the axes;
"Tis money pays the taxes;
It seasons mirth
And makes the earth
Go round upon its axis.

It gets us cuffs and collars;
It smooths the path for scholars;
It buys us brains
And railroad trains;
That's why we need the dollars.

And, though the truth is shocking,
We like to see it flocking
Into our till
Enough to fill
Our largest holeless stocking.

Doesn't Hurt Him.



"He can see a joke in most anything."
"I bet he can't see one in the tooth-ache."
"Yes he can, but it has to be on the face of the other fellow."

Back to the Old Home.

Many of the enterprising cities of the country have set apart a week in which they invite their native sons who have wandered to the far corners of the earth to come home and look once more at the old town pump and buy things at the restaurant.

It is a great pleasure for those who have not met for twenty years or so to sit and swap lies as to how well they have done, and the affairs are usually a success.

When a man goes away from a small town to a big city that fact casts a sort of halo about his head. He is supposed by every one to have struck it rich at once, and those who remain at home can conceive of him as nothing short of a captain of industry or at the very least a barker for a museum.

The man who goes home is just human enough to encourage this idea. He buys a new suit of clothes on time, works his alderman for a pass, and with \$20 in loose change in his pocket can give a pretty fair imitation of a millionaire for about a day and a half.

At the Shore.

Where the rippling waters curl
In the gladsome, glowing sun,
There the flimsy summer girl
Counts her victims one by one,
Tells them over like the beads
Of a sweet and saintly nun,
Slips a heart that throbs and bleeds
As they through her fingers run.
But for heart break cares she naught
As she counts with lips auri;
She by grief has not been caught;
She is just a summer girl.

Cunning Girls.

"What a bunch of good looking girls!"
"Yes; they think that if they look good perhaps one of them will succeed in making good with the new millionaire."

Handicapped.

"Did the poet ever find out what the wild waves were saying?"
"No; he couldn't stay long enough; board was too high."

Mad Practice.

"Miss Blond is so smart; she knows how to make every cent at ease."
"She ought to; she's been at it a long time."

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CONVICT No. 3420

Copyright, 1906, by H. Douglas.
We had read all about him before he appeared at the prison under a sentence of ten years. The daily papers had said that his name was Salters and his age about forty. He had taken rooms at a fashionable boarding house on a certain street in Chicago and let it be known that he was a broker. On each side of the boarding house were private dwellings, and farther down the street, but to be reached over the roofs, was a large art store.

The first thing to happen after the arrival of Mr. Salters, but with which his name was not at all connected, was the robbery of the art store. Other robberies followed. While the detectives were after the burglar the daily papers were after the detectives, and things were being made hot all around when the rooms of eleven guests in the boarding house at which Mr. Salters stopped were robbed on the same night.

The house was filled with detectives, and everybody was examined and cross examined, but it was no use. The rooms had been entered and despoiled while the guests were sleeping.

They were waiting in fear and trembling for the next outbreak when a stupid headed servant girl in the boarding house solved the puzzle. From one of the side houses had been taken an unset canteen stone. This was found under Mr. Salters' bed one morning when the girl swept the room.

Mr. Salters was asked to explain. As he couldn't explain, he was traced to another room half a mile away and all the plunder found. He simply laughed when put under arrest. He laughed when put on trial. He had been caught so dead to rights that he snailingly pleaded guilty and took his ten year sentence without moving a muscle.

The police were on to Mr. Salters for one of the sleekest chaps in the business, and they would have given a great deal to trace his past and have him answer certain questions. He was mum on all points, however. They could not trace him back a month, and, as to how he entered the houses and rooms and left no trace behind, that was one of his professional secrets.

When Mr. Salters reached prison the first glance at him caused everybody to wonder where they had seen him before. Face, form, pose and gait all reminded us of somebody, but who that somebody was we could not recall. Had he not been passed along to the barber and from thence into stripes so soon some of us might have been the wiser. He was quiet and respectful, and it was figured that he would make a model prisoner.

After three days he was put at work in the shoe department, and all reports coming in about him were favorable. At the end of six weeks he had a chill and was sent to his cell, and the doctor gave him some medicine. Up to this time the man had not asked for a book from the library nor to see the chaplain. Many prisoners who had no religious feelings will ask for the chaplain now and then in order to have a talk and hear a human voice. On this day that he was taken ill Mr. Salters asked that the good man be sent to him, and I carried the message. I also noted that the chaplain remained with convict No. 3420 for a full hour, and when he left the cell and came down the corridor his perturbation did not fail to attract my attention. He was very pale and had been weeping.

Prison chaplains listen to many sad tales, and now and then their sympathies are aroused, but in the three years I had known our Mr. Davis I had never seen him so greatly affected. He stopped as if he would speak to me, but his tears fell afresh, his lips trembled, and he finally passed on without a word.

Mr. Salters took more medicine next day and was excused from work. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the chaplain visited him without being sent for and remained for two hours. I heard him praying long and fervently. When he left he was pale and had an anxious look, and yet there was also a look of resolve in his face. There is so much hypocrisy among convicts in the matter of religion that my curiosity in this case was not very great. The greater the rogues the harder he will try to bamboozle the chaplain into believing that he wants to walk in new paths. It was a question with me whether Mr. Salters had seen the error of his ways or was only shirking his work.

The next forenoon at 11 o'clock the chaplain paid his third visit, and as the bell rang for the convicts to march in to dinner he came forth from the cell and passed me, and the guard at the end of the corridor opened the gate for him. Other guards did the same thing, and in five minutes he was clear of the prison. It was two hours later when the doctor came in. I accompanied him to Salters' cell, and there we found the convict undressed and in bed and weeping. No, it was not the convict. It was the chaplain, though but for his long hair I should have been longer deceived. The doctor spotted him almost at once. The convict's striped suit was lying on the floor.

"You have changed clothes with No. 3420 and let him walk out!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," was the tearful reply.
"But why, man, why?"
"Because he is my twin brother and has promised to lead a better life!"

The chaplain was forced to resign and was also arrested and put on trial and convicted, but I believe the governor stood his friend and had sentence suspended.

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