

*Self-Made Hezekiah and His Message
of Hope to This Year's Crop
of Graduates*



IN Wayback Township, along in the Thirties, there arrived a 12-pounder. When he was three days old he was exhibited to a Bunch in the Front Room by an Old Lady who had made a Study of Colic. She was a Baby Expert who always broke in to do considerable heavy standing around and calling off when there was a lift in the Population.

While little Ipsy-Wipsy was being inspected, he opened one Eye and spotted a silver Half-Dollar that the Honorary Nurse wore as a Brooch. Immediately he closed in on it. They had to choke him to make him let go. In after Years it was remarked that this was the only time that he went after the Coin and failed to bring it home.

The Baby never had any Tantrums at Night because he had overheard them say

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that it cost \$2 every time Doc was called in. He would lie quietly in his Crib for Hours at a time looking up at the Ceiling and computing Compound Interest on the \$5 Gold Piece that had been put in the Bank, to be drawn out when he should be 21.

His Parents gave him a Biblical Name so so as to make him a strong Come-On for Investors who belong to the Pious Element. Hezekiah Hooper is what they christened him. They wanted a Name that would carry weight on a Letter-Head and reassure the Soft Mark who was about to sink his Funds in a Mining Venture with a Guarantee of 48 per cent. Dividends.

At the age of 4 Hezekiah sat down and figured that if he devoted his Life to Physical Toil, he might some day be the Owner of a six-room cottage fully protected by a Mortgage, whereas if he wore a White Shirt and kept busy with the Pencil, he might be Rich enough some day to land in the Senate. So he went out looking for Work to hand to other People, thus becoming what

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the Campaign Orator calls a Captain of Industry.

If a man wanted the Weeds pulled from his Garden, then Hez would take the Job for 25 cents. He would buy 5 cents worth of Stick Candy and place it judiciously, so that at Nightfall the other boys would have Blisters and the Stomach-Ache, while Hez would have 20 cents salted away in the Tin Bank.

When he was still a Young Man he made the Important Discovery that the honest Laborer who digs Post-Holes for 11 Hours at a Stretch gets \$1.25 in the Currency of the Realm, while the Brain-Worker who leads out a Spavined Horse and puts in 20 Minutes at tall Bunko Work, can clean up \$14.50 and then sit on the Porch all Afternoon, reading "The Lives of the Saints."

Also Hezekiah led up to the Altar a Hold-Over whose Eyes refused to work as a Duet and whose Figure had all of the graceful Ins and Outs of a Flag-Pole, but she owned half of the Land in the Township. Hezekiah said something about the Beauty that fadeth even

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Hezekiah.

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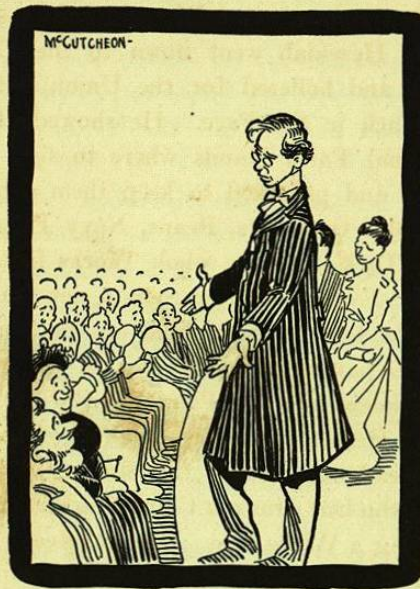
as a Flower, and then he connected with her Property.

When grim-visaged War showed its awful Front, Hezekiah went down to the Court-House and hollered for the Union until he was black in the Face. He showed all the emotional Farm Hands where to sign their Names and promised to keep them supplied with Blue Overcoats, Beans, Navy Plug and Hard Tack until the whole Works had been saved. Every time there was a new Call for Men, he took a firmer hold on the Commissary Department and began to gouge the Government in a new Place.

The Heroes who came home full of Malaria and Lead were met at the Station by Hezekiah, who had grown a Chin Whisker and was sporting a White Vest. He gave each one a Card announcing that all of our country's Brave Defenders who had failed to become well fixed on \$13 per, would get what Money they needed at 2 per cent. a Month, with Real Estate as Security.

By going through Bankruptcy, side-step-

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This Year's Crop.

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ping the Assessor, working the Farmers for a Railroad Bonus, handling the Funds for denominational Colleges and putting the double Hammer-Lock on the Small Fry who had Notes falling due, Hezekiah accumulated a Wad that put him into the Millionaire's Division.

