

Lim Jackson, Lawyers

By Opie Read

A lawsuit had been tried on the veranda of the crossroads store, and when it had settled Limuel Jackson, who had watched the proceedings, took the home-made chair, vacated by the justice, leaned back against the wall and remarked: "Rather bad, this thing of going to law. And ain't it a peculiar state of society that educates men to stimulate quarrels? We may say that they ain't trained for that purpose, but unless there are misunderstandings the lawyer's work is cut off, and he's got a little too much of Old Adam in him not to look out for his own interest."

"You take a wrong view of the matter," replied a young lawyer. "That is just about what I expected you to say. But grantin' to the lawyer all he can claim for himself, it must after all be allowed that the bickerin' and shortsightedness of the human family give him the most of his excuse for livin'." A perfect state of civilization would argue perfect honesty, and if such were the case the lawyers would be powerful scarce. There is no denyin' of the fact that some of the greatest men have been lawyers and that the most of our presidents have practiced law. And so have some of the immortal geniuses been soldiers, but if man had been just and peaceable there never would have been any need for the soldier."

"According to your view, then," said the lawyer, "there is no real need for anybody that—"

"That doesn't build up," Limuel broke in, winking at his former friends. "Every man ought to produce somethin'. If he don't he's livin' on somebody that does. The only real occupation is the one that makes the world better. Understand, now, I have nothin' against anybody's callin'. I'm just expressin' my opinion and it must be taken for what it is worth. But the lawyer shows us one thing if nothin' more—how keen a man's mind may be whetted. I recollect once that a fellow sued me. We had swapped horses—"

"And you had got the better of him, eh?" said the lawyer.

"Well, that's the way it looked to him. The horse I let him have died that night. He asked me if the horse was sound and I said I never had heard any complaint, and I hadn't. He had never been under the care of a doctor so far as I knew. His appetite was good and he'd had his eye when you motioned at him. I might have seen him fall down—have seen men fall, but I didn't think that they were goin' to die. I told him a child could drive him. A child did drive him out of the garden that day. Well, we swapped, and, as I say, his horse was taken sick in the night and died before day. He came back to me and swore that I had swapped him a horse that I know'd was goin' to die. I told

him that if he'd show me a horse that wa'n't goin' to die I'd give him my farm. I felt that he had the worst of it and I would have evened it up the best way I could, but before I got through havin' fun with him he got mad and went away and hired a lawyer to prove that I was a liar and altogether the worst man in the community."

"I never got such a scoria' in my life. I felt sorry for my wife and children. I didn't think that anybody would ever speak to me again, and I told the lawyer that I would make it a personal matter between me and him. I expected the justice to decide dead against me, but he didn't. He had been a horse trader himself."

"Well, after the thing was over with I took the horse I got from the feller and went over to his house about ten miles away and turned the nag loose in his lot. I did it because I was afraid of him, but because I was afraid of myself—afraid that I couldn't sleep, and I was workin' hard and needed rest. Well, sir, that night the nag that I'd turned into the lot ups and dies, and the feller swore that I had hauled him there after he was dead, and hanged if he didn't sue me again. He got the same lawyer and he made me out a worse man than I was before. Made it appear that I had poisoned the horse and dragged him over there. Then I swore that the whole county couldn't hold me back from takin' it out of his hide."

"So the first chance I got I went to town to see the lawyer. I went over to the courthouse and he was makin' a speech, and I wish I may die if the feller he was a skinnin' this time. I went to the very man that had sued me. I never heard anything like it. Tip-toed and called him all sorts of a scoundrel; said that he had defrauded me, as honest a man as lived in the state. I couldn't stand that. I walked out and after a while he came along and held out his hand and called me 'Uncle Lim,' just as if I was his mother's brother. Then he clapped me on the shoulder and you could have heard him laugh more than a mile. He said he was a comin' out to go a fishin' with me."

