The Reformer

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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"Here,"——Tommy, indicating with a much soiled thumb the spot where he and Gordon had been standing when Miss Andrews and her visitors came out, "is my first building. It is a model tenement, five stories, brick with terra cotta front, all modern improvements. Over here on this corner is to be a saloon and vaudeville. Back here is the workingmen need recreation. No one understands that so well as you do, Miss Andrews. Two blocks west is another tenement. Apartments in these tenements to be given away free already all spoken for. Across lot 73, northeast, over here, is to be occupied by another saloon and vaudeville. Give the people plenty of amusement. Another tenement over here, same size and size as first one. Over there I shall build the blue point a little and beneath the center is the drinking fountain place. There is going to be a bath which will be used as headquarters for the ward workers, office, restaurant, etc. We need some accommodation of that sort. Down here, southwest corner district, another tenement and Axtman puts up his saloon here on this corner. Then over here another tenement, same size, same style. These tenements will relieve the congestion now found around Bowen street. I have in contemplation these four, five, six, possibly seven. Ground will be broken for the first one over there"—he pointed to the block from which he had come—"tomorrow. I am planning to get everything in closed before winter. Pretty good plan, eh?"

Miss Andrews' blue eyes gazed at him with their profound look of unmeasured sadness. So might an unsullied angel of light have looked upon one who had denied his fellowship with the shining hosts of heaven.

But John Gordon had no history of past defeats and long accumulated wrongs to keep him silent like this woman who knew the utter uselessness of threat or appeal. He was at the white heat of passion, and, while he held himself in check and spoke coldly enough outwardly, he was really trembling and Luella began to fear some tragic end to the scene.

"In laying out your measurements for the double decker over there, Mr. Randall, you have not made any allowance for space between front and rear of lot."

"No," said Randall coolly. "We don't want to waste any ground. It's too valuable."

"But how about the city ordinance which provides for a space of twenty-five feet between front and rear houses? I understand your proposed double decker will be four stories in height. The law distinctly says"—

"The law be"—

Mr. Tommy Randall did not say what the law might be on account of ladies being present, but his abrupt silence was no less expressive. He himself broke it with a coarse laugh.

"Young man, you must be very young not to know that Tommy Randall is a law for himself in Ward 18. If he wants to put up a tenement on the whole lot he does it, and the law ain't going to make any difference."

"You miserable"— John Gordon's wrath flowed over and he took a step toward the boss. Miss Andrews placed her fingers on his arm as gently and as momentarily as he had placed his on hers, and he stopped as if a bar of steel had been flung up in front of him. Luella, watching everything with observant eyes, saw it all. So did Archie Penrose, and his face expressed a sneering sort of pleasure. Tommy Randall held his ground and began to roll up his blue print.

"Well, I must get along back to my work," he said as he gave the whole company a comprehensive look of triumph. "If you want to buy any lots, you know where to come. I understand you've got a little money to invest."

"Look here"—Gordon stopped him. "You say you don't care for the law. Let I give you warning that I will bring to bear every process known in this city to prevent your violation of these building ordinances."

"Go ahead, young man," said Tommy good naturedly. "I wish you success."

"If there is any such thing as justice left in an American city, I will have it served on you. I will set the whole machinery of the law in motion against you."

"Oh, you make me tired, young fellow. What is the law to me? Do you own the courts?"

"No, do you?"

"Some of 'em." The answer came with startling efficiency.

"Know about Justice Chambers?" Mrs. Penrose asked the question in a sweet voice that startled everybody.

"Justice Chambers? I—I—Don't exactly—well, yes, the new justice in Division 9." There was a look of wonderment at Tommy's voice that Gordon was quick to detect.

"Mr. Gordon, there is a county of mine—a very brilliant young judge, sarcastically.

A Reminder

"Is he very old?"

"Rather. Why, he's so rich he doesn't look forward to a gift for fear she'll bring a bunch of problems with it."—N. Y. Times.

Timidity

He—Why will you put your head on my shoulder?

She—I'm afraid you won't know what to do without it.—N. Y. Herald.

Mrs. Penrose arose again and in a cultured voice, and every eye including the boss, s[illegible] at her.

"It makes no diff[illegible]ce," The voice of Tommy Randall [illegible] again rough and assertive. "La[illegible] or no law, I know what I am doing. Good day, Mr. Andrews. Sorry you don't see fit to take the lots. I admire your grit." And he undoubtedly did.

