

Two Odd Gentlemen from New York

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY

ROBERT JOYCE, of St. Louis, 35 years old, attorney at law, sat in his office reading the morning paper. He had no practice to speak of, but he had hopes and a rich young wife, whose ambitions for his future career as a public man were beginning to stir him to something like mental activity.

To his vociferous "Come in!" two utter strangers entered. Both were well dressed, of about his own age, of good address.

"Is this Mr. Joyce?" said one, smiling and extending his card as he saw the friendly nod. "I'm Howard Beck, of New York, Mr. Joyce, and this is my friend, Mr. Smyth, also a lawyer."

"Glad to know you both," said the radiant Joyce, motioning them both to seats. Then Mr. Beck drifted swiftly into a running fusillade of small talk, stories and witticisms, which, though apropos of nothing in particular, amused and even delighted the friendly Joyce.

Then, as lawyers will, he began to get just a bit suspicious. He acknowledged himself that he liked both Beck and Smyth, but what, he asked himself, did they want? Maneuvering to draw their fire, so to speak, he pulled out



MR. BECK.

his watch. They took the hint, but instead of disclosing the object of their long call—they had been with Joyce nearly three hours—they arose and with great friendliness admitted that they had stayed too long.

"We've had a delightful visit," concluded Mr. Beck, "and we're glad to have met you."

"Call again some time," murmured the mystified Joyce, shaking hands. When they were gone he puzzled over the matter for awhile and then went to lunch. He didn't return till nearly two in the afternoon, but when he opened his door he found Beck and Smyth sitting within waiting.

They greeted him with a fresh volley of scintillant stories, jokes and reminiscences, and before he could make a polite display of his astonishment he found himself involved in the conversation, laughing with them and ready for more negotiations with the hospitable fourth party downstairs. Nobody but the letter carrier interrupted the visit, it was even more prolonged and pleasanter than that of the forenoon, and the clock was striking six when Mr. Joyce pulled out his watch with an expression of natural bewilderment.

They took the hint again, stood up, shook hands, and for a moment looked foolish. Joyce thought that at least they meant to state their mission, but they only hesitated a moment and then started for the door. That was too much for him.

"Gentlemen," he bellowed after them, "before you go would you mind telling me what, that is, why, you— you called on me?"

They came back blushing and looking sheepishly at one another.

"Glad you ask," said Beck. "The truth is, Mr. Joyce, we came away from New York with a good supply of money, intending to stay two weeks in St. Louis. We thought we knew the great American game, didn't we, Smyth? But, well, to make a long story short, we met some Texas fellows coming out on the train who knew it better. What they did to us was plenty, for we landed here flat broke, and neither of us had the nerve to telegraph home for more."

"You see," broke in Smyth, "they'd never let up on us at the club if they knew. A New Yorker hates to admit—"

"Fact is," interrupted Beck, "we asked the clerk in the Planters if he knew a down-town lawyer who was a good fellow and he steered us up here. We found he was right, but—"

"Well?" suggested Joyce, amazed and amused.

"Well, we haven't had anything to eat yet to-day. We thought you would ask us to lunch, and we came back hoping you'd ask us to dinner, but—"

"Why in the name of Zeus didn't you say so this morning?" roared Joyce, grabbing his hat and hooking arms with them.

"Afraid you'd take us for con men," said Beck.

"We hated to make such a play at a good fellow," agreed Smyth.

Joyce had a dim but lingering suspicion that he was being "played," but he couldn't resist his new-found friends. He took them over to the Planters' hotel, cashed a check for \$500 and loaned each of them \$150. They remained there ten days, he saw them frequently and liked them better at each meeting. But—

"Same old story," mused Joyce, when he knew they had gone without paying him. "I'm a mark and I deserve to be bunked. I knew it was coming, but I overlooked it for awhile."

Then he charged the \$300 to profit and loss and in the excitement of his first campaign forgot all about Mr. Beck and Mr. Smyth, of New York. As he had expected, he had no trouble getting the republican nomination for congress, but the ease of that victory was more than offset by the fight which old John O'Brien, the democrat, made against him.

