

## 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



## PEOPLE YOU KNOW

starts Homeward on a fast Trolley, Mother knows all about it when he is still three Blocks from the House. What's more, she is a knowing Bird and can't be fooled by Cloves or these little Peppermint Choo-Choos. The only time when Mother kisses Father is when she wants to catch him with the Goods. Look Out! This is our Corner."

As soon as they had landed at the Gate, little Florine would say in loud, clear Tones that would carry as far as the Sitting-Room Window, "Oh, Mr. Gilblitz, I have had a most charming Evening, and I wish to thank you most heartily."

Whereupon the Escort, standing 8 Feet away, with his Concertina Hat in his Hand and the Face in the Moonlight beaming with child-like Innocence, would come back thusly: "It's awfully good of you to say that. Good Night."

After which, Mother was supposed to believe that they had been 8 feet apart all Evening. But Mother was Canny and up to Snuff, with a Memory that reached back at least 25



*Florine.*



## PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Years. These little One-Act Plays under the Window did not throw her off for any part of a Minute. Before Florine turned in she was Cross-Examined and required to tell with whom she had danced, and why and how often and what he said. Occasionally the Daughter worked the Mental Reservation. In other Words, she held out on Mother. She said that she had sat out most of the Numbers, but she admitted going through a Square Dance with the Young Man who passed the Plate at the Episcopal Church.

At which Mother would wink the Off Eye and murmur, "Is that so?" with the Loud Pedal on the "That." Also something about being more than Seven.

One of Florine's Ancestors on Mother's Side happened to be on Earth at the time of the Revolution, and Father often spoke of a Second Cousin who had been in Congress until the District tumbled to him. Because of this Current of Blue Blood racing in her Veins, Florine was supposed to be a trifle Classy and Mother was always afraid that she might get

## THE NIGHT-WATCH

Thumb-Marks on the Family Escutcheon. Therefore Florine was forbidden to work up a Calling Acquaintance with any of the Hoi Polloi, which is Greek for Selling-Platers. According to Mother, there were only about 8 Families in Town that really belonged and some of them didn't Belong enough to hurt. Florine found herself cut out of many a Good Time because the Chaperon for the Occasion chanced to be related to some one who had been in the Liquor Business.

Florine was up against it ever so Hard. She had to go out in the Grape Arbor when she wanted to chew Gum, and she kept her Reading Matter under the Mattress. Nearly every high-speed Bachelor in Town had been forbidden the Premises because of the Stories that were going around. The kind that Mother approved were of the Lilac Division with White Puff Ties and their Hair glued down. They talked about Choir Practice and sometimes, when they were sufficiently wrought up, they played Charades.

The only Chance that Florine had to min-



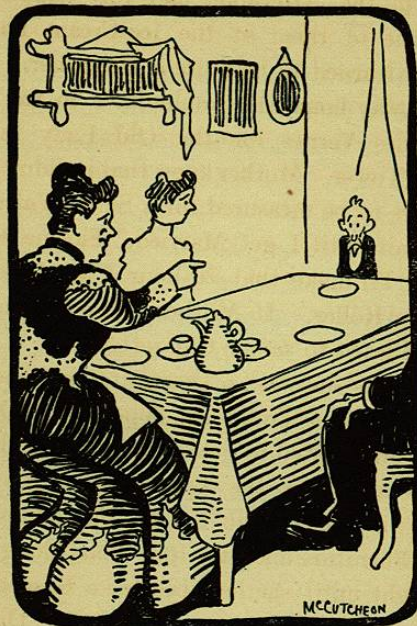
### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

gle with the Popular Boys was to go down Town in the Afternoon and just happen to meet one of them at the Ice-Cream Parlor. Florine learned to be quite a Happener. But on the way home she would have to fix up a few Jules Vernes for the Old Lady in the Watch Tower. Mother knew that it didn't take 4 Hours to be measured for a Shirt Waist.

"Wait until I get Married," Florine would say. "I'll make that 20-hour Flyer look like a Steam-Roller. If Mother doesn't let up on me, I'll learn to smoke Cigarettes."

