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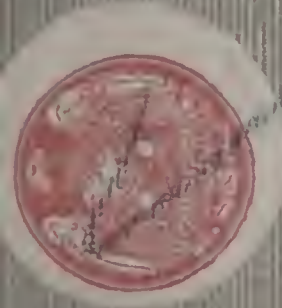
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1911

Perpetrations

By Marion Howard





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THE AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

PERPETRATIONS

WISE AND OTHERWISE

BY

MARION HOWARD

Brazier



MARION H. BRAZIER, PUBLISHER

TRINITY COURT

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1911

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No. 1.

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER
FREDERICK WILLIAM BRAZIER
ABLE, HONEST, LOYAL, RESPECTED,
GENEROUS AND SELF-MADE

FOREWORD

By request of many persons this book has been prepared and in the hope that my "first offense" will not be the last. It is for you, reader, to declare the verdict. Please make your sentence like the book — light.

THE AUTHOR.

PERPETRATIONS

LIKE YOUR PRESENTS?

ANY MISFITS?

SOMEONE (perhaps you know her) received a pink satin handkerchief case as a Christmas gift and it was minus contents. Now that person had been quite unable to purchase any luxuries and had been hard pressed for necessities for some time, all of which was known to the giver. Pink is a color she abominates, except on dolls, babies, and debutantes, and perhaps bridesmaids. It is unbecoming to her — a factor in itself. She had a box somewhere in storage filled with such useless articles and her glove and handkerchief boxes were empty. “There are others,” so why not establish an exchange for mis-

fit Christmas gifts? That's what the average mortal needs!

Somewhere an enterprising individual has started an establishment where wedding presents may be exchanged, but a person gets married but once on the average, some never reach the altar (or halter as it too often proves), while Christmas affairs occur at regular intervals.

What a boon for instance for the young clergyman who has been remembered by sundry misguided members of his flock with slippers, several pairs, embroidered elaborately. He might exchange them for a meerschaum pipe or a box of collars. How would these victims fare?

“Boy of twelve wishes to exchange a copy of ‘Josephus’ (new) for a second-hand one of ‘Bill of the Bloody Gulch’ or ‘Deadhead Joe the Slick Detective.’”

“Young lady will part with seven

Christmas cards (hand-painted) for a plain gold ring to wear on her engagement finger.”

“Laundress desires to exchange a manicure set for a pair of woolen stockings — any color.”

“Young lady of fourteen will exchange a wax doll with real hair for a copy of ‘The Quick or the Dead.’”

“Gentleman desires to part with a pair of very large red mittens for a club sandwich.”

“Boy of eleven in long pants will give a fancy cap labeled ‘for a good boy’ in exchange for a dime museum ticket — any day.”

“Lad of ten will give a copy of ‘Lamb’s Poems of Childhood’ (leaves uncut) for a baseball bat.”

“Widow has a pale pink tidy which she will give for one square meal.”

“Washlady (very poor) will exchange

a pair of white kid gloves (too small) for a quart of anthracite.”

“Mother of family of ten will give a vinaigrette for ten pairs of cheap socks or a pair of flatirons.”

“Scrub woman, needing fuel, will exchange a lovely hand mirror for bag of coal and kindling wood.”

“Person out of work will relinquish a set of Shakespeare for a package of meal tickets — any café.”

“Engaged young lady will part with a book on ‘Happy Girl Bachelors’ for an up-to-date cookbook.”

“Elevator boy desires to exchange a bright red necktie for a box of cigarettes — any brand.”

“A father will exchange a big drum sent his son for — most anything not noisy.”

“Lady not owning a piano will exchange a music book for two pairs of stockings — size 9,” etc.

