



THE ELEVATOR BOY

He Is Grieving Over the End of Mr. Hokus

I read in the papers the other day that Mr. James Hokus was no longer with us on this mortal sphere.

My eyes filled with tears as I read, and my conscience raised an accusing voice.

I did not kill Mr. Hokus with an ax, nor mix his tablets on him, but nevertheless my conscience accuses me of being his murderer and it will take long weeks for me to get over the shock.

Mr. Hokus was the agent for a fireproof paint. It was only fireproof when the fire was half a block away, but that should not be held against him.

If he had some where he really needs a fireproof paint the mistake in his name is to be forgiven.

Mr. Hokus rented room No. 8 in our skyscraper about six months ago. In his letterhead he called it a suite, but he was only following the example of thousands of other business men having a room take under the shingles.

He was a man of fifty, and he was benign.

He carried a pennyroll smile every day to the week, and he belonged to no political party, and never discussed politics.

While he did not hesitate to warrant his paint fireproof, and to show a list of buildings it had preserved from destruction, he was not a liar by nature. He lied because he knew that all other men lied, and that if he remained outside the combination and stuck to a truth he would be looked upon as a suspicious character, to be avoided. Therefore, he lied about his paint and other things, but he was such a plausible and suave liar that it was a joy to hear him.

The day that Mr. Hokus took possession of his suite he sent me out to a furniture store to buy two stands for him—one for his illustrated family Bible and the other for a specimen can of his fireproof paint, and when he got his room arranged there was nothing to offend the most fastidious. I offered to buy at my own expense for him to have on the wall the motto: "Truth is a Jewel," but he shook his head and said:

"You are a thoughtful boy, Sammie, but I am not in the jewelry trade. There is no profit in it."

The next day he sent for me, and when I reached his room I found him with the Bible on his knees, and after he had hidden me take a rest he began:

"Sammie, I never had an office in a skyscraper before, but my common sense tells me that the elevator boy is a sort of power behind the throne."

"Yes, sir."

"I collect rents and collect, but it depends upon the elevator boy whether you are made comfortable or not."

"Just so, sir."

"He knows a bill collector from a man wanting a barrel of fireproof paint."

"At first glance, sir."

"And he knows a process server from a minister of the Gospel."

"You bet."

"Not that I expect to be served with any papers, Sammie, but we are just talking in a general way."

"Just talking agricultural statistics, sir."

"That's it—that's it! I see you are a boy to catch on and will make your way. Do you know that there are wonderful women in this world, Sammie?"

"I've read of them in the yellow journals, sir."

"They live by blackmailing good men."

"Sammie! I hope I shan't get one after me!"

"I hope so, too. Years ago I helped a woman off a street car. It was an act of courtesy that any gentleman would have performed, and yet what followed?"

"Did she sue you for breach of promise?"

"Worse than that, Sammie. She followed me to my office and claimed that while helping her off the car I winked at her, and if I did not come down with the money she would drag me into court."

"You don't say? Why, I have helped a hundred different women on or off the trolley cars."

"But it's different in your case. You only do a job instead of a prominent citizen. To have a woman sue you for wretching the money, I have seen since that I shouldn't have done it, but at that time I dreamed anything like notoriety. She went away to come back within a month and strike me for \$200."

"But what?"

"She said I squeeze her hand as I winked at her."

"Why, I always squeeze their hands! That's why I help them."

"But you're different, as I told you. At first I decided I wouldn't pay her a cent, but when she started to go out and have me arrested I submitted to her demands, and she took the money and went away and shaved off my chin whiskers."

"Were they venerable whiskers?"

"They were Sammie—they were, I should think, as I told the whiskers. You will never know I'll tell you have them what a wrench it is to part from a whisker that has been with you twenty-five years."

"But you moved and haven't seen the woman since?"

"Not so fast, Sammie. She walked in on me the third day. She saw me in the street and she came off. I was wrenched it is to part from a whisker that has been with you twenty-five years."