At times she was so Desperate that she was ready to join a Troupe or elope with a Drummer. She wanted to get out among the Bright Lights and hear the Band play. And she knew that she couldn't turn Flip-Flops and break Furniture and play Rag-Time along after Midnight until she had become a Respectable Married Woman. So she had her Distress Signal out and used to drop very Broad Hints, when she was chatting with the Lads who happened to be in the Soda-Water Resort when she dropped in. They liked Florine for Keeps,

[ 42 ]



*The Night-Watch.*



### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

but when one of them thought of clinching with old Eagle-Eye, the Family Sleuth, he weakened.

Florine would have remained a Dead Card if she had not gone on a Visit to a neighboring City where she bumped into the Town Trifler. He had a Way of proposing to every Girl the first time he met her. It always seemed to him such a cordial Send-Off for a budding Friendship. Usually the Girl asked for Time and then the two of them would Fiddle around and Fuss and Make Up and finally send back all the Letters and that would be the Finish. Florine fooled the foxy Philander. The Moment he came at her with the Marriage Talk she took a firm Hold and said, "You're on! Get your License to-morrow morning. Then cut all the Telegraph Wires and burn the Railroad Bridges."

They were Married, and, strange as it may appear, Mother immediately resigned her Job as Policeman and said: "Thank goodness, I've got you Married Off! Now you can do as you please."

### THE NIGHT-WATCH

When Florine found that she could do as she pleased she discovered that there wasn't very much of anything to do except Settle Down. After about seven Chafing-Dish Parties she expended her whole Stock of pent-up Ginger and now she is just as Quiet as the rest of us.

MORAL: Any System is O. K. if it finally Works Out.



*The Attenuated Attorney Who Rang  
In the Associate Counsel*



ONCE there was a sawed-off Attorney who had studied until he was Bleary around the Eyes and as lean as a Razor-Back. He knew the Law from Soup to Nuts, but much learning had put him a little bit to the Willies. And his Size was against him. He lacked Bellows.

He was an inconspicuous little Runt. When he stood up to Plead, he came a trifle higher than the Chair. Of the 90 pounds he carried, about 45 were Gray Matter. He had Mental Merchandise to burn but no way of delivering it.

When there was a Rally or some other Gab-fest on the Bills, the Committee never asked him to make an Address. The Committee wanted a Wind-Jammer who could move the Leaves on a Tree 200 feet distant. The dried-up Lawyer could write Great Stuff that would charm a Bird out of a Tree, but he did not have the Tubes to enable him to Spout. When

THE ATTENUATED ATTORNEY

he got up to Talk, it was all he could do to hear himself. The Juries used to go to sleep on him. He needed a Megaphone. And he had about as much Personal Magnetism as an Undertaker's Assistant.

The Runt lost many a Case because he could not Bark at the Jury and pound Holes in a Table. His Briefs had been greatly admired by the Supreme Court. Also it was known that he could draw up a copper-riveted Contract that would hold Water, but as a Pleader he was a Pickerel.

At one time he had an Important Suit on hand, and he was Worried, for he was opposed by a couple of living Gas Engines who could rare up and down in front of a yap Jury for further Orders.

"I have the Law on my Side," said the Runt. "Now if I were only Six-Foot-Two with a sole-leather Thorax, I could swing the Verdict."

While he was repining, in came a Friend of his Youth, named Jim.

This Jim was a Book-Agent. He was as



## PEOPLE YOU KNOW

big as the Side of a House. He had a Voice that sounded as if it came up an Elevator Shaft. When he folded his Arms and looked Solemn, he was a colossal Picture of Power in Repose. He wore a Plug Hat and a large Black Coat. Nature intended him for the U. S. Senate, but used up all the Material early in the Job and failed to stock the Brain Cavity.

Jim had always been at the Foot of the Class in School. At the age of 40 he spelled Sure with an Sh and sank in a Heap when he tried to add 8 and 7. But he was a tall Success as a Book Pedler, because he learned his Piece and the 218 pounds of Dignified Superiority did the Rest.