BOSTON IN A NUTSHELL

(From an After-dinner Toast)

BORN September 17, 1630. Called Shawmut by the Indians. Was a peninsula, and a popular summer resort for the Red Men. Very few native trees there when John Winthrop arrived, the Old Elm on the Common being the largest. This barrenness accounted for from the fact that the Indians had burned them down to secure planting ground. In the winter they fled inland, so that when the white men landed no natives were visible. This peninsula was renamed "Tri-Mountain" because of the three hills, Beacon, Copps, and Fort. For a time this name clung, and then it was decided at a very spirited town meeting, that there should be three towns, Boston, Mattapan, and Dorchester. A

tourist arriving later, writing home to England, said in part: "Boston is two miles northeast from Roxberry. The people's greatest want be wood and meadow ground. It being a neck and bare of wood they are not troubled with wolves, rattlesnakes or musketoes."

Boston's name was taken from Boston in Lincolnshire, England, from which place many of the early Colonists embarked. Rev. William Blaxton was the original owner of all of Boston. He held a grant for the whole peninsula. His farm was on Boston Common, but later he moved on to other parts of the Colony. Boston Common was purchased for \$150; to-day it is worth 100 millions. As its name implies, it belongs to the common people — in other words all citizens, with no sex distinction either. To become unpopular in Boston is to suggest that any part of the Common

be taken for commercial use — that is, above ground. It is the Hub's great breathing place and playground.

Boston has her "leaning tower" — a nineteenth-century acquisition. If you do not believe it, just take a look at the New Old South Church steeple, going or coming toward it, on Boylston street. It may rival the Tower of Pisa in time. It leans fifteen inches southwest from the coping of turret to the ground, but architects say there is no danger of its falling. The entire Back Bay is made land, and millions of piles support the various buildings built there since the early '70's.

Boston's alleys are unique as well as historic. Do you know you can walk many blocks, starting from Cornhill, without ever once stepping on Tremont or Washington streets? In some places the old alleys have yielded to the march

of progress and been closed up, or appropriated, but you can still go through several stores. As to crooked streets, I am reminded of the Philadelphia drummer who on School Street entered a vigorous complaint to a friend and asked why we did not straighten our streets, so a fellow could get somewhere without retracing his steps. The Hub man said, "Say, look here, old boy, if our city was as dead as yours our streets would be laid out straight enough."

Among the libels against Boston may be mentioned the saying, "Oh, yes, you can tell a Boston woman, but you can't tell her much." On approaching Boston a woman tourist noticed a granite block on the highway which once bore the inscription "I M. from Boston." Some wag had inserted an apostrophe after that I, so that it read "I'M from Boston," whereupon she exclaimed, "Well, I knew

Boston people were conceited about their town, but it is the limit when they label their stones on the outskirts." A good story (not new) is that of a very proper man, who was bereft of his wife, and desired these words on her tombstone, "She has gone to a better place." The marble cutter expostulated, and said: "Look here, I can't put that on, would it not be better to say 'She has gone to Heaven,' since there is no better place than Boston?"

THE LETTER "S" IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

A PRIZE was offered in 1898 for the largest number of words beginning with the letter "M" relating to the Spanish-American War. This was won by a Boston newspaper woman whose first name begins with M. She submitted the following:— First the Maine (and incidentally the mine), McKinley, Miles, Madrid, Matanzas, Manila, Montogo, Maria Christina, Maria Theresa, Marianne, Minneapolis, Merrimac, Mole St. Nicholas, Manzanillo, Morro, Mobile, Massachusetts, Merriam, Monterey, Monte, Monadnock, Meikeljohn, Maxim McCalla, Mahan, Mangrove, Marietta, Merritt, Machias (and her commander Merry), Miller, Marshall, Masso, Macias, and Marti. Among the women were

McLean, Manning, and McGee (for the D. A. R.). Mention might be made of marines, mines, monks, mumps, monitors, militia, mosquitos, ministers, marches, malaria, misery, majors, measles, martyrs, mud, and memories.

The winner then sent forth a far greater number of words beginning with the letter "S" as follows: — Spain, Sigsbee, Sentiment, Senate. Then the story reads: — Sampson's & Schley's sailors & Shafter's soldiers secured Santiago's surrender. Siboney, San Juan hill superseded same. Squadron sent Spicer's seamen seeking Spanish soil. Silvey sent stars & stripes skyward. Spanish squadrons sunk Sunday. Second & sixth state (Massachusetts) soldiers saw service.