"Gee-whizz! But she didn't want any more money?"

"Didn't she? Well she happened to want \$200 more, and I had to give it to her."

"But why, Mr. Hokus? Why didn't you break her neck?"

"Sammie, your experience in the world has been very brief. When a woman is ready to swear that a deacon of a leading church winked at her and squeeze her hand and whispered in her ear, what chance has that deacon got? He might die, but she would take care of him. We were silent for a time. Then Mr. Hokus braced up and handed to me with a flourish a bill for \$200, and he said to me with a flourish: "Sammie, I don't want that woman to find me here."

"She shall not, sir," I replied as I pocketed the spoils.

"She'll find me a little old woman with gray hair and her nose tilted up. She chaps off her words when she talks. She keeps both fists doubled up. She sticks out her chin, looks you straight in the eye, and you don't dare blink."

"She'll find me a different bird from a quail, Mr. Hokus."

"You will face her?"

"You bet."

"And she to her?"

"Bet some more."

"And if she proves obsteporous, Sammie?"

"I will have her arrested."

"Good boy, Sammie!"

"When I got back to my elevator I took a look at that greenback. It did not look good to me. I sent it over to the bank and it came back to me with the words 'counterfeit' stamped on the face. I went up to see Mr. Hokus, and after looking at the bill a long minute he turned to me and exclaimed:

"Alas, another of my ideals shattered!"

"What's the hobby?" I asked.

"That is not the bill I gave you, but a counterfeit that you wrong in on me! Sammie, you saw that I had a tender, trusting heart, and you set out to work me. Who on earth can I trust now?"

"Mr. Hokus a liar and a hypocrite. I looked him in the eye a moment and then walked away."

"An elevator boy meets with a bluff now and then where words fail him."

"Two weeks passed. Mr. Hokus and I did not speak as we rode up and down together. I tried to look very stern and he carried an injured air. Then came the little old woman in black. I knew her far too well for the car. He gave me one glance of reproach and passed out of my sight forever."

"Poor man! He died of a broken heart!"

SAMMIE.

The Elevator Boy.

BOWSER IS HONORED

But There Is a Sad Ending to It, However

Mr. Bowser had been smoking and playing with the cat, and Mrs. Bowser had been reading, when she suddenly said:

"Look here, Mr. Bowser, are you thinking of buying a flying machine?"

"Of course, not," he replied.

"Then, is it another patent fuel or something to melt the snow off?"

"I had nothing of that sort in mind."

"You are not going to write a play and take the leading part yourself?"

"I could do both, but I shan't."

"No more hogs or goats around here, understand?"

"When I want a hog or a goat I shall get one, but it may be years first. What are you trying to get at, anyhow? What idea jumped into your head all of a sudden?"

"There's been something mysterious going on around here for several days," she replied. "You have worn a look as if you had some great secret to conceal."

"I deny the charge!"

"There's been a long-haired, wild-eyed man hanging around to meet you at the gate. Mrs. Taylor also saw you with him in a doorway downstairs the other afternoon, and she said you had your heads together like two anarchists."

"Mrs. Taylor has enough to do to mind her own business!" he replied as he let the cat down.

"But you were two miles from your office."

"And suppose I was six?"

"Mr. Bowser, if you get mixed up with the bomb business don't come to me to save you."

"By thunder, woman, you are off your head," he shouted, as he jumped up. "Me in the bomb business! Who the devil do you think I am?"

"Well, I don't know, but you're a mystery. If it isn't bombs, what is it? Who is the long-haired man?"

"I hadn't ought to tell you a blamed thing, but I guess I will show you what an idiot you are. That man is an artist."

"An artist in murder?"

"No, ma'am—an artist with the brush. He also does crayon work."

"And what does he want of you?"

"I'll explain that, too. You will probably remember, if you bring a tremendous strain to bear on that brain of yours, that I became a member of the One-Drink Club a few months ago."