Wherever he went, he commanded Respect. He could go into a strange Hotel and sit down at the Breakfast Table and say: "Please pass the Syrup" in a Tone that had all the majestic Significance of an Official Utterance. He would sit there in silent Meditation. Those who sized up that elephantine Form and noted the Gravity of his Countenance and the fluted Wrinkles on his high Brow, imagined that he

## THE ATTENUATED ATTORNEY

was pondering on the Immortality of the Soul. As a matter of fact, Jim was wondering whether he would take Ham or Bacon with his Eggs.

Jim had the Bulk and the awe-inspiring Front. As long as he held to a Napoleonic Silence he could carry out the Bluff. Little Boys tip-toed when they came near him, and Maiden Ladies sighed for an introduction. Nothing but a Post-Mortem Examination would have shown Jim up in his True Light. The midget Lawyer looked up in Envy at his mastodonic Acquaintance and sighed.

"If I could combine my Intellect with your Horse-Power, I would be the largest Dandelion in the Legal Pasture," he said.

Then a Happy Idea struck him amidships.

"Jim, I want you to be my Associate Counsel," he said. "I understand, of course, that you do not know the difference between a Caveat and a Caviar Sandwich, but as long as you keep your Hair combed the way it is now and wear that Thoughtful Expression, you're just as good as the whole Choate Family. I will introduce you as an Eminent Attorney from



### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

the East. I will guard the Law Points and you will sit there and Dismay the Opposition by looking Wise."

So when the Case came up for Trial, the Runt led the august Jim into the Court Room and introduced him as Associate Counsel. A Murmur of Admiration ran throughout the Assemblage when Jim showed his Commanding Figure, a Law Book under his Arm and a look of Heavy Responsibility on his Face. Old Atlas, who carries the Globe on his Shoulders, did not seem to be in it with this grand and gloomy Stranger.

For two hours Jim had been rehearsing his Speech. He arose.

"Your Honor," he began.

At the Sound of that Voice, a scared Silence fell upon the Court Room. It was like the Lower Octave of a Pipe Organ.

"Your Honor," said Jim, "we are ready for Trial."

The musical Rumble filled the Spacious Room and went echoing through the Corridors. The Sound beat out through the Open

[ 50 ]



*Learned Colleague.*

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### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Windows and checked Traffic in the Street.  
It sang through the Telegraph Wires and lifted  
every drooping Flag.

The Jurors turned Pale and began to quiver.  
Opposing Counsel were as white as a Sheet.  
Their mute and frightened Faces seemed to ask,  
"What are we up against?"

Jim sat down and the Trial got under way.

Whenever Jim got his Cue he arose and  
said, "Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury,  
I quite agree with my learned Colleague."

Then he would relapse and throw on a Soc-  
rates Frown and the Other Side would go all  
to Pieces. Every time Jim cleared his Throat,  
you could hear a Pin drop. There was no  
getting away from the dominating Influence of  
the Master Mind.

The Jury was out only 10 Minutes. When  
the Verdict was rendered, the Runt, who had  
provided everything except the Air Pressure,  
was nearly trampled under foot in the general  
Rush to Congratulate the distinguished Attor-  
ney from the East. The Little Man gathered  
up his Books and did the customary Slink,

### THE ATTENUATED ATTORNEY

while the False Alarm stood in awful Silence  
and permitted the Judge and others to shake  
him by the Hand.

MORAL: An Associate Counsel should  
weigh at least 200 Pounds.



*What Father Bumped Into at the  
Culture Factory*



A DOMESTIC Team had a Boy named Buchanan who refused to Work, so his Parents decided that he needed a College Education. After he got that, he could enter a Learned Profession, in which Work is a mere Side-Issue.

The Father and Mother of Buchanan sent to the College for a Bunk Catalogue. The Come-On Book had a Green Cover and it was full of Information. It said that the Necessary Expenses counted up about \$180 a year. All Students were under helpful and moral Influences from the Moment they arrived. They were expected to hit the Mattress at 10 P.M., while Smoking was forbidden and no one could go to Town except on a Special Permit.

"This is just the Place for Buchanan," said his Mother. "It will be such a Comfort to know that Son is in his Room every Evening."

