FEUDS THAT COST THE PRESIDENCY

Repeatedly Leaders within sight of the White House have been thwarted by Personal Enemies

Personal feuds have played their part, and a fateful one, in the history of the presidency. Had not Alexander Hamilton been the unyielding foe of Aaron Burr, the latter, and not Jefferson, would have succeeded the elder Adams; but even more momentous in its consequences was the long battle between Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. When Jackson first ran for the presidency, in 1824, the candidates opposing him were Adams,

Aaron Burr

Crawford and Clay. None of the four secured a majority of the electoral college, and the election thus devolved upon the House, with choice to be made from the three candidates—Adams, Crawford and Jackson—who had received the most electoral votes. This debarred Clay, who, forced, as he expressed it, to choose betwen two evils, announced that he had decided to support Adams. But Clay's determination no sooner became known than some of Jackson's friends attempted to drive him from it. The weapon used for this purpose recalls one of the most discreditable incidents in our political history.

A few days before the time set for the election in the House a letter appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, asserting that Clay had agreed to support Adams upon condition that he be made Secretary of State. The same terms, the letter alleged, had been offered to Jackson's friends; but none of them would "descend to such mean barter and sale." The letter was anonymous, but purported to be written by a member of the House. Clay at once published a card, in which he pronounced the writer "a dastard and a liar," who, if he dared avow his name, would forthwith be called to the field. Two days later the letter was acknowledged by a witless member from Pennsylvania, Kremer by name, who asserted that the statements he had made were true, and that he was ready to prove them. A duel with such a character was out of the question. Something, however, had to be done, and Clay immediately demanded an investigation by a special committee of the House. Such a committee was duly selected. None of its members had supported Clay for the presidency. Kremer promptly declared his willingness to meet the inquiry, but in the end the committee reported that he had declined to appear before it, sending instead a communication in which he denied the power of the House to compel him to testify. No further action was taken, and in this shape, for the time being, the matter rested.

Soon, however, came the election of Adams by the House, followed quickly by his appointment of Clay as his Secretary of State. Though it is now generally acknowledged that there has been no bargain between Adams and Clay, it was natural that, at the moment, the rank and file of Jackson's following should regard Clay's appointment as conclusive proof that such a deal had been made. By accepting it Clay made himself the victim of circumstantial evidence. As

Roscoe Conkling

a matter of fact, he hesitated to accept the place, and finally assumed its duties with reluctance. What chiefly determined him was the belief that if he did not accept it would be argued that he dared not. This to Clay was more obnoxious than the other horn of the dilemma. He, therefore, took the alternative of bold defiance; but in so doing committed a calamitous error.

A strong effort was made at the moment to reject Clay's nomination. This failing, the cry of "bargain and corruption" was again raised, and with it began another contest for the presidency, a contest longer and more scandalous than any other in our political annals. Everything that rancorous partisan intention could concoct was spread broadcast by the Jackson journals; nor were Clay and Adams the sole objects of the storm of slander. Charges of the most infamous character were made against Jackson, and inflamed his animosity against Adams and Clay to a degree that approached insanity. Jackson believed Clay capable of anything of which the latter could be accused, and he himself gave currency to the "bargain and corruption" cry, which was printed, placarded and harped upon throughout the land. Clay, on the other hand, was unable on the stump to assume the line of dignified refutation; and his language, losing all restraint, became the vehicle of raving wrath. The result of the contest was a signal tri-

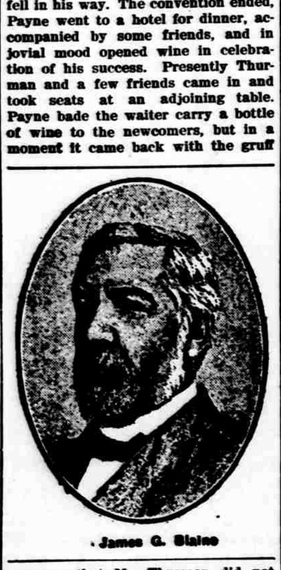
Alexander Hamilton.

umph for Jackson. Even Kentucky, Clay's own state, went against him, and Adams retired in the shadow of deep humiliation. Four years later, when Clay himself was a candidate against Jackson, he received but forty-nine out of 286 electoral votes.

