

CONTENTS

	Page
The Girl Who Took Notes and Got Wise and Then Fell Down	203
What They Had Laid Out for Their Vacation	212
The Experimental Couple and the Three Off-Shoots	215

The Periodical Souse, the Never- Again Feeling and the Ride On the Sprinkling Cart



ONCE there was an Indian who had a Way of putting on all his Feathers and breaking out of the Reservation.

For three Weeks at a Stretch he gave a Correct Imitation of the Shining Light who passes the Basket and superintends the Repairs on the Parsonage. He was entitled to a Mark of 100 for Deportment. With his Meals he drank a little Polly. After Dinner he smoked one Perfecto and then, when he had put in a frolicsome Hour or so with the North American Review, he crawled into the Hay at 9.30 P.M.

At last he accumulated a Sense of Virtue that was hard to carry around. He was proud of himself when he counted up the number of days during which he had stuck to the Straight and Narrow. It seemed to him that he deserved a Reward. So he decided to buy himself a little Present, something costing about 15 cents. He picked out a First-Class Place

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

where they had Electric Fans and Pictures by the Old Masters. He poured out a Working-man's Size—the kind that makes the Barkeep stop wiping up and look unfriendly for a Moment or two.

Then he remembered that a Bird cannot fly with one Wing, so he gently raised the Index Finger and gave the Prescription Clerk a Look, which in the Sign Language means, "Repeat the Dose."

It is an Historical Fact that when a Man falls backward from the Water Wagon he always lands in a Crowd. The full Stage Setting, the Light Effects and the Red Fire were all ready to make it a Spectacular Affair. Just after he had mowed away No. 2 and had stopped worrying about the Winter's Coal, he began to meet Friends who were dying of Thirst. Then the atmosphere began to be curdled with High Balls and Plymouth Sours and Mint Smashes, and he was telling a Shoe Drummer that a lot of People who had been knocking him would probably be working for him before the Year was out.



For Three Weeks.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Then he found himself in a four-oared Cablet and the Sea became very Rough. There was something out of Whack with the Steering Gear, for instead of bringing up at his Boarding House he found himself at another Rum Parlor. The Man who owned the Place had lost the Key and could not lock up. Here he met several Delegates to a State Convention of a Fraternal Order having for its Purpose the uplifting of Mankind. They wore Blue Badges and were fighting to get their Money into the Cash Register. In a little while he and a red-headed Delegate were up by the Cigar Counter singing, "How can I bear to leave thee?" He put in an Application for Membership and then the next Picture that came out of the Fog was a Chop Suey Restaurant and everybody breaking Dishes.

Soon after, the Lights went out and when he came back to Earth he was lying the wrong way of his Bed with Blue Badges all over him, trying to swallow a Bath Towel, which he afterward discovered was his Tongue. By getting

[16]



Brothers.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

a Leverage under his Head he managed to pry it up and then he sat on the edge of the Bed and called himself Names. He had nothing left over except the Cards given to him by the Brothers from up State somewhere. He had a dim and sneaking Recollection that he had given his address and Phone Number to the whole Tribe and begged them to look him up.

"Not any more in Mine," said he, as he held a Towel under the Faucet. "Not for all of Morgan's would I look at any more of that Essence of Trouble. I wonder if I'll live through the Morning."

That Day he lived on Bromo and Ice, and the only Satisfaction this Life offered was the Fact that he was a Reformed Man.

On the Second Day he could look at Solid Food without having a Spasm. His Hair stopped pulling and he began to speak to the People he met. When asked to step out for a little while, he lost his Temper and made a little Talk on the Subject, proving conclusively that there was Nothing in it.

[18]



Never Again!

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

As he walked homeward in the Dusk he passed the Clubs and Cafés where those who Drank were rounding up and he felt sorry for them.

"Why can't they pass it up, the same as I do?" he asked himself. "Ah, if only they knew how much more Fun it is to be Respectable."

It was an actual Mystery to him that any one could dally with a Dry Martini while there was a Hydrant on every Corner.

On the third Day he was cracking his Whip and begging People to get up on the Wagon with him. And he said it was a Queer Thing, but he couldn't bear the Sight of it.

While on the fourth Evening he confessed to some nice People he met at a Church Social that at one time he had allowed himself to be coaxed into taking an occasional Nip but he reasoned it all out and decided it was a Bad Thing and simply Chopped it right off. They told him it was wonderful how much Will Power he had and asked him if he ever felt the Old Craving coming back on him, and

THE PERIODICAL SOUSE

he said he could see it splashing all around him and not have the faintest Desire to dip in.