He and other old Gentlemen with pink Jowls and cold fishy Eyes would occasionally meet in some Directors' Room, finished in Mahogany. The Meeting would be opened with Prayer, after which they would discuss Ways and Means of putting the Inter-State Commerce Law to the Bad, squaring the Legislature without passing over any of the Stuff themselves and handing the Public the Short End of it.

Having arrived at this Proud Eminence, Hezekiah was ripe to spring some Advice to Young Men. Any Patriarch who has slipped the Tall Mitt to the entire Universe and dealt from both Ends of the Deck is the Real Boy when it comes to laying down Rules of Conduct for the Pale Youth who wants an \$8

THE SELF-MADE HEZEKIAH

Job. So Hezekiah Hooper, the Eminent Financier, who never smoked a Cigar, never took a Drink and never asked anybody else to do either, was invited to address the Class of Naughty-Three at the Local Business College.

He sat on the Rostrum wearing Black Broadcloth, betokening Virtue, and in addition to his ancient Trade-Marks, the White Shirt and the White Vest, he had a White Bow Tie. As he sat there in conscious Rectitude, wondering if the Congressional Investigation would harm the Beef Trust, it could be seen at a Glance that he would never take anything that was too heavy to carry, unless he had a Dray.

The studious Young Gentlemen who had been preparing themselves to go out into the Great World and draw Car-Fare as Book-Keepers and Stenographers, looked up at Honest Hezekiah and said, "This is where he puts us next to the Recipe for Getting There."

At last the Honored Guest arose and told

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the Class that the Young Man who wishes to succeed must be Upright, Frugal, Industrious, and Patriotic. He considered it the Duty of every Young Man to accept whatever Compensation was offered him and be Content, for as soon as he began to earn more his Employer would come around and put it in his Pocket. Above all, he must love his Country and let Integrity be his Watchword and remember that a Good Name is better than Riches, even if other People don't think so. Then he sat down without batting an Eye and every member of the Class of '03 knew just how to go out and pile up a Million.

MORAL: What's more, they believe it themselves.

The Girl Who Took Notes and Got Wise and Then Fell Down



ONCE upon a Time there was a long-headed Girl who used to sit in her own Room on Rainy Afternoons and evolve Theories. Her principal Ambition in Life was to stand Ace High with all the Nice Men of her Set. She hoped in the course of Time to tease one away from the Drove and gallop him into the Branding Pen.

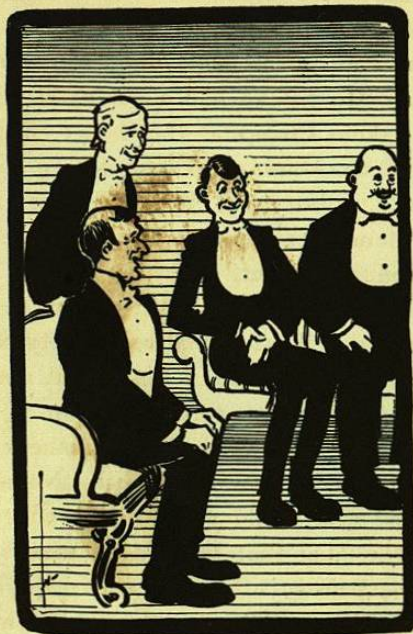
Now this Girl was so Foxy that at times she got in front of herself and blocked off her own Plays. Her scheme for getting all the Real Boys intoxicated with Love for her was to engage them in Conversation and find out what kind of Girls they liked. Then her Play was to be that Kind. She had no Difficulty whatever in inducing her Men Friends to talk about the Opposite Sex. They were all keyed up on the Subject and full of Information. Just as a Feeler one Evening she asked an eligible Charley if he didn't think that the Woman of To-day was too Extravagant.

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"That's just why so many of us shy at the Matrimonial Jump," he confided to her. "There was a time when the Man who got \$75 per Month and had about \$200 planted could take a Chance at the Game. But now that measly Allowance wouldn't keep a High Roller supplied with Violets. The up-to-date Maudine isn't happy unless she has a Gray-Squirrel Coat, an Auto Car, \$11,000 worth of Twinklers and a fourteen-room Apartment. That's why these Society Shawl-Holders keep on making Love right and left but never come down to Cases."