Who else figured? Sagasta, Sternburg, Springer, Senac, Sherman, Selfridge, Swinburne, Swift, Snow, Schofield, Sperry, Schouler, Sands, Sartoris, Scovell, Schell

(artist), Seccombe, Stern, Sousa, Stevens, Stanley, Stearns, Sanborn, Simpson, Sayre, Scudder, Scull, Strong, Stedman, Stark, Shennon, Swan, Stoddard, Snyder, Stevens, Smith, Sherburne, Stover, Simonds, Schmidt (the last 21 being Harvard men and Rough Riders).

Among the women to take part were: Schenck (Natalie), Schley (Jessie), Sisters of Mercy. The ships? St. Paul, State of Texas, Solace, Serapin, Seneca, St. Louis, & Saturnina. Scranton (Pa.) sailor sent 1st speedy shot. Seventeen seventy-six shots sent sixth day, sending Spanish ships to sands. Places? Santa Clara, Sevilla, San Antonio, Songo, San Juan, Subig Bay, Sandwich Islands.

Favorite march, Stars and Stripes.

Favorite song, Star-Spangled Banner.

What the soldiers found: Surf, sharks, sharp-shooters, sun, stumps, spies, snakes, scorpions, sand, stumblingblocks, sys-

tem (?), semi-barbarity, soakings, sackings, sunstrokes, strains, stench, stockades, shots, sprains, sufferings severe, shameful starvations, scandalous sickness, slaughter, and sacrifice.

What they wanted: Supplies, support, stimulants, smokes, service, stewards, soup, streams, suppers, swims, stamps, sleep, socks, shipment, strength, satisfaction, and smokeless Springfields.

Other words in connection are: Southerners, Suez canal, searchlights, stamp tax, survivors, scare, society, soldiers, signals, shells, straight shooting, spirit, Señor, souvenirs, secretaries (army, navy, and state), shipwrecks, shoulder straps, showers, skirmish, shells, smells, scrutiny, spite, slanders, spoils, sabre, shouts, shudders, splits, sighs, strategy, scabbard, sin, subsistence, suspicion, swelter, swearing, Styx. Last, not least, our greatest American "Sam" — our uncle.

OUR HONORED DEAD

A RECURRENCE of Memorial Day renews memories of sorrow with those of triumph. The sorrow is less bitter, and the triumph is without anger. It is noticeable that more and more of the blue and gray spirit prevails; speakers and hearers alike show nothing vindictive; the harsher pictures of war are kept in the background, and the rising generation is taught to look forward to a century of profound peace.

Each year, as the veterans of America's greatest war assemble to honor the memories of their fallen comrades, their own ranks are less numerous. There are few except gray-haired men among them now. All honor to the part they bore in that contest. No matter though the coat be poor, the fact that it is worn by one who

wore the blue in the struggles that cemented the National Union gives its wearer the highest claim to the respect and honor of every patriotic American. There has been far too little consideration given to the veterans of the war, especially during the past few years. When they left their homes, fifty years ago, the promises were freely made that, should they return, nothing that the people could give would be thought too good for them to claim, and that for those who should not return the gratitude of the country for their services would provide amply for their families. These promises have not always been kept as we know. So long as any veteran soldier lives, let him know that what he did in the most heroic age of American history is remembered with gratitude.

With the principles of love and reverence for "one country and one flag"

firmly rooted in the hearts of our own citizens, we need not fear the invasion of foreign nations, whether they come as armed foes or as immigrants to our shores. Let all come who have the elements of making good citizens of any country and we can quickly Americanize them. They will soon be able to celebrate Memorial Day as reverently, Independence Day as joyfully, and Thanksgiving Day with as grateful hearts as do those whose ancestors first observed a day of Thanksgiving for the harvest of 1621, celebrated the Fourth of July with ringing of bells and burning of powder at the suggestion of John Adams, or marched with the boys in blue of 1861.