In 1880 the unrelenting animosity of Henry B. Payne alone prevented Allen G. Thurman from being made the nominee of the democratic national convention. In 1857 Payne was a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of Ohio. The convention met in Columbus, and Thurman, then fresh from a period of brilliant service on the supreme bench of his state, had a friend in whose candi-

Henry B. Payne

dacy for state treasurer he was much interested. Some of Payne's lieutenants, without his knowledge, promised Thurman the support of the Payne forces for his friend in return for the votes he controlled in the convention; but the Thurman candidate for treasurer failed at the last moment to receive the promised support of the Payne following, and was defeated. Payne was not aware of the trick that had been played upon Thurman, but the latter, who scorned double dealing in any form, was quick to resent it. Within the hour the opportunity to do fell in his way. The convention ended, Payne went to a hotel for dinner, accompanied by some friends, and in jovial mood opened wine in celebration of his success. Presently Thurman and a few friends came in and took seats at an adjoining table. Payne bade the waiter carry a bottle of wine to the newcomers, but in a moment it came back with the gruff



James G. Blaine

message that Mr. Thurman did not care for any of Mr. Payne's wine. In evident surprise at this refusal, Payne rose from his seat and crossed to the group of which Thurman was the central figure.

"I trust you and your friends will drink a bottle of wine with me, judge," he said, urbanely. "Drink to my success and the victory of the democratic party."

"I do not want any of your wine, sir," was the reply. "I told that damned waiter to say as much to you, sir, a moment ago." And so saying, Thurman turned his back abruptly on the man from Cleveland.

Payne never forgot nor forgave this public insult. The quarrel thus begun ever after kept the two men apart, and three and twenty years later thwarted Thurman's highest ambition. In 1880 he was a candidate for the presidential nomination before the democratic national convention. Had he had the unflinching support of the Ohio delegation, there is little doubt that he would have been the nominee. The delegation was solid for him on the first ballot. Then it broke and the chances of his nomination vanished into thin air. Payne was behind the break. The delegates from the district in which his influence was supreme led it and were strongest in the claim which stampeded the convention to a dark horse. As Ohio was then an October state and practically certain to go for Garfield, the result would be disastrous to the democratic cause. That argument defeated Thurman and nominated Hancock, and the revenge of Payne was complete.

But the most dramatic of all the political feuds of the last forty years, both in its inception and its sequel, was that between Blaine and Roscoe Conkling. The two men entered the popular branch of Congress at about the same time, and both soon became leaders in that body. There was, however, little in common between them save the gift of pre-eminent ability. Conkling made Blaine the object of his sarcasm whenever opportunity offered, and the member from Maine was prompt to retort in kind. Thus the enmity grew until, in the course of one of their many encounters, Blaine, stung to the quick by an unjust and ungenerous taunt, burst forth in an onslaught on his tormentor which wrought the House into a high pitch of excitement and marked the beginning of a fierce struggle in the Republican party that ended in the humiliation of Conkling and the defeat of Blaine for President. Here are Blaine's words, and they are a model of excoriation:

"As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all members of this House that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity

Allen G. Thurman

for me to venture upon a controversy with him."

Then, referring to a chance newspaper comparison of Conkling to Henry Winter Davis, lately dead, he continued:

"The gentleman took it seriously and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great; it is striking—Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whipped puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire."

There could be no reconciliation after such an onslaught, and the battle was to the death. Defeated for the Republican nomination by Conkling and his friends in 1876 and again in 1880, Blaine in the latter year threw his following to his friend Garfield, who, nominated and elected, made Blaine his secretary of state and official right hand. Then came the struggle over the New York patronage, which retired Conkling, and was followed by the assassination of Garfield. In 1884, when Blaine was finally the formal choice of his party, Conkling was no longer in politics, but the sequel proved that his was still the will and power to strike a mortal blow. A defection of a few hundred votes in Conkling's home county of Oneida gave that county, normally Republican, to Cleveland, and with it the electoral vote of New York and the presidency. Conkling had wiped out the score against his ancient enemy.—Rufus Rockwell Wilson in Philadelphia Ledger.

Lions Fond of Lavender.

