# M QUADS SENSE AND NONSENSE

[Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.]

# IS BOWSER BOSS? There are Times When He Can't Quite Say

WHAT ailed Bowser?

At the office they asked if he were ill.

On the street car men who knew him said he was fading.

At his lunch place the waiter asked to be remembered in his will.

His plumber looked after him and sadly shook his head.

His butcher said that he should miss him.

Yes, something ailed Mr. Bowser. For three or four days he had been cross and grumpy and fault-finding, and while Mrs. Bowser had tried to gloss things over, she knew that an outbreak was about due, and prepared herself accordingly. All husbands break out once in so often. It is said to be caused by bile on the liver, but it may be the latent cussedness lurking in the best of men and periodically boiling over. When he reached home from the office the other evening, she knew that the hour had come. He came scuffling along the street, kicked the gate, opened and entered the hall with a bang. He was welcomed in the usual fashion, but sulked all through dinner. When told that a teamster had fallen from his wagon in front of the house that afternoon and had broken his neck, the news brought only a "Humph!" in reply. It was only on their return to the sitting-room that he started the ball rolling by saying:

"Mrs. Bowser, I don't wonder that some husbands take to drink."

"There is no rope around you if you want to take a drink!" she at once replied.

"What? What's that? Woman, don't stick your chin up at me. How I have stood the way you have run this house for the last 15 years is a mystery to me. I propose to have a straight talk with you this evening."

"That's what I have been looking forward to for some time. I want to tell you as a starter that I'm not at all satisfied with the way you conduct yourself."

"What!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as the red came to his face. "Do you criticize my conduct?"

"I certainly do, sir. Not long since you brought a tonic into this house. You claimed it was for your rheumatism. You have no rheumatism. It's sitting around in your stocking feet that ails you, and I want you to quit it. You brought in that tonic and drank a quart of it and became intoxicated. Yes, sir, you couldn't walk across the room, and you kept asking me 'Whaz zer mazzer?' If you propose to have a straight talk with me this evening let's talk about that!"

"By thunder, woman, am I asleep or awake? Do you dare address such words to me, your husband?"

"I do, sir. One of the water pipes down in the cellar is leaking. Who busted it? Why did you go down there and hit it with the ax? You talk about how this house is run, but who broke that pane of glass in the shed window? Did you deliberately smash it with one of the clothes poles in order to spite me?"

"Are you speaking to me—to me?" gasped Mr. Bowser as he walked about and cast furtive glances at her.

"To you, sir!" she answered. "This is about the time of year when you begin to hint around that we ought to have a new milk cow. Let me tell you that if you invest in one I'll break her neck! I won't stand by to see our money squandered that way."

"Squandered! I squander out money!"

"Certainly. But you have come to the end of your rope at last. The other morning I saw you scuffling around in the snow in the back yard. After hunting for half an hour you may have possibly picked up five or six clothespins that some boy had thrown at our cat. You can carry them around in your hind pocket as mementoes. The cigar on the mantel cost 15 cents. That would buy four or five dozen clothespins. Go out and scuff some more if you will!"

"But it wasn't two weeks ago that I got a new oatmeal dish, and yesterday I found it with a hole in it."

"Did you take a pickax and make the hole? That dish was bought three months ago and is all right yet. What you found was the old one. Perhaps I could find you one with two holes in it if I should look around. Why don't you say that I burn gas in the day time to help send you to the poorhouse?"

"You do, and you know you do!" he exclaimed.

"You had better have your head examined. Two weeks ago you were out to a club when I went to bed. I don't know at what hour you came in, but when I came downstairs next morning I found three burners blazing away. A week ago I went to bed and left you reading. You followed after an hour and left three burners illuminating the house. Don't talk about wasting gas to me!"

"What! I mustn't talk to you! By thunder, woman, have you gone crazy? Do you know who I am?"

"I know you very well, sir," said Mrs. Bowser in answer, "and we are having a square talk. You were finding fault the other day about how fast the furnace coal went, and you threw out a hint that I must be selling a portion of it. Such an idea is nonsense, and you know it. You alone are to blame. You come home and dive down into the cellar the first thing and shovel a quarter of a ton of coal in. You think you know all about running a furnace, but as a matter of fact, you know nothing at all. I want you to keep away from it for the rest of the winter!"