"Well, I let him off, and after we had got to be right good friends, I asked him how he happened to be engaged against my enemy, and this is what he said: 'Oh, I wasn't. Some of the boys told me you were comin' into the house and I knew that you were trouble some when you set your head to it, so as court wasn't in session I started in to makin' a speech against the fellow so you could hear me,' and he clapped me on the shoulder and you could have heard him laugh more than two miles this time. 'Get a lawyer with fun in him and he's all right. Once I had some business on hand—the settlement of my

brother's estate—and I went to old Tom Cantwell and asked him how much he would charge me, and he al-mostook my breath with the amount he named. I knew he was a man of a good deal of ability—liked fun, and I says to him like this: 'Tell you what arrangement to make, colonel. I've got a mighty fine chicken out at my house and if you can fetch out one to whip him I'll engage you and pay your price, but if my chicken whips yours, you do the work for nothin'.' He was a man of ability and he agreed. Ah, me, there ain't such lawyers about here these days. I recollect once he—"

"But did the fight come off?" someone inquired.

"Oh, that fight? Yes, held tallow candles for it one night, and you'd have thought it was a snowin' the air was so full of feathers. My wife kept on callin' out: 'Limuel, what are you a doin' there in the smoke-house, and I always answered: 'I'm diggin' up a rat. Go on to bed. I've most got him now.'"

"I don't know how long they sit—other roosters, were crowin' all around the neighborhood when they got through. But my chicken crowed last, and the colonel gave me his hand with feathers a stickin' to it, and says, says he: 'Lim, you've got me and I'll take care of your business.'"

"Best settlement I ever made. He took care of the business right up to the handle, and when he had got through he 'lowed, he did, that he could find a bird that could whip mine for the estate—said he'd put up his law books and his house and not against it. I never looked too much like gambelin' so I backed down. Oh, he would have done it. Ablest lawyer in the county. It's a pity all lawsuits couldn't be settled somewhat in that way—as fairly, I mean."

"I was just a thinkin'," he added after a few moments of silence, "how much trouble the old world has been put to tryin' to govern man. Every year or so the legislature meet and make laws and unmake them, always experimentin' with man. The trouble with him is he don't know what he wants and he don't know what to do with it after he gets it. And the lawyer is the outgrowth of his restlessness and his ignorance."

"Think there will ever come a time when there are no lawyers?" the young advocate inquired, and the old man scratched his head. "Oh, yes, that time will come, but it will be the time when there isn't anything. The lawyer has come to stay as long as the rest of us do. He's a smart man and a good feller for the most part, and is nearly always willin' to forgive you when he has done you a wrong, and I want to remark right here that this argues the extremest of liberality."

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JEHU AND ELISHA

Wander and Preacher Shows in the Fellowship of the Divine Plan.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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Scripture Authority—2 Kings, chapter 9.

SERMONETTE.

Elisha, in the anointing of Joram, carried out the commission which had been given to Elijah over 20 years before. Thus are we reminded that God's plans extend beyond the life-span of any one man, and we also find illustration of the words of Jesus: "I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor; other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors." Paul was conscious of how the Divine transcended the human when he wrote to the believers at Corinth: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

God reveals his plans only to those of his servants who in faith and patience can wait God's time of fulfillment.

The wicked house of Ahab, and that wickedest of wicked women, Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, must have been a grievous trial to the prophet Elisha. It must have taken a vast amount of the grace of God and of faith to have waited through those long years for the coming of the righteous judgment of God upon such wickedness. How often perhaps during those years the impatient impulse must have seized Elisha to go to Joram and tell him of God's plan for him, so that it would hasten his efforts to seize the kingdom. But as often would come the consciousness that man must wait the fullness of God's time, and that to attempt to force the hand of God, as one might say, would be to invite not only failure, but shame and dishonor. No, the prophet must patiently bide God's time. He must wait through the years and slowly but surely see the wickedness of the house of Ahab come to its full fruition. Persecution, trial, famine and the pestilence of the Palmarist, Elisha could say: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." But at last—there is always an at last with the Lord—the time comes when God speaks and the prophet acts. Then is that fulfilled concerning which God had spoken so many, many years before, and the warrior Joram who so unconsciously had been growing and developing through the years to fit God's plans, suddenly flashes forth as the avenging hand of God's judgment upon the wicked.