The vote in Joyce's district was so close that both sides claimed a victory till the official count was announced. The figures gave the election to him by a narrow margin, and O'Brien fled notice of contest. The new house was democratic, and being a republican with no strong friends either in congress or in the democratic administration, Joyce had little confidence in his final chance of landing in his seat at the capital. He was so sure that he'd be juggled out of the contest that he stayed away from Washington, leaving his affair in the hands of a few friends and a hired counselor. Even his wife's persistent confidence failed to reassure him.

"Never again for Bobby," he was saying to her one night, "no more congressional campaigns in this district for yours truly. I'll never get another such chance to beat old O'Brien."

Then the maid brought him a telegram:

"Contest decided in your favor. That democratic lobbyist from New York did it. Congratulations. Tompkins."

His wife kissed him 11 times and cried for joy. They read and reread the telegram from Attorney Tompkins and puzzled over the sentence: "That democratic lobbyist from New York did it."

"Wonder what it means?" mused Joyce. "I didn't hire any other lobbyist, and if I had he wouldn't have been a democrat."

Tompkins came back on Saturday and was at Joyce's office before ten o'clock. When they had facilitated for a moment the young congressman asked:

"What the deuce did you mean by 'my democratic lobbyist'?"

"Oh, sure, he's entitled to all the credit. He worked day and night for you. You see, he's strong with Cleveland, going to be minister to Sweden or some place, and knows every congressman in the east. Fine lawyer, too, and, oh, yes, by the way, here's a letter from him." Joyce grabbed the letter and read:

"Dear Joyce—Inclosed I hand you back that \$300 you kindly loaned us last spring. I would have sent it long ago, but I wanted to send with it some token of my appreciation. Your friend Tompkins will tell you that I did what I could to win that contest for you. Of course, you know I'm a democrat. I admit I hated to throw poor old O'Brien, but he never was a life-saving station for me, and you were. Look me up when you come to Washington. Smyth sends regards. Yours gratefully,

"HOWARD BECK."

"I tell you, Bob, that friend of yours, Beck, is a prince," said Tompkins.

"Yes, and when he was here I didn't even have style enough to ask him out to my house," growled Joyce. "I never will learn to trust men."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A JESTING JUDGE.

Amusing Stories of Lord Morris, the Well-Known English Jurist, and His Ready Wit.

It was Lord Morris who, when somebody spoke of Mr. Gladstone as a heaven-born genius, hoped that "it may be a long time before heaven is again in an interesting condition," relates the Philadelphia Telegraph. A missing juror once inspired him to humor. The juror's name was Moriarty, and it was at the time when all Ireland was singing: "Are ye there, Moriarty?" a popular pantomime song. Leaning back in his seat while the juror was being found the judge began to sing, loud enough for all in court to hear: "Are ye there, Moriarty?" and when the juror came in and explained that he had been having a pint of porter and a penny roll Lord Morris was not afraid to remind him that that was not the Bowles court & fell to the lot of Lord Morris to array himself in gorgeous and gaudy robes at a flower show which was opened by Princess Christian, and his lordship felt compelled to apologize to the princess for his apparel. "Your royal highness will observe," he said, "that as vice chancellor of the university I am obliged to wear all this finery. I think it only fair to offer you this explanation, lest you should think I am trying to transform myself into a sunflower."

change. Moreover all these things can be perfectly imitated continually. But it is absolutely certain that the fine specimens of Japanese work will increase enormously in value within a few years. Fewer and fewer of them will appear in the market, and, as has been said, they cannot be reproduced.

A Gift for the Duchess.

The women of Ottawa presented to the duchess of York upon the occasion of the royal visit to the capital a gift that is thoroughly typical of Canada. It is a cape of the finest mink procurable. The collar and flare around the edges will be lined with ermine, while the body of the cape will be lined with white satin. The garment, which reaches to the knee, is fastened with gold clasps fashioned in the form of a maple leaf, the emblem of the dominion. The gold for these clasps comes from the Canadian Yukon.

clock system just established in Paris. The whole area of the city is divided into sections about two miles in radius, and in the center of each section is a station, with a reservoir of compressed air, from which pipes lead to all the clocks of that section. At the central station is a master clock controlling a commutator, by which electro-magnets are energized every minute, thus intermittently connecting the air pipes with the reservoirs, the effect being that the hands of the clocks are driven forward once a minute.

Snakes and Noises.