"You—you are talking this to me?" he asked as he sat down and moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"Yes, sir, straight to you. The other night you found a tramp at the door, and because I wouldn't give him anything to eat you went on for an hour about my stony heart. I want to hear nothing more in that line. Cut off your cigars and wine and leave the money in the house to be given out to tramps. I shall give or not, just as I elect."

"But I am telling you ——"

"Never mind what you are telling! You have always meddled more or less with the help problem. I want you to stop it. I know more in a minute about managing a girl than you know in a year. When I fall with one you may butt in."

"But you never have any pity for them, but the cold cash, the same as you are. We have had five girls quit us in the last year, and it was all owing to your hen-huzzy ways. Each one has told me so. They don't want and won't have you lollylopping around the kitchen and telling how sorry you are that they can't be seated in the parlor playing on the piano. I say I want you to quit it!"

Mr. Bowser turned as white as snow and his knees gave under him as he rose up.

"And this finding fault with your meals has got to come to a sudden stop," continued Mrs. Bowser. "If you don't like what I provide for the table give me more money, and we'll live on the rarest luxuries. I have only so much per week to buy with, and if I spend a dime extra there is a howl from you. You must cut it out. There are boarding-houses in plenty down the street."

"And this is Mrs. Bowser, and she is talking to me!" he gasped as he looked at the cat and then around the room to see if he had possibly made any mistake. There was a moment's silence and then Mrs. Bowser continued:

"You were speaking about putting in two evenings a week at your clubs. You never attend one of them that you don't come home at least $5 worse off in pocket, and on some occasions you have dropped as high as $15 at poker. In the first place, you don't know the game, and in the next we are going to the theater once per week during the rest of the season. You can cut out one of your clubs."

"Mrs. Bowser," he whispered, as he looked a bit scared, "and I am Mr. Bowser?"

"You surely are."

"The Bowser who runs things?"

"No, sir. You are the Bowser whose wife runs things! There's a new deal on hand. Perhaps you had better take a walk and think things over. You look as if your mind was all tied up in knots."

Mr. Bowser walked down the hall like one in a dream and put on his hat and overcoat. Then he went out and walked up and down. Men spoke to him and boys threw snowballs at him from across the street, but with lowered eyes and bent head he continued to walk. The snow crunched under his feet, the north wind blew, and the dead limbs of the shade trees rattled against each other over his head, but he walked and whispered to himself:

"If I am Mr. Bowser, what am I doing here? If I am not, then what has become of him and who the devil am I?"

And the north wind sighed and moaned and seemed to echo the words, "Who the devil am I?"

# PILGRIM JOE
## His Alleviator Keeps On Doing Business

TAKE it for any ache that ever ached.

Take it for any pain that ever pained.

Take it because Wilson was elected.

Take it because Taft and Roosevelt weren't.

If you are on your dying bed and are able to talk in a whisper, demand that they get you a bottle of Pilgrim Joe's Alleviator.

Can be applied externally with a woolen rag, or taken internally with safety. Don't take the rag with it.

No politics or religion mixed with it. It cures the sinner as well as the saint. Hits the case of a gambler as well as that of the church deacon.

Statements have been made by envious rivals in business that call for prompt denial. My Pilgrim Joe's Alleviator is not made by a trust. I am the original and sole inventor, and am putting it out from humanitarian motives. If I can make 30 per cent. and keep my humanitarian motives to the front at the same time I shall ask for no greater reward.

My alleviator contains no breakfast foods.

It has nothing to do with life insurance.

There is no rebate attached to it.

There is no "yellow dog" behind.

I have no United States Senators in my pay.

I have never bribed members of the legislature to make it go.

From digging the roots to waxing the cork, there is no boodle attached to it.

I offer $1,000 in gold for every drop of alcohol found in my alleviator.

It contains nothing to make the old drunkard worse. It contains nothing to start the child on a career of vice.