"Yes, I believe I do," she answered.

"I know there was a drink in it, but whether it was one, two or three I have forgotten."

"I haven't attended very regularly, but it seems that I have made something of a hit just the same. The club desires a crayon of me to hang on the walls of the parlor."

"By your never attended but one night."

"No, I guess not, but the members appeared to be struck by what I said."

"What did you say? You didn't make a speech, and I think you came home and told me that things were slow."

"No matter what I said," retorted Mr. Bowser, with a nettled feeling at being boxed up. "The club wants my picture

and is going to get it. I consider it one of the greatest honors ever paid me."

"So that man with flying hair and wild eyes was an artist?" she queried.

"One of the best in town. He wanted a photograph, as well as three or four sittings, and he has turned but something to be proud of. I am expecting it to arrive any minute. I wanted you to see it and give me your opinion before I sent it to the club."

"So that's what you were up to? Well, I hope it is a good likeness. Who is the artist?"

"Name's Parini, I believe, and he belongs to the Italian school. He's a jim dandy at crayon work, and his prices are very moderate. If he wanted to get other orders from the club he'd never have touched this for \$50. With a frame and all it only stands me \$70."

"Mrs. Bowser's heart sank, but she tried to keep her feelings out of her face, and Mr. Bowser smiled and continued:

"The attitude will probably surprise you. I stand with my left hand on my chest—and my right lifted to heaven."

"But what for?"

"To make a strong picture, like those of the ancients."

Mrs. Bowser choked up and could say no more, and the cat walked around and around Mr. Bowser with a broad grin on her phiz. The silence was threatening to be painful when the doorbell rang and a boy left the picture. Mr. Bowser insisted that Mrs. Bowser retire while he reworked the wrappings and placed it on an easel under the light, and it was 10 minutes before he called that all was ready.

"Behold, Bowser, the philosopher!" he said as he stepped back with a wave of the hand.

She beheld him—that is, she beheld the picture of a man who seemed to be suffering with colic and trying to reach down a bottle of pain killer from the top shelf of the pantry. It was not only the work of an amateur, but he seemed to have caricatured his subject. Mr. Bowser stood on one leg as if it were a hitching post, and the other was lifted as if his horns troubled him. The neck was half as long as the body, one shoulder was badly lopped and the feet were a little smaller than her legs.

"Give it a careful looking, over before you give me your opinion," said Mr. Bowser as he rubbed his hands and smiled.

She did. She saw that one corner of the mouth was drawn up, the eyes had a decided squint, and there was nose enough for two men. If Mr. Bowser had been on a three days' spree and then



"SHE HEARD A WHOOP AND A CRASH."

fallen foul of a thrashing machine he might have slightly resembled that crayon, but taking him normally there was not a familiar line. As Mrs. Bowser continued to look her eyes filled with tears and she choked up.

"Well," he asked after awhile.

"I—I can't say I like it," she half sobbed.

"But what's the matter?"

"It's both work."

"What? What?" he shouted in tones that jumped the cat. "You tell me that it's both work?"

"Nothing could be worse. There are hundreds of school children who could have done better. Even the frame is a swindle. If you paid for it you were outraged and robbed. Oh, why did you let him do it?"

"You stand here and talk like this way about a work of art. You dare to criticize such a work! You—you—I, Woman, retire to your room. It's plain to me that you don't know art from oatmeal, and I was a fool for showing you the picture."

Mr. Bowser gladly retired, and the cat gladly followed, and Mr. Bowser was promissuing up and down with a red face when the door bell rang again. He went to the door to find a member of the One-Drink Club on the steps who had no sooner been invited in than he said:

"I called to give you a warning. A scurrilous sketch named Parini is going about under false pretenses. He claims that the club wants crayons of members to hang on the walls and he does both work and charges a swindling price. Look out for him for if you were outraged and robbed. Oh, why did you let him do it?"

"A regular scrub!"

"And the One-Drink Club doesn't want my picture?"