It is a curious fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. The whirr of the mowing machine is one, and in six months as many as 120 cobras alone have been killed on a grass farm in India by getting in front of the advancing machine.

NOSE INDICATES CHARACTER.

Do Not Complain if You Have a Big One, for That's the Very Best Kind.

A large nose is always an unfailing sign of a decided character, writes Blanche W. Fischer, in an article on "Reading Character from the Face" in Ladies' Home Journal. "It belongs to the man of action, quick to see and to seize opportunity. A small nose indicates a passive nature, one less apt to act, although he may feel as deeply. He will have many theories, while the possessor of a large nose will have deeds to show. Persons with small noses are most loving and sympathizing, but their friendship is not the active kind. A nose with the tip slightly tilted is the sign of the heartless flirt. A long nose shows dignity and repose. A short nose, pugnacity and a love

of gaffety. An arched nose—one projecting at the bridge—shows thought. A straight nose shows an inclination toward serious subjects. A nose that turns up slightly indicates eloquence, wit and imagination. If turned up much it shows egotism and love of luxury. A nose that slopes out directly from the forehead, that shows no indenting between the eyes, indicates power. If the nose is indented deeply at the root the subject will be weak and vacillating. A nose that turns down signifies that the possessor is miserly and sarcastic.

Japanese Art Productions.

Good specimens of old Japanese work form an investment which is more secure and more certain to be profitable than that in any other kind of art production, according to authorities in art valuation. Fashions in pictures, in old books in prints, in European ceramics

words. There was spread, picnic fashion, a menu which if writ upon the regulation card would appall the fastidious and tax the knowledge of the most learned college professor. There were "frioles," (beans), and only such beans as one gets at a ranch; there were "fry" and its inevitable "dope," which translated mean bacon and gravy, and there were "spuds," or, in plainer English, potatoes. The biscuits were real works of art—as the ambitious "slush" intended them to be—great flaky mounds quite the size of an ordinary saucer, so that the hungry cow-punchers would not be compelled to stop very often to say "Pass the bread, please." Last on the list came coffee, strong as hate and black as despair—three cups to the man.

Modern Time System.

Compressed air under electrical control is the agent employed in a

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Ripe Tomato Pickles.

Take smooth, well-shaped tomatoes, stick a coarse needle into each so that salt can penetrate. Put a layer of these, then a layer of sliced onions, then a layer of salt alternatingly until the jar is full. Let them remain four days; take them out, give each tomato a gentle squeeze to get the salt out. Drain them and the slices of onions carefully. Dissolve a half box of mustard in a gallon of vinegar and boil it with two cupfuls of sugar, one ounce of pepper, one ounce of allspice; pour hot over the tomatoes and onions.—Ladies' World, New York.

Sardine Salad.

Slice thin a peck of potatoes. Chop fine four medium-sized onions and three cloves of garlic. Put the sliced potatoes into a colander and pour on them hot water enough to warm them through. Put into another dish and mix all together. Make a thin dressing of oil, black and a little red pepper, vinegar. Pour it over the whole and let it stand about 12 hours or more. Bone two half boxes sardines and mix with the salad a little while before serving.—Boston Budget.

A RANCH DINNER.

The Names of the Various Dishes Would Probably Be Foreign to One Fastidious.

The "chuck wagon," under the supervision of the "wagon-boss," had early in the day conveyed the camp outfit to a cool spot under a clump of cottonwoods. A clear little stream flowed lazily along between the cottonwoods and the box-elders, which, with the fresh, flower-laden breath of the plains in their faces, and the inspiring works of nature about them, caused the guests of the cow-punchers to forget for the time the dust and heat and turmoil of the town, says a writer in Criticism.

And such a dinner! Ranchers know a good thing and name it accordingly, though the result is often a fearful and wonderful commingling of slang, localisms, and foreign

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, who has just completed for the United States a study of the fish in Philippine waters, is one of the most brilliant and versatile of college presidents. His specialty in science is ichthyology.

On his latest visit to Washington, whether he often goes in his capacity as a government commissioner, he told an interesting story on himself, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. He had delivered an address in San Francisco before the state dairymen's association. The topic was "Diseases of Cattle: Their Cause and Cure." It was replete with learned suggestions for the treatment of murrain, anthrax and tuberculosis in cattle.

