

SECRET OF SUCCESS

NOW, "said the interviewer, after the great man had told of his achievements, "will you tell me to what you ascribe your success?"

"For publication or your own information?" asked the great man.

"For publication," was the reply.

"Then say," said the great man reflectively, "that I attribute my present position to industry, economy, perseverance, a determination to succeed, and a general observation of all the rules which, if you care to print them at length, you may find in the biography of any self-made man."

The interviewer laid down his pencil. "For my own information," he said, "what are the reasons for your success?"

"My relatives, friends and the grace of God," responded the great man.

"My father and mother were perhaps responsible for most. I love my ease as much as any man. I delight to put off till tomorrow what I might do to-day; but my parents cured me of that as far as their opportunities went. Through my uncle I got my start in business. Many a time when Opportunity has knocked at my door I have been asleep and she has passed on but some friend of mine has caught her by the ear, brought her back and insisted on my embracing her.

"For the most brilliant of my achievements there is absolutely no explanation. Most were accomplished without previous thought, at a chance meeting, or under circumstances such as no living man could have brought about. That is what I call the grace of God."

"Better let me print that," remarked the interviewer.

"No," replied the great man. "The old story is best. It may be tiresome to some; but it's been told so often that no other will be believed."

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She. "I do not want a single thing for my birthday. I shall be indignant if you give me anything, and—"

He. "Yes, I understand dear. Will a diamond do?"

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WANTED ALL THE GOODIES

TEDDY was about to be ten years old. In view of this interesting event Teddy's mother had ordered some ice-cream and cakes and other dainties, and Teddy was told to invite his little friends to a birthday party. The evening of the celebration came around, and all the goodies were waiting to be enjoyed. Teddy and his mother were also waiting.

Suddenly the youngster said "Mother, don't you think it's time to eat the ice-cream and cake now?"

"No, indeed, my son," she replied, "we must wait until your friends are here."

"Well, to tell you the truth, mother," began Teddy, "I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have enough goodies, so I guess we better begin now, cause I didn't invite anyone."

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Amelia H. of Woonsocket writes to ask if a man with an eagle eye is therefore a bird. Certainly not, Amelia. No more than that the man who lives by his pen is necessarily a pig.

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THE DENTIST'S BILL

WHEN Congressman John Sharp Williams visits New-York he never fails to look in at a small kindling-wood shop presided over by an old negro who was formerly a retainer in the Williams family. On his latest call he found the old man unhappy.

"What's the matter, Laf?" asked Mr. Williams.

"I've just been done out o' some money, Marse John, and that's mattah 'nough," replied the negro. "Had a terrible misery in mah toof and went to a dentist and got hit pulled, and he chaghd me a dollah, a whole dollah. Why, once down in Tennessee I went to ole Doc Tinker, and he pulled two toofs and broke mah jawbone, and only chaghd me fifty cents. I've been buncoed."

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Johnny. "Pa, what's a poppler song?"
Pa. "A popular song, Johnny, is a song that's so popular that it's unpopular."

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A PONY'S INFLUENCE

LITTLE DICK. "Mamma, I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Tom Hunter's."

Mother. "Better in what way, my boy?"
Little Dick. "I think I'd be more charitable."

Mother, surprised. "More charitable?"
Little Dick. "Yes. Because then I wouldn't feel so glad when Tom's pony runs away with him."

Plaint of an Ancient Cliff-Dweller

By Wallace Irwin

On a museum shelf lay a Cliff-Dweller's skull,
A yellow old relic of cavernous hollows,
Who winked at me twice from his cavities dull,
And opened his grin and orated as follows:

"With tenants above you and lodgers below
And porters and hall-boys wherever you're at,
You also may know the poor Cliff-Dweller's woe
Who lived in an antedeluvian flat.

"We moved in our cave, Mrs. Bear-Face and I—
A tenth floor apartment (five bones was the rental).
'Twas a clay-finished suite with the ceilings quite high,
And frescoes with shin-bones and teeth ornamental.

"But the tenants below and the tenants above
They worried us daily with this thing and that—
True hearts in a cottage may live upon love,
But not in an antedeluvian flat.

"The Stonehatchet-Smiths (sixth floor rear) how they'd fight!
And their daughter sang popular airs in soprano;
The Catts (two below) had bridge parties all night,
And Spearhandle-Jones played a home-made piano.

"Our bed-rooms, alas! were so stuffy and small
That the walls on both sides with our elbows were dented.
We piled all our furniture out in the hall,
For freight elevators were not then invented.

"We carried our groceries up ten flights of stairs
(And that's a good deal for a delicate feller);
The landlord was constantly putting on airs
And raising the rent on the poor old Cliff-Dweller.

"'Twas racket above us, 'twas rumpus below.
We sent in complaints, but they didn't mind that—
I ask but your sympathy, stranger—you know
How mortal can suffer who lives in a flat."

I uttered a sigh, which I couldn't refrain,
For this ghostly flat-dweller who lived ere the flood:
For the Man-in-Apartments is bound to complain,
Be his flat of mahogany, marble or mud.

Wise or Otherwise

By E. G. Holden

Heaven doesn't help those who help themselves to other people's property. It does not seem to have to.