My enemies point to the fact that it failed to alleviate a man in Connecticut who was blown up by a powder magazine. Nothing but his left ear was found, but I do not pretend to alleviate fragments.

There are 48 full doses in every bottle, and the empty bottle makes a beautiful yard ornament at a seaside resort.

The price is the same the year around. It cures frost-bites in winter and dog-bites in summer. After licking the blade of an ax on a frosty winter morning nothing will soothe your injured feelings like my alleviator.

The bottle is so thick that the children can play horse with it. In the West it is a favorite missile for farmers to throw at hogs. No matter what other so-called alleviators appear in market, do not be deceived. Ask for the old and time tried, and take no other.

After three months from date all bottles will be made earthquake proof. Quakes may come by day or by night, and with what force they will, but the bottle of alleviator sitting on the parlor table will remain undisturbed and be an asset to begin business anew.

At the Galveston flood one of my bottles floated across to the West Indies and cured four patients when opened. At the San Francisco fire one was warped to the shape of the letter S and still preserved its contents.

Ascertain that your family druggist is not a horse thief before asking him if he sells Pilgrim Joe's Alleviator.

I was making for the town of Busted Ben one day last week, feeling in my usual good spirits and wondering why all men could not figger out that integrity paid 35 per cent. profit and no afterclap, when I meets up with an old kuss on foot, who seemed to be made of smiles and blandness. We stopped to pass the time of day, and by and by he said:

"Pilgrim, it warms the cockles of my heart to meet thee. I have just bought a site for an orphan asylum, and I wouldst have your opinion on it. Come with me and you will see the same. the fatherless will flock to the spot where and sleep by all gambol for the day shall be by the night. Later on, if thee feel right, thou may contribute to the grandeur of its purity."

As I reading orphan asylums has always been right in my line, I turned aside over the prairer and followed him. After walking half a mile he stopped and said:

"Behold the spot! Here is peace and rest and quietness. It is five miles to the next habitation. No corner saloon, no ward heelers, no trouble and travail. Here shall the orphan rest and sing his song and fear no danger."

I was silently admiring the landscape, which consisted of a hundred acres of prairie and a lame horse, when I felt something hit me on the back of my neck, and two hours had passed when I opened my eyes to earthly affairs ag'in. Then the bland and smiling old kuss had long departed, and with him had gone my outfit. It had been a put up job on a good and innocent man, and it had succeeded. For a time I knew not which way to turn. My 'speerits were down to zero, and my faith in integrity nil. Thus for a few minutes, and then I rallied and set out on foot to the town mentioned. As I walked I remembered that integrity had never deserted me yet and that even in railroad rebating I had lived to see virtue triumphant.

It was after dark when I got into the town, and what was my surprise to find that smiling and bland old kuss selling my Alleviator on the public square and passing himself off for me! I gave him more rope, and then at a critical juncture closed in on him. When the populace found that it had been deceived there was no more work for me to do. The people did it themselves. During the fervid excitement I managed to turn the victim's pockets wrong side out and possess myself of their contents, and when invited to see him tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail I was present on the front ranks.

Integrity made one of the biggest triumphs of the decade. It was almost as good as uncovering the operations of a coal road. I sought my couch amid the plaudits of the multitude before I thought to count my cash. When I did so I found that not only my own had been restored, but I had $40 belonging to the bland and smiling old kuss who was coated with tar. It was then that I determined never to doubt integrity again.

Two days later I was jogging between the towns of Hell Bent and Angel's Roost when I encountered a female. It is ag'in my principles to butt in, but this female was weeping and it seemed my dooty to cheer her up. She was going my way, and I offered her a lift. Tearfully she climbed up beside me, and when I had given her five minutes to subdue her emotions I asked:

"Feller-woman, hast the world given you the icey heart?"

"Alas, it's all ice!" she replied.

"Is it about the old man?"

"She be. He got tired of my looks and bade me take a skate."

Then I looked more closely at her and did not find it in my heart to blame him, though I hold that no woman is to blame for looking unbeautiful. She can't help it more'n a muley cow can help being born without horns.