These three holidays are national by universal consent if not by legislative enactment. Not observed by other countries, as are New Year's Day and Christmas, not limited by religious belief or by

political partisanship, as are some of our other holidays, there is not a true-hearted citizen of the United States who does not observe them in his heart if not in actions, whether he is at home or in foreign lands.

When the last of the boys in blue shall have passed away, their memory and the history of their deeds will remain as a legacy, not only to their descendants, but to the nation they helped to save. May it ever cherish those memories and strive to be worthy of the sacrifices and sufferings of those who defended it in the time of peril.

LITTLE DISAPPOINTMENTS

MANY of us can endure the great disappointments which fall to our share with comparative fortitude, being supported therein by the sympathy of every feeling soul; it is soothing to know that we do not suffer for naught, that there are others who realize the ordeal through which we pass, who are with us in spirit, who commend our patience, call us heroic, and hold our example up for imitation. A great disappointment sets us upon a pinnacle, apart from the common crowd; we feel exalted by it, endowed with a sad pre-eminence; sorrow has given us a certain fame among our contemporaries; the commiseration of friend and foe is a tender tribute to our affliction, and no sentiment less kindly than a sort of admiring envy is excited by our elevation

above the commonplace being whom grief has passed by. But the little harassing, nagging, every-day disappointments — who appreciates or cares anything about them? Who but laughs at them when they come to light, and recommends us to more dignified troubles? Who sympathizes when the customer upon whom we have set our heart fails us; when the storm postpones our favorite excursion; when the *blanc-mange* catches, the cake turns out heavy, and the preserves ferment; when the hens plough up our carefully buried bulbs, the potato-worm encamps in our patch, and the canker-worm folds his tent in our gillyflower apple tree, and *doesn't* steal silently away until he has wrought ruin? Is there any balm in Gilead when the expected guest fails to appear, after vast preparations; when we are obliged to go out to dinner with the wrong person, and the right one is devoted

to our arch enemy; when our dearest friend declares our new hat a fright, and admires the people we detest; when our photograph looks ten years older than ourselves, and ten times uglier; when our verses are respectfully declined by the magazines, our lottery tickets draw blanks, and our partners at the dance are like angels' visits? There is no sense of superiority, as if we had been specially selected for endurance, to atone for the bitterness of these things, which are such as try our souls. These are the woes which corrode and fret, which pucker the brow and depress the spirit — little disappointments about the weather, about money, about attention or consideration, above which some immortal souls rise superior — they are perhaps too trifling to speak of, to demand sympathy for, but the annoyance or pain involved may be quite out of proportion with the cause.

Is it because they are so inevitable, so universal, that we have agreed to ridicule them, to call them trivial, without reckoning in the daily demands which they make upon the equanimity of the victim?

WOMAN BACHELOR. DOES SHE NEED DEFENSE?

“One may laugh at the love-lorn and lonely old
maid,
And pity her husbandless state,
Since her hopes, one by one, she has tenderly laid
In the narrow graves fashioned by fate;
But the other who loses not maidenhood’s way
Of setting men’s hearts in a whirl,
She is not an old maid, though past thirty to-day;
She is simply a bachelor girl.”

IT is sometimes said that all women, not incurably deformed, can marry if they like; but such is not the case in Massachusetts, where women are more or less attractive. The reason for this is that they outnumber the men, and consequently there are not enough of the male species to go round as husbands. Result — old maids, or, to be up to date, women bachelors; or, to be more polite, “unappropriated blessings.”

Why this superfluity of women? Well, the War of '61 robbed the Commonwealth of thousands of men far in excess of any other state. Then, too, the Bay State has become a mecca for women from all parts of New England, as evidenced in the several clubs made up of members born in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. They have come and appropriated our possible husbands. Enrolled also are many single women with an eye to the main chance.

