

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

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

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Swell as he had looked to be in the Bunko Photograph.

Sometimes, on Rainy Sundays, he would cut out the Morning Service and decide not to Shave, and then when she got a good long Look at him, she would begin to doubt her own Judgment.

And so far as that is concerned, there were Mornings, after they had been out Late to a Welsh Rabbit Party, when she was a little Lumpy, if any one should ask.

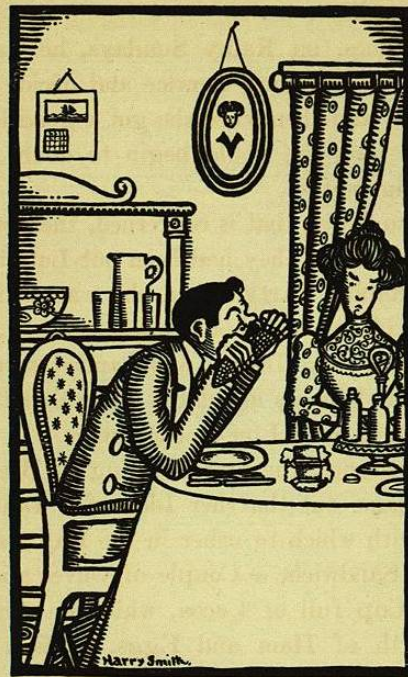
Love's Young Dream was handed several goshawful Whacks about the Time that they started in to get a Line on each other.

For instance, the first Morning at Breakfast it came out that her Idea of a Dainty Snack with which to usher in the Day was a Lettuce Sandwich, a Couple of Olives and a Child's Cup full of Cocoa, while he wanted \$35 worth of Ham and Eggs, a stack of Griddle Cakes and a Tureen of Coffee.

She was a case of Ambrosia and Nectar and he was plain old Ham and Spinach.

It used to give her Hysterics to see him

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Inhaling It.

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bark at an Ear of Green Corn, at the same time making a Sound like a Dredge.

For Dinner she liked a little Consommé en Tasse and then a Nice Salad, while he insisted on a Steak the size of a Door Mat and German Fried to come along.

They did not Mocha and Java at all on their Reading Matter. She liked Henry James and Walter Pater and he preferred Horse Papers and the Comic Supplement. Sometimes when she would wander off into the Realms of Poesy he would follow her as far as he could, and then sit down and wait for her to get through rambling and come back.

If they took in a Show she was always plugging for Mrs. Fiske or Duse, while he claimed that Rogers Brothers were better than Booth and Barrett had been in their Prime.

She could weep over a Tosti Serenade, and he would walk a Mile at any time to see a good Buck Dance.

When they got around to fixing up Invita-

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THE MARRIED COUPLE

tion Lists, there was more or less Geeing and Hawing.

All of his Friends belonged to the Hit-emup Division. Their only Conception of a Happy Evening was to put the Buck in the Centre of the Table, break a fresh Pack and go out for Blood.

Wifey found her most delirious Joy in putting passionate Shades on all the Lamps, and sitting there in the Crimson Glow to discuss Maeterlinck and Maarten Maartens and a few others that were New Ones on the he-end of the Sketch.

When they had an Evening At Home up in the Flat, it was usually a two-ring Affair. She would have the Cerebellums in the Front Room looking at the New Books and eating Peppermint Wafers, while he and the other Comanches would be out in the Dining-Room trying to make their House Rent and tossing off that which made Scotland famous. Sometimes it would take half the Night to get the Smoke out of the House.

Although she feared that she had turned

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up the wrong Street while searching for her Affinity, the Partnership Arrangement had to stand.

They came to the Conclusion that Married Life is a Series of Compromises. If he did well while sitting in with some of his Friends, he would divide up with her and she would take the Money and buy Art Pastels.

He would spot the Afternoons on which the Ethical Researchers were due at his Premises and he would go to a Dutch Restaurant.

She permitted him to have a Room and call it his Den, so that he and his Friends could do the Escape in case somebody in the Parlor started a Reading.

He put up the Coin to enable her to attend State Conventions, and when she was elected Recording Secretary of the Society for trying to find out what Browning was up to, he took her Picture around to all the Newspapers and told every one that he had a little Woman up at the House who was as Keen as a Hawk, as Swift as an Eagle, and Sharper than Chained Lightning.

