

like a chair leg or bed slat to keep the ladies on your vest. Well old man Swengally, he got gay one night, and Trilby, she came out and looked ver in the box, and she seen he was dead, and then she barked in the harness, and they had to call the game. She wouldn't spiel for love nor money."

The bass wood boy stopped and the dummies bumped one against the other in the high wind.

"Well, what then?" asked the cigar sign.

"What then? Why, nothing. How much do you want for a quarter—a circulating library?"

"What about Billy the Kid."

"Aw, him? He don't cut no ice. They just put him in, like they say 'damn,' on the stage—to make folks laugh."

"Well, I don't see much in that to go on so about," said the cigar sign.

"I thought you wouldn't" said the bass wood boy; "only them that's got the bozey sqree and the gift of the hot touch can holler down the Trilby rain barrel. You're all right for the West side, but you hain't dago enough for the Quarter Latang.

And with this the bass wood boy drew himself back of his eyepatch. And the dust chased itself up and down the sidewalk until rain came and drove it away.

A FABLE

There was once a little worm, of the human species called domestic and inferior, but of a very gentle disposition and a pretty delicate color.

And as the little worm was creeping along quite happily—for it was young and light of heart—it attracted the attention of another of the human species called masculine and superior.

And the superior said to the inferior: "You dear thing. Won't you come with me and be my precious angel?"

And the inferior listened with both her two ears and opened both her soft eyes and her round pink mouth and said: "Yes." And so it happened.

For a whole month the inferior was an angel, and then she began to fall down and down to the estate of worm again.

And then the superior—who had been rising and rising to the estate of tyrant—began to tread upon her; first in his stocking feet, then in his carpet slippers, and finally in his hobnailed boots.

And this lasted for years and years. So long that the tyrant himself got tired of it except as a habit.

And then one day—when the tyrant was doing a little regular treading just to keep his foot in—the worm turned.

And there lay the tyrant dead.

The doctor said it was shock; the moralist said it was revolution; the sociologist pronounced it evolution—but the worm lay in a corner and cried as if her heart would break.—Dorothea Lumnis.

NOTES.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

"June's" has been changed into a meat market, and the ice cream parlor in the rear into a chicken yard. The walls of the "parlor" have been heightened by laths so that only the crows and the squawks get over. Some things the fire commissioners will allow and other things they will not allow.

People are watching with curiosity for the appearance of the new posters by Bradley and his school. They are late. The companies are using up their stock of old posters on the small towns.

It is stated by various critics, more or less knowledgeable, that Frederick Walker is the original of "Little Billee." Du Maurier himself has never admitted it. It is impossible to believe that the supernatural skill of "Little Billee" is represented by nothing more admirable than the blotted lines and imperfect drawing of Frederick Walker; a book of whose drawings has been issued in the last year or two. What if we could hear "Trilby" sing? The only feeling I had when looking at Frederick Walker's drawings was one of thankfulness that I could not hear that lovely voice that never was on sea or land.

One of the most noticeable things about the printing of the "Women's paper" was the good nature of the printers. They are written down as an irascible, taciturn set, not to be interfered with. The ladies were in and out of the pressroom. The printers were hindered in their work by questions, and they worked over time, but their good nature never faltered. The ladies decided that their reputation was not what their sweetness of disposition merited.

The university library has some new illustrated books. Hopkinson Smith's book on Some Modern American Illustrators, the book on French illustrators by Morin, one on English and one on Italian art. As usual the French portfolio is the most interesting.

The benches on the university campus are filled with students, studying, talking, laughing and flirting. They are happy to get out of the crowded building into the freshness outside. The halls and the library feel the relief also. The landscape smiles with gladness. The bright colors and the sounds have the same effect on the passer-by that the birds do.

The university buildings are pervaded by a personality, bustling, busy, effective. The man who projects this strong impression wants his own way in everything, and he gets it. If he has a great idea come into his head that seems to him good, he proceeds to execute it. If there too many obstacles in the way of his idea so that it can not move, he stops pushing immediately on that and moves a number of smaller ideas up against it. Then he pushes on the smaller ideas all at once and the force behind the obstacle is too heavy, it is broken and the idea once started crashes its own way into place. Then the man stops a moment and goes to work on a few hundred other affairs. His rule is wise, he plots patiently.

SARAH B. HARRIS.



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