

WHEN HE MET HIS WATERLOO

By **Morris Wade**

HE manifestly was a book agent of the most calloused, determined-to-get-there type. Years of experience had made him indifferent to any rebuff that mortal man could inflict upon him. That morning he had been assisted down a flight of stairs without losing his serenity and self-poise.

Calmly confident of his prowess as one of the stars of his profession, he ascended the flight of steps leading to the door of one of a long row of brick tenement-houses, and rang the bell. He felt that his triumph was a "dead easy" one when a small, rather alert-looking woman with her hair in curl papers and wearing a red calico "Mother Hubbard," one unlaced shoe and one slipper opened the door and said with garrulous cordiality: "Why, good-morning! Nice morning, isn't it? Come in, won't you?"

"Ah, thank you. If you will be so good as to spare me a few minutes of your time, I should like to—"

"Why, yes; I ain't much of anything to do. Got something to sell? You see, I ain't one that shuts the door in the faces of persons even when I know they are agents, and you're an agent. La, I know the breed! I could tell you was an agent clear across the street. Books or furniture polish or what?"

"I have, madam, a very unusual book to offer you, a book that—"

"Yes, I suppose so. It took fifty of the smartest men in the country to compile it, I reckon, and I s'pose it's in sixteen volumes, one volume and one dollar down, and the rest on weekly payments, and all that. But, la, I never bought a book in my life! What's the good of buyin' books when all you've got to do is to go to the public liberry an' git any book you want for the askin', an' Andy Carnegie almost gittin' on his bended knees an' beggin' folks to let him work more liberies off on 'em.

"I should think you book agents would git up some sort of a combine to make Carnegie quit flingin' his liberies round like he does. It must hurt your bizness a good deal; but then, as the old sayin' is, what's one man's meat is another man's pizen, an' I reckon liberies are well enough in their way, although I ain't much time or use for 'em. I don't know as I've read a book through in fifteen years. Life is short, an' if I—"

"This book I beg the privilege of showing you, madam, is—"

"I ain't a doubt of it; but, as I say, if I want a book all I've got to do is to scoot off to the public liberry an' git it, with nothin' to pay; so what's the sense of puttin' good money into books? You know I've had some experience canvassin' my own self, an' I tell you book-canvasin' is kind o' goin' by, what with old Andy Carnegy an' other multy-billionaires with uneasy consciences tryin' to git rid of money—what with them sprinklin' liberies around like as if they'd come out of a waterin'-pot. If a body must canvass they'd better try somethin' that's more of a universal need than books are at the present time; for— Say, you just wait! I want to show you somethin'!"

She darted into an inner room, and returned with a bottle having a yellow wrapper.

"As I was saying, madam," began the agent, "this book I want to show you is—"

"Yes, I reckon it's all you claim for it; but I want to show you something I'm puttin' on the market that's a good deal more of a universal need than books. Fact is, you need it yourself the worst way; for your hair is so thin on top the scalp shows right through; and there ain't no earthly need of you bein' bald at your time of life. This remedy of mine is the greatest discovery of the age, and only one person in the world knows the secret of what's in it, and he learned it from the Injuns. Ever see a bald-headed Injun? Of course you never! And why? Because they know things about preservin' the hur that ain't known to no other people in the world, an' this old Injun chief I'm speakin' of discovered his remedy in Mexico and gave the receipt to a white man who had saved his life. It's purely vegetile, an' so harmless you might drink it if you'd a mind to. 'Scuse me, but I just want to feel your scalp."

"About this book, I—"

"Yes, sir; it's just as I reckoned it was. Your scalp is real loose over the skull, an' when a human's scalp is like that there ain't no need of him bein' bald. Now, when the scalp is stretched tight

over the skull an' has that shiny look it ain't much use to do anything with it, an' yet this hair renewer I'm showin' you has worked wonders with even them kind of scalps, as you'll think when I've shown you some 'before usin'' an' 'after usin'' pictures I've got, an' they're not fake pictures either.