At the close of the lecture one of the dairymen asked some practical questions which were beyond the savant's experience.

"Gentlemen," confessed Dr. Jordan, "my lecture was founded upon ideas and theories gleaned in reading. I have, I regret to state, never had the privilege of making experiments of my own along the lines of diseases of cattle. The truth is, I never owned more than one cow, and that was a tame domestic Holstein, famed as a milker, and absolutely healthy."

Mr. Ambrose Bierce, novelist and critic, knew Dr. Jordan in Indiana years ago, and tells the following tale. The state board of education of Indiana, according to Mr. Bierce's anecdote, was giving a banquet to its new president, Prof. Jordan. Eels were served, and as a joke on the ichthyologist, they had been cooked streaked and coiled to resemble snakes.

"What!" exclaimed the scientist as the dish was placed before him; "do the people of Indiana eat snakes?"

There was a hearty laugh, and the chairman began to explain that these were not of the genus anguis, but of the genus anguilla—in other words, that they were not ophidians, but eels.

"That's just it," exclaimed Prof. Jordan, unembarrassed. "Seeing these eels prepared in similitude of snakes, I naturally concluded that the dish was a makeshift, and that all available snakes had been devoured by the epicureans of Indiana."

This turned the joke on the board of education.

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A SUBSTITUTE FOR SNAKES.

Joke on the Professor Was Recently Turned on the Board of Education.

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WIFE AS BUSINESS HEAD.

When the Husband Fails as Financier It Is Time for Her to Take Hold.

The partnership of marriage is often a failure because the husband does not succeed in business.

It is a real failure, although perhaps not always a dismal failure. The affection stays, all the obligations are met and there may continue a loving serenity. Nevertheless the ghost of failure is shut up with the two people who are bound together and who never dream of ceasing to love. For when hopes are declining because the promise of youth has not met its opportunity, or because a misfit seems to clothe every endeavor, two ambitious partners in marriage cannot be thoroughly happy, writes Francis Bellamy, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The young man makes his great essay in life; the young woman who has tied her faith to him looks on, encourages and spurs. But she can do little more than that.

If she sees him constantly gaining ground, then gratification and complacency are at the bottom of her consciousness, and ease of life keeps her face charming. It is not because he is able to give her more things, though such things may be one-fourth of life, but because he brings true her dreams of achievement, because he opens the door of life wider and she shares his sense of power.

But if affairs go the other way, if the man fails to grasp here and to combine there, or if his all-together cannot get its place, then begins for them both, and for her in particular, an ordeal of adjustment to a less hopeful outlook on the future. Here is a deadening of hopes, a dying of longings, which is written on the faces of multitudes of women who smile and yet cannot smile it off.

The pathos of this situation raises a practical question.

Is the situation unalterable? If the man, for reasons beyond help, fails habitually in his undertakings, is there any harm to love or to loyalty for the woman to acknowledge the fact openly and early to herself? From such an honest admission she can take a new view of their united fortunes.

What can she do? The chances are even that she may have in herself that latent talent for succeeding which her husband lacks. In other words, the family should be exploited for success, as a business firm would be amid similar circumstances. In a business concern the member comes to the front who by native force can make the business flourish.

The woman sometimes is this effective member of the matrimonial firm. It is lucky if she finds it out in time and determines to take up the problem rationally as her own, undeterred by false pride or by foolish fondness.

But a wife usually waits too long before she acknowledges the probability of her husband's eventual failure. She waits until her own day for getting things is past, or until she is called upon to do, but is not able to do, the creative kind of work which she might have done five or ten years earlier. Sentimentality for a vanished expectation has narrowed her vision of herself. She has let discouragement eat out her heart—that essence of discouragement which is distilled through another's loss of spirit.

How much simpler it would have been had she shifted the responsibility of creative work to her own shoulders as soon as there was reason to suspect that she was fitted to bear it the better and more lightly of the two. A certain pride unquestionably would have suffered; but the family might have been a business success; her own place in the world might have been saved; and the children might have had their rightful chance.

FALL STYLES IN MILLINERY.

Shapes Which Are Most Becoming to the Various Kinds of Faces.

