

### PEOPLE YOU KNOW

And now Mr. Piker can take Callers up to his Room and tell them how he stood to win \$1,340.

MORAL: Even the Best cannot pick them every Whirl out of the Box.

### *The High Art That Was a Little Too High for the Vulgarian Who Paid the Bills*



ONCE there was a Husband who was stuck on Plain Living and Home Comforts. He would walk around an Angel Cake any old Time to get action on some Farm Sausage. He was not very strong for Romaine Salad or any Speckled Cheese left over from Year before last, but he did a very neat vanishing Act with a Sirloin Steak and he had the Coffee come right along in a large Cup. He refused to dally with the Demi-Tasse. For this true American the Course Dinner was a weak Invention of the benighted Foreigner. When he squared up to his Food he cut out all the Trimmings.

This is the kind of Husband who peels his Coat in the Evening and gets himself all spread out in a Rocking Chair with a fat Cushion under him.

He loves to wear old Velvet Slippers with



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pink Roses worked on the Toes and the Heels run over.

Give him about two Cigars that pull freely and a Daily Paper and he is fixed for the Session.

Along about 10:30, if he can connect with a Triangle of Desiccated Apple Pie and a Goblet of Milk, he is ready to sink back on the Husks, feeling simply Immense.

Now this Husband had a Fireside that suited him nearly to Death until the Better Half began to read these Magazines that tell how to beautify the Home.

Her first Play was to take out all the Carpets and have the Floors massaged until they were as slick as Glass, so that when the Bread-Winner stepped on one of the Okra or Bokhara Rugs he usually gave an Imitation of a Player trying to reach Second.

He told her that he did not care to live in a Rink, but what he said cut very few Lemons with the Side-Partner. She was looking at the half-tone Pictures of up-to-date Homes and beginning to realize that the Wall-Paper, Steel



*Artistic Living Room.*



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Engravings and the Enlarged Photographs of Yap Relatives would have to go.

One Day when the Provider struck the Premises he found the Workmen putting Red Burlap on the Walls of the Sitting-Room.

"Why the Gunny-Sack?" he asked. "Can't we afford Wall-Paper?"

"Love of Art is the True Essence of the Higher Life," said the Æsthete, and she began to read a Booklet bound in the same Paper that the Butcher uses when he wraps up a Soup Bone.

"Come again," said the Wage Earner, who was slow at catching these Ruskin Twisters.

"This is Art Burlap and not the kind that they use for sacking Peanuts," explained the Disciple of Beauty. "Above the Burlap will be a Shelf of Weathered Oak, and then above that a Frieze of Blue Jimson Flowers. Then when we draw all of the Curtains and light one Candle in here it will make a Swell Effect."

"I feel that we are going to be very Happy," he said, and then he went out and sat behind



*Artistic Dining-Room.*



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the Barn, where he could smoke his Pipe and meditate on the Uncertainties of Life.

Next Day he discovered that she had condemned his Rocking-Chair and the old-style Centre Table on which he used to stack his Reading Matter and keep a Plate of Apples handy.

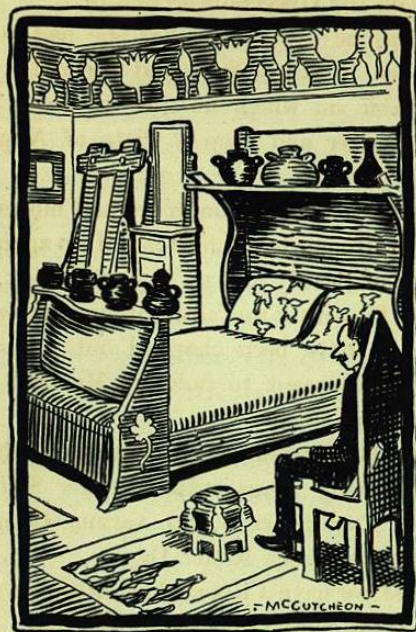
When he entered the improved and modernized Living Room, he found himself up against a Job Lot of Beauty and no Mistake.

All the Furniture was straight up and down. It seemed to have been chopped out with an Axe, and was meant to hold up Members of the Rhinoceros Family.

On the High Shelf was a Row of double-handled Shaving Mugs, crippled Beer Steins, undersized Coal Scuttles and various Copper Kettles that had seen Better Days.

"At last we have a Room that satisfies every Craving of my Soul," said the Wife.

"I am more than Satisfied," observed the Treasurer. "I am delirious with Joy. My only regret is that an All-Wise Providence did not mould me into a different Shape so that I



*Artistic Bed-Chamber.*



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might sit down in some of these Chairs. What are those Iron Dinkuses sticking out from the Wall?"

"Those are Florentine Lanterns," she replied; "and they are very Roycroftie, even if they don't give any Light."

Next she started in on the Dining-Room.

Rule No. 1 for making Home more Cheerful is to put in a Shelf wherever there is room for one. After which the Shelf is loaded down with Etruscan Growlers and Antique Jugs.

The low-browed Husband could not tell the difference between High Art and Junk.