"I can give real names and addresses, an' I can take you to a lady right in this block whose hair has thickened up wonderful, since she begun usin' this 'Hairena,' as it's called. I can show you a letter wrote by a man an' signed before a justice of the peace statin' how he was bald as an onion when he begun usin' 'Hairena,' and now he's a fine head o' hair all over his head, an' I can—"

"I have so much ground to cover to-day that really I—"

"Well, don't you want to cover that bald spot with hair? It would improve your appearance mightily. Baldness is awful disfigurin', an' it's 'specially so in your case. You've got nice hair, an' it's a pity to go on losin' it. One bottle of 'Hairena' would stop your fallin' hair, an' if two or three bottles didn't make hair grow on your bald spot I'd refund the money, that is, if you used it accordin' to d'rections, an', as I say, it's the—"

"I really must be going; for—"

"Then again, it ain't expensive like so many hair renewers not to be compared to this. It's only fifty cents a bottle, or three bottles for one dollar, an' you know that is far below the price of most hair renewers. I do want you to try a bottle for your own looks! A nice, bushy head of hair with a little kink in it like this produces would make a diff'rent-lookin' man of you.

"I ain't one to flatter; but—you've no change but a five-dollar bill? Oh, I can change that. So, you'll take a bottle? I'm so glad; for, as I say, you—sha'n't I wrap it up for you? I think you'll find the change just right. You'll find it will make a mighty difference in your hair. Good-by. I hope you'll be real lucky with your books; but, as I say, Andy Carnegie an' others who—good-by. I'd be pleased to have you write an' let me know how the 'Hairena' works on your head. My name is on the wrapper of the bottle in a purple stamp. Good-by, sir."

Three Necessary Words

By **Lance Pierson**

DO you know the three words of any foreign language which are most necessary to a tourist?" asked old Globe-girdler as he lifted his glass. This was at the Narrators' Club, before dinner.

"What are they?" asked the rest.

"Right, 'Left,' and 'Stop,'" said Globe-girdler. "With those three words a man can go around the world. Without them the Lord knows where he'll land. I landed in a police station on my way to a madhouse.

"At your hotel, whether you're in China or Timbuktu, you're all right," he continued. "The head porter and the head waiter are sure to speak English, and probably there will be others who do. But once outside of your hotel you are lost. I landed in Naples, coming west, without knowing a word of Italian. I got to the Grand Hotel easily enough, and while taking a walk in the park concluded that I would call on my friend Dr. Von Schron, who lived on the Corso. The number was four-forty (*quattro-cento-quarante*)—I had got that upon the ship. So I stepped into a cab, a two-cent victorina with a hair trunk in the shafts, and said 'Corso,' and the driver started. I then discovered that nothing on earth will stop a rolling cab except the right word.

"After we had climbed the hill and got into the Corso I read the numbers, which were in English, thank Heaven, till we nearly had reached four-forty.

"On the left!" I called to the driver.

"'Eh?' said he, turning around.

"'On the left, left!' said I.

"'Si, si—musco,' said he, hitting the hair trunk a crack.

"'No! No! Stop!' said I. 'On the left, I tell you!'

"'Si, Signor. *Bellissima Napoli!*' he said, hitting the horse again. We were away past the house by this time.

"'Hold on! Stop, you idiot!' said I, standing up. He didn't stop, however, and I reached over and grabbed the reins. I gave them a jerk that opened the nag's mouth like a valise, and he stood there with it wide open waiting for things to be put into him.

"'Doctor Von Schron!' said I. 'Doctor Von Schron! *Cattro Chienti coranti!*'

"'Eh?' said he, looking at me curiously. 'Dottore?'

"'Yes, you prize-package!' said I. 'Doctor Von Schron! *Cattro quante chianti!*'

"'Chianti?' asked he, puzzled.