"Of course not. You are hardly known by name yet. Just turn the fellow down if he comes around. Good night."

Mr. Bowser had heard all from the top of the stairs. At first she thought she would go down, but she did not want to make it more painful for Mr. Bowser. She heard him return to the sitting room—she heard him talking to himself, and then she heard a whoop and a crash. He had seized that crayon with the crook attitude and a smash—and then he jumped all over it and blotted it off the face of the earth. By and by there was silence and she went to bed. It was half an hour before she came up, and he was still breathing hard and carried the red in his face. She counterfeited sleep, and with a sigh of relief he made ready for bed on a three days' spree and then



"SHE HEARD A WHOOP AND A CRASH."

heads together like two anarchists."

"Mrs. Taylor has enough to do to mind her own business!" he replied as he let the cat down.

"But you were two miles from your office."

"And suppose I was six?"

"Mr. Bowser, if you get mixed up with the bomb business don't come to me to save you."

"By thunder, woman, you are off your head," he shouted, as he jumped up. "Me in the bomb business! Who the devil do you think I am?"

"Well, I don't know, but you're a mystery. If it isn't bombs, what is it? Who is the long-haired man?"

"I hadn't ought to tell you a blamed thing, but I guess I will show you what an idiot you are. That man is an artist."

"An artist in murder?"

"No, ma'am—an artist with the brush. He also does crayon work."

"And what does he want of you?"

"I'll explain that, too. You will probably remember, if you bring a tremendous strain to bear on that brain of yours, that I became a member of the One-Drink Club a few months ago."

"Yes, I believe I do," she answered.

"I know there was a drink in it, but whether it was one, two or three I have forgotten."

"I haven't attended very regularly, but it seems that I have made something of a hit just the same. The club desires a crayon of me to hang on the walls of the parlor."

"By your never attended but one night."

"No, I guess not, but the members appeared to be struck by what I said."

"What did you say? You didn't make a speech, and I think you came home and told me that things were slow."

"No matter what I said," retorted Mr. Bowser, with a nettled feeling at being boxed up. "The club wants my picture

of honor cannot fall so low. Come down with der long green!"

"I can't do it. I suffer heart of you."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't remember me—Signor Gallini? he yells, as he shumps around. "Why, satrropy in der company calls us der Siamese twins, and we smoke der same pipe and eat from der same dish. Don't try to play dot game on me, Carl, but fork oder der cash."

"I refer see you in all my life before," I says, "if you don't go out I shall bring a policeman to get you some oder."

"Well, dot signor, he spits on his hands and grabs me by der hair, and slams me around, and if my mind don't come in mit der broomstick maybe I vvas a dead man. He goes avhay, but he says he shall haf dot \$50 if he his one I'ousand years, and I shall be a leetle scared all der time. He vvas only gone when another man comes in. He vvas that you calls some odd bums. He haf a red face, a purple nose, and his eyes vvas crying. You suffer see sood old clothes, and hat and shoes. I pelfer he likes to strike me for poor money, and so I looks at him und says:

"Well, vvas vvas doing today," he says, as he comes nearer. A good deal vvas doing, and der best of all vvas dot I haf found my uncle und won't haf to be some bums no more."

"If you haf found your uncle, why don't you go py him?"

"I vvas py py him. Uncle Carl, don't you know your nephew, dot leetle boy who used to sit on your knees und pull your whiskers? Speak oop to me und say you vvas glad. Stand opp till I embrace you six times!"

"By golly, but I vvas no uncle to you," I says. "I vvas py busy day, und I like you to go oder. I don't haf no nephews nor nieces, und you vvas in der soup!"

"Uncle Carl shall you go back on your own blood," he says, as he cries like a child. "For fifteen long years I

OLD PAP PINKHAM

The Only Postmaster in the World to Advertise

My Dear Mr. President: Since your inauguration as our representative as postmaster of this town of Jericho the following incidents have trod upon each other's heels:

I have been called a darn liar by Elder Isaacson.