Accordingly Buchanan was supplied with

THE CULTURE FACTORY

six Shirts, two Suits of everything, a Laundry-Bag, a Pin-Cushion, a Ready-Repair Kit and a Flesh Brush, and away he rode to the Halls of Learning. He wrote back that he was Home-Sick but determined to stick out because he realized the Advantages of a College Education. He said his Eyes hurt him a little from Reading at Night and he had to buy a great many Extra Books, but otherwise he was fine and fancy. Love to all and start a little Currency by the first Mail.

After Buchanan had been toiling up the Hill of Knowledge for nearly two Months, and sending hot Bulletins back to the Old Folks, his Father decided to visit him and give him some Encouragement.

"The Poor Boy must be lonesome down there among all those Strangers," said Father. "I'll drop in on him and brighten him up."

So Father landed in the College Town and inquired for Buchanan, but no one had heard of such a Person.

"Perhaps you mean 'Old Buck,'" said a Pale Youth, with an ingrowing Hat. "If he's



### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

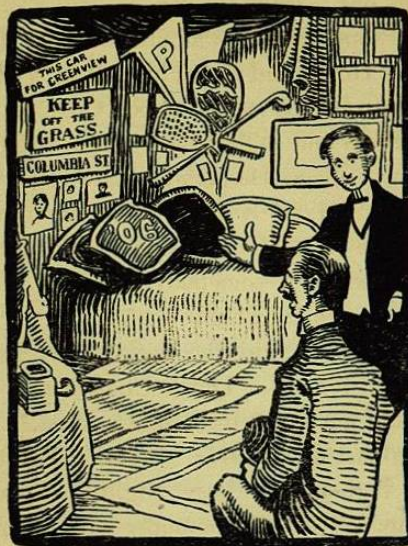
the Indian you want to see, I'll show you where he hangs out."

The Proud Parent was steered to a faded Boarding House and found himself in a Chamber of Horrors that seemed to be a Cross between a Junk-Shop and a Turkish Corner. Here he found the College Desperado known as "Old Buck," attired in a Bath-Robe, plunking a stingy little Mandolin and smoking a Cigarette that smelled as if somebody had been standing too close to the Stove.

"Hello, Guv," said the Seeker after Truth. "Wait until I do a Quick Change and we'll go out and get a few lines of Breakfast."

"Breakfast at 2 P.M.?" inquired Father.

"We had a very busy Night," explained Buchanan. "The Sophomores have disputed our Right to wear Red Neckties, so last night we captured the President of the Soph Class, tied him to a Tree and beat him to a Whisper with a Ball Bat. Then we started over to set fire to the Main Building and we were attacked by a Gang of Sophs. That is how I happened to get this Bum Lamp. Just as he gave me



*Souvenirs.*



## PEOPLE YOU KNOW

the knee, I butted him in the Solar Plexus. He's had two Doctors working on him ever since. And now the Freshies are going to give me a Supper at the Dutch Restaurant to-morrow Night and there is some Talk of electing me Class Poet. So you see, I am getting along fine."

"You are doing Great Work for a Mere Child," said the Parent. "If you keep on, you may be U. S. Senator some day. But tell me, where did you get all of these Sign-Boards, Placards, Head-stones and other Articles of Vertu?"

"I swiped those," replied the Collegian. "In order to be a real Varsity Devil, one must bring home a few Souvenirs every Night he goes out. If the Missionaries did it, it would be called Looting. If the Common People did it, it would be called Petit Larceny. But with us, it is merely a Student Prank."

"I understand," said Father. "Nothing can be more playful than to nail a Tombstone and use it for a Paper-Weight."

"Would you like to look around the Institution?" asked Buchanan.

## THE CULTURE FACTORY

"Indeed, I should," was the Reply. "Although I have been denied the blessed Privileges of Higher Education, I love to get into an Atmosphere of four-ply Intellectuality and meet those Souls who are above the sordid Considerations of workaday Commercialism."

"You talk like a Bucket of Ashes," said the Undergraduate. "I'm not going to put you up against any Profs. Follow me and I'll fix it so that you can shake Hands with the Guy that eats 'em alive. I'll take you over to the Corral and show you the Wild-Cats. They've been drinking Blood all Morning and are feeling good and Cagey. About 3 o'clock we turn them out into the Arena and let them plow up the Turf."