He turned and walked back to the workmen engaged in making measurements, and John Gordon turned to Miss Andrews, exclaiming bitterly: "If this had occurred in fiction, wouldn't we have laughed at it as wildly improbable? Yet here it occurs in one of the greatest cities on the American continent, and we are obliged to accept it as a part of our municipal system of government. Before God, Miss Andrews, can we do less than vow war on all that such a creature represents? Bear me witness," he exclaimed, and he was one of the last men in the world to resort to dramatic poses or heroics, "I will exhaust every resource known to man in an attempt to have Tommy Randall obey the laws of this city. He may have robbed us of our proposed plan for parks and playgrounds, but he shall not murder little children and helpless women in those hells of double deckers."

They all walked silently back to Hope House and went into the library.

"I don't think any one knows the full extent of Tommy Randall's power," Miss Andrews said quietly. "I thought once, a few years ago, that I knew, but I don't. Nobody does, not even himself."

"Of course you have tried to have these building ordinances obeyed?" Gordon spoke it looking at her in great trouble.

Miss Andrews smiled her patient smile that told the story of countless battles, of countless defeats, of heart-sick failure to arouse a civic conscience, of corrupt courts and packed juries, and the whole city lying in a contemptuous apathy that owned no god but Mammon and felt no indignation except that of wrath over the fall of stocks or the thwarting of personal schemes for glory.

"What can be done?" Gordon asked it, but had no answer. "Of what use is our gift from Mrs. Effingham? Even if Randall would sell the lots he has bought he would demand outrageous prices that we could not pay. It is maddening to think that he has so chosen the places for his tenements, his saloons and vaudeville halls that even if we owned all the rest of the district we could do comparatively little to carry out our plan. The ward clubhouse means, of course, the intrenchment of Tommy Randall in the heart of his territory. Can you think of anything except a spider who has artfully spun his web and sits waiting in it for victims? O God of the children, is there no way in all this great so called municipality that these wrongs can be righted?"

He had never expressed himself so strongly, and Luella, looking at him, had never felt so much real emotion. She was sitting by the window, and as Gordon finished and slowly turned away from Miss Andrews, to whom he had put the question, Luella also turned and glanced out the window.

"Why don't you put the law on him?" Mrs. Penrose exclaimed impatiently. "There must be some way of executing the ordinances of this city."

"I have used every method within my power during the last twelve years to prevent the violation of these city ordinances relating to the tenement house construction. In every instance, without one exception, we have been thwarted when the case came into court. Mrs. Penrose, you have no conception of the tremendous political and social power back of Tommy Randall. It is an absolute dictatorship. It is true, as he unblushingly says, he or the powers back of him own courts, judges, juries, attorneys. All our appeals to the people themselves have been in vain. As the years have gone on my work has grown to be that of some alleviation of misery, it is not a contribution to the removal of causes. The misery flows on. The best we can do seems to be to make life a little more bearable for children, to put a little light and good cheer into these darkened, saddened lives, to alleviate ever so little their wretchedness. Sometimes I have thought this was all we ever shall do." Miss Andrews spoke with her usual quiet intensity. There was no whining, not even complaint, simply indomitable patience in the face of everlasting and unrelenting defeat of purposes by a power so grimly fortified with money and social entanglements and vice and appeals to all human passions that it seemed hopeless even to expect relief from its dominating grip on the situation.

"Do you know Judge Chambers?" Mrs. Penrose asked after a moment of thoughtfulness. During that moment she noted with a gleam of quiet satisfaction that John Gordon had gone over by the window and was talking in a low tone to Luella, while Archie, who unfortunately had seated himself the other side of Miss Andrews, had the length of the room and the big library table between him and the two at the window.

"I have begun to hear about him, as much of us have gone here," Miss Andrews answered.

"Let Mr. Gordon see him. There is some hope in that direction. I believe Judge was a peculiar fellow in college and law school. He has got into his present position, as you know, through a very unusual set of circumstances, and it would be just like him to do something. At any rate he has the ability to do remarkable things."

"It is worth considering." Miss Andrews looked thoughtfully at this woman who had apparently come down to Hope House, like scores of other fine women, just to look at a social experiment, but with no deeper or more serious purpose. Would Mrs. Penrose go

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[illegible] h[illegible] he [illegible] tu[illegible]?

Mrs. Penrose [illegible] got up and said [illegible] would like to look over [illegible] Miss Andrews, if you can show us. Can you? Come, Archie. Oh, Miss Marsh seems to be interested in her discussion with Mr. Gordon. He can bring her along with him when they are through. What a delightful, old fashioned hall you have here! I remember hearing my father speak of the time when the Ross family built this mansion. Very interesting."

