

UTILITARIAN.
 I held her dainty hand in mine
 'Twas delicately tinted as a flower,
 But she was of this utilitarian age
 And said: "Young man, 'twill cost you
 fifty 'o' per hour."
WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

HAIRS FROM A BALD HEAD.
 The pleasures of living in a flat are manifold.
 The dweller finds himself dwelling nearer to heaven than it will probably at any time after he has the privilege to ascend. There comes to him a feeling that the world is so beneath him and the sense makes him almost too proud and haughty to be tolerable anywhere outside his flat-land. He grows autocratic; he thrusts his muddy feet out the front window and scrapes the mire from his shoes onto the heads of passers-by, and he likewise empties his slops and remnants of midnight lunches down the same convenient scuttle.
 At any rate he is not preternaturally modest, and has no need for a curtain as there are none to look in on him as he sleeps save the moon and stars. Flies never bother him; they cannot live in that upper atmosphere double charged with chimney smoke and tingling vapory steam.
 In winter he has no fires to build, but lies abed of the morning idly waiting, and inventing some new form of anathema to hurl at the janitor because of his lack of foresight in not starting the fires on the night before. Then when a gentle elusive hissing comes purring to his ears he beguiles himself with the notion that it comes from his radiator, but on investigation finds it as cold as a chunk of last year's ice, and the gentle hissing of steam to be the exhaust of an engine across the street, percolation in through the twisting strata of the winter winds out side; while through the open transom come such biting tastes of Arctic Boreas that he dare not leave the half frozen covers and lies convulsed with weak shivers till help arrives.
 Flats usually have no elevators, and the dweller climbing higher than ever cliff dwellers did, always audibly thanks the builder for the exercise every time he climbs up what he has christened "Jacob's ladder", in going up, and "Inferno's descent" in the downward going.
 And so on, there are no ends of romantic conceptions to be derived from the simple consequences of an every day life in a stacked up flat.

Doolin's bull pup, Mike, is a beautiful "swate baste". His jaws are heavy and solid, his lips short and maliciously grinning. His teeth, white sharp and firm add a cold cruelty to his general fierce aspect.
 Mike's slim little body is covered with short white hair that bristles standing, like tangled masses of jungle when he is angry. His legs are like bars of pilant steel, set struttingly far apart. He is a perfect type of the canine bully.
 "Begob, but he's a love, that pup of mine," praises the fond Doolin, but when Doolin came flying down the street, late on a recent night, yelling in pain, with that love of a pup firmly fixed to the posterior portion of his scudding anatomy, all former eulogies were turned to fervent curses. Still the well trained pup held his first good hold until Doolin involuntarily dividing, he dropped off like a satiate leach, and all blood besmeared, yet with a glow of satisfaction in his wicked eye, waddled swaggeringly back to his watch.
 A budding blossoming green little youth came rushing into the barber shop. He slammed the door and striding into the centre of the room paused a moment to look at the clock, then compared the time with his watch, and took in at the next glance the row of filled chairs and the other row of waiting customers. When his investigatory stare had at last come to satisfy him he called impatiently to the barber, "How long will it take you to shave me?" The barber glanced up, then he smiled a little smile as his eye caught the barely appearing fringe of fuzz about the face of his questioner, and answered, "Bout a minute and a half." Then every one grinned, somebody coughed suggestively and another laughed aloud. The youth, disgusted, balanced himself on the window ledge and drummed the panels with his swinging heels as he stared out. In a moment he had started up and standing again behind the barber, grumbled, "Say now, I'm in a hurry: got a class next hour. How long before you can get to me?"
 Then the barber frowned, as he replied, "Aw, come off your stilts now, go rub your chin against the plastering and quit bothering me."

The town clock struck twelve. Wendell, lounging on the bed, sighed and moved his eyes slightly from the figure on the ceiling which he had been studying for the past hour and a half. He indolently relighted his cigarette stump, without rising, grumbling the while about the studies for the next day, upon which he promised soon to begin. But it was a shame and an imposition to make a fellow work till three o'clock every night to get his lessons.
 Johnston heartily sympathized with

Wendell for he also was a sufferer from things existing. He was propped in a corner on the floor, idly drawing comic passages from a late novel in order to forget his troubles.

Smith who gets his lessons without study, leered pityingly upon the two unfortunates from where he sat boisterously singing a hymn to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom", accompanying himself as best he could with the wheezy groans of the consumptive old organ in the corner.
 Wearied by the tameness of his impromptu orchestra he smashed all the keys down together in one long jarring discord kicked over his chair and with its seat cushion, began to pound the stupefied Wendell about the head. Johnston, interested in any diversion, threw the novel at them and engaged in the assault, then became a scurramage.
 The howls and yowls, the blows and boisterous laughter, the shuffle and scrape of heavy feet, the complimentary curses, the crack and crash of breaking furniture and the shaking of the building's very walls told, to hurrying passers-by that the students were busily working upon the morrow's lessons.

