HOW ROARER WON THE RACE.

Why Ex-Tank No. 26 Abandoned Studies in Still Life and Went into the Painting of Live Ones—Found it More Profitable.

By CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

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"The field for still-life pictures in this country is so restricted," remarked Ex-Tank No. 26, the artist member of the Club of Former Alcoholic Degenerates, "that when I was trying to make a living at that game I had a girl graduate's waist measurement, a T. Chatterton garret-room, porous foot-wear, fringed pajamas, and a continuous performance replevin for Mocha and sinkers, not to mention an occasional sign hat with a top-dressing of foam, that wore me down until I looked like a six-day go-as-you-please ped at the end of the one hundred and forty-second hour of a 600-mile trudge. It took me a long time to find out that in this country they don't want paintings of deceased rabbits hanging head downward from barn windows, violins suspended from nails in kitchen doors, realistic quails on toast mussing up chinaware, drippy watermelons leaking over the platter on the dining-room table, and the rest of the 'ain't-it-just-too-natural!' repertoire of the still-life virtuosi. And I never would have got next if I hadn't gone to Cincinnati. It was in Cincinnati that I got flooded with the great white light and was accidentally prodded to the conclusion that the painting of live ones was my mission in life.

"When I got to Cincinnati that time I had a fresh hair-cut and as much effervescent spirits as you possess after six straight weeks of effort to down the Demon Rum, by individual absorption, on the St. Loo leavee. Otherwise, I was all in. Just why I had made it Cincinnati is one of those unfathomable ones that's kept me on the guess ever since. But that's where I debarked, anyhow, with a mysterious moujik hair-cut not enough knowledge of the town to find the City Hall with four plain-clothes fly cops to guide me, and a sinful desire to forget all about it. Lacking the accessible change wherewith to purchase the Cincinnati or any other brand of moist forgetfulness, the only thing I could do was to walk around in the humid June air, maintaining a close watch-out for lost or thrown-away diamond tiaras.

"I grieve to confess that the man at the Sign of the Dodges would only let me have two bits, one quarter of a silver ace, on the fancy polka-dotted waistcoat. I endeavored to swing him for a half on the vest by telling him confidentially that I needed the money to purchase an option on a line of Ohio River steamboats, but he zephyred me to the dank jungle with his persistent offer of twenty-five disks of the verdigris meta or nothing.

"Thus suddenly a...uent, I fared into a Vine Street spray bazaar, laid the twenty-five on the onyx counter, and told the man behind with the linen coat and button-hole carnation to go as far as he liked. While I stood there trying to figure out who it was that ever mentioned Cincinnati to me, I took a look around. It was a very ornate moist emporium. But there were four cream-white panels between the bar mirrors that looked kind o' bare to me. So I tip-toed over the desk where sat the proprietor of the honkatonk, counting up bundles of ochre paper with century marks on the corners of them, and I directed his gaze toward those four bare panels.

"They're shy,' said I to him, 'on middle distances, twilight atmosphere effects, Rembrandt lights, chiar-oscuro, and fish and game in season.'

"He reached apprehensively for a pig-less paperweight that was on his desk, and when he had got the right clutch on it he gave me the swift Polaric gaze.

"'Quit blowing those poppy smoke-rings,' said he, choppily, 'and tack a name onto whatever kick you've got coming—I'm busy.'

"Then I told him, talking real fast, that what those four cream-white panels between the bar mirrors needed were representations of Lake Michigan white-fish swimming underneath the water, red-headed ducks hiking for the Southland, diamond-back terrapin sunning themselves on the nigh shore of Chesapeake Bay, Little Neck clams strolling on the strand, and other toothsome symphonies done in paint. I added, bashfully, that I was the only individual then living in the world capable of knowing what he wanted in his business, and of doing it.

"Well, he saw it. He took another look at those four undecorated panels.

"'They do look stingy, come to size 'em up,' said he. 'But how do I know that you can do the work of daubing 'em up the way you say?'

"'Well, just look at this hair cut, that's all,' said I, removing my lid and exhibiting my moujik mop.

"'You win on points,' said he, with a grin, and then I made an arrangement with him to paint things on all four of those panels for $50, he to lodge me in a room above his plant while I was engaged on the job and to furnish the brushes, color-tubes, and the rest of the tools.

"I went to work on the panels the next morning, and by noon when I had one of them pretty well under way with a portrait of a Buzzards' Bay family of crustaceans before broiling, the proprietor of the plant was fetching 'em in off the street to look at the work. On the second day I had offers from half a dozen Cincinnati Aldermen who ran rathskellers to re-decorate their subterranean outfits. I accepted all of the offers. I hadn't quite found out then that the painting of live ones had the still-game frayed to a frazzle in all directions from the Tropic of Capricorn.