"And where goest thou?" I continued.

"I goeth in sarch."

"Of another man?"

"The same. That is, I was in search of another, but I have found him. Where thou goest I will go."

"She stole her arm around my waist and snuggled up to me, and the tears went away and sunshine illumined her face."

"I am not free to marry," I said after a while. "Back in the State of Indiana dwells an old woman who watches and waits for me. She may continer to watch and wait for years and years to come for all she'll ever see me, but neretheless the legal part still holds. Love and matrimony are not for Joe."

"Never in this vain world will I let thee go!" says the woman, with a great deal of fervor.

It was then that I called upon integrity to get a hump on herself and pull me out of a bad hole, and it was also then that my faith in her was rewarded. The off forewheel fell into the rut, and the female was pitched out on the prairie on her head, and by the time she had scrambled up I had the old hoss and moshum, and her efforts to overtake me were in vain.

### A Prudent Man.

"I see you have some mushrooms," she said, as she stopped in front of a grocery.

"Yes'm," replied the grocer, "they are said to be mushrooms."

"But they aren't they?" was the reply of the grocer.

"I am not going to say, madam. They may be or may not."

"Oh, I see. You think they may be toadstools?"

"They may be."

"And would kill those who ate them?"

"Exactly."

"I remember to have read that a score or more of people in New York ate toadstools and died."

"I read the same thing, madam."

"And so—so——"

"So there they are. If they are real mushrooms you get a bargain at the price asked. If they are toadstools your heirs can't get a cent out of me, for everything is in my wife's name."

The woman said she'd take two beets and a carrot and let it go at that.

### Huh!

"Really I don't understand why women should be so mortally sensitive when it comes to telling their ages," said Mrs. Chatter to her three callers. "Now, I have never felt any hesitation in regard to telling just how old I am, for I feel that, for one thing, an increase of years is something to be proud of, and if we do not tell the truth in regard to our ages Mother Nature will. So when the question of ages comes up I never hesitate in regard to telling that I was 43 the third day of last April——"

Interruption by Master Clyde Chatter, aged nine:

"Well, maw, if you were only 43 your last birthday what made paw give you 51 roses, and what made sister Belle make you a cake with 51 candles on it—huh?"—Puck.

# The Best Out of the Box
## A Little Humor Now and Then

There were four of them in the smoking compartment of the parlor car, and they glanced furtively at each other and puffed away for 10 minutes without speaking. Then the baldheaded man drew a long breath and said:

"Gentlemen, I should like to converse."

"So should I!" answered the other three in chorus.

"I should like to narrate one of my adventures to pass the time away."

"So should I!"

"But I am restrained by the fear—nay, almost the certainty—that I would be charged with exaggeration."

"So are we!"

"Not to speak of being classed as a liar."

"Just so!"

"And therefore, gentlemen, I deem it best to preserve a discreet silence."

"So do we!"

And they smoked and stared into vacancy and finished their cigars as soon as possible and got away from each other.

"I think I am an honest man," said the man with a scar on his chin, "as honest as the average, but when the owner of the Boston news stand changed a $10 bill for me and gave me $5 too much the sudden temptation overcame me. I crowded the money into my vest pocket and hurried away."

"And when at a safe distance you counted it over?" queried the man with the Shakespearean forehead.

"Exactly."

"And instead of finding $5 too much you found yourself a dollar short?"

"Two dollars short, sir!"

"And you—you cussed?"

"I did."

"And hunted for something to bite on?"

"Yes, sir."

"And declared it was the most damnable outrage of the twentieth century on an innocent, honest man?"

"You've hit it. And now, sir—"

"Oh, no explanations are needed!" interrupted the other, with a long-drawn sigh. "I've been right there myself, and as honest men you and I have no chance against the world and can only hope to receive our reward when we die."