What Satan promises and "makes good" is bad.
A man does not have a "big heart" if it is only swelled with vanity, pride, malice or envy.

He who looks at the earth only and what he can get out of it never sees the sun. If we lived as much like perfect men as pigs live like "perfect pigs," the millennium would be here.

It is the bankrupts who pray: "Give us our debts and we will forgive our debtors."
A wolf in sheep's clothing fleeces himself.

Vain people are like small birds with enormous plumage. They wear feathers several sizes too big for them.

If our neighbors were only as good as we are, lawyers would starve.
It is significant that when one seeks light on how to live he doesn't look into a cannon or a gun-barrel.

Some people make their friends wish that the Lord had need of them elsewhere.
He that loses a friend is careless.

Many a man every day prays for his daily bread and then grumbles because it isn't cake.

If you can't attend the heavenly feast because you've got a new yoke of oxen, take the oxen along for the feast.

Unlike the human being, the horse with the biggest "pull" does the most of the pulling.

The apple of discord lies so near the vocal chords that you can hardly tell it from Adam's.

If men would only walk as straight outside the church as they do to their pews!

The Photographer's Charm

By Nixon Waterman

They could not get her picture, though they tried and tried and tried—
The child was, oh, so restless!—till the picture-taker sighed:
"If you will leave your darling quite alone with me a spell
I think that I can calm her." Said the mother: "Very well."

The picture soon was taken, and the mother marveled much
That, though he was a stranger, the photographer owned such
A charm to calm her darling; so she asked her, later on:
"What did the nice man say to you, my dear, when I was gone?"

"He thaid to me," hisped Lucy: "'If you dare to stir or squall,
You red-nosed little jumping-jack, I'll eat you, clothes and all!'
And then I tsat real still, mamma, till he thaid: 'That will do,
You dear, thweet, little girlie girl!' and then he thent for you."

DIVISION OF TERRITORY

PHIL MAY, while visiting this country, one night dined with Stephen Crane near the Washington Arch, New-York. The dinner was more expensive than they had intended, and when they emerged and started up Fifth-ave. they had only a few cents between them.

This was a situation not to be endured, but Crane remained cheerful. "Never mind," he said when they had gone a block, "an artist I know has a studio right in this building. Wait here. I'll run up, make a quick touch and be back in two minutes."

But at the end of the two minutes he returned with the report that the studio was locked. They proceeded onward, devising ways and means. Meeting a friend Crane explained their dire need, but the friend unfortunately was in the same condition. They went on till they reached a small picture-shop where Crane believed he was well enough known to claim relief, but the proprietor proved to be stony-hearted.

"It's all right, Phil," said Crane as they resumed their journey up the avenue. "I know a man just this side of Twenty-third-st. where we can get all we need—that is, if he is in," he added with a touch of foreboding. Just then an unkempt man started out from a shadow.

"Gents," he began in whining tones, "can't you give a poor man a few pennies to pay for a night's lodging?"

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Crane, turning on the man savagely. "You get over on the other side of the street—we're working this side!"

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"I half believe that there's a skeleton in the Kismore's closet."

"I shouldn't wonder. One day when Kismore took me home with him unexpectedly to dinner I thought I heard it throwing things at him out in the kitchen."

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NEVER HEARD THE NEWS

WHEN Bishop Meade was an enthusiastic young minister he made many missionary journeys into the wilds of the Southern mountains.

On one occasion as he sat at the door of a mountaineer's hut refreshing himself from a tedious jaunt with the buttermilk and cornpone the young mountaineer wife had offered, the enthusiast entered into the story of the Redemption to an interested audience of one.

As the story proceeded the young woman from time to time uttered exclamations of surprise and delight.

"You don't mean to tell me," said the young divine, feeling the sincerity of her surprise, "that you never before heard of 'Christ and Him Crucified'?"

The young woman, realizing from his shocked tones the magnitude of her ignorance, put her fists into her eyes, drew up her apron to dry her tears, and cried apologetically and lamentably: "Oh, Mister! Us live so far from de Big Road, and my man John he don't never tell me no news!"

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Little brother: "Rollo, what is the difference between a man and a boy?"

Bigger brother: "A man is a boy that is too old to be spanked; that's all the difference."

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"NOBUDDY" ANSWERED

THE average small boy's opinion of himself is none too high, but the reply of a small stable-boy in Chicago may scarcely be taken as the average. A woman whose husband kept the driving horse in one of the many "boarding stables" in the city, telephoned the other day to have the horse and carriage brought to the house. A strange voice answered the telephone.

"Is this So & So's stable?" queried the woman.

"Yes," came the answer.

"Well, who is this?"

"Aw, 'tain't nobuddy. Wait a minnit and I'll call somebuddy," came the answer.

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Weeks: "I laughed at my wife when she first took up physical culture for a fad."

Peeks: "Why don't you now?"

Weeks: "I dassen't."

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HAD NEVER MET BEFORE

THEY had just been introduced.
"Really," she said timidly. "Your face seems so familiar to me I think we must have met before."
"Impossible," he sighed; "if we had ever met before I should either be engaged to you, married to you or dead of a broken heart ere this."

No wonder she asked him if he wouldn't like to wear her college-pin for awhile!