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The Comanches.

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He fumbled a great many of her In-Shoots, but that did not prevent him from admiring her Delivery.

Finally they arranged their separate Schedules so that they did not see much of each other and they began to get along all right. Occasionally they had a slight Difference, but they could always patch it up. For instance, she selected Aubrey De Courcey as a Name for the First Born, while he held out for Bill, so they had to compromise on Aubrey De Courcey.

Aubrey is now ten years of age. Mother is teaching him to Crochet and Father is showing him how to Draw without tipping off his Hand, while all the Friends are sitting around, waiting to see Aubrey's Finish.

MORAL: The Two of a Kind is not always the Strongest Combination.

The Samaritan Who Got Paralysis of the Helping Hand



ONCE there was a moving Target who was strong on the Brotherhood of Man. He ran a little Sunshine Factory all of his own. When it came to scattering Seeds of Kindness, the Farm Drill was a Poor Second.

Every time he started down Town he would have to zigzag so as to cover both sides of the Street and glad-hand all of his Acquaintances.

From time to time he joined Fraternal Organizations and took blistering Oaths that he would always love his Fellow-Man and stand for any Touch within Reason. Consequently a good many People found it cheaper to send for him than to hire a Professional Nurse. He would travel Miles in order to have the Pleasure of sitting up with a Corpse. And he was one of the handiest Pall-Bearers in the Business.

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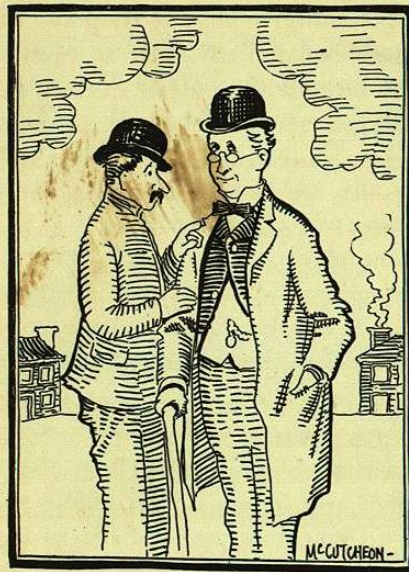
Any one who happened to be nursing a Hard-Luck Story would hunt up sympathetic Jasper and give him the Grip and then weep on his Shoulder. Usually he promised to do what he could to square Matters, even though he had to cut in where he wasn't wanted. In flying around, trying to re-instate No-Goods who had lost their Jobs and secure Salaried Positions for Nice Fellows who were willing to do anything except Work, he got many a Jolt, but he was not discouraged.

One of his regular Assignments was to arbitrate a Domestic Scrap, merely out of the Goodness of his Heart.

In this way he managed to re-unite quite a number of Couples who were afterward sorry that they had been reuned, and what they said about him would get the Blue Pencil if inserted at this Point.

When a kind-hearted Herring starts out to be a Relief Bureau and First Aid to the Injured and a portable Home for the Friendless, nobody tries to take the Job away from

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A Touch.

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him. His Acquaintances do what they can to boost his Game.

Therefore when any one in that Community sought out a Busy Man of Affairs and began to unwrap his Tale of Woe and offer to exhibit his wounds, the B. M. of A. would say, "Here, I'll give you a Letter of Introduction to my old friend Jasper. He is a Samaritan from away back."

It came about that Jasper's Outer Office was frequently coagulated with a Choice Assortment of Pan-Handlers, and all the short-winded Brothers who want to hitch on to somebody's else Pull, as they say in Boston.

At times Jasper would become weary of having Folks come along and turn their Private Grievances over to him, but he did not want to become a Cynic and lose his Faith in Human Nature. He was frequently Stung, but still he could not resist any Appeal that was backed up by a few Weeps.

In the Course of Time he came into quite a Bundle of Money, and then all the Bread that he had cast on the Waters came back to



The Promoter.

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him, a Bakery at a time. Those whom he had succored came around to Sucker him.

A Promoter whose Schemes he had guaranteed, because the Man's Children needed Shoes, now had a Chance to show his Gratitude. He let Jasper in on the Ground Floor of a Company organized to manufacture an Automobile that could be turned out of the Shop for \$35 and would run 90 Miles on a pint of Gasoline.