"You know," said the man from St. Louis, "how innocently your wife will look at you across the breakfast table when you have searched your pockets and discovered a $10 bill missing. You may have your suspicions, but you may keep them to yourself. I stood it for two or three years before a bright thought came along. Then I got hold of a counterfeit five, placed it with my wad, and when I got up one morning and missed it I felt happy. Two hours after breakfast my wife went out, and at noon I was sent for to identify her at the police station. She had handed the bogus V out in payment for an umbrella, had been nabbed, and she had been a prisoner for two hours when I got there."

"And what did you say?" was asked.

"Not a word."

"And what did she say?"

"She laid it off on the milkman, of course."

"But there were results?"

"Oh, yes. Since that time I have left my wad under my pillow, under the bed, in my pants or on the stand and have never missed a penny. Once in a while my wife looks at me reproachfully and clinches her fingers and breathes hard, but no words follow. She can't find any to fit her feelings."

"No, I am not married yet," said the husky young Long Islander who was unloading produce at a Court street grocery, "but I come mighty near it the other day."

"How near?" asked the grocer.

"Went to see a preacher about it. Yes, I went to him, and says I:

"'Me'n Sary wants to get married some day soon, and if your price is right you can have the job.'

"'Marriage is a solemn thing,' says he.

"'She are,' says I.

"'It's a solemn thing and a sacred thing.'

"'You bet!'

"'And while I never made any fixed charge, the groom generally presents me with'——

"'A dollar bill,' says I.

"'With a five!' says he.

"'Good day!' says I, 'I'm only an innocent young man with my first whiskers, but I know a bunco game when I run my head against it.'"

"But you can hardly expect to have the knot tied for a dollar," protested the grocer.

"Mebbe I can't," replied the young man, as he tossed out the last bunch of radishes, "but when I hoe corn for 50 cents a day, no galloot gets over a dollar for standing up and saying:

"'I now pronounce you man and wife, and may heaven bless you and the Lord have mercy on your souls!'"

She was a middle-aged colored woman of muscular build, and as she was stopped at one of the passenger gates in the Union Depot the other morning the official took notice that she was greatly perturbed and breathing hard.

"Madam, you seem to be overexcited," he said, as she choked and gurgled and coughed.

"Yes, sah, I does. I run mos' all de way from de house, an' I dun fell down fo' times on de way. If I git sight of dat pusson, he will also be afflicted wid oberexcitement—heaps of it."

"You have something under your shawl?" he continued, as his eyes detected a bulge to the garment.

"Yes, sah," she replied, as she removed and held up to view an old ax handle. "Dis am what will bring de oberexcitement in case dat pusson shows up here."

"But I can't permit any violence or disturbance, madam."

"Oh, dere won't be any fussin' around. De pusson I spoke of am my husband. He's dun made up his mind to leave me for a woman in Toledo, an' I spect him here to take de train."

"But you must not disturb the peace."

"No, sah—no, sah. Dar won't be no disturbance. When I gits eyes on him I shall spit on my hands, grip dis handle an' jump fur him, an' before he comes to I'll hev him home an' all tucked up in bed. No, sah, no disturbance, 'cept I wants de people to stand back so I kin git a swing to my arm when I smashes at him!"

"How much for a magpie?" he asked, as he stepped quietly into a hardware store.

"A magpie?" My dear sir, do you take this for a bird store?" was the reply.

"Then you haven't any magpies for sale?"

"Of course not. This is a hardware store, as you will see if you cast your eyes around you."

"Yes, I see it is," said the man, after gazing around for a minute. "Being it's a hardware store, I suppose I could not buy a magpie here?"

"No, sir. You might as well go into a drug store and ask for a ton of coal."

"I see. You keep crowbars, however?"

"We do."

"Well, I'll take one. Being as you don't keep magpies, but keep crowbars, I'll take along a crowbar to kill a magpie which I'll buy somewhere else!"

# She Had a Dream

AT 9 o'clock of a summer's morning the pastor of one of the churches in the village of Scottsville was hoeing in his garden when a female came up to him to ask:

"Oh, parson, but do you believe in dreams?"

"I haven't as yet," he replied.

"But I had a wonderful dream last night and I plainly heard a voice speaking to me."

"Probably a dog barking," he smiled.

"Dogs don't tell people to go forth and work reforms in this world. Parson, I've surely had a call!"