"I suppose I lost my temper and called him names. Then I, still standing, turned around his horse by the reins, and aimed him down the Corso. The man edged away on his seat and was scowling at me and muttering things.

"'Go ahead!' said I, and he started back.

"He lashed his horse, and as we ap-

proached the house I said:

"'Now, here you are! On the right! On the right!'

"Without paying the least attention to me he hit the horse a body blow, and again we flew past the house at a gallop. I jumped up to grab the reins again; but he turned scowling, reached for something, but did not draw it, and threw Italian at me in handfuls while we dashed along, knocking sparks out of the paving stones. He had me scared into silence, and I sat still and flew. Finally he shot around a corner, drew up in front of some kind of an official building, and gave a yell.

"Two *gens d'armes* in blue uniforms came out, and one of them made a slight sign to me which meant business. I got out. They took me, one holding each arm, into the sergeant's office. He looked at me queerly.

"'What number do you want?' he asked.

"'Chianti quenti quarante. No. *Carto quente checante.* I give it up!' said I.

"'Whom do you seek?' asked he.

"'Doctor Von Schron.'

"'Oh,' said he. 'The driver says you are mad, and want a mad doctor.'

"'Right you are,' said I. 'I'll pay for his treatment. Have you got a sane one?'

"I'll send a man with you,' said he, smiling.

"I got to the doctor's all right, and the doctor drove me home. After dinner

Sufferers from **DYSPEPSIA**

cannot only find relief, but an absolute cure from this distressing trouble by using

"Glycozone"

In order to prove that this absolutely harmless remedy cures catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, I will send

TRIAL SIZE BOTTLE FREE on receipt of 25 cents to pay postage. GLYCOZONE does not only relieve, but it cures.

In this it differs from what you may have used.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS. None genuine without my signature.

Prof. Charles H. Borchardt

Dent. R. 63 Prince Street, New York.

Send for free Booklet "How to treat diseases," containing hundreds of unsolicited testimonials of wonderful cures.

REVERSIBLE
Linene
Collars and Cuffs

Save Money and Trouble

Professional and business men, students, mechanics, sportsmen, find comfort, convenience, and economy in these goods. Made of fine cloth, stylish, and finished in pure starch.

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. We send by mail, prepaid, ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 30c. Sample collar or pair cuffs, for 6c. in U.S. stamps. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 21, Boston

You Would Smile, Too

if you used the same toilet soap that I do. I feel better just after my bath than at any other time, and all because mother uses

SPIM SOAP

She and father and my big brother and sister also use it. They say there's none so good. My picture is in the large album of "400 Babies" mailed free. Spim Soap, 25c. Spim Ointment, 50c. Mailed postpaid. Spim Co., C.B. Knox, Pres., 24 Knox Av., Johnstown, N.Y.

MONEY EASILY EARNED

Lady agents can obtain valuable information in regard to a rapid selling article by writing to-day for terms and being first to represent us in your locality. Free samples furnished to secure orders with.

MARITTA STANLEY CO., 57 Fourth St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Your Fortune

Send name and address with two-cent stamp and date of birth, and I will send a pen-picture of your future life from the cradle to the grave. Prof. LeAmal, Dept. 102, Bridgeport, Conn.

LAND SCRIP—SAFE, QUICK, ECONOMICAL method acquiring government land. **HUGO SEABERG, Raton, N. M.**

I got a dictionary and went to my room and studied those three words till midnight. I walked the floor, beating my breast, and said them over and over till I was black in the face. They will be impressed on my memory to my dying day.

"What's 'Right?'" asked the Cub.

"'Destra,'" said Globe-girdler.

"What's 'Left?'"

"'Sinistra,'" said he triumphantly.

"What's 'Stop?'"

He hesitated. "Stop?—er—wait a minute. Stop is—er—hang it!"

There was a roar of laughter.

"Give him time," said the Cub.

There was a silent period of suspense in which you could hear Globe-girdler's brain creak.

"What are you boys going to have?"

said he with a sickly smile.