Gentlemen who were getting along without Overcoats came in to see him about Mining Stock that was sure to touch Par by January 1st. The only Reason they came to him first, instead of tackling John W. Gates, was that he had always been a True Friend and they wanted to put him next to a Good Thing.

After one or two of these Gift Enterprises had been slipped to him, he began to back water and be a trifle Sore. Yet he found it very Hard to be discourteous to one who came in and did the Brother Act. Besides, the Bunk who has the Joint Note already made out and ready to be signed, usually has a Talk

THE SAMARITAN

calculated to make a Heart of Stone mellow to the Consistency of a Baked Apple.

What really did more than any other one Thing to cure him of his Innate Goodness was an Experience with a Sweet Girl who was being courted by a Hound quite unworthy of her.

The unselfish Benefactor who tries to sidetrack Weddings that are sure to turn out unhappily is always a Candidate for the Hospital, with a Long Shot at the Morgue.

The Sweet Girl in Question was the daughter of an Old Friend, for whose Funeral Expenses he had been landed. She was a Confiding Thing, and did not know that the Bachelor who had started in to Rush her seven nights a Week was a Rounder and a Poker-Player and somewhat of a Lush.

Every one who knew the Sweet Girl said it was too Bad and that some one ought to go to her and warn her. After the Old Ladies and the Elders had talked the Matter over on the side, it was decided that Jasper was It. He was known to be kind and disinterested and

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was accustomed to dealing out Good Advice. Anything that he said would go a long Way to head off the Deal.

Accordingly he did a Fatherly Talk to the Daughter of his Old Friend, giving her a Straight Line on the Conduct of the High-Roller who was trying to warm up to her.

She thanked him right from the Bottom of her heart. Then she sent a Messenger Boy to hunt up the High-Roller, because she wanted to know if it was all True or merely a Cruel Slander.

When she sprung his Record on him he leaned right over against her and cried and said that no matter what he had been, she was the one to make him a Good Man. Then she stroked his Hair and begged Forgiveness and he asked her who had been Knocking and she gave the whole Snap away and begged him not to do anything Desperate. He said that whatever he did, he would do out of Love for her.

After which he went home to oil up his Pocket Hardware.

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Fatherly Advice.

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Next Morning the Man who wanted to help Everybody did a Flying Leap down the Back Stairway of his Office. Just as he ducked a Bullet and cut into the Alley back of the Post-Office, it occurred to him that the True Friend Gag had its Drawbacks.

He escaped with his Life, but there was always more or less Dark Talk of his being mixed up in a Woman Case.

He is now what is known in Obituary Notices as a Practical Philanthropist. That is, he refers all Hard-Luck Tales to a Society which was never known to give up. The Office Boy has Instructions to admit only those who are listed in Bradstreet. And, of course, he is never called in to smooth out Family Fights because of the Blot on his Character.

MORAL: To be a successful Benefactor, wait and put the whole Lump Sum into Libraries.

The Effort to Convert the Work Horse Into a High-Stepper



ONCE there was a plain, unvarnished Yank who made his Pile in a Scrub Town situated midway between the Oats Belt and the Tall Timber. He was a large and sandy Mortal with a steel-trap Jaw and a cold glittering Eye. He made his first Stack a Dollar at a Time on straight Deals, but after a while he learned a few Things. He organized Stock Companies and then crawled out after hooking up with the Velvet. Every one called him Mister and treated him with Politeness, but, just the same, when he walked into an Office Building they all wondered what he had come after and there was more or less locking of Safes. It is only fair to remark, on the Side, that he wouldn't take anything which was securely spiked down, and the Grand Jury never bothered him, because he worked under a Contract.

The Financier was the high Centre Pole of

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a Bank and a Department Store and several Factories that gave Young People a Start in the World at something like \$2.75 per Week.

He was accustomed to having all the Subordinates stand on one Foot and tremble whenever he showed up. In fact, he was a very hefty Proposition all through the Business District. But when he struck the Street leading to his House he began to reef his Sails and lower all of his Flags.