He was so stuck on himself that he went around to call on all his Friends who kept it on the Table so that he could wave it to one side and tell how he despised it. He sat there and pitied those who were inhaling it. Every Morning when he arose he would throw kisses to himself in the Glass and exclaim: "Aha! The Head as clear as a Bell this A.M. I'll bet I'm the cleanest and nicest Young Fellow in this Town. Any Girl that picks out a Sober and Steady Man such as I am will certainly be showing good Judgment."

As Narrated at the Beginning, for three weeks he worked hard at the Job of being an Abstainer. And at last he accumulated a Sense of Virtue that weighed over 200 Pounds. He knew that he was entitled to a Reward, so he decided to buy himself a little Present. Just a wee Reminder of by-gone Days and then back to Sarsaparilla. But he fell into a Crowd. There was another State Convention.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

It had been arranged for him so that he could get a Fresh Start.

MORAL: Life is a Series of Relapses and Recoveries.

The Kind of Music That Is Too Good for Household Use



ONE Evening a little Flock of Our Best People got together at the Home of a Lady who invariably was first over the Fence in the Mad Pursuit of Culture. She loved to fill her Front Rooms with Folks who wore $7\frac{3}{4}$ Hats and read Norwegian Novels that no one else ever heard anything about.

On the Evening already mentioned she had a Cluster of Geniuses on hand. They were expected to Talk for a couple of Hours, so as to work up an Appetite for Neapolitan Ice-Cream and Lady-Fingers. In the course of time they got around to the Topic of Modern Music. All agreed that the Music which seemed to catch on with the low-browed Public was exceedingly punk. They rather fancied "Parsifal" and were willing to concede that Vogner made good in Spots, but Mascagni they branded as a Crab. As for Victor Herbert and J. P. Sousa—back to the Water-Tanks!



They Love It.

MUSIC TOO GOOD FOR USE

A little later in the Game the Conversation began to Sag and it was suggested that they have Something on the Piano. They gathered around the Stack of Music and then Vogner went into the Discard and Puccini fell to the Floor unnoticed and the Classics did not get a Hand. But they gave a Yelp of Joy when they spotted a dear little Cantata about a Coon who carried a Razor and had trouble with his Wife. They sang the Chorus 38 times and the Young Lady wore out both Wrists doing Rag-Time.

MORAL: It is proper to enjoy the Cheaper Grades of Art, but they should not be formally Indorsed.

*The One or Two Points of Difference
Between Learning and
Learning How*



IN a Red School-House back in the Web-Foot District, it was the Custom to have a Debate every Friday Afternoon. The much-mooted Question as to which does the greater Damage, Fire or Water, had been carefully gone over by the Squabs. Also who was the heftier Proposition, Napoleon or Washington? But the original Stand-by was as follows: "Resolved, that Education is better than Wealth."

The Corporate Interests got many a Whack here in the Knowledge Works. Most of the Children wanted to grow up and be like Galileo. They claimed that mere Wealth could not purchase Happiness. The only genuine Peace of Mind came from being able to call off the Geological Periods with the Eyes closed.

Here in this little Brain Hatchery were two Kids who were not Mates. One was named

[26]



Otis and Bradford.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Otis and the other was Bradford, or Brad for Short. Otis was the Boy who took the Affirmative side on Friday Afternoon. Ote firmly believed that Learning was the most valuable Asset that a Man could tuck away. Brad was for the Money End of the Game, but when he got up to make his Talk his Vocabulary would become jammed up and caught crossways in the Flue and teacher would motion him back to his Seat. Otis, however, could tell in well-chosen Phrases why the Scholar was a better and happier Man than the Millionaire and so he always received the Vote of the Judges.

Now, Brad was done up but unconvinced. He could not stand up before the District School and tell why it was good policy to corral the Coin, but he had a secret Hunch that it would be no Disgrace for him to go out and do the best he could. Brad had a bull-dog Jaw and large blood-shot Hands and a Neck-Band somewhat larger than his Hat-Band. He jumped the Stockade when they started to teach him Botany. He weighed 180 and he

LEARNING AND LEARNING HOW

thought he was too large to sit around and count the Petals of the Ox-Eye Daisy when he might be out selling Lightning Rods to the Yaps and making jug-handled Contracts. Accordingly he Dug.

"Bradford is making a great Mistake," said Otis, as he saw his Friend tear from the Institution of Learning. "In order to get a few worldly Chattels right at the jump, he sacrifices his Diploma. I shall be more Foxy. I shall go right on through the High School and then I shall attend College and get a Degree. When I have taken my Degree then I will be the human *It*. My scholarly Attainments and polished Manner will get me past the Door and into the Inner Circle of the Hot Potatoes. As for Bradford, although it is possible that he shall have combed up a little Currency he will be a mere ordinary, sordid Business Man—not one-two-seven when he tries to stack up against one who has just been delivered of a Thesis on the Correlated Phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration.