Now, then, with man in the minority, we of Massachusetts have had to "paddle our own canoe," and it is not so difficult when once in the boat with the proper balance, and some prefer to rock the boat rather than the cradle. We enjoy certain prerogatives hitherto monopolized by mere man, such as owning and manipulating the latch key. The fear of not having that "Mrs." on her tombstone

has driven many a woman to matrimony in the great West — not so in Massachusetts, where at least fifteen professions are open to women. It is not now a question of sex but ability that counts. Speaking of the West, there is another reason why we are shy on men, for did not the late Horace Greeley urge our men to “Go West and grow up with the country”? They did, and in droves, and alas they married far from home, leaving many a “Barkis” behind.

A woman bachelor need not be a manish sort. She need not lose her feminine charm one whit. The girl who has had to make the best of circumstances, preserving her lovable traits of character, and has imbibed, at the same time, a goodly amount of self-assertive force through her association with men in the business and professional world, is often more companionable for men than the

woman who has known nothing of the rougher edges of life. She has seen the world at different angles, has found pleasure in her work, kept her circle of friends large. She takes an interest in public questions, and has no time to mope. Some are born for the fireside, some are not.

FOR the New Year, "Swear on — not off," swear to be open and aboveboard in dealing with your fellow men, for frankness is a rare virtue and not often appreciated. Swear to forget all the petty efforts to do you harm, swear to put all your troubles behind you; above all, swear to be true to friends and generous toward enemies, if you have them,— and it is a pretty namby-pamby sort of creature who has no enemies. Be a good soldier and never retreat under fire, for

right will prevail, and you can afford to stand on the "firing line" and watch results. Cultivate your mind and let it govern rightly.

A BURNING TOPIC

(Extracts from the Author's Lecture on "Cremation — Is it a Fad?")

“DURING the desecration of the Old Cemetery on Boston Common to make way for rapid transit, passers-by were amazed at the scenes witnessed. In full view were scattered remains of many bodies which had lain peacefully there for a decade, and skulls were tossed about like footballs, by foreign and ignorant workmen, until the authorities called a halt. Many a convert was, then and there, made to cremation, which does away with such unwholesome and loathsome sights too often witnessed. Frequently these graveyards are found to be in the way when a city or town wants a slice for a park or railroad, and we have to take up the remains and ‘move on.’

As to earth burial, it is natural to remember our dear ones as they were tenderly laid away. Thoughts of decay and dissolution are not permitted to remain in our minds, for we rather feel that what was mortal is still there and simply concealed from view. Thousands cherish these vain thoughts without the slightest regard for the living. It is common custom to bequeath our accumulated microbes to some cemetery, along with millions already there, so that miles and miles of infected soil are all around us to-day.

“The constant push from country to city, the massing of the people in small areas, the increasing value of old graveyards, like three in the very heart of Boston and many others in the city limits, sets one a-thinking. In the march of progress and events, the commercial requirements of the future, these grave-

yards must sooner or later disappear. Without being an intentional alarmist, the fact remains that the evil is here and threatening. There is nothing repulsive about cremation properly done, as those of us who have witnessed incineration of bodies can truthfully say. Aside from the lesson taught on Boston Common, other lessons can be learned, chief of which is the sanitary advantages over and above earth burial. Quite a difference exists between dust to dust (polluted) and ashes to ashes (purified).”

TIME'S FLIGHT

(Culled from the Author's Lecture on "Are We Growing Older Gracefully?")

"SOMEONE said to me 'I feel that I am growing old for want of someone to tell me that I am looking as young as ever.' Is there not a vast deal of vital air in loving and encouraging words?"