In his own Domicile he did not even play Second Fiddle. He simply trailed along at the fag end of the Parade and carried the Music. The Piercing Eye and the Peremptory Manner that caused all the Book-keepers to fall off from their High Perches and prostrate themselves had no visible effect on Laura and the Girls. Popsy was a High Guy at the Directors' Meeting, but a mighty cheap Soufflé at his own Fireside. Any time that his Plans did not coincide with those of the Feminine Bunch, they passed him a back-handed Veto that would cause him to lie quiet for Days at a time.

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Scrub Town.

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The Financier loved the boundless West, where the Sack Coat abounds and the Cuss-Word is a common Heritage. Domestic Cigars were good enough for him, and he figured that one good reliable Hired Girl who knew how to cook Steak was all the Help that was needed in any House. But Mother had seen Fifth Avenue in a Dream, and the Girls had attended a Boarding School at which nearly every one knew some one who was Prominent Socially. They had done a lot of Hard Work at the Piano and taken a side-hold on the French Language and it seemed to them that they were wasting their Time in loitering on the Outskirts of Civilization when they might be up at Headquarters cutting more or less of a Gash. All the Young Men in this Reub Town wore Derbies with their Evening Clothes and came to Dances with their White Gloves smelling of Gasoline, in addition to which they lacked Repose. If they had stopped to cultivate Repose, most of them would have landed in the Villa set aside for Paupers.

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THE WORK HORSE

When Laura and the Girls first advocated pulling up Stakes and doing a tall Hike to the East, the Producer emitted a Roar that would have frightened any one except Laura and the Girls. They closed in on him from three Directions and beat down his Defence. When they got through with the living Meal Ticket he was as meek as an English Servant and ready to take orders from any one.

So the Caravansary moved away toward the Rising Sun. At Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, the Heavens opened and a Great Light struck down upon them, transforming all except the one who happened to carry the Letter of Credit. Laura and the Girls suddenly forgot that there was any Land west of Pittsburg, and they dropped their R's and got the Kangaroo Walk and began to order their Food in Foreign Languages. After that, all Father had to do was to follow along and look Pleasant and dig every few Minutes.

The Outfit stopped at the Waldorf three days so as to obtain a Residence, and after that they Registered as being from New

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York. Then they threw Papa on a Boat and took him to the Other Side, the Place where Americans are so Popular, if you don't care what you say. By paying off the Mortgage they obtained a Suite at a Hotel patronized by the Nobility and Gentry and supported by People from Iowa. After which they began to present Letters of Introduction and try to butt in. Laura and the Girls felt that if only they could eat a Meal once or twice in the gloomy Presence of those who had Handles to their Names, they would be ready to fall back and die Happy. They had some Trouble about getting into the Tall Game on account of their Money. In the States the general Run of People worship the Almighty Dollar, but in England they hate the Sight of it.

In spite of the Fact that they were sinfully Rich they succeeded in Elbowing their way into several Dinners at which it was necessary to put Ice into the Claret in order to keep it at the Temperature of the Room. The Financier, in his First Part Clothes with an Ice-

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Laura's Ambition.

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Cream Weskit, was a Picture that no Artist could paint. His hair would not stay combed and he hardly ever knew what to do with his Hands.

Laura and the Girls could forget that they had once seen the Missouri River, but not so with Old Ready Money. Right at the Table, sitting opposite the Earl of Hammersmith or the Marquis of Stroke-on-Trent, while Laura and the Girls would be talking about their Country Place and trying to smother the American Accent, the Lobsterine would come in and tell about something that happened to him once when he was plowing Corn. Then Laura and the Girls would want to duck right under the Table and die of Mortification then and there.

The only Reason they put up with him was that he seemed to be useful when it came to signing Checks.

In England they met a great many Nice People. The Financier knew that they were Nice because they wore Dark Clothes and seldom Smiled.

THE WORK HORSE

Then the two shapely Daughters went and married a couple of shelf-worn Titles.

The Financier had the Novel Experience of putting up for a Brace of Sons-in-Law who would not speak to him when any one was around. Which served him right, for he had no Business to be in Trade. It was very careless of him not to have inherited his Stuff.

Still, it was a great Satisfaction to him to be a Blood Relative of two Howling Swells who had Pedigrees reaching back almost as far as their Debts.

Very often he would take them into a Back Room and turn them around and look them over and recognize the cold, undeniable Fact that they were cheap at any Price.

MORAL: Bunker Hill has been Avenged, over and over.