While Brad was out in the back Townships

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

short-changing the Farmers and buying 8 per cent. Mortgages, Otis was working his way through College and living on Oatmeal except on Holidays and then Prunes. He was getting round-shouldered and wore Specs and was all gaunted up, but he never weakened. He was pulling for the Laurel Wreath of Scholarship, or in other words, the Degree. After humping it for 4 years he passed his final Exam and the Faculty decided that he was a Bachelor of Arts.

That was the Day when he had the Laugh on Brad.

In the meantime, Bradford had been choking various People and taking it away from them. He had four Salesmen under him and had butted into the Firm, but he was still shy on Botany.

Inasmuch as Otis had been one of the brightest Men in his Class he was offered a position as Instructor in the College at a Salary of \$55 a Month with a promise of \$5 raise at the end of five Years, if he lived. Otis accepted, because the Outside World did not seem to be



M.A.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

clamoring for his Services, even though he was an Authority on the Mezozoic Period and knew all the Diatomes by their First Names.

Often while he was burning the Midnight Oil and grinding out Jaw-Breakers, so as to qualify for the Master's Degree, he reflected as follows: "It is true that Brad is making it Hand over Fist and wears \$6 Shirts and rides in a State-Room on the Pullman, but he is not a Bachelor of Arts. And some day when he is a Multi-Millionaire I can still look down on him, for then I shall be a Master of Arts. I have known since Childhood that Education is more desirable than Paltry Gold. Although the Newspapers and the General Public do not seem to be with me to any Extent, it is better to hob-nob with the Binomial Theorem than to dally with the Champagne Supper."

In due time the Faculty gave the Degree of M.A. to what was left of Otis and still his Ambition was not satisfied. He wanted to land a Doctor's Degree. He knew that any one who aspired to this Eminent Honor had

LEARNING AND LEARNING HOW

to be a Pippin. But he hoped that he could make some Contribution to the World of Thought that would jar the whole Educational System and help him to climb to the topmost Pinnacle of Human Greatness.

Professor Otis did the Dig Act year after year. At the age of 49 he was still M.A. and owned a House with a Mortgage on it. In the Meantime there had been revolutionary Changes in the World of Finance. Everything on Earth had been put into a Pool. Each Smooth Citizen who had something that was of no particular use to him went to work and Capitalized it. Brad closed out his Interests for so much Money that any one else would have been ashamed to take it. Then he and some other Buccaneers went down to Wall Street to have fun with several dignified Gentlemen whom Brad described as Them Fly Eastern Mugs. They succeeded in putting the Skids under a number of Persons who did not care to meet them Socially.

When Brad walked around in his Million Dollar Hut he had to step high to avoid

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

stumbling over Bundles of the Long Green ; but he never had made any further headway with his Botany.

It happened one Day that Brad was out Moting and he dropped in at the College where his Boyhood Friend was now the Professor of Dipsicology and Plamazus.

"This is a likely-looking Plant," said Brad, as he sized up the Campus. "I like to encourage these Joints because they help to keep a lot of Young Fellows away from Business Offices. I find that I have here in my Vest-Pocket a measly \$50,000 that I have overlooked in changing my Clothes. Give it to the Main Cheese and tell him to have a Laboratory on me."

When the News got out all the sis-boom-ah Boys gave a Parade in their Nighties. The Faculty called a Special Meeting and made Brad a Doctor of Philosophy.

Next Year he put up for a Gym and they made him a Doctor of Divinity.

The Year Following he handed them a Telescope and became an LL.D.



D.D.—LL.D.—Ph.D.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Every time he coughed he was made some new kind of Doctor.

In fact, for a Man with a $6\frac{1}{4}$ Hat who did not know the difference between the Pistil and the Stamen he was the most learned Thing in Seven States. Professor Otis was crowded into the Ditch. Sometimes he wonders which of the two has the nub end of the Argument that started in the Red School-House.

MORAL: The Longest Way Around is the Shortest Way to the University Degree.

The Night-Watch and the Would-Be Something Awful



ONCE there was a full-sized Girl named Florine whose Folks kept close Tab on her. Any night-blooming Harold who presumed to keep the Parlor open after Midnight heard low Voices in the Hallway and then a Rap on the Door. If Florine put on her Other Dress and went to a Hop then Mother would sit up and wait for her, and 1 o'clock was the Outside Limit. Consequently Florine would have to duck on the Festivities just when everything was getting Good. Furthermore she would have to warn Mr. Escort to behave himself when they drew near the House.

"Nothing doing at the Gate," she would say, warningly. "It's Dollars to Dumplings that the Girl Detective is peeking out to get a Line on my Conduct. She has her Ear to the Ground about four-thirds of the Time and if any one makes a Move, then Mother is Next. If Father takes a Drink at the Club and then