I have been knocked down by Deacon Goodhue.

I have three times been mobbed by the suffragists.

I have been thrown out of Literary Hall five times, and it has always taken a pint of amica each time to soothe the contusions.

I have been stoned on the street at night.

I have had red ink spattered on the front door of my house as a sign that my red blood is to be shed.

I have had the tail of my pig cut off and nearly all my hens stoned.

I have lost all my trade at the grocery in dill pickles and baked beans.

My name has been mentioned in prayers at every meeting and on the head one I have been bitten by dogs and kicked by steers.

I have been called a turn-coat and a dog-oodle.

I have been warned by anonymous letters that when the hour came for the uprising of the sons and daughters of freedom that I would be the first son of a gun to be brained from this town.

All the above and more, Mr. President, beside the personal sufferings of Mrs. Pinkham, who was expelled from the Liberty, Blood and Literary Society, because she would not give up her dose of mercury tablets with my ough drops.

Don't get the idea, Mr. Wilson, that I am going back on you. When I stopped from the G. O. P. to the party in power was a dog to stay dogged. I am as firm as a rock, and like all the rest of the political enthusiasts, I am all there as long as my office holds out. It may be a long time before I get my troubles, and to bring the Jericho Postoffice up to the high standard set by me the first week, I must admit that the complaints of the citizens that postal matters have gone to the devil since I took up politics are well founded.

As you are now firmly entrenched and have got the whip hand, I feel that I can make a change without peril to either of us. I have a number of notices to the following advertisements, cut from the pages of the "Jericho Howler," the leading weekly paper of this part of the State. It is neutral in politics, does not attack any party, and is ever protected a church, and has a leaning toward the Seven-Day Advents on its religious page. Read this:

"To the citizens of Jericho and surrounding country: This is to inform you that another barrel of hard cider has been tapped at the postoffice, and its contents are free to all callers. The postmaster does not watch you while you drink. Only postoffice in the known world keeping free cider on tap. Your patronage respectfully solicited."

And this:

"Old Pap Pinkham, postmaster, wishes in a public manner to correct an impression that has got abroad that he is running this postoffice in the interests of the First Baptist Church. Nothing could be farther from the truth. While old Pap is a member of that church, and is expecting to go skywards by that particular route, he does not mingle religion and business. He has a smile of welcome for all, even for well-known sinners, and will as promptly hand out the mail of a hog-thief as a church deacon. Call any time."

And this:

"Old Pap Pinkham has arranged to sleep on a cot in the postoffice every night in the year after this, and any wishing stamps or to inquire what quarter the moon is in can waken him up at any old hour and it will be all right. Only postmaster in the world that sleeps with a mail bag for a pillow."

And this:

"Take notice: Four more rocking-chairs making nine in all, have been placed in the corridor of the postoffice by Old Pap Pinkham at his own expense. They are for the use of the old and infirm while they wait. No objections to their holding down the chairs and visiting for two or three hours. Only postoffice in the world that has rocking chairs. Make a note of this when you want anything in Old Pap's line."

And this:

"There are at least forty checker players in Jericho, and up to the present time there has been no place at which they could gather and cuss the rich and the high cost of living and play the game of Old Pap Pinkham, hereby announcing a square dance hall, where some looking for their husbands at midnight will be furnished with bludgeons!"

"Only postoffice on the face of the

earth with a checker-board annex. Don't get Hawkins, the druggist, make you believe he has got something just as good."

And this:

"During the coming winter our popular postmaster will give the patrons of his office a free sleigh ride to Dobbs Ferry and back every Saturday evening. Sleighs capable of holding 100 people will be on hand at the postoffice."

"No crowding! No strap-hanging! Mouth organ music in both sleighs and stinging of such songs as 'Old Hick' Jon,' 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' etc."

"No arrests by the police."

"Home in time for family prayers and to wind up the clock!"