"It was just at the wind-up of that Vine Street job that I found out. I was just putting the finishing touches to a little bunch of Hampton Roads softshell crabs on the last panel, when a small, red-haired, smooth-shaven man with a pair of shrewd, pale-green eyes and enough blue-white Kimberly carbons on his person to fill a demi-tasse, who, I'd noticed, had been watching the work for a couple of days, handed me a word or so.

"'A whole lot on the paint, for a fact, ain't you, Egmont?' was the way he came at me.

"I murmured a modest platitude of self-depreciation

"'Much of a graft painting those dead things?' he asked me, curiously.

"I told him that I had to fight with a half-brick in each mit to keep out of the Paupers' Rest.

"'I thought so,' said he leaning on the bar and lowering his tone confidentially. 'Been thinking so ever since I piped you off at this gulch. D'je ever sprinkle the juice on any live ones?'

"I asked him to filter that one and make it a little clearer.

"'Well, I'll put you next to what I mean a little later on, if I see that you feel like stringing along,' said he, tipping me a wrinkly wink out of one of those crafty pale-green lamps. 'You're wasting your time at that kind o' thing, Alcwyn—you've got it too pat. How'd you like to spend just about two hours and a quarter in painting up a live one for me, and drawing down about two hundred and a half for the job?'

"'Dollars?' said I.

"'Well, I don't mean gas-pipe washers,' said he. 'Dollars, for sure.'

"'Can I do the work?' I asked him, doubtfully.

"'With a brush in your teeth,' said he. "I told him that I was his long-lost flaxen-head and would be there.

"He scribbled an address on a piece of paper and pushed it over to me.

"'Take a whizz out to-night and we'll talk it over,' said he, and then he went out.

"The address he had written down was on the outskirts of Cincinnati. I got there at dusk, and found that the address was a barn. I was just turning away from the barn, wondering what his idea had been in wanting to give me an evening trolley-ride, when he appeared in the stable door.

"'Come in,' said he, beckoning me back to the barn, and I fell to wondering whether he had a sand-bag for me under his hat, all ready for use. But he was a pretty prosperous-looking sawed-off for a gum-shoe artist, as I figured while standing in the dusk, hesitating, and so I walked into the stable with him. He shot the wooden bar into the socket, struck a match, and lighted a pair of lanterns.

"'Which act of 'The Lights o' London' or 'The Two Orphans' is this, anyway?' I asked him.

"'Just the first, he replied coolly, and then he led me over to the stall from which I had heard the stamping and the slight whinnying as we entered the barn.

"'This,' said the little man with the red hair and the plethora of blue white rocks, pointing to the horse, 'is the live one that you're going to decorate up some—if you want to. If you don't all you've got to do is to exude one little cluck and promise to keep your tongue between your molars, and it'll be all right—I'll get some one else.'

"The horse in the stall was a beautiful chestnut, a thoroughbred with speed-lines as fine as a Psyche's curves from his left hind fetlock to the spit-curl on his forehead. I'd done some string-long at the pony game, and I could see with one-eighth of an eye that that chestnut was race-horse right. The little red-head patted him on the head affectionately, and the horse nosed into the sawed-off's sack-coat pockets for sugar. The little man gave him a loaf or two of the sweet stuff, and then he said to me, with many a foxy glance out of the slant of his eyes:

"'This horse is all to the good and a hit for fair with me, but I'm kind o' tired of his color. He's four years old now, and that's long enough for him to be a chestnut. What I want is to have him made into a nice, cute bay, with a star on his forehead, and two white stockings, one in front and one behind. Do you get that, all three ways across the board?'

"'No, I didn't murmur anything about gilding the lily or painting the rose. I told him, in fact, that I thought he had a mighty discerning eye for color.

"'Uh-huh,' replied, 'I sure have. I want this pet o' mine painted up so that his own maw wouldn't recognize him in a two-acre blue-grass lot on a sunny morning. I just naturally don't like his chestnut tint any longer, that's all,' and he shot me the swift look, to see if I was next. 'Think you'd like to go after that two hundred and a half by fixing him out with a fresh hide?'

"Did I? Well, I'd been painting the still ones for quite a long time then, and the $250 looked as big as a Dutch war balloon.

"'At what hour to-morrow night did you say you wanted the horse re-decorated?' I asked him, just to let him know that I was already on his pay-roll, and that was enough for him.

"'Oh, 'bout this time,' he answered, and then he pulled out a roll, with a rubber band around it, about the size of a Delaware prize squash and skinned a century paper from it.