"Age has its very distinct value. What would a house be without Grandma? How much of an object in life would be missed by every member of the family to which she is the center and rallying point! The older members have someone yet older than themselves, to allow still a feeling of youth, a sort of tender barrier between them and the dark unknown. The younger ones have in Grandma one who makes the past an actual true story for them, someone who

seems to hold up the sky upon her shoulders. Nor is age unlovely to the eye. As there is the glory of the sun, and another of the stars, so there is the beauty of youth and the beauty of age. It is not that which appeals to the senses, but a purer and loftier type. It has the difference existing between a red rose and a moonbeam, between the body and the spirit. One who has seen it in its perfection on the lovely face of some old lady finds it restful to the eye and as pleasant to the soul as the blushing beauty of the young girl whose lips are pouted for kisses, but whose soul is yet to find its transfiguration."

"There are three classes into which all women after seventy are divided, 'That Dear Old Lady,' 'That Old Woman,' and 'That Old Witch.'"

"Persons who write about beauty declare that laughing makes wrinkles. Well,

what of it! The man or woman who, through adversity even, can wear a smile, is the one who is going to keep young. Those who close up their hearts to every human emotion, who never weep, except to shed 'crocodile tears' for sympathy, who never practice the golden rule or try to be human and forbearing are going to present a face to the world like a mummy. It is enjoying, suffering, being sympathetic, optimistic, enthusiastic, broad-minded that keeps one young. It is the woman of many emotions and much occupation who does not grow old."

"Happiness is not always increased in proportion to enlarged success. Men and women are happy just in proportion as they are content."

"A woman is as young as her friends believe her to be, and it is her own fault if, given health and occupation, she does

not impress the world at large with the idea that at thirty or so she stepped into the fountain of youth determined never to grow any older if she could help it, and she truly can. Let me present such object lessons as Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Russell, who bid defiance to Father Time."

"Toward the close of our years we should try to grow sweeter and truer and to live such lives that all the lines upon our faces are those made by smiles — even if sad ones — still smiles. Sympathy should become the need and requirement of the daily life, encouragement become a demand from one soul of another, and from it all comes the softened life, less selfish, and purged of the great 'I.' We live in our friends, our children, our past, maybe, and if it is not an ideal poem it is good honest prose, with here and

there a stray bit of poetry that sings in the happy love songs of the youth about us.”

“Nature intended that, like the beautiful flowers, we should bud, blossom, and then die; but, my friends, there is beauty in every stage of the flower’s life, even when the petals are falling one by one. There is always the delicate beauty of its own life left to the very last.”

NO TIME?

How tiresome it is to hear this, that, and the other say, "I have no time." The hackneyed phrase, "You have all the time there is," has, after all, a good deal of philosophy in it, for we do have all the time there is, and the use we make of it decides our mental and moral stamina. We know hundreds of the unemployed who declare they have no time, yet the busiest of workers have seasons of idleness carefully observed. "If you want anything done promptly and well, ask a busy man or woman," and this is so — Why? Because usually they have a system about matters and do not frivol away their valuable time in making long calls, or encouraging long-winded callers, or waste it in card playing, attending court trials, funerals, etc., where only curiosity

beckons. It is the class who never do any worthy work in the world who complain of lack of time, and they are the very ones who, if they had more time, would use no more than now. Deliver me from the "eleventh-hour" individual, the one who puts off until to-morrow what should be done to-day, and then tries to wriggle out with some silly excuse. To-morrow brings its own duties, therefore hang high on your walls the motto card "Do it Now."

We have all of time and the promise of all eternity, and if we rightly use the one we shall glory in the other. There is no difficulty in learning the lesson.

WHY WHINE?

OF all disagreeable persons it is the whining one. He or she whines if it is hot, whines if it is cold, whines at everything, and it is just a habit—that's all. The whiner is usually an idle or lazy being, one to be avoided on principle. Real hard mental and physical work is the best cure, work that will interest and divert attention so that he will have no time to whine. I have in mind one who has the whining voice pitched high and with the querulous note, the "I am so abused and nothing goes right in this world" tone — simply unbearable to those who find so much in life that is good and beautiful. Whining narrows and shrinks the mind and it stops development of body. It drives away friends and prevents making new ones, so quit

it, get to work, forget it, walk on the sunny side, stand for something, face about, reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood.