She preceded Miss Andrews into the hall and beckoned to the disgusted Archie, who did not dare disobey. She slowly inspected the new coffee room and then asked to be shown the recent improvements in the people's assembly hall at the top of the building. She lin-

"Luella! Can you not see that I—that you—are the one I love?"

gered over everything that Miss Andrews had to describe, and it was all of twenty minutes before she entered the library again, the wretched Archie scarcely concealing his jealousy and uneasiness.

In twenty minutes a good deal can be said to affect the future of two people who for various reasons have not fully understood each other and are still conscious of an interest in each other that separation seems to intensify.

"What will you do with the money that has been given you if you do not succeed in stopping Mr. Randall's building his tenements?" Luella had asked when Gordon had first stepped up to the window near her.

"We shall succeed in stopping him."

"How?"

"I don't know. But if there is a God, and if there is a conscience in this city and I am spared to do the work God has called me to do, Tommy Randall shall not go on defying all heaven, as he has done these many years. Does that sound like boasting, Luella?"

He used her name so naturally that neither gave it any significance at first. Then slowly Luella blushed and looked down. She had never admired Gordon's manhood more than right then.

"No, I don't think it's boasting. I like to hear you—I mean I like to hear any man speak as if he expected to do great things."

John Gordon bent over a little nearer. Mrs. Penrose had risen and was leading the way with Miss Andrews and Archie out into the hall.

"Luella, is it too late? I have thought—I might possibly have frightened you by too sudden a test"— He spoke hurriedly, then, as he saw the room was empty of any but Luella and himself, he spoke with more reserve, but with more freedom as well—"Luella I cannot give you up. You see something of our great problem here. It's a gigantic struggle; it is apparently hopeless. But think of the children, Luella, whose lives are at stake. Isn't it worth a life like yours? I never meant to speak like this to you, least of all here. But the sight of your dear face in the surroundings has told me again how much I need you. God surely did not wish us to go on our ways alone. The fight is so hard, Luella, alone. I need companionship."

He laid his fingers gently on her arm as he finished. Luella was leaning toward him. Their faces almost touched. But his action at once brought up to Luella the incident out in Bowen street when he had placed his fingers on Miss Andrews' arm. Was it that or was it some caprice that dangerously dallied with your own happiness, Luella, that made you say:

"Companionship? You seem to be pretty good friends with Miss Andrews?"

John Gordon spoke slowly and as if he did not understand. "Miss Andrews? Luella, do you"—

He was angry with her. And she was apparently determined not to understand the reason for it.

"She seems to accept your leadership here. You are evidently not alone so far as companionship goes."

She spoke lightly, but her jealousy was apparent. John Gordon smiled. Luella cared for him. His anger vanished.

"Miss Andrews and I are good friends. She is a noble woman. There is not a power in the city. But"—

"But you are blind not to see that she cares for you"— Luella spoke quickly. Afterward she regretted that little sentence more than any other.

"Cares for me?" Gordon asked slowly.

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can see it."

[illegible] mistaken. It is im-

[illegible]ng is impossible when people [illegible] love."

[illegible] use to discuss the matter. It is [illegible] out toward Miss Andrews."

[illegible]a was silent. John Gordon was relinquishing his basis of appeal to her. What she had said about Miss Andrews disturbed him tremendously.

"Luella! Can you not see that I—that you—are the one I love? This is the last time I shall speak."

Luella looked out of the window. The most desolate sight she had ever seen was out there. The background for the horrible piles of rubbish was the dismal row of tenements with the back yard staircases like external skeletons proclaiming the degradation of the tenement dwellers in the tattered clothing hung out to dry. The dreariness of it all smote Luella like a horror. To live in an eternal conflict with evil like that represented by Tommy Randall; to miss the bright, pretty, comfortable life into which she had been born; to spend her days and nights in trying to love disagreeable, ungrateful humanity—all this seemed like a nightmare to her. Yet there stood the man she loved more than any other; she could not refuse to believe in his nobility, his courage, his unselfishness. Her heart hungered when she thought of all he was compared with the other men she knew. If only he were not living here! If only he would do his work in some other place where they would not always be obliged to look at all this human misery! John Gordon was speaking again.

"Once more, Luella. Will you be my wife? Will you join me in a lifelong battle for human rights?"

"Do you mean, as you did before, that I must live here?"

"Yes." The answer came without hesitation.