This was a valuable Tip, so the crafty Maiden put it down in her little Note-Book that she who would make a Hit must convince the Men that her Tastes were simple and inexpensive. Another one gave her a learned Talk on the frivolity and Two-by-Fourness of the typical Seraphine.

"You cannot expect a Man to hand over his serious Affections to one of these Feather-Heads," he said, as he gazed thoughtfully at the Floor. "Woman should be Man's Intel-



Nice Men.

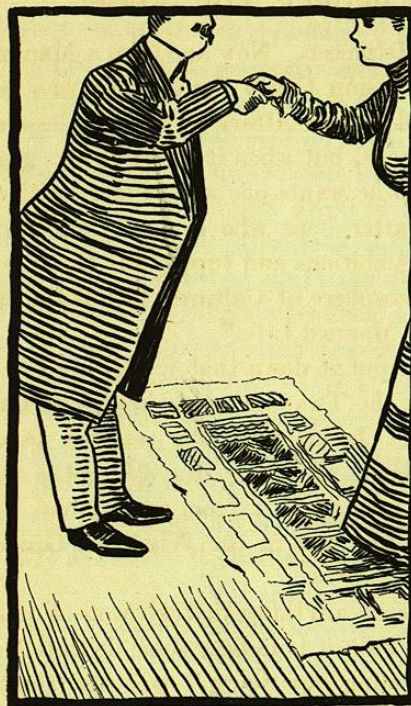
PEOPLE YOU KNOW

lectual Helpmeet. Now and then a Man may have a Passing Fancy for a Lizzie who talks Piffle and gets an Attack of the Giggles every few Seconds, but when it comes to the grand Hook-Up he wants one who is there with the Gray Matter—one who can play up to his loftiest Ambitions and supply his Home with that Atmosphere of Culture which is the true Ozone of Married Life."

So she put it down that it was her Cue to chop out the Twaddle and be a sort of Lady Emerson. Incidentally she resolved to cut out all kinds of Slang, for she got a very straight Line of Talk from an Amateur Philosopher who was in the Wholesale Grocery Business.

"If there's anything that gives me a quick, shooting Pain it is to hear some delicate Nectarine dealing out Slang," said Mr. Gentleman Friend. "Now in England, where I spent Two Weeks once, the Ladies never use Slang. They simply say that a Thing is either Perfectly Charming or Most Extraordinary and let it go at that. They may be

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Rules of Conduct.

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Short on Vocabulary, but they are Long on Respectability. Besides, I was reading in a Magazine the other Day that Slang is Vulgar and that no one should take up with a Slang Word until Long Usage has given it the right to break into the Lexicon."

Also this Girl with the Absorbent Mind would clip out Hints to the Young, and Confidential Charts warning the Just-Outs against taking Presents from Strangers and putting them next to Rules of Conduct that would be sure to please and fascinate Proper Young Men. It seemed strange at Times that these Head Coaches who knew just how to jolly up any Man were not out spending some Millionaire's Money instead of writing Pieces for the Paper.

All the Articles on the Woman's Page and all the strait-laced Men that she met came down Hard on the Female who is trying to be a Real Bohemian. She learned from a dozen different Sources that Men have no earthly Use for the Zipper who tries to do a Mile in less than Two and kites around in a

THE GIRL WHO TOOK NOTES

Hack without a Chaperon and carries her own Cigarettes.

And she heard nothing but Expressions of Horror concerning the Woman who Drinks. Her Male acquaintances often brought up the Painful Subject. They said it was all right for a Man to move up to a High Ball once in a While, and a Cocktail before Dinner didn't do any Harm until after the Seventh or Eighth. But it did look Tough to see Mere Children of about twenty-three Years of Age going after the Dry Manhattans.

After sounding the Men on the Liquor Question the long-headed Girl made a solemn Resolve that she would never hit up anything stronger than Cherry Sundae.

When she had her Note Book full of useful Directions she found a Chance to try out her System. She was invited to a Swell Dinner Party at which all the Nice Men in Town were to be rounded up. She put on a simple White Gown and wore a Rose in her Hair, and just before starting she locked all of her

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Slang words in the Escritoire, whatever that may be.

At the Dinner she sat next to a Bachelor who had Nothing But. She talked to him about the Panama Canal, just to show that she was no Piker. When he wanted her to take some of the Phizz Water she made an Awful Stand and seemed surprised that he should think that of her.