The most-used shapes in fall millinery are low-crowned effects and the striking Gainsboroughs. These hats with their rather stupendous proportions, are not becoming to the majority of women; but young faces with a profusion of fluffy curls are particularly attractive when framed by the large black velvet brims, says Helen Louise Morris, in Woman's Home Companion. Many of the hats are made with broad brims and very little crown while some are without the suggestion of one. The small three-cornered marquis shapes give a piquant look to a pretty face, and are seen with various trimmings. The tricorne hat appears in modified form. The tam-o'-shanter returns this fall, and felt plateaus are worn in pale shades. The Marie Antoinette hats worn during the summer may be observed in winter materials. Black hats are always popular, as they give tone to the plainest costume. White felts trimmed with black plume are very effective worn with a black toilette. Feathers of every sort are used on the winter models. Long, wavy ostrich plumes are seen in great profusion. Breasts, wings, pompons and even whole birds are used a great deal. Hats composed entirely of plume may be seen.

Bottled Table Sauces.

Many of the meat relishes and sauces are known under this head. Many of them are expensive and for this reason are not found commonly on the family table. But there is no reason why the housewife should not make these preparations herself if she has time, and can obtain the materials at much less cost than she can buy the goods already prepared.—Washington Star.

ROBERT L. MEADE, COLONEL OF MARINES.



A court of inquiry at the Brooklyn navy yard recently reported recommendations that Col. Meade be court-martialed on the charge of drunkenness and for false swearing before the board called to inquire into the first charge, which is that he was intoxicated while an inspection was in progress at the navy yard. Col. Meade commanded the American marines at Tientsin, China, last year, and was brevetted brigadier general for distinguished service. He has been in the service for 45 years, and has hitherto had an enviable record. He is just 60 years of age.

Directions Which, if Carefully Followed, Will Lead to the Best Results.

Succotash is a dish, like all dishes of Indian corn, of Indian origin. Though a "savage" dish, it requires very careful, skilled cooking. Lima beans or shell beans, and sometimes stringbeans, with corn, are used in its composition. Beans of any kind require steady, slow boiling for a considerable period. All directions which do not give careful orders for cooking the beans a considerable time by themselves before the corn is added are culinary absurdities, yet such directions are common, says the New York Tribune. Corn requires only 15 or 20 minutes' cooking, and must not be put in succotash until the beans are nearly done. A little milk, butter, salt and pepper are used. Modern cooks fry a good slice of salt pork in the pot the beans are to be cooked in, and then put in sufficient water to boil the beans. Lima beans should be slowly boiled one hour, shelled beans of other kinds about the same time, and stringbeans for two hours before adding the corn. Put in one-third beans of any kind to two-thirds corn. Do not add salt to the beans when first cooking, as this hardens the water, but wait until they are ready for the corn. Pour off all the water that covers the beans, leaving the slice of pork in. When they are cooked the proper length of time, add some salt, a gill of fresh boiling water, half a cup of milk or cream, and the corn, scored and scraped, not cut, from the cob. The shell of the kernel of even the tenderest corn is more or less hard and indigestible; therefore the corn is taken from the cob, and it should always be scored or cut down only to open the kernels and then scraped from the cob, so as to remove all the pulp and leave the hull on the cob. After seasoning the succotash with sufficient salt, let it simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Use new green corn, fresh picked, never old corn in succotash. When it is done, let it be seasoned with pepper, which should be used liberally, and with a tablespoonful or more of butter.

Ripe Tomato Pickles.

Take smooth, well-shaped tomatoes, stick a coarse needle into each so that salt can penetrate. Put a layer of these, then a layer of sliced onions, then a layer of salt alternatingly until the jar is full. Let them remain four days; take them out, give each tomato a gentle squeeze to get the salt out. Drain them and the slices of onions carefully. Dissolve a half box of mustard in a gallon of vinegar and boil it with two cupfuls of sugar, one ounce of pepper, one ounce of allspice; pour hot over the tomatoes and onions.—Ladies' World, New York.

Sardine Salad.

Slice thin a peck of potatoes. Chop fine four medium-sized onions and three cloves of garlic. Put the sliced potatoes into a colander and pour on them hot water enough to warm them through. Put into another dish and mix all together. Make a thin dressing of oil, black and a little red pepper, vinegar. Pour it over the whole and let it stand about 12 hours or more. Bone two half boxes sardines and mix with the salad a little while