Jehu showed a commendable zeal in behalf of moral and religious reform in Israel, but in his personal life and conduct he fell short of the measure of God's desire for him, as does many another modern day reformer. It is recorded of Jehu that notwithstanding his courageous and energetic crusade against the great evils that were cursing the land of Israel, he "took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel, with all his heart." It is a great thing to be identified with a great reform, but how sad at the last to be shut out from fellowship with the God whom position and ability has enabled one to serve.

THE STORY.

THE prophet Elisha returned from Ramoth-Gilead disappointed and perplexed. He had gone thither under the confident expectation of anointing Joram king over Israel, but no word had come from God directing such action. He had waited impatiently for several days looking for Divine light and leading, but no Divine message came, and at last he had returned home, as we have said, disappointed and deeply perplexed.

Years before, when Elijah was about to be taken from him to heaven he had laid the solemn charge upon him to anoint Joram king over Israel, telling him how the Lord had spoken to him in the mountain and had told him that Joram was to become king in the room of Ahab.

At that time Joram was a mere youth—promising, to be sure, but only beginning his career in the army—and Elisha had understood that the time had not arrived to anoint Joram. When King Ahab had been killed in the battle with the king of Syria, the prophet Elisha had not been surprised or disappointed when Ahab's son Ahaziah had come to the throne, notwithstanding the fact that the young warrior Joram had returned from the battle with a glorious record for valor, and had proved himself a leader of great ability. Elisha had felt that the time had not yet come when the word of the Lord was to be fulfilled by the anointing of Joram.

But when the wicked, iniquitous reign of two years had ended in the ignominious death of Ahaziah as the result of his fall during a drunken revelry, and Joram, another son of Ahab, had come to the throne without any apparent opposition, Elisha had indeed been disappointed.

It was then that he had spoken to Elisha of the commission God had laid upon him to anoint Joram king over Israel, and only a few short weeks after that he had been snatched

from earth to heaven. And ever since that hour Elisha had been watching intently the course of events in Israel, conscious of the solemn responsibility which Elisha had placed upon him of fulfilling the commission to anoint Joram king over Israel. But as he had waited through the years there had come no word or sign from God, and his spirit was sore vexed by the delay. Then had come the war with Syria, and the well-aimed mortal wounding of King Joram. Then Elisha had said:

"Now is the time come when Joram shall be anointed king over Israel, and the judgment of God will fall upon the wicked house of Ahab."

In obedience to this conviction, Elisha had hastened to Ramoth-Gilead and was there when Joram and the other captains of Israel's army returned. Day after day he had waited, momentarily expecting the death of King Joram, and the arrival of the auspicious moment when God's word would come to him to anoint Joram. But Joram, to the surprise of everyone, grew stronger and was finally able to go to Jezreel to regain his full health and vigor, and at last, as we have said, Elisha had left Ramoth-Gilead for home, disappointed and perplexed.

Then what a struggle ensued in the heart of the prophet. Impatience and doubt strove for the mastery, and feverishly the prophet watched events at Jezreel and at Ramoth-Gilead. The reports from the former place were that Joram was fast recovering from his wounds, and the fact that Ahaziah, king of Judah, went down to Jezreel to visit Joram indicated a continuation of the alliance between the two kings which would strengthen the hands of both.

King Joram at Jezreel also received reports from Ramoth-Gilead which were favorable; his captains to all outward appearances remaining loyal to him. In fact they had sent repeated messages to the king wishing him a full recovery and a speedy return to Ramoth-Gilead. True, there was something in the breast of each captain of the king's hosts the fires of disloyalty, but each was fearful to show his hand and be the first to take the step of revolt. And while each professed loyalty to the king and sent messages to the king at Jezreel, each was watching for the opportunity which would give him the balance of power.

