

*How an Humble Beginner Moved
from One Pinnacle to Another and
Played the Entire Circuit*



A TEAM of Proud Parents had a son named James Henry Guff. On the Day of his Birth the Wind changed and blew in another Direction, Apples fell off the Trees, Chickens went to Roost at Mid-Day. All Nature seemed to have been given a Jolt by the Portentous Event. For James Henry Guff was born to know all the Brands of Human Greatness. Destiny had put a Green Tag on him and nothing could stop him.

When he was only 18 years of age, he was elected Captain of a Volunteer Fire Department, which was a valuable Organization, only when there was a Fire no one could find the Key to the House in which they kept the Hand-Pump. But the Papers began to speak of him as Captain Guff. His Intimates called him Cap. After the Hose Company disbanded, his Title clung to him and it was generally be-

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lieved that he had been with Grant at Appomattox.

Not satisfied with a resounding Title, for which those in the Regular Army have to struggle for Years, Captain Guff began to give Lessons on the Flute at 50 cents an Hour, and the first thing he knew he was a real Professor, just the same as if he had gone up in a Balloon or had some trained Horses. Now over at Harvard, where they grow the English Accent, a Student must grind through a long Course, and a Fellowship and an Instructorship before he blossoms into a simon-pure Professor. Which only goes to show that the Real Boy can gain by one stroke of Genius the Renown for which the ordinary Skates must go forth and Rustle.

James Henry Guff at the age of 30 was both a Captain and a Professor, but his insatiable Ambition spurred him to go out and gather other Laurels. So he ran for Justice of the Peace, and was elected the third time he ran, because the other Candidate pulled out. As Magistrate he became custodian of a Law-Book,

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a Checker-Beard, and a stack of Blank Affidavits. Once every three Months or so somebody would levy on a Cow or threaten to Assault, and then the Judge would get a chance to operate his Graft. But he didn't care so much about the Income, so long as he could be addressed as Judge. He allowed his Hair to grow into a long, graceful Cow-Lick that kept falling into his Eyes, and he looked at the Sidewalk meditatively as he went over to the Grocery to get his Fine-Cut. Sometimes, when he was far enough from Home, those who met him and heard him called Judge thought that he was on the Supreme Bench.

In the course of Time he began to crave a Political Job, so he began to stump around in the Interests of the Machine. He drove out to District School-Houses with the American Eagle seated on the Dash-Board of his Buggy, and when he got on the Platform he waved Old Glory until both Arms gave out. All of which went to prove that the Machine should be kept in Power. After he had been spell-binding for a couple of Seasons a Job Printer



Hon. James Henry Guff.

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conferred upon him the Title of Honorable. Every time there was a Jim-Crow Speaking, then the Hon. James Henry Guff showed up with his Voice in a Shawl-Strap and also a fine Assortment of Platitudes. When the Congressman wrote to him and asked him to get the Swazey County Delegates into Line, he always addressed his letter to the Hon. James Henry Guff and in the Course of Time Guff began to believe.

But a prouder Distinction awaited him. In view of the fact that he had plugged for the Regular Organization and delivered the Goods at the State Convention, he was made a Colonel on the Governor's Staff. It is the Duty of a Colonel on the Governor's Staff to ride in a Pullman Car and take a Ball every time he is touched on the Back. Colonel Guff was a Dream when he got into his \$275 Uniform with the Gold Braid rigged all over the Front. He wore a Chapeau similar to the one worn by Napoleon at Austerlitz, but he had on top of it seven Tail-Feathers of the Loo-Loo Bird, which rather laid over anything that Napoleon

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ever wore. And when Colonel James Henry Guff in his magnificent Regalia and smoking a ten-cent Cigar, leaned back in an Open Carriage drawn by White Horses and allowed the People to gaze at him, the Grandeur of the Spectacle made one forget the real Horrors of War.

Many of the ardent Admirers of Prof. Guff, and Capt. Guff, and Judge Guff, and Col. Guff believed that he had climbed to the Summit of Greatness when he appeared in his \$42 Plume. Not so. One Year the State Militia was to have an Encampment and the Governor gave Col. James Henry Guff the Job of buying all the Beans, Fresh Beef, and other Supplies, because there promised to be a slight rake-off. Officially he was known as the Commissary-General.