"'Here,' said he, handing me the bill, 'is a hundred in advance to bind the trade. You're on the level, all right, and I don't dope it out that you're going to execute a lam with the hundred. Buy the walnut-juice and the rest of the coloring fluid, and be on hand with your trowels and swabs and things to-morrow night. S'long,' and he let me out of the stable.

"'What an artistic temperament that man has!' said I to myself as I rode back to town. 'He's so morbidly artistic that even a continuous performance coloring of one of his pets irks his impressionable nature. It's wonderful!'

"On the following day I invested in the necessary materials wherewith to inaugurate my career as a painter of live ones, and when I showed up at the barn that night, carrying the materials in numerous packages, the little man with the Venetian red hemp was waiting for me.

"It took me about an hour to get the mixing properly done, and another couple of hours to rig that beautiful horse—he was a trifle nervous and jumpy—with a new dress. But when I finally got through with him and had put the final touches to the star on his forehead and the white stockings on his off hind legs and his nigh fore leg, his own sire 'ud have chased him out of the State of Kentucky as an intruder. He still had his speed-lines and his beauty, but he was another four-legged thing, and the little man with the maroon mop was tickled almost foolish.

"'I'll make it a pat three hundred, said he, handing me two more hundred-dollar bills, 'and before you frame up your gateway I want to pass you a teeny little bit of a whisper: You know where the Latonia race-track is, don't you? Well, you hang on to your little chicken-feed dough that you've got now, and be over to Latonia day after to-morrow, a little before the racing begins, and if I don't tell you something that'll make it unnecessary for you to daub any more lobster and tomcod pictures on bar-room walls, then I'll let you take me to a Turkish bath and rub me down with a pair of curry-combs.'

"I told him I could just die a-looking at races, and, tipping me a final wrinkled wink, he closed the barn door on me, and I went away. I had already made up my mind that painting live ones was nice, profitable work.

"Two afternoons later, I passed through the gate at the Latonia race-track about an hour before the first race was due. I was standing with my hands behind my back before the board giving the scratches and overweights, when, right in my ear, I heard a familiar voice.

"'Play Roarer for every bean you've got in the third race, and don't let the big price scare you, if it's a million to one,' said the voice.

"By the time I had turned around, the little man with the crimson top was walking away, chewing on a straw and looking straight ahead of him, as if he hadn't spoken a word in four days.

"And so I went into the stand and waited for the third race. That was a hard things to do, with all of that money in my clothes that I'd got for painting a live one, but by that time I had developed a heap of confidence in the red-head with the artistic temperament.

When after the second race, the horses entered in the third came out onto the track for their preliminaries, I looked for the number corresponding to Roarer's on the programme, but no Roarer showed up. But when the horses paraded to the post—it was a mile race, and they started right in front of the stand—I was on the rail at the judges' stand.

"How proud I was, as I stood there, of that first essay of mine at painting the live ones! Roarer, who pulled up in the rear of the parade to the post, was my chef d'oeuvre! His new bay hide shone like the gloss of the under side of a raven's wing, his pair of white stockinettes looked as if they'd just come from the wash, and his hand-made blazed forehead was as pretty as the first apple-blossom in the orchard!

"'A pretty good-looker, that rank outsider, Roarer, ain't he?' said a man standing at the rail beside me.

"I was going to tell him that Roarer ought to be a good-looker, considering that I'd made him that way myself, but I didn't. I never was boastful. Instead, I made a sprint for the betting ring, and found that Roarer (carded on the programme as never having raced before) was the long-shot in the field of ten. He'd been played down from 75 to 1 at the opening to 30 to 1. I could have framed a pretty foxy guess as to who'd pounded the original price, but I wasn't guessing. I didn't have time. I was too busy getting $200 down at 30 to 1 against Roarer.

"Roarer walked home. All the way through the stretch the boy on Roarer had the horse in his lap, making the goo-goo eyes at him, and feeding him marshmallows. He was thirty lengths in front of his field all the way, and won, pulled double and sideways, in just a common, onnery jog. The other good horses in the race were Clydesdales to Roarer, and when he pulled up after his record mile Roarer wasn't breathing hard enough to snuff a Christmas tree candle held two inches from his nostrils. There was some deliberation by the stewards, but they couldn't hang up any legitimate kick. Roarer had won fairly entered, his name was down in the turf-guides with his sires and dams all the way back, and the stewards had simply to take him as a surprise and let the race stand confirmed. There wasn't a knob upon which they could hang a howl. The red board was slid up underneath the numbers—and I was just $6,000 to the good for having taken the advice of a red-haired, sawed-off man to abandon making still life pictures for a livelihood. I collected that armful of Government stamped kortish more money than I'd ever heard of before, and started out of the grounds before the day's racing was over.

"'Come out to the barn to-morrow night,' said a voice behind me as I got out of the gate, and when I turned the little red-haired man was walking in the other direction, chewing on a blade of grass.