Lion tamers frequently perfume themselves with lavender. There is it is said, no record of a lion ever having attacked a trainer who has taken the precaution of using this perfume.

War Cost Is Immense

The financial cost of war may not be the most important ground on which to decry it, but it is likely to appeal to the sober second thought of our so-called civilized nations as no other consideration will do. In a budget speech Mr. Gladstone of England once made the following statement:

"The expenses of a war are the moral check which it has pleased the Almighty to impose upon the ambition and lust of conquest that are inherent in so many nations. There is pomp and circumstance, there is glory and excitement about war, which, notwithstanding the miseries it entails, invests it with charms in the eyes of the community, and tends to blind men to those evils to a fearful and dangerous degree. The necessity of meeting from year to year the expenditure which it entails is a salutary and wholesome check, making them feel what they are about, and making them measure the cost of the benefit upon which they may calculate."

Great Britain is to-day paying the financial price of the recent long-drawn-out conflict with the Boers in South Africa, and the people find the price a heavy one. Naturally the nations of Europe, who are at present only spectators of the Russo-Japanese war, hope that the conflict may be limited to the two nations now actively engaged in hostilities. None of them has any money to throw away, and in the event of a general European imbroglio, the expense would be simply enormous. Accepting the estimate of about 400,000 soldiers at the present total of the Japanese army, the cost of landing this force on the Korean or Manchurian coast at the rate of $10 per man, exclusive of horses, artillery and supplies, would be $4,000,000.

M. Roche, formerly French minister of commerce, estimates that the cost of war to Japan, including her navy, will be a million dollars a day. That means the entire earnings of 8,000,000 Japanese toilers, since their average wage is twelve cents a day. As the population of Japan is 45,000,000, one wonders who is to support her non-combatants. Russia, too, will have a serious bill to meet. M. Roche claims that when that country has got over her first expense, it will cost her from a million and a half to a million and three-quarters a day to maintain her military and naval forces, so long as the conflict is confined to the far East. This means the equivalent of the wages of 7,000,000 Russian laborers.—New York Observer.

One of Mark's Jokes

Before Mark Twain made his name famous in his first production of "The Innocents Abroad" he was attached to the staff of the old Alta California. It was while there that he perpetrated one of his jokes, which at that time had no more significance than that of an ordinary wag who enjoyed a little fun at another's expense. But since Mark has made his name known to the reading world the joke will bear repeating.

It was one of those hot summer days that occasionally visit San Francisco that Mr. Woodward, one of the proprietors of the Alta, stepped into the editorial room and there found Clemens drawing on the end of a brier root pipe. Woodward mopped his brow and when he cooled down he began to deliver himself forcibly.

"I'm disgusted," said Woodward, "at what I just saw on the street as I passed by the carriage leading into Wells, Fargo & Co.'s yard down at California and Montgomery. Sitting on a chicken coop, either drunk or knocked out by the heat of the sun, is a police officer fast asleep."

"Let us take a look at the animal," said Clemens, getting up from his desk and walking out.

On his way down to the corner he stepped into the California market and, going up to a vegetable stall, he plucked a large leaf from a head of cabbage. When he arrived at the place where the big, fat policeman was fast asleep the humorist proceeded to fan him with the cabbage leaf. This amusing scene soon attracted a crowd, which inside of ten minutes had swelled into hundreds and California street was blocked to traffic.

To add to the excitement someone had run to the old city hall and informed Captain Douglass that there had been a robbery at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, as the place was surrounded by armed men. Douglass summoned every available cop on his force, which at the time counted less than a dozen, and rushed to the place designated. After brushing the crowd to one side he entered the gateway and there found Clemens whirling the cabbage leaf as though nothing unusual had occurred about him. To say that Captain Douglass was mortified would be but a mild expression. The drowsy cop lost his star and Clemens enjoyed the joke.

Frugal Diet of Japs

Physiologists say that the Japanese present the most perfect physique of any race in the world. Most of the diseases common to the Occident are unknown among the subjects of the Mikado, and this happy condition they themselves attribute to the fact that they eat sparingly and only of plain, nourishing food. A Japanese visiting in this country is appalled at the quantity of food consumed by his host in one day. Especially is he impressed with the extravagance of our poorer people, writes Robert Webster Jones in the June Housekeeper. In Japan meat once a day is a luxury even among the well to do. It has often been said that to enjoy perfect digestion one should always arise from the table just short of the point of repletion. A Japanese saying which may be cited in confirmation is: "I am happy because I am hungry." Certainly when we remember how small an organ comparatively the human stomach is, the danger of overloading it becomes very apparent.