Thus it came about that after Years of Endeavor, James Henry Guff, who left the Post a poor and unknown Boy, went under the Wire a real General.

When his Daughters went away to Boarding School and were introduced as the Offspring of Gen. James H. Guff they assumed a Social

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Leadership. Gen. Guff led the Grand March at a great many Military Balls. At a Banquet costing \$8 per Plate he sat at the Right of the Chairman wearing Medals which had been presented to him by the 4th Ward Marching Club. In his Address he always defended the Soldier against unwarranted Attacks and protested against hauling down the Flag at any Time or Place.

If the Government adopted a new Machine Gun, all the Reporters went over and interviewed Gen. James Henry Guff about it. He wrote a Magazine Article on the Mistakes of the British in South Africa and likewise got rid of a few ponderous Opinions on our Policy in the Philippines.

When he died, the Funeral Procession was two miles long. The Family had to erect two Marble Shafts so as to find Room for all of his Titles.

MORAL: True Democracy scorns a Title unless it has a real Significance, with the Reverse English.

The Maneuvers of Joel and the Disappointed Orphan Asylum



AN old Residenter, who owned a Section of Improved Land, and some Town Property besides, was getting too Feeble to go out and roast the Hired Hands, so he turned the Job over to his Son. This Son was named Joel. He was foolish, the same as a Fox. Any one who got ahead of Joel had to leave a 4:30 Call and start on a Lope. When it came to Skin Games he was the original High-Binder.

Joel took the Old Gentleman aside one Day and said to him: "Father, you are not long for this World, and to save Lawyer Fees and avoid a tie-up in the Probate Court, I think you ought to cut up your Estate your own self, and then you will know it is done Right."

"How had I better divide it?" asked the Old Gentleman.

"You can put the whole Shooting-Match in

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my Name," suggested Joel. "That will save a lot of Writing. Then if any other Relatives need anything, they can come to me and try to Borrow it."

Joel sent for a cut-rate Shyster, who brought a bundle of Papers tied with Green Braid, and assured the Old Gentleman that the Proceeding was a Mere Formality. When a Legal Wolf wants to work the Do-Do on a Soft Thing, he always springs that Gag about a Mere Formality.

Joel and the Shell-Worker moved the Old Gentleman up to a Table in the Front Room and put a Cushion under him and slipped a Pen into his Hand and showed him where to Sign.

After he got through filling the Blank Spaces with his John Hancock, he didn't have a Window to hoist or a Fence to lean on. He was simply sponging on Joel.

This went on for about a Month, and then Joel began to Fret.

"I don't think I am getting a Square Deal," said Joel. "Here is an Ancient Party

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Over the Hills.

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without any Assets, who lives with me Week in and Week out and doesn't pay any Board. He is getting too Old and Wabbly to do Odd Jobs around the Place, and it looks to me like an awful Imposition."

So he went to the Old Gentleman and said: "Father, I know the Children must annoy you a good deal; they make so much Noise when they play House. Sometimes we want to use the Piano after it is your Bed-Time, and of course that breaks your Rest, so I have been thinking that you would be a lot better off in some Institution, where they make a Specialty of looking after Has-Beens. I have discovered a nice, quiet Place. You will live in a large Brick Building, with a lovely Cupola on top. There is a very pretty Lawn, with Flower-Beds, and also an ornamental Iron Fence, so that the Dogs cannot break in and bite you. You will be given a nice Suit of Clothes, the same as all the others are wearing, and if you oversleep yourself in the Morning, a Man will come around and call you."

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"In other Words, me to the Poor-House," said the Old Residenter.

"You need not call it that, unless you want to," said Joel. "If you choose, you may speak of it as the Home for Aged Persons who got Foolish with their Fountain Pens."

So Joel put his Father into the Spring Wagon and hauled him over the Hills to the Charity Pavilion, where all the Old Gentleman had to do was to sit around in the Sun looking at the Pictures in last year's Illustrated Papers and telling what a Chump he had been.

But sometimes a Man is not all in, simply because he looks to be wrinkled and doddering. Joel's Father had a Few Thinks coming to him. Although he had been double-crossed and put through the Ropes, he still had a Punch left. He sent for a Lawyer who was even more Crafty than the one employed by Joel and he said to him: "There is a Loop-Hole in every Written Instrument, if one only knows how to find it. I want you to set aside that fool Deed."