The female Bradleyite covered the Walls with about 400 Plates, each with a Blue Curly-Cue on it. They looked very Cheap to him until he received the Bill, and then he learned that they were Old Delft and came to \$11 apiece.

In fact, after his Wife had been haunting the Second-Hand Places for a while, he learned that any Article which happened to be old and shopworn and cracked was the one that commanded the Top Price.

## HIGH ART

She never let up until she had made the whole House thoroughly Artistic.

Her Women Acquaintances would come in, and she would show them the Dark Oak Effects and the Sea-Green Frescoes and the Monastery Settee with the Sole-Leather Bottom in it and the corroded Tea-Pot that she had bought for \$95 and the Table Spread made from Overall Material with just one Yellow Poppy in the Middle, and they would have 37 different kinds of Duck Fits and say that it was Grand and that her Taste was simply Faultless. After that she wouldn't care what Husband said.

He was a fairly patient Man, and all he complained of was that when he sat down he dislocated his Spine, while the Brass Knobs wore black-and-blue Spots on him; and the dining-room Table should have had a couple of Holes for him to put his Legs through; and he couldn't find a Place in which to stretch out; and he needed a Derrick to move one of the Chairs; and at Night when the Moonlight came into his Room and he saw all the bummy



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Bean-Pots lined up on the Foot-Board and the Instruments of Torture staring at him from every corner of the Room, he would crawl down under the Covers and dream of his Childhood Home, with the old-fashioned Sofas and the deep Rocking-Chairs and the big Bureaus that were meant to hold Things and not to look at.

However, he has been unable to arrest the reaching-out after the Beautiful, for only last Week she purchased a broken-down Clock—price \$115.

MORAL: There is no Place like Home, and some Husbands are glad of it.

## *The Patient Toiler Who Got It in the Usual Place*



ONCE there was an Office Employee with a Copy-Book Education.

He believed it was his Duty to learn to Labor and to Wait.

He read Pamphlets and Magazine Articles on Success and how to make it a Cinch. He knew that if he made no Changes and never beefed for more Salary, but just buckled down and put in Extra Time and pulled for the House, he would Arrive in time.

The Faithful Worker wanted to be Department Manager. The Hours were short and the Salary large and the Work easy.

He plugged on for many Moons, keeping his Eye on that Roll-Top Desk, for the Manager was getting into the Has-Been Division and he knew there would be a Vacancy.

At last the House gave the old Manager the Privilege of retiring and living on whatever he had saved.

“Ah, this is where Humble Merit gets its



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Reward," said the Patient Toiler. "I can see myself counting Money."

That very Day the Main Gazooks led into the Office one of the handsomest Tennis Players that ever worked on Long Island and introduced him all around as the new Department Manager.

"I shall expect you to tell Archibald all about the Business," said the Main Gazooks to the Patient Toiler. "You see he has just graduated from Yale and he doesn't know a dum Thing about Managing anything except a Cat-Boat, but his Father is one of our principal Stock-Holders and he is engaged to a Young Woman whose Uncle is at the head of the Trust."

"I had been hoping to get this Job for myself," said the Faithful Worker, faintly.

"You are so valuable as a Subordinate and have shown such an Aptitude for Detail Work that it would be a Shame to waste you on a \$5,000 Job," said the Main Gazooks. "Besides you are not Equipped. You have not been to Yale. Your Father is not a Stock-Holder."

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*His Ambition.*



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You are not engaged to a Trust. Get back to your High Stool and whatever Archibald wants to know, you tell him."

MORAL: One who wishes to be a Figure-Head should not Overtrain.

### *The Summer Vacation That Was Too Good to Last*



ONCE there was a Wife who gave the Money-Getter a Vacation by going into the Country for a Month. Dearie took her to the Train, and all the way she kept saying that it did not seem just Right to romp away on a Pleasure Trip and leave him Shell-Roaded.

He began to fear that she would Weaken, so he told her that while he was slaving and humping in the City, it would give him sufficient Joy to know that Darling was out in the Woods, listening to the Birds. He insisted that she should stay until she was thoroughly Rested. Of course, he did not dare to make it too Strong. He played the Self-Sacrifice Gag and threw in a Dash of Marital Solicitude, and made an awful Try at imitating one who has been soaked by a Great Sorrow. As the Missus looked at him through her Tears and held his Salary-Hook in hers, little did she suspect that he had framed up a Poker Festival



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for that Night and already the Wet Goods were spread out on the Ice.

He had told her that he was going to sit up in the Library every Evening and read Macaulay's History of England. By opening the Windows on both sides he could get a nice Breeze from the West. Along about 10 o'clock, if he got Sleepy, he could turn in. Why not?

It was a lovely Time-Table that he had mapped out. He submitted it to Pet before she went away and she put her O.K. on it, even though her Heart ached for him. Breakfast at the strange Boarding-House. A day of Toil interrupted by a small Bunch of Food at the Dairy Lunch.