"Better not answer it!"

The good man knew the dreamer well. Being she had never married and being she had reached the age of 45, most of the people of the village spoke of Miss Spooner as Aunt Hattie, and she raised no objection. She had an income and she lived alone. It was said of her that she was a disappointed woman. She was, but not in the sense that she had loved and lost. As far as anyone knew she had never loved at all, though several widowers had cleaned their muddy feet on her doormat and tried to interest her in affairs matrimonial. Just what was the matter with Miss Spooner was that she was a woman with a mission, and did not know exactly what that mission was. Up to the age of 30 she had thought it was to convert the heathen of China and Africa, but the returns were so uncertain that she had finally decided that she was on the wrong track. Then it dawned on her to take up the temperance question, but here she was handicapped. Old Sol Pritchard was the only one in the village that got drunk, and his wife said that she would rather have him come home drunk than sober, as he broke fewer dishes. He did sign and break the pledge 22 times to please Miss Spooner, and was then given up as a bad job.

For her third mission the spinster entered into a crusade against profanity, but she soon learned that the men who ceased to swear on the street corners went out back of the livery stable and invented and swore new and stronger oaths. Then she started out to uplift the poor. There was only one really poor family in the village, and the man was so lazy, the woman so slatternly and the children had mumps and measles so often that uplifting was not a success. There is nothing more discouraging than feeling that you have a mission, and having that mission dodging you and keeping you in suspense. The only thing that can be done, however, is to wait. Miss Spooner waited, and at length her mission hove into view. It was in the form of a tramp. It called at her house for something to eat. She sat it down at the table and bade it fill up. While it was doing so she ran in to a neighbor's to see if that neighbor couldn't spare an old coat, and when she returned the tramp had departed. Also her watch and chain and other things.

Miss Spooner was justly indignant. She gave the alarm, the fellow was overhauled, and before night he was in jail at the county seat, six miles away, on a three months' sentence. The justice of the peace, the constable and others applauded her action, and for two or three days she felt that she had done her duty. Then the still small voice began to whisper to her. She had tempted the wayfarer; he had probably been driven to temptation by misfortune; he might have been an honest man up to this time. In fact, she made a dozen other excuses for him, and all at once it dawned on her that here was her long-sought mission. There would be more joy over saving one tramp than in sending ten thousand tracts to the heathen. She recalled that the man looked lonely and downcast, as if he realized that the world was against him, and she wasn't quite sure that he didn't have tears in his eyes as he sat down to the spread.

You probably know how conscience works when it gets out of leading strings and it is useless to relate that within a week Aunt Hattie was asking admission to the county jail. She had a friend in the town, and had driven over to tell her all about it and to stop for a few days. She began with the tramp by begging his pardon. He would have been no tramp at all if he hadn't taken his cue from this. He pleaded sudden impulse and stoutly asserted that he had turned about to restore the property when arrested. It was the only theft he had ever committed. He had been poor but honest. As a matter of fact, he was passing through Millville on his way to Grafton, to visit his wife's grave, when the trouble descended upon him. He talked with real tears in his eyes—real tears, with the proper proportion of salt in them.

There was a second visit and a third. The tramp grew more mellow at every visit. He was ready to and did promise everything asked of him, including truth, sobriety, industry, economy, ambition and Excelsior. Then Aunt Hattie went home and enlisted the aid of her minister in the mission. They worked for a pardon, but failed to get it. No one else seemed to have a spark of sympathy for a downtrodden man who wanted to climb up. Then came a mental struggle in which the minister did not participate. It was all Miss Spooner's secret. She wanted that tramp out of jail, that he might lose no time in beginning a new life. He was the only inmate of the coop, and instead of encouraging him, the jailor kept him sawing wood. No man ever lived who was made glad to saw seasoned hickory wood with a dull saw in the back yard of a county jail.