The late Joseph Jefferson was walking along Broadway just before his fatal illness, and met a friend who exclaimed, "Dear me, Joe, your face is pretty well wrinkled!" "Well, what of it, my boy, my heart ain't wrinkled, anyhow." What a text!

On the birthday before my marriage my wife gave me a book entitled "A Perfect Gentleman." Any presents since? Yes, the title of the last book was "Wild Animals I have Met."

True laughing is an inward grace of which there may be no outward sign. That healing ointment for the soul is not

applied with a twisted face and explosive noises. Laugh in your minds, not in your lungs. If love makes the world go round, laughter prevents it going round too fast. It is a capital brake for the passions, and but for it we would be worn out. The art of laughing is quite distinct from the art of amusing others. The society humorist who has made his friends laugh all the evening frequently makes his wife cry on his return home. Merriment is a great tonic. Cultivate it. Giggling is not laughter.

It is better to make enemies through being plain-hearted than friends through being deceitful.

Much better is it to trust and be deceived than never to trust at all.

“Do you consider matrimony a failure?” Well, not to get there might be.

Life is like a blanket too short. You pull it up and your toes rebel, you yank it down and shivers meander about your shoulders; but cheerful folks manage to draw their knees up and pass a very comfortable night.

“They say he has great literary acquisitions.” “Yes, his chief acquisitions are the books he has borrowed and never returned.” Many of us have been victims of these acquisitions. An advertisement appeared in a paper offering to acquaint persons how to keep books. To my mind the best way is never to lend them.

As I sat at my window the other day, I began to speculate on the passers-by. There was a drunken individual leaning against the Public Library building, when suddenly he took a tack across the icy street. Did he fall? Not much.

He moved along and no doubt went home to beat his wife and curse the rich. This reminds me of the little boy who was standing beside his mother when a similar scene was witnessed. "Say, Ma, did God make that man?" "Yes, my dear." "Huh, I wouldn't 'a' done it." But, to continue! As this creature passed on, from around the corner came a troop of children, who slid along in great glee. Did they fall? Not one. Out from a hotel across the way came a woman, clad in sealskins, waving her hand frantically to the motorman. He smiled sardonically and made her walk in the icy street half a block. Did she fall? No. Soon after a heavily laden truck got stuck, and the poor horses were cruelly beaten, by a brute of a man, for what they were powerless to avert. Did they fall? Yes, they did. There may or may not be a moral to this; but the fact remains that

this life is full of ups and downs anyway, and why not make the best of it and accept the rough road as sometimes safer than the icy one. But if I ever meet in eternity the man who lashed those horses when they were down, I hope to have the strength and permission to apply the whip to him. On second thoughts, he may go where icy pavements do not prevail.

VALUE OF JOLLITY

Is there any credit in being jolly when the joints of life are well oiled, angles all planed down, and events move as smoothly as a waterfall? To be jolly, à la Mark Tapley (that blessed creation of the lamented Dickens), when an indigo atmosphere pervades our very in'ards, is the height of heroism. To some the lucky star is but a passing meteor, and Dame Ill Luck is constantly at the bedside, usually with her knitting, prepared to stay. She will, too, if you go on encouraging her. Why not cultivate the cheerful, thus inviting Madam Good Luck to come? — and that's another story with a happy ending.

“Ever disappointed in love?” we were once asked. “No, but according to Phœbe Cary, many of my married friends have been.”

SERMON vs. FASHION

HUSBAND. — “Good attendance at church this morning, my dear?”

WIFE. — “Yes, everybody there.”

“Like the sermon?”

“Charming.”

“What was the text?”

“Am sure I don't know — at least I've forgotten.”

“Humph! Your friend Mrs. Newrich there?”

“Oh, yes, and she looked lovely!”

“Tell us what she had on.”

“Well, she wore a long cloak of embroidered stuff, and new hat with six long plumes, and when she stood up for the last hymn her cloak fell off, and then we all stared, for the dress was red with sky-blue bands edged with old rose, and there were fifteen rows of these bands.