A distinguished diplomat from Japan was recently the guest of honor at a dinner in Washington. After the first two courses of oysters and soup, as the waiters were bringing in the fish, he exclaimed: "What! Can anyone possibly want more to eat?" During the remaining six courses he opened his mouth for the exclusive purpose of conversation. When his abstemiousness was commented upon he said: "I am satisfied. I feel bright and wide awake. If I were to eat as much as you do I should fall asleep, and then I could not make my speech. Most of the men around this table are fat, because they eat too much. It is a misfortune to be so fat. I am stronger and healthier than any fat man."

It is a popular fallacy that three "hearty" meals a day are necessary to one's physical well-being. Doubtless we should all feel better if we ate less. In this, as in many other matters, self-denial and happiness go hand in hand.

Ballad of the Rain

Puddles and pools in the village street,
Dripping eaves, where the swallows hide;
The splash and splash of horses' feet
Down the muddy lane, and trees beside.
Sodden and soaked till the raindrops fall,
Like tears, and the twigs with jewels set
Of limpid water, and over all
A haze of mist, like a cloak all wet.

Under the boughs of the great oak tree
The glistening bulks of the huddled kine,
Driven from the pasture and rhythmically
Munching their cuds, and their broad backs shine,
Drenched and matted with pelting rain,
Plaintively sounding a lowing wail;
A passing team in the muddy lane
And a muffled and melancholy hail.

Blinding sheets of the driven rain;
Mist over hollow and plain and hill;
Splashing drops on the misted pane
That thickle down to the window sill;
Beaten fowls, with their ruffled crests,
Crowding close to the sheltering wall;
Dripping orchards and sodden nests,
With mist like a wet cloak over all.

The herdsman lowers his broad hat brim
To a sheltering slant, and the raindrops fall
From the beaded edge of the lowered rim
To the oilskin coat that envelopes all
His length; the guiding collie stops
From gathering in the grazing flocks
To shake from his sides the glistening drops
That mat the mass of his silken locks.

The eave spout gushes its frothy streams,
Whence the rain barrel fills and overflows
Its sides, and the slate roof blacker gleams
Through the murk and mist; the housewife goes
From room to room, lest the windows be
Unshut, and peers through the sodden pall
Without, and the rain beats endlessly,
With mist like a wet cloak over all.

Sullen and sodden and soaked and splashed
With pelting drops lies the distant field;
The roads lie heavy and wet steeds, dashed
With mud, where a carriage, muddy-wheeled,
Rolls down the road, and the drear day long
The weeping clouds no comfort hold.
The pelting rain dins a sullen song
And the day is bloomy, gray and cold.

—New York Times.

Ways of Paris Bakers

The manner of making bread in Paris I have never had the courage to personally inspect. I only know that instead of being fabricated in the home or in great, clean, sanitary factories as in the United States, it is made somewhere in the bowels of the earth under the small bakeshops.

I would no more dare go down into one of the bread kitchens than I would dare ask my cuisiniere how many times in her life she has had a whole bath. I have seen enough at the counters where bread is sold to get the French point of view concerning bread, which is even worse than the French point of view concerning literature.

Just as I am writing I glance across the street into a bakeshop opposite and I see a woman dusting off a pile of bread in the window with a feather duster. They have absolutely no sense of any difference between bread and wood and coal, and they deliver it at one's home accordingly. It is never wrapped, and in push-carts made of slats or in great open work baskets it is heaped less carefully than wood or coal indeed, because bread is easier to buy than wood or coal in Paris. The carts or baskets are pushed or carried by women wearing stout blue aprons covering them from neck to knee, which aprons, like the sheets on a French bed, are changed perhaps as often as once a month. Arrived at a house where bread is to be delivered, the open cart or basket stacked with the staff of life is left in the road for the femmes de chambre all around to merrily shake down upon it anything that will, while the woman mounts to one's apartments carrying the day's ration of petits pains bundled up in her apron, and the two long, thin loaves of bread, unwrapped, of course, one under each arm.