"Careful drivers for both sleighs, and Old Pap himself in the lead one to look out for bombs in the road and give eclat to the occasion!"

"Only postmaster in the wide world to give free sleigh rides to patrons! Give him a call and look over his stock of mail bags and postage stamps. He will please you or break a leg trying."

"Are you a true son of Jericho? If so you play poker. Have you any place in which to play—any place beside the haymow in the barn, where your wife is likely to bulge in on you any moment?"

"No, you have not, but you shall have! 'Old Pap Pinkham, the prince of postmasters, has leased the vinegar factory just west of the postoffice and fitted it up as a poker parlor. It has a checker-board room on one side of the postoffice and a poker parlor on the other! Entrances to both from the office."

"You take your choice and it costs you nothing!"

"At intervals, when business is slow, Old Pap drops in and holds a pot straight or draws to a four-flush!"

"Pictures of Mr. Hoyle and others hung on the walls!"

"You have only to yell out and the boy comes in with the cider, and don't stand around waiting for a tip."

"Sound-proof, the same as the other. You can cuss your luck in clear tones and not be heard outside the room."

"A kiddy with every game and the money goes to buy stained-glass windows for the manor houses of the African heathen."

"Come right along, whether you want to buy stamps or not. You will want to some day, and then you'll remember Old Pap."

And this:

"Scores of our citizens use trading stamps, and for the kindness of Old Pap their mistakes would be sent to the dead-letter



"EVERY NIGHT IN THE YEAR."

office. Instead of so disposing of them he locks on the proper postage stamps and sends them on a kiting. He would rather you affixed them, in the first place, but if you are busted or absent-minded don't worry."

"Is there another postmaster on earth who will do this?"

And this:

"Special Notice! It is a well-known fact that Old Pap attends prayer meeting every Thursday evening, and this is to give notice that should he be wanted in the checker or poker room to make up a hand, there need not be the slightest hesitation in sending a messenger after him."

"Instruct the messenger to whistle a bar or two of 'Old Dog Tray' in the vestibule, and Old Pap will make his sneak and run all the way."

"Is there another postmaster in America that would do the same?"

"Trust Old Pap."

"Confide in him."

"Let him be a father to you."

OLD PAP, PINKHAM.

(Best Postmaster on Earth.)

"Well, Jim," said the lawyer after a bit, "can I do anything for you today?"

"Reckon 'er kin," replied Jim.

"What is it?"

"That's w'at is to be a lawsuit year to-day, and 'er ar' fur the plaintiff—Tom Rose."

"Oh, yes. Yes, the suit is on today. Are you a witness, Jim?"

"I ar' sah. I'm a witness for the defendant—Sam Keller."

"I see. What do you propose?"

"I propose to go to the witness stand in the moonshine business I'd feel that I order hev a pop at 'er with this gun."

"Well, I won't say that."

"Gwine to call I don't pay my debts?"

"No."

"Gwine to call me a liar?"

"No."

"Gwine to say that if I chewed less tobacco and drunk less whisky the ole woman would hev my shoes?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that's all I wanted to know, said Jim, as he rose to go. "It's best to talk over these things if you gwine to pitch into me and rip me up the back. I thought I'd shoot 'er yere in the office, but if 'er' was gwine to slide along and go easy, I wouldn't waste any powder."

I attended to the suit that afternoon with the lawyer, and when Jim took the stand he wasn't asked a bar' question. In fact, he got off as easy that he came and shook hands with me and said:

"It'll be a surprise to the ole woman. She reckoned I'd hev to shoot that lawyer she, and she reckoned I'd better do it without wastin' any gab bet' hand."

DER GERMAN COBBLER

A Woman Recognizes Him as Her Long-Lost

A cobbler shop vvas not a dry goods store.

If you haf a dry goods store und times vvas dull, you can reduce der price of \$250 curtains to 49 cents und do some peeces.

If you haf a cobbler shop, und nobody comes in to get his shoes fixed oop, how vvas it mit you?