The top of the dress was sort of filled in with lace, and she wore a big horseshoe brooch of diamonds that got unfastened and made me nervous. Then —”

“Cut it, I don’t wonder you forgot the text!”

“What is an altar?” said the teacher.
“A place to burn insects,” said Tommy.
“Who were the foolish virgins?” Little Lizzie replied —, “Them as didn’t get married.”

POLICY

LIKE a sharp sword in the hands of a fencer is policy in the hands of a diplomat. It requires brains and tact to be truly politic, and the unfortunate being who attempts to be cautious, and who is devoid of the necessary qualifications, such as wisdom, reticence, etc., only succeeds in making himself ridiculous. To be afraid to speak what is in your mind, for fear you will make yourself unpopular; to be too cautious to mention the fact that you are about to practice economy, fearing you might be called over-communicative; to be backward in taking sides, for fear of committing yourself to a losing cause; to refrain from rebuking errors may be politic to your own feeble intelligence, but in the estimation of

brainy folks it is a species of feline idiocy worse than fits. Moral cowardice seems rampant at times, and silence is too often mistaken for policy.

ONE THEATER NUISANCE

IT is the woman with the fan, who sends zephyrs down your spinal column, whom I call a nuisance at the play or elsewhere. Usually the fan squeaks, usually she sits enveloped in furs, and usually she drops the fan, and men go groping about our ankles in search of it. If you have, perchance, left outer garments in the dressing room (the proper place), and the auditorium happens to be none too warm, it is exasperating to have uninvited breezes sent down your back, to have your ears grazed, and to listen to the wheeze of a fan improperly handled and directly behind us (for more than one suffers under the infliction). Besides there is the ever-pressing danger that you may be tempted to sneeze during some thrilling act or rudely interrupt a

love scene and disconcert the hero and heroine. To avoid this we change our seat or politely ask the guilty party to send her breezes in another direction. Moral: Leave the fan at home, or learn how to use it.

ALL UP FOR THE FLAG

Is it not Charles Dickens who says "Altogether too many people look at everything seeing nothing"? There are individuals (not good citizens) who look upon our beloved stars and stripes as a mere piece of bunting. It has no meaning to them other than a bit of color on its landscape. A woman said to me during the late unpleasantness with Spain, "What a fuss you all make about that bunting flag!" The reply from the daughter of a soldier was more forceful than elegant. If the American flag is good enough to live under, and be protected by, it is good enough to respect. Great symbolism is represented in that bit of bunting, with the thirteen colonies immortalized in its stripes, — there to stay, — the field showing progress and

increase in our family of states. One needs to read Edward Everett Hale's masterpiece, "A Man Without a Country," to fully realize what it means to live beneath such a flag, and what it costs to forsake it.

ONE ON THE APE

A BACK BAY lad, in effete Boston, was given a penny, and when asked by his mother what he did with it he said, "I gave it to the monkey." "Well, what did the monkey do with it?" "He put it in his cap and gave it to his father who was playing the organ." Apropos of the Ape question and theory of evolution, a good story is told of the man, who, when asked if he thought men sprang from apes, replied, "No, but I'm dead sure women spring from mice."

Why is the average American like an Egyptian mummy? Because he is "pressed for time."

ANTE-MORTEM PRAISE—PLEASE

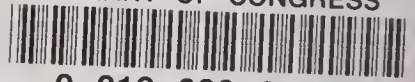
I ONCE heard a beautiful eulogy worthy of being recorded. The preacher said in part:—“A word to you all. Post-mortem praises are in the air. People kiss their dead who never stoop to kiss the living. They hover over caskets in hysterics, but fail to throw their arms about their loved ones who are fighting the stern battle of life. A word of cheer to the struggling soul in life is worth more than all the roses of Christendom piled high on the casket cover. The dead can't smell the flowers, but the living can; scatter them broadcast in their pathway, therefore, and pluck out the thorns before it is too late.” Nixon Waterman never wrote a more compelling verse than his “A Rose to the Living.”

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