Come Redressed.

"A facetious parson lately preached to his congregation, among which are to be seen some of our most fashionable fair ones, from the text of St. Paul, "Let the women be covered." But this pleasantry having occasioned a vacancy in some of the best pews of his chapel-of-ease, he has written a circular apology, in which, after confessing the offense he has given his lovely auditors, he declares he wishes only to see them redressed."—London Times, June 7, 1800.

JEST NUTS

Then and Now.

"Demosthenes," remarked the student of ancient history, "used to fill his mouth with pebbles to improve his oratory."

"At the present writing," said the observer of modern events, "a lot of men become garrulous after filling their mouths with rock and rye."

A Broad Assertion.

"I wear no man's collar!" he exclaimed with vehemence.

Which is a statement that the patron of the average laundry cannot reasonably make until he has examined the mark to see whether there have been any exchanges.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Boy Knew a Whole Lot.

"How's my boy getting on?" asked the farmer of the city merchant.

"Oh, he's all right. Does just what he's told, but seems to lack judgment of his own."

"Well," replied the farmer, "he knows a whole lot if he could only think of it."

Brave to Rashness.

"Oh, George," sighed the romantic girl, "I wish you were like the old time knights; I wish you'd something brave to show your love for me."

Gracious!" cried her fiance, haven't I agreed to marry you, and me only getting $20 a week?"—Philadelphia Press.

TOO BAD.

First Bather—Isn't the water calm to-day?
Second Bather—Horribly so. There's no excuse for the protection of a strong manly arm in the surf to-day.

Business Woman.

Pretty Girl—Are you Miss Backbay's waiting maid?

Maid—Yes'm.

"Miss Backbay is a great heiress from Boston, isn't she?"

"She is."

"And very much sought after?"

"Well, yes."

"I presume so. Well, if you will give me the addresses of her gentlemen admirers I will be very much obliged."

"Dear me! What for?"

"I am selling encyclopedias."—New York Weekly.

A Better Job.

"Do you take me for a natural born fool?" exclaimed the testy and fussy passenger, who had quarreled with every one in reach, to the mild passenger in the seat ahead.

'I did; yes," replied the mild passenger.

"Well, I'll bet you know I ain't!" cried the fussy passenger.

"Then I congratulate you," said the mild passenger, "for if you did the job yourself you've got nature beat to a standstill!"—Browning'sMagazine.

Thoughtful Husband.

"You asked me to bring you some pin money this morning, my dear," said the young husband.

"Yes," she replied, with an air of expectancy.

"Well," he continued, "I thought I might as well save you a trip, so I brought you a paper of pins instead."

Only a Few Months.

He—After I am out of college, darling, I may have to wait a few months before I can make enough to support you.

She—It is so hard to wait.

He (bravely)—I know it. But, of course, you know the world does not know anything about me yet.

Not Patented.

"Your mother-in-law never pays you a long visit."

"No, she never did but once, and that was right after I was married."

"Put me on to how you worked it," the first man requested, earnestly.

"I had my mother come on a visit at the same time."

Mean of Her.

Being thorough society girls, Helen and Eva were playing bridge whist for money.

"Jack says I'm a Dresden doll," said Helen.

"Doubtless he is right," retorted Eva. "You are good to play with and easily broke."

Alarmed.

Ernie—Yes, he plays the violin for her benefit every evening. He says that music is the food of love.

Eva—And does that impress her favorably?

Ernie—No. She is afraid he will think it is the food of married life.

Influence vs. Affluence.

"How d'd Scadds manage to secure the nomination?" asked the inquisitive party. "I understand he had no political influence."

"True," replied the man who knows, "but he is simply rolling in affluence."

In a Dry Town.

First Drummer—Are you a Prohibitionist?

Second Drummer—Well, I should smile.

First Drummer—All right, come on; I know where to find a place.

Very Likely.

"It is said," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "that a king can do no wrong."

"That saying," rejoined the wise guy, "probably originated with a man who held four aces."

Power of Wealth.

La Moatt—Goldwood is very sick.