Thus matters stood when Elisha had visited Ramoth-Gilead with the burden of desire to fulfill his commission, but as he had waited there had come no word from God and at last he had departed from Ramoth-Gilead.

And what of Joram during these days? While no hint had ever come to him of the Divine word which had been spoken concerning him there had grown up within him an irresistible ambition to rule over the nation. "But," said he to himself, for he dared not trust his confidence to any man, "if this thing is to be it must be because God is in it, and I must wait for him to open up the way. I know the wickedness of the house of Ahab and I know the judgments which God has spoken against them by the mouth of his prophet."

The presence of the prophet in Ramoth-Gilead had filled him full of expectancy, but when news was brought him that Elisha had finally left and gone to his own city his hopes were dashed to the ground, and he summoned the other captains that they might plan for the return of the king. "For," said he, "the king is making good recovery and Ahaziah, king of Judah, hath gone to visit him at Jezreel."

"We are with thee in this thing," they all exclaimed with one accord, when they had come together. But scarce had they begun their meeting when there burst abruptly into their midst a young man of most unusual appearance, his manner and dress betokening that he belonged to the sons of the prophets. Every eye was fixed upon him, as he exclaimed:

"I have an errand to thee, O captain. Jehu felt the hot blood rush to his head as he suddenly realized that his call had come, but he managed to blurt out:

"Unto which of us all, seeing we be all captains of the king's hosts."

"To thee, O captain."

And he went with him, and when he returned the consciousness that the anointing oil from God was upon him made him bold to execute all that it was God's purpose should be brought to pass.

Saloon Town Reformed.

"We've got a town on our road the boys call 'Hell.' If you want a real hard thing to try out the Y. M. C. A. on, put it there." This was the remark made ten years ago by a railroad freight car on an international Y. M. C. A. secretary, who had urged that this organization could better the conditions of living and the service on the road. "That suits us," said the secretary. The company put up \$4,500 for an equipment, and the citizens \$2,500. At the end of a month saloon men protested that the new organization was ruining their business. One of them, who had the biggest paying corner saloon in town, said his monthly receipts had fallen off from over \$3,000 to \$700, and he or the association had to quit. Now a handsome Episcopal church occupies his corner. A brakeman who came back to the town after an absence of two years, hunted for his former associates in their accustomed seats in the saloon and found them in the Y. M. C. A. building.

Anniversary of Porcelain.

The two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the secret for making hard or kaolin porcelain—the "Dresden" and "Meissen"—all the world admires—will be celebrated in Dresden in January next by a grand exhibition showing the historic development of porcelain making in Saxony, as well as France, England, Prussia and Denmark.

Bible Money Terms.

The money mentioned in the Bible would possess the following equivalents to-day: A shekel of silver, 23 cents; a talent of gold, \$30,000; a piece of silver or penny, 17 cents; a gerah, 3 cents; a farthing, 1 cent; a mite, less than a farthing.

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

Rapid Strides of Capital in Population



WASHINGTON.—The census taken recently by the police force of the District of Columbia indicates that the national capital is growing in population at an exceptional rate. The increase in inhabitants for the last year is reported as 9,812, which would mean a growth, if steadily maintained, of almost 100,000 for the current decade.

Of course such a rate of growth has not been maintained since 1900. According to the federal census of that year, Washington's population was 273,718. The population reported by the police in 1908 is 339,403, so that the increase in eight years has been 65,685. By 1910 Washington may be expected to gain at least 15,000 more inhabitants and its population to rise to about 355,000.

Compared with its nearest rival—Baltimore—Washington is making rapid strides forward. Baltimore percentage of growth between 1890 and 1900 was 17.1, while Washington's was 20.9. The disparity in expansion

will undoubtedly be greater in the decade from 1900 to 1910, for Baltimore's growth was checked for a year or more by the losses of the great fire of 1904, while Washington's growth has been stimulated by enormous building operations most of them conducted under the auspices of the national government.