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Next day the Lawyer came for him in a double-seated Carriage and said, "They forgot to put on a Revenue Stamp and so the Transfer is off."

"And do I get all of my Property back again?" asked the Old Residenter.

"You get half and I get half," was the Reply of the Lawyer.

"Give me mine," said the Old Residenter. "I'm from Wisconsin and I want it in the Hand. Whatever I own from this time on, I carry right in my Clothes, and any Relative who separates me from it will have to set his Request to Music." Then he went to a Physician.

"Doc," he says, "they are counting nine on me, but I figure that before I cash in, I have time to spend all that I have. Look me over and tell me how long I would last on a Waldorf diet. I want to gauge my Expenses so as to leave nothing behind for Joel except a Ha-Ha Message and a few Heirlooms."

"If you want to euchre your Family, why



Second Time on Earth.

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don't you leave it to an Orphan Asylum?" suggested the Lawyer.

"Nix the Orphan Asylum," said the Old Residenter. "They would bring a million witnesses to prove that I had been out of my Head for 20 years, and I wouldn't be there to contradict them. I learn that by a singular Coincidence, all the Old People who leave their Money to Hospitals and the like are Mentally Irresponsible. In order to prove that I am in my right Senses, I will Blow mine."

So he went to Palm Beach and other Winter Resorts, at which they charge by the Minute, and wherever he went he gave a faithful Imitation of the Cowboy's first Night in Town.

He bought himself a hot Raglan with a Surcingle around it, and a very doggy line of Cravats, and when he went into the Dining-Room he picked out a Table which commanded a View of the Door at which the Girls came in.

All this time Joel was worried. It seemed

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a Sin and a Shame for an Old Man to go around spending his own Money.

The Residenter had so much Fun during his Second Time on Earth that he decided to make it a sure-enough Renaissance, so he married a Type-Writer 19 years old, that he met in a Hotel Lobby, and then Joel did go up in the Air.

When she began to pick out Snake Rings and Diamond Wish-Bones, the Old Gentleman saw that there was no longer any Hope for Joel.

MORAL: When buncoing a Relative always be sure that the Knock-Out Drops are Regulation Strength.

*Two Young People, Two Photographers and the Correspondence
School of Wooing*



ONCE there was a lovely Two-Stepper who went to a Swell Hop and there met a Corkerina who had come to visit a School Friend

He gavotted a few Lines with the Lily. They found it very easy to catch Step together and he did an expert Job of Piloting during the Waltz so as not to get her mussed up, and the consequence was that he made a Grand Impression.

Whenever a Debutter goes away to visit a School Friend, she always meets some Local Adonis who looks to her to be about 60 per cent. better than the stock of Johnnies in her own Burg. And after a Nice Girl has had a long and prosperous Run on the Home Circuit and then begins to curl up on the Edges and show signs of Frost, she will find it a very wise Shift to try new Territory and the

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The Two-Stepper.

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Chances are that she will make a Ten-Strike.

To prove that this is no Idle Jest, it can be demonstrated that the marrying Girl usually goes on the Road a while before she closes a Contract.

The Two-Stepper could not forget the Girl from Another Town. She pulled out next Day but he looked up the Address and sent her the Dance Programme that he had found in his Overcoat Pocket. She wrote back that it was Awfully Sweet of him to remember poor little Me and then she asked one or two Questions. That gave him a Hunch, so he bought a new kind of Writing Paper, said to be the Latest Agony, and he wrote a nice Long Letter in which he told her that she was very easy to look at, and that when it came to picking them up and setting them down in the Slow and Dreamy, she made all the other Girls of his Acquaintance look like a Set of Cripples.

She returned the Serve with one of these chummy Epistles, written on all sides of the

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Paper, with the P. S. crawling up one Margin like a Pea-Vine. She chucked in a few mushy Extracts from the Oatmeal School of Thought and asked him the Name of his Favorite Poet.

Her Pace was a trifle Swift for Harry J., who had derived his Education from the Sporting Section of the Daily Papers, but he bought a Lover's Guide and a Dictionary and decided to stay in.