The next morning the Cincinnati papers recounted the story of a great Latonia coup, whereby the owner named Roarer had slaughtered the Latonia bookmakers as well as the pool-rooms throughout the whole United States to the tune of a couple hundred thousand.

"I went out to the stable of the little red-haired man that night, and found him feeding sugar to Roarer. There was an easy grin on the sawed-off's map.

"'Upon second thought,' said he, scratching his head reflectively, 'I don't believe I like this here horse of mine in bay clothes. Ain't so becoming that way as I thought he'd be. Better come around to-morrow night and turpentine him back to a chestnut, and I'll go you another $300 for the job.'

"I scraped the horse back to his right hue the next night, and about a month later I saw him win a crackajack race at the St. Louis Fair Grounds from stake horses. But his name wasn't Roarer then. It was his own name—a name that would make the owners of selling-platers doff their bonnets.

"That's how I happened to reach the conclusion that still-life work was a dog's eared deuce in a dingy deck compared with the painting of live ones, and I never went back to it from the hour the little red-head taught me the foolishness of it."

DO FROGS CATCH BIRDS?

A Discussion Provoked by a Remarkable Story of a Clergyman.

Ornithologists—the learned kind—and the less scientific opera glass bird students of the Audubon societies are just now engaged in the discussion of the question whether a bullfrog can jump clear out of water and catch a barn swallow that is whirling past at a mile-a-minute gait. Peope have pooh-poohed many a thing which has proved afterward to be fact. When a person has it brought home to him that ants keep cows and run dairy farms he is willing to believe almost anything about the creatures that man is pleased to call lower animals. Nevertheless, the ornithologists are split up on the bullfrog and the swallow question, notwithstanding the fact that they have the printed word of William J. Long, a clergyman, by the way, that the frog not only captured the swallow, but a day or two afterward gobbled up a Canadian tree sparrow that was taking a bath at the water's edge.

At the recent annual meeting of the Illinois Audubon Society the bullfrog-bird question was discussed at some length. Mr. Long had partisans in plenty at the meeting to take his side of the thing against the skeptics, who were not a few. The reason that the frog and the bird episodes have caused so much "disputing among the doctors" is that the book in which occurs the story of the batrachian and his feathered prey, is issued by an educational publishing firm, and is being read by children in schools all over the land. There have been bird students in abundance from White of Shelbourne to Coues of Washington, but a search of the works of both extremes and all the means fails to disclose a single instance of a bullfrog turning fowler.

The supporters of Mr. Long's statements say that it is the unexpected that is always happening, and that the frog stories which he tells are no more startling than some things which have gone before. Even the opponents of Mr. Long do not charge him with telling things which are not so. They simply maintain that his sight was faulty.

In the reader which is for use in supplementary school work the chapter in which occur the frog-swallowing stories, has a small illustration which represents Chigwoeltz, the frog, as jumping several feet into the air, away clear of the tops of the rushes, and in the act of seizing our pretty fork-tailed friend, the barn swallow. The picture, some of the orinthologists say, is much harder to believe than the story. A straight upward jump of a frog from the surface of a pool is something they say difficult of accomplishment, even for the lively creature whose legs are beloved of the French gourmand.

One of the disputants who would like to see a frog swallow a swallow for his own satisfaction, called attention to the fact that the swallow's flight is like the passage of light for swiftness, and that in order to catch the bird, Chigwooltz—this the Indian name Mr. Long gives the frog—would be compelled, like the sportsman when shooting a duck, to hold about ten feet ahead of his prey in order to bring it down. In other words, Chigwooltz from behind his blind of lily pads, would have to watch for the coming of the swallow and make his leap just in time to bring about a close connection between his mouth and the hurrying bird.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A MINT MONOPOLY

Is Controlled by Three Women and Boy.

When the average man who steps up to a bar and placidly calls for a mint julep and puts down his 15 cents for it he has little or no idea that he is helping several deserving women to earn their only means of support from one year's end to another. The business of selling mint to larger and popular saloons is confined almost entirely to these women, and for the past three years they have enjoyed an almost absolute monopoly. These women are Mrs. Ann Newmyer, Mrs. Jane Hammer and Mrs. Mary Miller, and all get the mint from the same place. It is given to them by the man who owns the place on which it is plucked. His farm is near St. Matthews, and for some unknown reason he made them promise three years ago that they would never tell his name. They could gather all the mint they wanted and sell it for all they could. No one would be allowed to infringe upon the right he gave them, but he positively insisted that he be kept out of it. His beneficiaries have implicitly obeyed his injunction, going so far at times as to declare they "do not know the gentleman's name." Neither will they tell just where the farm is.