The check to business resulting from last fall's panic will also be felt less in Washington than in perhaps any other American city. The national capital does not depend for a livelihood on manufacturers or commerce, and its workers have steady employment assured them because the government's activities are being continually extended.

In its physical aspect Washington has gained enormously in attractiveness in the last eight or ten years. It is an ideal residence city, and its charms appeal most potently to Americans with leisure enough to enjoy them. It has become the winter home of families of wealth and refinement from all parts of the union, and its quiet, order and beauty make living within its borders constant satisfaction. It still has great potentialities in the way of architectural development, and its material prosperity is secured by ever-broadening activities of the great governmental machine.

Former Blacksmith a Power in Congress



BEFORE Jim Tawney got into politics up in Minnesota he was a blacksmith. He was so rough that they had to throw him down to put him into a bolted shirt, some of his warmest admirers say.

That blacksmith training proved mighty good experience for him, and, applying blacksmith methods to his congressional career, he has forged to the front so rapidly that they do say down here in Washington that if Speaker Cannon doesn't look out some day he will get run over, because Jim Tawney is coming with wonderful strides.

Tawney is the man who would be picked out at a glance as the real ward politician of the house. He is just the kind of a man the voter always finds ready to tell him how to vote at the primary; the type of man who always leads the revolt in a cut-

and-dried convention—in short, the practical politician who gets out the vote.

Tawney, when he came to congress, wasn't welcomed within the big tent. He had to wait around on the outside. Then the blacksmith got busy. He just walked off the reservation, taking enough insurgent Republicans with him to spill the beans for the big five. And so it came to pass that the big fellows reckoned with Tawney, and now he is chairman of the most important committee in the house—appropriations. Hon. Jim is a fighter from Fighterville. But he is that kind of a fighter who knows when to fight and when to let the other fellow do the fighting.

Only once has Tawney been whipped. That once came from Congressman Goebel of Cincinnati, when he got the mail carriers' pay increased, in spite of Tawney and Chairman Overstreet. The whipping didn't tickle Tawney. So, when the fight to hold down the appropriation on agricultural bill came up Tawney quit guarding the treasury and let Scott of Kansas tackle the job. Tawney went to his committee room. The farmers wiped up the floor with Scott.

War Department Seeking a Legal Drink



THE war department is looking for a beverage to take the place of beer and whisky at army posts. The beverage must not be of the class of drinks prohibited by the anticelestial law.

The federal courts have never passed upon the question of the percentage of alcohol which will render a beverage an intoxicant. The state courts also have been chary of deciding the question. In certain cases the authorities have spoken, however.

Thus, in Rhode Island, it has been held that where beer contained 2.89 per cent of alcohol no evidence was necessary to show it was intoxicating. In Texas, a tonic containing from 3 1/2 to 4 per cent of alcohol has been held to be intoxicating liquor. By

the laws of Massachusetts it is held that a beverage containing more than one per cent of alcohol at 60 Fahrenheit is intoxicating.

The law in regard to the nonsale of intoxicants in post exchanges, must, of course, be followed in good faith by the army. In the absence of any federal decision as to the question at issue, the authorities must fall back on the decision of the state courts. These vary materially, and, therefore, the department may seek the solution in a practical way by ascertaining the view taken in prohibition states as to the sale of any given drink.

Where post exchanges are situated in a prohibition state it is considered entirely safe to prohibit the sale in such exchanges of preparations not allowed to be sold under the prohibition laws of the state. Where such exchanges are situated in nonprohibition states it would be safe to ascertain whether any specific drink is allowed sold in any prohibition state and let the exchange be guided accordingly.

Senators Knox and Crane Real Chummy



UNITED States senators often become good friends, but somehow they are not prone to becoming real chummy with one another. Exceptions occur from time to time to prove the rule. One of these exceptions applies to Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania and Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts. If the afternoon wanes without their meeting, one is likely to start out to see where the other is and to learn what has happened.