When Miss Spooner visited the jail again she carried a couple of files with her, and they were left there. She had convinced herself that her mission was greater than the law. It took the tramp two nights to file the bars, but on the third night, as the spinster sat alone in her house with swelling heart, he entered by the back door. She was expecting him. She was to give him $10 to go far away on and make a new start. He was to keep her in his thoughts as he climbed up, and write her once a fortnight. The money was ready for him, as well as a package of provisions. She was giving him sisterly advice as to his future conduct when all of a sudden she was thrown to the floor. Before she could scream a second time there was a gag in her mouth, and then her hands and feet were tied and she was helpless.

Then the tramp hummed a cheerful tune as he began to search the house. He got her jewelry again; he got $90 from a bureau drawer; he got her Sunday dress and her silver spoons and forks. She had some currant wine down in the cellar, and he drank three bottles and sat down beside her and delivered a brief lecture on missions and ended by calling her an idiot. Then he walked out and went over and stole the minister's horse and buggy and drove away. Three days later Aunt Hattie called on the good man to ask:

"Parson, do you really believe I had a mission?"

"If you did you made a fool of it!" was his blunt reply, as he thought of the lost horse and buggy.

# SAMMIS, The Elevator Boy
## He Tells of the Great Peril To Success

IN my lecture before the American Elevator Association the other evening I stated that there was one great peril to success as an elevator boy.

It is with him every hour in the day.

It is with him at almost every trip up and down.

He must face it bravely and conquer it if he would climb to the head of his profession.

Let him get him by the throat in its insidious clutch and he is a goner.

I refer to palpitation of the heart—the enemy that has brought so many careers tumbling to earth.

After loving her for 10 days I had asked the little golden-haired stenographer on the tenth floor of our skyscraper to be mine. In reply she called me "Bub" and advised me to try food for infants. While my freshly riven heart was palpitating and my elevator wabbling about Mr. Rasher, the agent of the building, came along and kindly gave me three days' vacation. It was during this interval that the firm of Jackson & Co. moved into our building.

When I could face the cold and cruel world again and felt that I could turn up my nose at golden hair, I called up to see the new tenants. It is the duty of a tenant when moving into a building to send for the elevator boy and announce a line of conduct, but where this is overlooked it is not considered derogatory to the boy to make the first call. I found Jackson & Co., to be a fat, short and pompous man, who claimed to be in the Texas oil business.

"If you please, sir, I am Sammis, the elevator boy," I said by way of introduction.

"Well?" he replied.

"I am a fatherless boy, working for $7 per to support a mother and pay off a gigantic mortgage on the home. Father put the money on the favorite at the Suburban, but the favorite didn't win. It was the mortgage that won."

"Well?"

"I have called this afternoon to say that I hope our relations will not only be pleasant but confidential. You can confide in me to any extent, and now and then I may want your friendly advice."

"Well?"

"The fact is I need a father—an adopted father—some one to sympathize with and encourage me and tell me that life is worth the living. If it so happens that you want a son—an adopted son——"

"Stop right here!" said Jackson & Co., as he pointed a finger at me. "Now, then, you young cub, let us have a fair understanding. I am in the oil business up to my neck. I own an interest in 600 wells, and all of them are gushers. I'm letting the public in on the ground floor. See?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall have hundreds of people coming up here to see me. As fast as they ask for 'Jackson & Co.' you run them up here without any back talk."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't care a continental about your being a fatherless boy—in fact, I'm glad of it. I don't care two cents if you lose the home on a mortgage. If I'm here for 10 years you'll never get a cent out of me. I don't like your looks. Your smile hurts me. No one invited you up here, but being you are here, let me say to you that when the button is pushed for this floor you come like a streak of greased lightning. If you go to blabbing about me to the other tenants I'll cripple you for life. I've heard of you, young man, and you'd better look out for me!"

I went away realizing that Jackson & Co. and I should never, never love each other, but that it wouldn't be my fault. No tenant had ever talked like that to me before, and when I came to think it over I felt humiliated and revengeful. Right here I want to submit a list of things no wise tenant of a skyscraper will ever do.

"Never seek to patronize an elevator boy. He may be young and unsophisticated, but a manly heart beats in his bosom.

"In handing an elevator boy a one-dollar bill do it without comment of any sort. Give him the impression that it's a dollar you borrowed of him a week before.