La Moyne—Is he rich enough to have a doctor's consultation?

La Moatt—Rich? Why, he is rich enough to have bulletins issued.

Persevering.

"And if you refuse me," hissed Percy Vere, "I will follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Gracious!" replied the beautiful girl. "Are you a book agent or insurance man?"

A Seaside Substitute.

Maud—She's a great favorite with every girl here.

Blanche—Indeed! Why?

Maud—Because she's so mannish-looking.

Positively Brutal.

Husband—I actually believe, my dear, that you think more of your poodle than you do of me.

Wife—I'd like to know what reason you have for thinking so?

Husband—Well, you never allow him to eat anything you cook.

High Living.

Mrs. Uppson—I received a letter from my niece in Boston this morning. She says she has meningitis.

Mrs. Oldham—No wonder that girl's always ailin' when she eats such fool stuff as that. Corn beef and cabbage is good enough for me.

It All Depends.

"But you must admit, sir," said the aggressive party, "that a man ought to be the boss in his own house."

"Y-yes, I suppose so," answered the meek and lowly man with the absent hair, "but the house I live in belongs to my wife."

Sly Uncle Si.

Circus Barker—Here you are, sir. Fifty cents for the big show.

Uncle Si—Say, mister, I'll give ye a dollar if ye'll let me crawl under the tent. I bet old Dad Foghorn I was young enough to do that trick again.

Her Reasons for Doubt.

"Do you think he loves you?" said Maude.

"Well, I don't know," answered Mamie.

"He writes to you every day?"

"Yes. But his letters sound suspiciously sane and sensible."

Mourning in Real Earnest.

"Death is a said thing," said the stranger to the man who stood weeping beside a grave.

"It is indeed," sobbed the other.

"I suppose," remarked the stranger, "you are sorrowing over the grave of a very dear friend."

"I am sorrowing over the grave of a man I never knew," replied the mourner, "yet I deeply regret his demise. He was my wife's first husband."

Her Point of View.

He—Miss Longleigh's dresses always look so neat; don't you think so?

She—Yes; for one who has so little to dress on.

He—Why, I thought she was quite wealthy.

She—So she is—but she's so awfully thin.

Of More Importance.

"Excuse me, madam," said the book canvasser as a spinster who was beginning to carry weight for age opened the front door, "but are you interested in the study of prehistoric man?"

"I should say not," replied the giddy old girl. "I am too busy trying to get a man of to-day interested in me."

Point of View.

"Isn't it awful," said Mrs. Goodwin, "to realize that all our sins and shortcomings will be revealed on the judgment day?"

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Gabbles, "but there is some satisfaction in knowing that we will find out a lot of mean things about other people."

Somewhat Different.

Daughter—He says he loves me more than life and cannot live without me.

Father—Oh, that's what they all say.

Daughter—But he is the only one who has proved his sincerity by lying to me.

Conceited Fellow.

She—You men don't seem to realize that a girl can't imagine anything worse than to have a young man kiss her against her will.

He—No? I should think it would feel worse to have us refuse to kiss you when you're willing.

A Scientific Diagnosis.

College Senior—So you think Tom will propose?

College Junior—Yes; last night his pulse was 70—temperature 95; this afternoon his pulse was 90—temperature 105; I think the crisis will occur by to-night.—Puck.

Poor Sample.

Domestic—"Where shall I take this prescription, mum?"

Mrs. Sharpeye—"Anywhere, except to Pillbox & Co.'s. There goods are not fresh. I bought a postage stamp of them yesterday and it was last year's issue."

Not Negotiable.

"Isn't this climate changeable?" asked the newcomer.

"No," answered the old inhabitant, rather brusquely. "It ain't changeable. If it was, don't you s'pose we'd have traded it off for something else long ago?"

FLOORED.

S. S. Teacher—We should never do in private what we would not do in public.
Little Mary—How about taking a bath?

Signs of the Times.

Younger sister (peeping through keyhole)—Mr. Spoonamore is going to propose to Bertha to-night.

Johnny—How do you know?

Younger sister—I can tell by the determined look on Bertha's face.

A Doubtful Compliment.

He—You are just as sweet as you can be.

She—I don't think that much of a compliment. You see, it all depends upon how sweet you suppose I am capable of being.—Town Topics.