Often the Knox automobile and the Crane automobile exchange honks in the morning. Not infrequently the senators ride to the capitol in the same car. When the luncheon hour comes, Senator Crane may descend to the committee on rules, perhaps herald his advent by turning out the lights in the vestibule, and then lead his croupy off to the senate restaurant.

The fondness that Senators Crane and Knox evince for eating together is reminiscent of the fondness that former Senator Edmunds of Vermont and the late Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio used to have for drinking together. That was in the earlier days, when drinking at the capitol was not frowned upon.

All the oldsters in political Washington are fond of recalling that story, how the two senators kept a black bottle in the room of the committee on judiciary. They were certain to adjourn there twice or thrice every afternoon that the senate held a long ses-

sion. It was at first a marvel why the two men seemed to have the same thought at the same moment, and began to make tracks simultaneously from different parts of the senate chamber—one being a Democrat and the other a Republican—toward that committee room.

It turned out that they had prearranged signals. The "Old Roman" signal was to pull out that famous red bandanna handkerchief and to blow his nose with clarion loudness.

Crude Against the Fly. As the national crusade against the house fly is now in progress, supplanting temporarily the international issue against mosquitoes and rats, Prof. Underwood of Massachusetts declares that one fly killed this month may prevent the existence of 32,000,000 by midsummer. Such is the prolific nature of the common fly. Such, too, is the ignorance of the past that when a Roman emperor was found killing flies as a habit he was not hailed as a benefactor, but was finally dethroned as too trivial to be tolerable as a Roman despot. Still it appears in the light of history as a whole that this is a good time to invest as much as ten cents in a first installment of fly paper.

Letter Long Afloat. A correspondent writes: While sailing off Felixstowe on August bank holiday last year I addressed a postcard to myself, stamped it and placed it in a bottle which I threw in the sea. I had quite forgotten about it, but the other morning I received the card through the post, bearing the Tromsø (Norway) postmark and the sender's name and address. The bottle had been floating about nearly eight months.—London Chronicle.

I'VE BEEN THINKING

By Battell Loomis

ONCE knew a millionaire who always carried his money around with him in bills. There were some one dollar bills, more ten-dollar bills, and many hundred and thousand dollar bills. He always carried them in a suit case with an ordinary lock and key, and he told me that he was happy just because he had the actual money.

His brother hardly ever handled money at all. He was a millionaire, too, but he did all his business with checks, and seldom had more than \$20 on his person, and he was miserable and dyspeptic.

I understood the feeling of the moneyed millionaire better than that of the checked one. The first man was not a miser; he was simply a grown-up child, with a child's delight in actually seeing the money that he had earned the sweat of his brow most of it at a dollar a day. Don't stop to figure out how many days he had worked, or I won't wait.

Now, of course, there are persons of imagination who go through life using checks and feeling rich, but it takes a good deal of imagination to do so, and for me the pretty green ten-dollar bill means ten times as much as the check for ten dollars.

Of course, checks have their uses, and I use them myself. When a bill for some prosaic thing, like repairs to the coal chute, comes in, I send out a check in payment, but if I am buying a book that I have long coveted, you may be sure that I hand out real money for it. The book represents something tangible, and I will not insult the book dealer by sending him a cold, unfeeling check.

If I wanted to bring happiness to a widow, whose husband had died leaving her destitute, do you think that I would send her a check for a thousand dollars? If you do, you don't know me.

If I were going to do the thing at all I would go to her house with one thousand crisp dollar bills, and I would receive her thanks for each one. But it is a queer thing about gratitude. Her thanks for the first bill would be heartfelt, but by the time I had reached the first hundred she would have grown tired of thanking me, and I verily believe that before I had hand-

ed in the last bill she would have asked me if I couldn't be a little more expedient. Thus usage dulls the senses.