"When you confide in an elevator boy you put him on his honor. If you are in trouble of any sort don't skip the boy and go down to the engineer in the basement.

"You may have more money than the elevator boy, but don't assume an arrogant demeanor toward him. There is no telling how soon he may be at the top.

"If you are running a little game under cover it is far better to take the boy in and give him 10 per cent. of the gross receipts than to undertake to bamboozle him."

A great many people came to see Jackson & Co. Texas oil stocks were booming. Some of them winked at me as they asked for the number of the room, and others looked solemn and anxious. It didn't take me over four or five days to catch on. A tenant may hang out a sign that he is in the Ohio grindstone business, and he may have a boy turning a grindstone at his door, but he can't fool the elevator boy more than a week.

Jackson & Co. rode up and down with me, but our relations were strained. I did not congratulate him on the scores and scores of people he was Texas oiling, and he did not mention the improvement of my complexion nor ask where I was going to take my summer vacation. On the contrary, he glared at me, and I looked back with curling lip. He thought he had me under his thumb, and I was figuring out a little plan. It may be that he suspected me, for one day when I had seemed to scorn him he said to me:

"Boy, I am a bad man to fool with!"

"Yes, sir."

"One of my customers who wanted a million shares in the Gushable Gusher the other day said that you dallied on the way up and carried a sneer on your face. Don't do it again. Look out for Jackson & Co. Was the red-headed man in No. 16 asking questions about me yesterday?"

"He was asking if I ever saw any oil around your office."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That you kept it locked up so that the flies couldn't get at it."

"Next man who inquires should be told that it is none of his business. Bear in mind every hour in the day and every day in the week that Jackson & Co. are not people to be fooled with!"

One day I might have been seen in consultation with a freckled-faced man. The freckles were painted on his face to deceive. For the same reason he wore a red wig and has his ears dyed a terra cotta shade.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed.

"Sure, Mike."

"Hist! Keep mum! Don't tell it even to the walls! Boy, Sherlock Holmes isn't in it with you. When you get a little down on your upper lip we shall have you on the force."

The end came on the next afternoon. About a hundred people had gone up to buy oil wells of Jackson & Company when I carried up six men who wanted to see him for his sake alone. They busted their way in to find a policy-shop in full blast. Jackson & Company tried to explain that he was having a little raffle of his Texas wells to keep up the boom, but it didn't go. He did, however, and so did the rest of his crowd. I was going to exult over him as he went down in my elevator, but he touched me on the elbow and quietly said:

"Sammis, I know that I owe this to you, but I ain't blaming you a bit. I thought Jackson & Company could run their business without any of your help and that the best plan was to bulldoze you. I am going away, Sammis, and may never, never return, and before I go I want you to say that you forgive me."

I turned and held out my hand. It may be the way of some folks to jump on a man when he's down, but that is not the way of Sammis, the elevator boy.

### Satisfied Him.

It was early in the history of the new household. "What have we got for breakfast, dear?" asked Mr. Justmarried. His wife looked at him with troubled eyes.

"It was to have been bacon," she said, "but poor cook's burnt it."

"Poor cook! I should think so, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Justmarried. "Confound her! Have you given her notice?"

"Oh, no; we mustn't be too cross with her, darling," said his wife. "She's so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast?" she coaxed, archly.

"All right, dear," replied Mr. Justmarried, suddenly pacified. "Call her in!"—Argonaut.

### A Bargain.

The chairman of the village committee that was considering the acceptance of a free library from the great philanthropist read over the conditions and noted the many strings attached.

"This thing is going to raise our taxes," he said.

"To be sure," admitted the representative of the philanthropist. "But look at the great honor it confers upon your community."

"I'll make a deal with you," went on the chairman. "If you'll get the great philanthropist to show us how to dodge the taxes as he does we'll accept the gift and label the library with his name in as large letters as you like across the front."—Puck.

### Defined.

Willie—What's "an artistic ending," dad?

Crabshaw—When the author gets stuck and can't finish the story.—Puck.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4150_1_215-0230