The size of it was that little Harry had been Harpooned all the way through. He was the original Sweetheart à la Brochette. He carried with him, Night and Day, a Vision of Her in the \$200 Rig that she had flashed on the Night of the Party. It never occurred to him that she could wear any other Costume. He would close his Eyes and try to hear once again the dulcet and mellifluous Tones of that Voice which, to him, sounded as Good as an Æolian Harp moved by gentle Zephyrs within a Bower of Orchids costing \$7 each.

So they exchanged Photos.

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Next to the Miniature painted on Ivory, the Modern Photo is the prize Bunk of the Universe.

A successful Photographer, who has learned the Tricks and made a slight Study of Human Nature, can take a Grass Widow of 48, who is troubled with Wild Hairs and other Excess Ornaments, and by tampering with the Negative, he can make her out to look something like Ethel Barrymore. Then she can send the Picture to her Relations who live a long way off and they will never know the Difference.

The Girl sent Harry a High Art Panel of herself, in which she was looking at something in a Tree, and when he gazed at it, he had a Palpitation and said, "This is better than I thought it was."

He told himself that it would be a Pleasure and a Privilege to walk up to something like that the 1st of every Month and hand it the Envelope.

He got a clean Shave and put on his Other Clothes and went and had himself Taken by

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The Artist.

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an Artist who charged \$8 a Dozen—\$4 for the Pictures and \$4 to square his Conscience.

This Specialist could take any Set of Misfit Features and rearrange them into a Work of Art. He put Harry in front of the Bull's-Eye and scrooged him around so as to blanket the White Wings as much as possible and then he told him to think of Money and look Pleasant.

When the Pictures were delivered, Harry realized for the first time that he was a Beautiful Creature. He sent one to the Girl and wrote that it was a bum Likeness and did not do him Justice, and so on.

In acknowledging Receipt, she cut out the "Dear Mister" and came right at him with "Dear Friend," which gave him such a Stroke of Joy that he did very little Work that Day.

Harry did not have Gumption enough to evolve any deep System for landing a Tid-Bit, but he had accidentally hit upon the Cinch Method.

So long as Courtship consists of send-

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ing idealized Cabinets and exchanging Nice Long Letters, there is but little chance of making Miscues. He never drops in of an Afternoon to find her in a Blue Wrapper and drying her Hair and she never catches him smelling of Cigarettes.

When it comes down to close Work in a Parlor, there is always the Risk of having Herbert Buttinsky on hand to make his Party Call. He who tells his Love by U. S. Mail never hears anything about the Third Party. He lives in the sweet Delusion that he has bought up the whole House.

Harry's Letters to the Girl and the Girl's Letters to Harry became more and more on that Order, until at last they began to burn holes in the Mail Bags.

After comparing her Picture with all the Parlor Favorites that he met on his Social Rounds, he realized that she outclassed all other Representatives of her sex.

In her cosy Flat, far away, she had him propped up on the Piano in a Silver-Gilt Frame and featured to beat the Cars. Any

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one who dropped in to see her was made to understand that he was merely an Understudy, who was being used as a Time-Killer.

She used to write to Harry and tell him about her Callers and what Chumps they were, and then let him draw his own Conclusions as to who was the real white-haired Papa.

Finally Harry took an Overdose of Nerve Food and asked her right out, would she? The answer came back by Wire and the same Day he sent a sealed Express Package containing the Ring.

After which they began to lay Plans to have a Wedding and become better acquainted.

To be continued in our Next.

MORAL: Absence makes the Heart grow foolish.

The Married Couple That Went to Housekeeping and Began to Find Out Things



ONCE there was a Happy Young Pair, each of whom got stuck on the Photograph of the other and there-upon a Marriage was arranged by Mail.

Shortly after taking the Life Risk, they started in to get acquainted. Up to the time that they moved into the Arcadian Flats and began to take Orders from the Janitor, he never had seen little Sunshine except in her Evening Frock.

He had a sort of sneaking Suspicion that she arose every Morning already attired in a Paris Gown and all the Diamonds.

And she supposed that he went to the Office every Day in his regular John Drew effect with the Folding Hat.

After she began to see Hubby around the Flat in his Other Clothes the Horrible Truth dawned upon her that he was not such a Hot