This did not prevent him from splashing in. By the time the Birds came along he had accumulated a very neat Brannigan, and was paying a lot of Attention to a wonderful Piece of Work sitting opposite. She wore a Red Costume that must have cost \$7,000, and although she was very gabby and called the Men by their First Names and invited all who were not Quitters to stand by for a Bumper, she was making fair Headway. In fact, she seemed to have the Bunch with her.

The Wise Girl figured that they were tolerating her out of mere Politeness. Later on, in the Drawing Room, they continued to tolerate her the best they knew how. The Girl

THE GIRL WHO TOOK NOTES

with the Book of Rules played a sad little Opus on the Piano, after which the Steeple-Chaser in Red leaped on top of the Instrument and tore out Coon Stuff with eight men turning the Music for her.

And these were the Eight who had told the Girl back in the Corner all about the Qualities in Woman that would help to attract Men. She went home thinking it over and the next time she started for a Dinner, she added a Dash of Red and a few Brilliants to the Costume and cut loose up to a reasonable Limit. She got along first-rate, even though she was doing a lot of Things that none of the Men approve, but somehow love to put up with.

MORAL: He can always pick out the Right Kind for the Other Fellow.

*What They Had Laid Out for Their
Vacation*



A MAN who had three weeks of Vacation coming to him began to get busy with an Atlas about April 1st. He and his Wife figured that by keeping on the Jump they could do Niagara, Thousand Islands, Atlantic City, The Mammoth Cave and cover the Great Lakes.

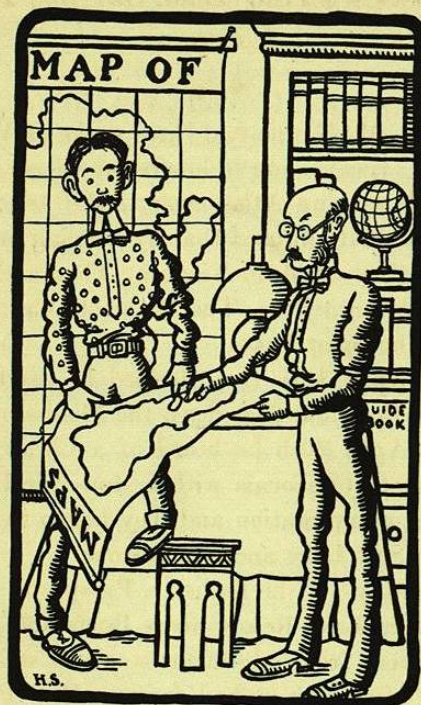
On April 10th they decided to charter a House-Boat and float down the Mississippi.

On April 20th he heard of a Cheap Excursion to California with a stop-over Privilege at every Station and they began to read up on Salt Lake and Yellowstone.

On May 1st she flashed a Prospectus of a Northern Lake Resort where Boats and Minnows were free and Nature was ever smiling.

By May 10th he had drawn a Blue Pencil all over a Folder of the Adirondack Region, and all the Hotel Rates were set down in his Pocket Memorandum Book.

Ten days later she vetoed the Mountain



Getting Busy With an Atlas.

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Trip because she had got next to a Nantucket Establishment where Family Board was \$6 a Week, with the use of a Horse.

On June 1st a Friend showed him how, by making two Changes and hiring a Canoe, he could penetrate the Deep Woods, where the Foot of Man had never Trod and the Black Bass came to the Surface and begged to be taken out.

On June 15th he and Wifey packed up and did the annual Hike up to Uncle Foster's Place in Brown County, where they ate with the Hired Hand and had Greens three times a Day. There were no Screens on the Windows, but by climbing a Hill they could get a lovely View of the Pike that ran over to the County Seat.

MORAL: If Summer came in the Spring there would be a lot of Travel.

The Experimental Couple and the Three Off-Shoots



A MAN and Wife had three Sons. The first, named Abraham Lincoln Tibbetts, was born in 1862. His name was promptly abbreviated to Link.

The second, who arrived in 1872, was christened Ulysses Simpson Grant Tibbetts. This was too long, so people called him Chub.

The third was of the Vintage of 1882 and his name went into the Register as Chester A. Arthur Tibbetts, but, in the interest of Euphony he was dubbed Art, because Art is Long.

The Tibbetts Family lived in the City, and Link, the first-born, enjoyed all the Advantages of Life in an Apartment Building. He went to a Graded School and picked up so much Knowledge that at the age of 12 he could set his Parents down in front of him and tell them Things they did not know. At 14 he was so far along that he knew how to lie in Bed and have his Mother bring his