Another beneficiary is the widowed mother of a boy named Grant Gast, who gathers the mint and sells it, giving the proceeds to his mother. The three women and young Gast live in the extreme eastern section of the city, and every afternoon they journey out to the farm, pluck the mint, take it home, where it is washed and tied in bunches and kept in as cool a place as possible. Early next morning all four can be seen with baskets plodding down town. From 5:30 o'clock till the last bunch is disposed of they move among the saloons. When the basket is empty it means that $3 has been taken in. The bunches bring five and ten cents each, according to size and quality, and the baskets are always emptied before 11 o'clock. The mint sold by the women and the boy is fresh and clean, and the saloon-keepers almost to a man have taken to patronizing them to the exclusion of "outsiders" who occasionally drift in with bunches to sell.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FIRE FROM LIGHTNING

A Boy in the Employ of Senator Martin Seriously Cuts His Foot.

SCOTTSVILLE, VA., July 12.—Horace Scott, a colored youth employed by Senator Thomas S. Martin on Scottlands, while using an axe a few days ago cut his foot very badly, and for a time it was thought that a part of his foot would have to be amputated, but after treatment the cut commenced to improve, and the boy is now getting along nicely.

During a thunderstorm a few days ago several straw stacks on the farm of Captain John B. Anderson, a short distance from Scottsville, were set on fire by lightning, and as the stacks were very near a large barn, it was with difficulty that Captain Anderson, assisted by his force of hands and a few friends, saved the building. The straw stacks, twelve in number, were completely consumed.

Rev. Daniel Dillard, after a visit of several weeks to his mother, Mrs. G. W. Dillard, here, left a few days ago for Spotsylvania county, where he will visit his sister, Mrs. J. H. Holladay, and then return to his home in St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Lula Wheeler has returned to her home in Dinwiddie county after a visit of several weeks to the family of Mr. John Schultz, of Scottsville.

Mr. Samuel T. Martin left a few days ago for Arvonia to accept a position as book-keeper for Mr. A. L. Pitts.

Mrs. S. T. Tompkins has returned to Richmond after a visit to her sister, Miss Cary Tompkins, near Scottsville.

Mrs. M. L. Selby, of North Carolina, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. C. B. Harris.

Miss Alice Langhorne, of Lynchburg, is visiting relatives and friends at Scottsville.

Miss Ella Schultz has returned to her home here after a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. B. Hughes, at Arvonia.

Miss Kate Prior, of Lynchburg, is visiting Mrs. D. A. Langhorne at her home near Scottsville.

Mr. J. Bernie Jones, of Richmond, is in Scottsville visiting his uncle, Mr. V. B. Jefferies.

Mr. Leake Pitts has returned to his home at Elk Hill after a visit to relatives and friends in Scottsville.

Mrs. A. F. Anderson and children, of Lynchburg, are here spending some time with Mrs. D. A. Langhorne.

Mr. Thomas Quick is spending some time with relatives and friends in Charlottesville.

Mr. Edwin Cleveland, of Scottsville, and Miss Gertrude Morris, daughter of Mr. James G. Morris, of Scottsville, were married in Charlottesville on Tuesday, the 8th instant.

By George Ade.

Modern Fables

The Fable of the Parlor Blacksmith Who Was Unable to Put It Right Over the Plate.

Once there was a left-handed Society Selling-Plater who never landed in the Money.

Of all the Sexes that roam the Earth his pick was the Feminine. He was very partial to the Women Folks. Even the Blondines who work the Tooth-Picks in the Rotunda, and the Fat Ones who talk Baby Talk, and the Chickadees who chew Gum on the Trolley, and the dark-eyed Duennas who forget to do up their Back Hair, and the Lumpy Ones who never go all the way around with the Powder Puff, and the Flitty Ones who give the Soubretta Zip when they turn the Corner, and the Mopey Ones who wear Wrappers and eat Pickles, and the little Maudie Freshes who turn out on Saturday Night looking for Drummers, and the Spindly Ones in Rainy Day Skirts who lead Dogs, and a good many others who never get into the Gibson Pictures—they may have had their Failings but they looked Purty Fair to him.

The last one out was always Number One with Philo, for such was the Name of our Hero.

During many a long Afternoon when he should have been busy with the Books, Philo leaned back, combing his Mustaches with a Steel Pen and locking at the Wall. He could see himself in a Cosey Corner under a Red Light. Beside him sat a Prize Beaut of the kind that makes a Star Feature for the Sunday Paper. She was holding him by the Hand and whispering, "You for Me, and nothing else doing."

Almost every Nightfall he would change to a White Vest and splash himself with Violet Water. Then he would start out to see if he couldn't make the Lithograph come true.