On the other hand, do you suppose that if I were sued for a thousand dollars I would pay the complainant in good green money? No, a thousand times, no. I would purposely buy the smallest blank check that I could find, and in my most minute chirography, and with an autograph that was barely good, I would sign it, and thus I could feel that I was getting off cheap.

In some things most of us are intensely mean, and among the expenditures that offend men's souls are those paid into a railroad company's grasping maw. I hold myself no better than the rest, and, if possible, I always travel in company with another, and before we start out I give him money to cover the expenses, and he buys the tickets and I feel that I have not spent so much.

But in buying stationery, and books, and pictures, I never think of intrusting the business to another. Let me pick out my own paper, find my own book, be my own judge of the picture, and when they are ready to deliver, let me pay the bill myself in coin of the realm.

Your plumber should always receive a check, but the man who entertains you should get good gold, even if it is only 50 cents' worth.

One objection I have to royalties is that they always come in the form of a check—when they come at all. One time, though, my publisher varied it; instead of sending a check he sent a bill. You see, I had given at least ten copies of the book at Christmas time, and, of course, the balance was in his favor. Do you know, I really enjoyed the thing for a change.

By the way, that receiving of royalties, even if they are paid in check form, is a good game. You sell your stories for so much, and then, when they are all printed, you are induced to make a book of them. Well, you have already been paid for them, so that you stand to gain whatever happens. It may be only ten dollars that will come to you, but it may be \$10,000, and the joy of looking forward to royalty day is one that cannot be expressed in words.

You do not hear much about the sale of your book; your friends say nothing about it, but perhaps they are keeping its phenomenal success a secret from you. You live in the country, and you never see the Bookman, so you do not know what the six best sellers are, but you have your suspicions. At last the fateful day arrives, the familiar envelope

of your publisher comes to you by mail, and as you open it a check flutters out. You remember the stories of Dr. Maurier and "Tribby," and how his publishers sent him several thousands over and above the contract agreement.

To be sure, it is only a check, and not money, but, after all, any bank will convert a check into money if you are known, and your book has doubtless made you known through the wide world.

You pick up the check and close your eyes until you are holding it right in front of them. "The Second National bank of New York. Pay to the order of yourself \$47.50. Harp, Scrib. & Co."

It isn't quite what you thought it would be. The book is not one of the six—yet. Still, after the first disappointment is over, you reflect that it is all clear gain, and you go to the bank and have it converted into new dollar bills, and then you go down town to the bookstore and you buy thirty odd books that you have wanted for years.

No, you don't. You know very well you don't, for the same mail that brought the check brought its antithesis in the form of a bill from the gentleman who raised the price of beef on you, and the other gentleman who charged you eight dollars a ton for coal, and like a good little man you sit down and you write out two checks which take up 42 cents of the dollars.

But take my advice and get the better of fortune by taking the five-fifty that is left—and your wife—and going into town for a small jamboree. Remember that a jamboree, small though it be, remains in the memory long after the memory of a paid bill has left you.

Pay the bills, but save enough out of the cost of your clothes for a little jamboree. Clothes warm the body, but jamborees warm the cockles of the heart, and a man who neglects the cockles of the heart to put Jaeger underwear on his lusty limbs has failed in his duty toward himself—and his better half.

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Useful Life Bearing End.

China's government has granted two years' leave of absence to Sir Robert Hart, after repeated application for permission to get "one more sight of home and friends before the final adieu must be said," as he wrote recently to a friend. Sir Robert Hart is 73, and few men have received such world-wide homage. He has been decorated by Belgium, Austria, Italy, Holland, Prussia, Portugal and England, while China, of course, has loaded him with her peculiar favors in the form of buttons and feathers. Speaking of his much-desired leave of absence, Sir Robert Hart wrote: "The months and years are slipping away and both youth and middle age are things of the past."

"Dreadful," moaned the opera singer, who had been robbed of \$1,000, "why it takes me nearly ten minutes of hard work to earn that much."