"Is this a College or a Zoo?" asked the Parent.

"I refer to the Squad," said Buchanan. "We keep about 40 at the Training Table all of the time, so that no matter how many are killed off, we will always have 11 left. We have a Centre Rush who weighs 238, and you couldn't dent him with a Hatchet. We caught



## PEOPLE YOU KNOW

him in the Woods north of Town and brought him down here. He is taking a Special Course in Piano Music two hours a Week and the rest of the Time he is throwing Substitutes down and biting them on the Arm."

Buchanan and his trembling Parent sat at the edge of the Gridiron and watched the Carnage for a while. Buchanan explained that it was merely Friendly Practice.

That Evening the Son said: "Father, you can stay only a Little While and I want to give you a Good Time while you are here. Come with us. We are going down to the Opera House to put a Show on the Bum. One of the first things we learn at College is to kid the Troupers. It is considered Great Sport in these Parts. Then, if any one gets Pinched, we tear down the Jail, thereby preserving the Traditions of dear old Alma Mater."

"Does the Faculty permit you to be guilty of Disorderly Conduct?" asked the Parent.

"Any one who goes against the Faculty single-handed is a Fink," replied Buchanan.

"We travel 800 in a Bunch, so that when the



*Friendly Practice.*



## PEOPLE YOU KNOW

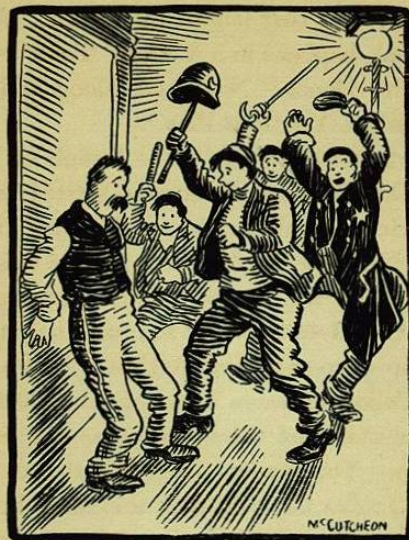
Inquest is held, there is no way of finding out just who it was that landed the Punch. Anything that happens in a College Town is an Act of Providence. Now come along and see the American Youth at Play."

They found their way to the Temple of Art. When the Chemical Soubrette started in to sing "Hello, Central, give me Heaven," they gave her just the Opposite of what she was demanding. A few Opera Chairs were pulled up by the Roots and tossed on the Stage, merely to disconcert the Artiste. When the House Policeman came he was hurled 30 Feet into the Air and soon after that the Show broke up. The Student Body flocked out and upset a Trolley Car, and then they went homeward in the Moonlight singing, "Sweet Memories of College Days, La-la! La-la!"

Father's Hat was caved in and he was a trifle Bewildered, but he managed to observe that the Boys were a trifle Boisterous when they got a Fair Start.

"Oh, yes; but they don't Mean anything by it," explained Buchanan.

[ 62 ]



*Preserving the Traditions.*



### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

"I hope they will explain that to the House Policeman as soon as they get him to the Hospital," said the Parent. "Otherwise, he might misconstrue their Motives."

Next Day, when he went back, he told Mother not to worry about Buchanan, as he seemed to have a full and sympathetic Grasp on the true Inwardness of Modern Educational Methods.

MORAL: Attend to the Remittances and Son will do the Rest.

### *The Search for the Right House and How Mrs. Jump Had Her Annual Attack*



ONCE there was a Family called Jump that had sampled every Ward within the Corporation Limits.

The Jumps did a Caravan Specialty every time the Frost went out of the Ground.

When the Sarsaparilla Ads began to blossom, and the Peach Crop had been ruined by the late Cold Snap and the Kids were batting up Flies in the Lot back of the Universalist Church, and a Barrel-Organ down Street was tearing the Soul out of "Trovatore"—these were the Cues for Mrs. Jump to get her Nose into the Air and begin to champ at the Bit.

Mother was a House-Hunter from away back. She claimed to be an Invalid eleven months out of the Year and took Nerve Medicine that cost \$2.00 a Bottle. Just the same when April hove into view and Dame Nature began to stretch herself, then Mother put on