If you vvas some drug store dere vvas no dull times. If somebody don't come in for a tooth-brush he comes for carbolic acid.

If you vvas some undertaker, und all peeples vvas in der heat und health und you die, you vvas not a bit discouraged. You go off fishing, und by der time you get home der autos have run over und killed six children.

If you vvas a lawyer, und some folks don't come to start lawsuits, all you haf to do is to go out und tell somebody dot somebody else called him a liar. He will see dot man und knock his block off, und you can slip in und defend der man's who vvas licked.

If you vvas a preacher, you don't care. If folks don't come to hear your sermons your pay goes right on about der same. It is when you own a cobbler shop und peeples vvas poor dot you sit down und take your tired in your hands und wonder if der chickens soup at der poorhouse is made from hamrind or ole bones.

Your children go about mit tears in der eyes.

Your wife calls you a fool for coming to America.

If you owe somebody fifteen cents he comes shumping into der shop to say: "Hann, I must raise ten I'ousand dollars in one hour or else I go into bankruptcy."

"Vvvel!"

"You owe me fifteen cents und I must haf it!"

"I can't pay."

"Den I sue you clear up to der supreme court!"

You may go into some cobbler shop und find der cobbler whistling like some arks und wearing a smile on his face, but don't you be deceived. He has such dark days sometimes dot he likes a street car to run over him und end his life.

Only shust last month I doan' haf no work in my shop, und vvas feeling awful blue, when dot corner druggist comes in und says:

"Hann, if vvas easy when you understand him, und maybe I can help you. Did you ever read about Carl Coburg, der grand opera singer?"

"No, I never did."

"Vvvel, he vvas a great singer. He had such a voice dot peeples almost went crazy about him. One day he puts on his hat und goes out for a glass of beer, und nobody has seen him since. Some folks pelfer he vvas killed for his money, und some pelfer he vvas in lof mit a princess und shumps into der river

because he can't get her. Do you see der point?"

"Vvas it der poorhouse?"

"Not at all. Der point vvas dot you vvas der long missing Carl Coburg."

"But how can I be?"

"Shust as easy ash grease. Disappointment in der times you against der world, und you hide yourself away und become a cobbler. It shall be in der newspapers tomorrow, und you will put on a clean shirt und prepare for a rush. I pelfer more ash one I'ousand peeples vvas come to dis shop in one day, und in two weeks you vvas bigger dan der aldermann."

"I don't like it, und my wife don't like it, but dot druggist says he vvas my friend und he goes ahead. It vvas all in der papers next day. 'Der Dead Alfie! Carl Coburg, der Great Opera Singer, Did Not Drown Himself! He Left der Stage to Become a Cobbler!' I vvas more ash two columns, und dot druggist laughs und slaps his leg und says I shall soon be a great man. I put on a clean shirt more ash one I'ousand peeples, und pooty queek a man comes in und looks me oder."

"Do you want some cement patches for his cent?"

"It is him! It vvas he!" he yells as he waves his arms about. "Now may heafen be praised dot you vvas alive!"

"Don't make so much noise und walk oop my dog," I says.

"But I can't help her. Oh, Carl, my old und dear friend, my heart vvas full of happiness! For years und years der peeples called us der two Dromeds, und we vvas like brothers. One day you mysteriously disappeared, und my heart vvas broken. I see dot piece in der papers, und I hurry oop here, und I thank heafen dot I find my dear old chum alive und vvel!"

"Vvvel, do you like some repairs made to your shoes?" says I.

"Repairs? Not a bit! I shunt come in to see if you vvas my old friend und kiss you on both cheeks. By George, but dis vvas der happiest moment of my whole life."



"COME TO ROSE ARMY MY DEAR CALL"

GOING EASY WITH JIM.

I was talking with a lawyer in his office in one of the mountain villages when the door opened and a typical native entered. He looked sharply at me, nodded to the lawyer, and sat down on a chair with his shotgun in his knees.