Philo always had his Plan of Campaign ribbed up. He knew what he was going to say when she came breezing into the Front Room. Then when she had said so-and-so as a playful Come-Back he would [illegible] something Keen, apparently right off the Reel and that would lead up to the Scene in the Cosey Corner.

Philo was always Letter Perfect at Rehearsals, but when it came to the Night Show he was a Scamp.

The Trouble was that the Little Lady never came back with the Right Cue. After about two Moves she would hand him a Liner which he would Muff. Then for the next five Minutes he would be trying to rub the Varnish off the Chair, using himself for that Purpose.

Or perchance when he showed up with his Lassoo hidden under his Coat and his Soul steeled to Determination, he would find two or three other Beaux on the Premises, all organized to block him off. Some twenty Minutes later, Philo would be up stage reading a Magazine

After being Fostered from Head to Foot, our Young Friend decided that one who would induce a Timid Girl to move and be Chummy, must not go after her but compel her to follow the Trail. Philo read in a Book costing $1.18 at a Department Store that the Blase Man of the World who treated them with cold and smiling Indifference, simply got them all worked up.

The Game plays out as follows: Cynical the with the dark piercing Eyes and the Ike with the dark piercing Eyes and the Handsome Face tells Dora that all Women are alike. This Talk goes best with a Turkish Cigarette. Dora tells him that he is Off. She says that there are Women in the World capable of Steadfast Love. Ike springs a pensive Sigh and says Ah, if he could believe it. Thereupon it is up to her to prove it or lose the Argument, and that's the Answer.

So Philo went around telling every one who would listen to him that Women are fickle ever. When he called he sat as far down in the Chair as he could get and said cruel Things about the World of Fashion. He wanted to get away from all the vain Pretendings of Artificial Society. He would never Marry.

He worked this along the entire Chain of Boarding Houses and no one teased him to change his Mind. Some said that Philo had been given the Hooks and was Sore. In the Books all the swell Lookers are supposed to get out and chase the Woman-Hater, but up in the 5th Ward, where Philo resided, the Recipe was no good.

Accordingly, he switched. The second Book that fell into his Hands pictured the Young Fellow who simply keeps at the Girl and snoops around and plays House Dog until her Woman's Heart is touched by his Slavish Devotion. Philo began to camp out at the home of a Brunette. At the end of six days she shivered at the Sight of him. After he had been given the Headache Answer three times in one Week he pulled down the Entry Money and coppered the whole Scheme.

Once he attempted the Impetuous Line of Business. It always works out on the Stage. The Object is to nail the Girl without giving her a Chance to become acquainted and Investigate. First or second meeting and then Speech about having loved her for Years before he saw her—Arm around Waist before there is time to jump—Bing!

One Moonlit Evening it was that $12-a-week Philo with a Vocabulary of $2 Words started out to win the Fair One with just one passionate Whirlwind that would carry her off her Feet.

He moved alongside, got a Split Infinitive crossed with a defective Adverb and died on everything except the Hug. Inasmuch as she never stood for any Strong Arm Plays until after the Fourth Call she decided that she had been Insulted. She said that her Father would kill him. He took a short cut across the Lawn and escaped into the Alley back of the Engine House. Fortunately she had other Callers that Evening and became so Interested that she forgot to speak to Father.

Philo began to weaken on the Systems. Yet he knew that there was some certain Way of going at It for he could see what was being pulled off all around him. Every Night when he was out scanning the Hammocks and Front Porches in order to spot his Destiny, he saw Whole Bunches of them snuggled together in the Twilight. He wondered how they managed to Last.

As for him, the Girl Proposition had him down and out.

If he kept quiet, he was a Stick. If he talked against time, he made Breaks.

If he complimented other Girls, he lost his Number. If he toasted other Girls, he insulted her Dearest Friends.

If he tried to Coddle, she called for Help. If he didn't, she would begin to Yawn about 9:30.

He had tried all known Methods that are supposed to be Winners and he was still a thousand miles from the Cosey Corner.

One day he struck upon the Explanation of the whole sad State of Affairs. He decided that he was a Shell-Fish.

MORAL: Never play a System.

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FREIGHT for all northern, eastern and foreign ports received and forwarded daily, except Sunday, at company's wharf, Rocketts.

FROM NEW YORK.

PASSENGERS can leave DAILY, except Sunday, from company pier, No. 26, North River, at 3 P. M., for Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, connecting with Chesapeake and Ohio and Norfolk and Western trains for Richmond, or with new steamers Brandon and Berkeley, leaving Norfolk daily at 7 P. M.

FREIGHT received and forwarded daily, except Sunday.

Tickets on sale at Company's office, No. 1212 East Main Street; Richmond Transfer Company, No. 903 East Main Street; Murphy's Hotel, Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and Petersburg depots, Richmond. Baggage checked through to all points.