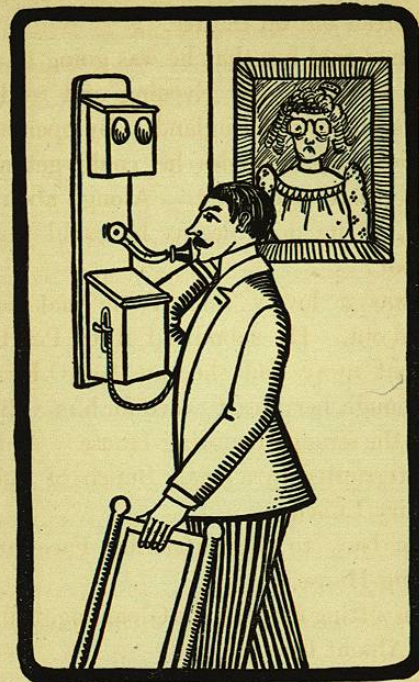
Then back to the unfamiliar Faces at the Boarding-House.

Then sitting alone in the Gloaming, thinking of the Absent One.

Then an Hour or two in the Library with the jovial Macaulay.

Then to Bed in the lonesome House and Dreams of Sweetie.

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*Calling Up the Pirate Crew.*



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He gave her a Schedule which she could consult at any time, Day or Night, and thereby find out what he was doing at that Moment. It was just as convenient as sending a Marconi every Hour or so.

He held himself down until the Train had flirted around the Curve, for he knew that she was watching him from the Observation Car. Then he threw his Hat in the Air and began to do Flip-Flops.

"O, I suppose this is Miserable," he said. "I can see a very poor Month ahead of me—yes—not. Me wearing all my Bells and taking a Hurdle every Furlong."

He rushed in to the Telegraph Office and sent a Wire to her, so that it would catch her at the first Station up the Road. It said not to worry and to take a Good Rest and everything was moving along about the same as usual. With Love and Kisses.

After which he went over to the Brewery to see if they would make a Reduction on Wholesale Orders.

Hubby went up street with his Straw dipped

## THE SUMMER VACATION

down in Front, the same as the College Rakes wear them, and his Coat was thrown wide open to show the dizzy Pleats. His Cuban Blood was all het up and he told himself that he was 19 years old and never had a Home.

Oh, but he was Nifty. He was out of the Corral and into the Red Clover and nix any Halter and Box Stall for him. At least not for a Month.

It happened that he had the usual number of disreputable Friends. They were All Right, but he did not dare to have them up to the House, because Angel-Face had investigated them and returned True Bills. They were a little too Gamey for Presbyterian Circles, but they fitted right in at any Function where every man takes off his Coat.

Husband began to use the Telephone, and in the course of an Hour he had organized a Pirate Crew that would go as far as you like at any Game from Pitch-and-Toss to Manslaughter.

For when a decent Married Man does start



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out to find something different from the calm Joys of connubing in a Side Street, he is the Village Limit.

Husband had the whole Shop to himself. He employed a Senegambian who was a good two-handed Worker with the Corkscrew. Then he had \$40 worth of Dutch Lunch sent in from the Rathskeller and arranged the Stacks of Reds, Whites, and Blues. He told himself that the only True Enjoyment was found in Bachelor's Hall.

His Hickey Acquaintances came in, showing more or less Stage Fright, as they were not accustomed to seeing Rugs and Tidies. They told him that he had a Swell Joint. After they had been to the Tea a couple of times they began to peel and one of them started some rowdy Work on the Piano. Another backed into a \$30 Statuette and put it out of Business and then offered to pay for it, but the Host said it cost only 98 cents at a Bargain Sale.

At 10 P.M. the Wife, who was in Upper Seven, referred to her Time-Table and saw



*Instead of Macaulay.*



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Papa sitting by the Student's Lamp, reading Macaulay. She had no way of knowing that Papa had just been strung for a Month's Rent in a Progressive Jack Pot.

In the Morning when Papa arose and looked at the cold Welsh Rabbits and saw the Cigar Ashes all over the Place and when he had a Taste as if he were taking care of a Lap-Robe, the glad Bohemian Existence did not look as Good to him as it had when lighted up the Night before. Especially as he had got the Zoop for some 80 Buckerines.

Still, there is no one case of Remorse that is going to head off a Man who wants to be rejuvenated. He pulled himself together on the Second Day and resumed the Merry Clip and there was nothing doing in the Macaulay Line. Home did not get him until the Lights had winked out in the other Places. He would not leave the Stag Club or the German Garden, until they began putting the Chairs on the Tables.

For the first two Weeks it was immense. In time, however, it struck him that there was a

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certain Monotony in spending one's Money on the Night Owls and showing up with the Milkman. The Poker Players were into him and he began to suspect that he needed a Guardian.

Like every other Man who sends his Wife to a Summer Place, he ended his Hurrah by making a few Resolutions and begging her to come Home.

And she will always believe that he did the Macaulay Act every Evening while she was away. Which is just as well.

MORAL: In order to put a true Value on Civilization, one should pace a few Heats with the Indians now and then.