Resourceful Artist.

The Veteran—Say, Mr. Artist, how are you goin' to fix up that old wooden leg of mine to make it look good in the picture?

The Artist—Oh, that's all right; I'll give it a hardwood finish.

An Old-Fashioned Affair.

Aunt—Why, what's the matter, Elfie. Why do you go on so?

Effie—Oh, papa has been and bought me a doll without any of the modern improvements.

Coolly Considerate.

"Would you marry a man because he was rich?" asked the romantic girl.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I might refuse to marry one because he wasn't."

Suspicious.

Ernie—And do you believe everything he says?

Eva—How can I? He works in a shoe store and guarantees patent leathers.

Then He Got It.

"Prisoner," said the verbose judge, "the law gives you a long sentence—"

"All right, judge," said the tired prisoner, "I'm willing to take any sentence the law gives me, but give me as few of your own as you can."

Tip for a Waiter.

DeBorem—I say, Bobby, did you tell your sister that I was waiting here?

Bobby—Sure I did.

DeBorem—And what did she say?

Bobby—She said you ought to get a job like that in a restaurant.

Wait Until She Gets Older.

Mamma—You shouldn't be so vain, Elsie. You are always looking into the mirror.

Elsie (aged 4)—I'm not vain, mamma. I don't think I'm half as good looking as I really am.

Up to the Bride.

"If you ever marry," said Wedderly to his friend Singleton, "will you go abroad on your wedding tour?"

"I certainly will if my bride can afford it," answered Singleton.

A Sensitive Conscience.

Carrie—Goodness, it's that horrid old bore, Wilkins. Tell him I have gone out.

Belle—No, I won't tell a story; but I will say that you have not come back yet yet.

His Experience.

Singleton—Do you believe that marriage is a failure?

Wedderly—No; merely an assignment in which the wife is a preferred creditor.

WORK LONG WITHOUT SLEEP.

Trained Nurses at Times Must Keep Lengthy Vigils.

"It always makes me smile to hear men talk about their long hours," said the trained nurse. "If by any possible chance a man hasn't had his clothes off for twenty-four hours you never hear the end of it, unless perhaps the occasion has been an all-night poker game or something of the sort which he isn't so apt to talk about. But ordinarily he makes a great fuss over his long hours, particularly if due to stress of work or some unexpected duty. Now, a trained nurse, even though one of the generally accepted 'weaker sex,' thinks nothing, when occasion demands, of going three or four days and nights without once closing her eyes. I recently was called to a typhoid fever case on a Thursday, and on the following Wednesday the patient died. In all that time I only had five hours' sleep, three hours Sunday afternoon and two hours Monday night. On rare occasions I have gone even longer than that without any sleep at all. Of course, we try to make up for it afterward, but it's a good bit like cheating nature."

POLITE MAN AND MORGAN.

Didn't Give Latter Chance to Express Himself.

J. Pierpont Morgan, who is really an excellent raconteur, tells a very good story about a man who apparently possessed a more than average amount of politeness.

Hurriedly leaving the office one Saturday afternoon, the great financier was nearly thrown off his feet by colliding with a man who was rushing from the direction of Broadway.

Mr. Morgan was about to say something more expressive than polite, when the polite man raised his hat and said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in far too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon. If you ran into me, don't mention it."

And then he tore away at redoubled speed.

OFFICE BOY WAS GENEROUS.

Allowed His Employer Overtime for Lunch.

Visitors who want to see Charles R. Flint during business hours at the summit of the Broadway Exchange skyscraper are confronted by a row of desks, a railing with a wicket gate and a boy.

"Mr. Flint in?" asked a visitor of the boy one day last week.

"No, sir."

"When do you expect him?"

"Oh, an hour or so, mebbe."

"Can't you tell me anything more definite than that?"

"Well," answered the boy, "he's been gone to luncheon twenty minutes. I usually allow him an hour and twenty minutes for lunch."

"Oh, I see," said the visitor, as he turned toward the door.

"See, here," shouted the boy.

"I see," answered the visitor.

"I don't mean that I allow Mr. Flint an hour and twenty minutes for lunch I mean he takes that time. See?"

"I see," said the visitor.