For further information apply to

JOHN F. MAYER, Agent, 1212 East Main Street, Richmond, Va.

General offices: 81 Beach Street, corner West Street, New York, N. Y.

J. J. BROWN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

H. B. WALKER, Traffic Manager.

Bay Line to Baltimore

Via C. & O. Railway and Old Point.

U. S. MAIL ROUTE.

Leave Richmond via. Chesapeake and Ohio Railway daily, except Sunday, at 4 P. M., connecting at Old Point with the superb steamers of the Old Bay Line, leaving at 7:15 P. M., arriving Baltimore 6:30 A. M., in time to make connection with all trains North, East and West. Short rail ride and all night on one of the finest steamers in Southern waters. Returning, arrive Richmond 10:00 A. M., daily, except Monday.

For tickets and general information apply at general offices Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, Richmond Transfer Company and 1006 East Main Street.

MERCHANTS AND MINERS Transportation Co., STEAMSHIP LINE.

Direct Route to

Boston, Mass., and Providence, R.I.

Steamers leave Norfolk for Boston Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. For Providence Monday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 P. M. Accommodations and cuisine unsurpassed. Passengers and freight taken for all New England points. Tickets on sale at C. & O. and N. & W. Railway offices and No. 903 East Main Street.

RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Beginning April 1st, 1902,

Cars leave corner of Perry and Seventh Streets, Manchester, every hour (on the hour) from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Cars leave Petersburg, foot of Sycamore Street, every hour from 6:30 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.

TRANSPORTATION LINES.

N. & W. Ry. Norfolk and Western

MAY 25, 1902.

LEAVE RICHMOND DAILY, BYRD-STREET STATION.

9:00 A. M., NORFOLK LIMITED. Arrives Norfolk 11:20 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk.

9:05 A. M., THE CHICAGO EXPRESS for Lynchburg, Roanoke, Columbus and Chicago. Buffet Parlor Car Petersburg to Roanoke. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus; also for Bristol, Knoxville and Chattanooga. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Knoxville.

1:10 P. M., ROANOKE EXPRESS for Farmville, Lynchburg and intermediate stations.

4:00 P. M., OCEAN-SHORE LIMITED. Arrive Norfolk 5:20 P. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk. Connects at Norfolk with steamers to Boston, Providence, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

7:25 P. M., for Suffolk, Norfolk and intermediate stations. Arrives Norfolk at 10:40 P. M.

9:45 P. M., for Lynchburg, Roanoke, the South and Southwest. Connects at Lynchburg with Washington and Chattanooga Limited, Pullman Sleepers Lynchburg to Memphis and New Orleans. Cafe Dining and Observation Car Radford to Attalla, Ala. Pullman Sleeper between Richmond and Lynchburg. Berths ready for occupancy at 8:30 P. M. Also, Pullman Sleeper Petersburg and Roanoke.

Trains arrive Richmond from Lynchburg and the West daily at 7:35 A. M., 1:30 P. M. and 8:50 P. M., from Norfolk and the East at 11:10 A. M., 11:42 A. M. and 6:50 P. M.

Office—No. 833 Main Street.

JNO. E. WAGNER, City Pass. and Ticket Agt.
C. H. BOSLEY, Dis. Pass. Agt.
W. B. BEVILL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 8, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE FOURTEENTH-STREET STATION.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND, VA.

10:20 A. M., No. 6, daily for Durham, N. C., Danville, and all local stations South, connecting at Burkeville with Norfolk and Western Railway for Farmville, Lynchburg and all local stations West; at Jeffreys for local stations on Norfolk Division to Danville; at Oxford for Henderson.

2:30 P. M., No. 29, limited train daily for Jacksonville and all Florida points, Havana, Nassau, etc. Connects at Moseley with Farmville and Powhatan Railroad; at Greensboro for Durham, Raleigh and Winston-Salem; at Charlotte with No. 35, United States Fast Mail, solid train, daily for New Orleans and points South, which carries sleepers to New Orleans. Drawing Room Sleeper Richmond to Atlanta and Birmingham. Through train with sleeper, Salisbury to Memphis. Dining Car service.

11:05 P. M., No. 11, Southern Express, daily for Atlanta, Augusta, Jacksonville and points South. Sleeper for Danville, Greensboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, open at Richmond 9:30 P. M. Connections with New York and Florida Express and Southwestern Limited, which carries through sleepers to Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tampa, Nashville, Memphis, Atlanta, New Orleans, etc. Complete Dining Car service. Also Pullman Tourist Sleeper Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Washington to San Francisco, without change, with connection for all points in Texas, Mexico and California.