Mike was in that hilarious state of mind and body commonly comprehended in the very expressive term, "full." Hennessey, too, was in an identical condition.
 Each steering his erratic course as best he might, the one, up, the other, down the street, their wobbly limbs navigated them eventually to a face to face position. Then and there the trouble began. Way down in the tangled labyrinth of the convolutions of Hennessey's cerebellum, or mayhap his cerebrum, there sprang up a mastering and uncontrollable desire to greet Mike as cordially as old acquaintances should; which desire growing to a resolve as is curvetted and twisted about the muddled tangles of his brain, finally came to act, though unsteadily, on his muscles.
 Mike simultaneously engendering the same wild desire, it happened that they both swung their right hands far out, and this action too, coincident, and swung them in again for a good old fashioned handshake; but the "best laid plans" etc. and the whimsical whims of drunken men gang aft quite amiss of the mark: Mike swung too low, Hennessey swung too high. Mike, following the swing of his arm went reeling and lurching till he thumped the pavement a stunning blow on his head, while Hennessey having swung too high, came later to earth and landed asprawl of the prostrate Mike. The latter having his optical facilities momentarily beclouded and dazed by a whole flood of dancing planetary illusions, merely followed along the lines of a growing rage when he struck as spitefully as the circumstances would permit, at the prostrate face of the recently come-down Hennessey. Hennessey's turn now to review the solar constellations, and his turn to grow exceeding wrathful and land with vim on the offending Mike.
 Then a bump and a thump; a clinch, a strain; a yowl, a howl, and a gruffled growl; and a swift short ride for two, in a rattling wagon with clanging bell, and liveried footmen solemn and stern.

The character sketch fiend is roaming at large. With pencil and pad he steals along with stealthy tread and a slinking glance in his shifty eye. Like a sleuth on the trail he noses about for all that is legitimate prey. His greatest ambitious flight is to turn the souls of men inside out and to flaunt them unmasked in the naked light.
 The character sketch fiend wears a shamed and furtive hang dog face. His character is made up after a fashion of all the supposed impressions that he has stolen from others. So accustomed is he mercilessly to dig out and expose for the edification of the public racy views of his own interpreting, showing the private and the hidden side of private persons, that the impressions of these views have stamped themselves in ineffaceable delineaments on his own face.
 Whenever in the course of his huntings he discovers a promising subject, he sets himself to lay it bare. An analyzer he calls himself,—others regard him as a terrorizer. A sign of nervousness, with him is invariably a certain indication of a guilty conscience, an abstracted stare he notes as the preying of unconfessed misdeeds upon a pang-ridden consciousness. The man who laughs is a jolly rogue, he who smiles is a hypocrite; the man that never smiles is a sinister wretch and the man with nerves is a coward.
 So the fiendish work of the wretch goes on, though it makes wrath full and free but little he cares for the anger of men while there are men to sketch.
 The day's work was done; wearily yet with a sigh of relief he slowly gathered up his books, jammed his note pad down into his pocket, and with fingers fumbling buttoned his coat. His serious almost frowning face wearing a puzzled preoccupied expression told of thoughts still with the books just closed.
 Reaching absently for his hat he moved haltingly down the busy library. A quick step behind and a light touch on his arm brought him to himself with a start: "Pardon me but you have taken my hat".
 "O, why yes to be sure. Then you have mine! No?
 Search of the book shelves, the tables

and the students' property corner failed to bring forth the missing hat.
 Like a blinking owl come out too soon, he stood in the centre of the study room jostled by men and women hurrying by and happy in the possession of hats. He began to think that perhaps he had not worn his hat that day after all, and expecting to go home bareheaded he walked to the door.
 "My, my, what a wet rain this is to be sure, I must run down to the cloak room for my umbrella.—Well, how ever did that hat of mine come to find the umbrella?"
 Then he put on his hat and hoisting the umbrella went out into the rain with an expression more puzzling even than before.
 G. E. T.

The football player is played out for he no longer goes about with hair denoting great agility and look of concrete imbecility.—Dunroy.

Mary had a little wheel,
 It wobbled so at Random,
 She gave it up and hired a man
 To haul her on a tandem.
 Two young ladies were talking in the alcove of the library the other day. "Did you have one of those gold belts?" asked the dark one. "Yes" was the answer. "But my brother is a sophomore now and he cut it up to make chevrons."
 Fair one—Does a post office order for five dollars cost just as much as one for four dollars? Clerk—Yes. Fair one—Well then, I might just as well get one for five.
 "So you do not think a minister ought to ride a bicycle?" "No, I didn't say that at all. But I do think he ought not to tackle it unless he is sure his religion can stand the strain of learning."—Indianapolis Journal.

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