8:00 P. M., No. 17, daily, except Sunday, for Keysville and intermediate points.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT RICHMOND.

7:00 A. M., and 9:43 P. M., from Atlanta, Augusta, Jacksonville and all points South.

8:40 A. M., from Keysville and local stations.

8:55 P. M., from Durham, Charlotte, Danville and intermediate stations.

LOCAL FREIGHT TRAINS.

Nos. 81 and 82, between Manchester and Acquia.

YORK-RIVER LINE, VIA WEST POINT

THE FAVORITE ROUTE NORTH.

LEAVE RICHMOND.

4:30 P. M., No. 10, Baltimore Limited, daily, except Sundays, for West Point, connecting at West Point with steamers for Baltimore and York River landings.

8:35 P. M., No. 10, daily, except Sundays, local express for West Point and intermediate stations. Connects with stage at Lester Manor for Walkerton and Tappahannock.

5:00 A. M., No. 74, local mixed, leaves daily, except Sunday, for West Point and intermediate stations, connecting with stage at Lester Manor for Walkerton and Tappahannock.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

9:15 A. M., No. 15, daily, from West Point, with connection from Baltimore, except Monday.

10:45 A. M., No. 9, daily, except Sunday and Monday.

5:15 P. M., daily, except Sundays, from West Point and intermediate stations.

Nos. 15 and 16 will make no stops between Richmond and Quinton.

Steamers sail from West Point 5:50 P. M., daily, except Sundays. Steamers call at Gloucester Point and Clay Bank Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Yorktown and Allmonds Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

C. W. WESTBURY, District Passenger Agent, 920 E. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

S. H. HARDWICK, General Passenger Agent.

C. H. ACKERT, General Manager, Washington, D. C.

SEABOARD Air Line Railway.

"CAPITAL CITY ROUTE."

Short Line to Principal Cities of the South and Southwest, Florida, Cuba, Texas, California and Mexico, reaching the Capitals of six States.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 13, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND—BYRD-STREET STATION—DAILY.

No. 27.	No. 31.	
2:15 P. M.	10:35 P. M.	Lv. Richmond.
2:56 P. M.	11:20 P. M.	Lv. Petersburg.
7:27 P. M.	4:12 A. M.	Lv. Raleigh.
10:25 P. M.	7:00 A. M.	Ar. Hamlet.
10:35 P. M.	7:20 A. M.	Lv. Hamlet.
7:50 A. M.	3:55 P. M.	Ar. Atlanta.
2:00 A. M.	10:35 A. M.	Ar. Columbia.
	(Eastern Time.)	
1:05 A. M.	9:40 A. M.	Lv. Columbia.
	(Central Time.)	
4:55 A. M.	2:10 P. M.	Ar. Savannah.
9:15 A. M.	7:00 P. M.	Ar. Jacksonville.
10:50 A. M.		Ar. St. Augustine.
5:45 P. M.	6:45 A. M.	Ar. Tampa.
10:32 P. M.	10:08 A. M.	Ar. Charlotte.
1:35 A. M.	10:22 A. M.	Lv. Chester.
3:43 A. M.	12:55 P. M.	Lv. Greenwood.
6:13 A. M.	2:50 P. M.	Lv. Athens.
7:50 A. M.	3:55 P. M.	Ar. Atlanta.
	5:40 P. M.	Ar. Augusta.
11:35 A. M.	7:20 P. M.	Ar. Macon.
6:25 P. M.	9:20 P. M.	Ar. Montgomery.
	2:55 A. M.	Ar. Mobile.
	7:25 A. M.	Ar. New Orleans.
6:55 P. M.	1:40 A. M.	Ar. Nashville.
8:20 A. M.	8:20 A. M.	Ar. Memphis.

Train No. 85 leaves Richmond 9:10 A. M. daily for Petersburg Norfolk, N. C., and all intermediate points. Connection at Norfolk with train arriving Henderson 2.10 P. M. and Raleigh 3:50 P. M. daily, and Durham 4 P. M. daily, except Sunday.

Trains leave Richmond for Washington, New York and the East daily—No. 34 at 3:45 A. M., and No. 66 at 8:05 P. M.

Connections at Jacksonville and Tampa for all Florida. East coast points and Cuba and Porto Rico; at New Orleans for all points in Texas, Mexico and California.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT RICHMOND—DAILY.

6:30 A. M., No. 34 | From all points South
4:50 P. M., No. 66 | and Southwest.
8:45 P. M., No. 86, from Norfolk, N. C., Petersburg and local points.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE.

Nos. 31 and 34—Florida and Metropolitan Limited. Pullman Sleeping-Cars between New York and Tampa. Vestibuled Coaches between New York and Washington, and between Washington and Jacksonville. Pullman Sleeping-Cars (daily) between