"I don't think I can do it, John. Oh, why do you exact that? You know I love you, John, but I can't, I can't live here."

"Do you love me?" John Gordon said it gently. "Then can you not trust me—trust all to me? We must live here in order to do the work in the best way."

"Must live here?" Luella did John Gordon injustice again in misinterpreting his emphasis. It was the only time she was ever guilty of such an act, but that did not make it any less serious. And again her insane jealousy of Miss Andrews disturbed her vision of the clear eyed love of the man who she knew well enough loved herself and her alone.

"It does not seem to me possible to learn the people's needs anywhere so well as here. That does not mean that we must remain here all our lives, but at least for some years."

"I cannot do it," Luella said slowly.

There was a moment of silence. Then the steps of Miss Andrews and Mrs. Penrose and Archie were heard coming through the hall toward the library.

John Gordon did not reply even by a word. He bowed gravely and turned toward the others as they entered the room.

Mrs. Penrose glanced quickly toward Luella.

"Don't you want to go over the house? It is very interesting."

"I don't believe I care about it today. It is getting late and Miss Andrews is busy. I will come down some other time."

"I shall be glad to welcome you any time," Miss Andrews said in her calm manner. She went to the door with them and said goodby as they entered the carriage. As they drove away the last look Luella had of the place framed Miss Andrews and John Gordon standing side by side under the archway. Both faces were serious, and John Gordon's had the look of a man who has entered on a new experience of which he is in doubt, but concerning which, like all brave souls, he has no fear.

"Well, I'm mighty glad I got out of it," said Archie as the carriage turned into one of the paved streets and the horses hurried on toward Park avenue.

Luella said nothing, and Mrs. Penrose laughed shortly.

"How would you like to live there all the time, like Miss Andrews and Mr. Gordon?"

"Catch me. One day is enough, don't you think, Miss Marsh?"

"I don't see how they stand it," Luella managed to murmur.

"Stand it! I want to wash out my mouth with perfumes for a week," said Archie, with an air of disgust. "I feel as if I had breathed in all sorts of diseases."

"It would be healthier for you to keep your mouth shut more of the time, Archie," said his aunt; "that is, healthier for other people." She spoke with a savage disregard of any one's feelings that did not take account of any results to herself. It was that that made Archie fear her.

The carriage rolled along, and no one spoke for several minutes. Luella was dumb. She looked out of the window on her side, and Archie fidgeted in his corner opposite.

"That's a remarkable situation down there," Mrs. Penrose spoke contemplatively. "Two hundred thousand dollars to spend and checkmated by Tommy Randall. It looks like a hopeless case for them. Of course he won't sell his lots, or if he does it will be at ruinous prices. The devil seems to be on top all around at Hope House. The only chance is that Gordon can in some way bring Randall to time on the ordinance violation. Do you think he will do it?"

"I know he will try," Luella managed to say.

"Try! But will he succeed?"

"He will if any one can."

"It isn't fair to ask him to face all that horror alone. He needs companionship," Luella started. Mrs. Penrose

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[illegible], but went on. "He ought to have a wife. Miss Andrews and he seem made for each other, don't you think?"

Luella coldly returned Mrs. Penrose's smile and then looked out of the window again.

"Miss Andrews is only eight or ten years older than Gordon, I should say. But that's no obstacle. I've always held that the woman ought to be older and more experienced at the beginning of marriage. Then the man can catch up, not in age, but in everything else. Don't you think so, Luella?"

"I'm not a judge," Luella answered in an icy tone. If the carriage had not been going so fast she would have opened the door and stepped out.

Archie broke in with his drawling note.

"It's easy enough to see that they are good friends. I should say it would make a good match."

Luella was enraged at them both. Mrs. Penrose, whatever her reason for saying what she did, saw that she could not safely go on.

"There's Cousin Julius. I believe Gordon can get help there, if he could only bring a case against Randall in Chambers' court. Julius doesn't fear man or devil. It is worth considering."

The carriage drew up at the Penrose mansion. Luella lived three blocks farther down the avenue.

"I'll see Miss Marsh home," said Archie. Mrs. Penrose hesitated a moment as the carriage waited.

"Very well," she said, and with a nod to Luella she left the carriage, and Luella and Archie went on.

Luella did not say a word to Archie, but stared straight out of the window. When the house was reached, she said mechanically, "Will you come in?"

"Thank you, I will be glad to," Archie replied with alacrity.

When they were in the drawing room, he gathered up courage to say, "Miss Marsh, will you give me a few minutes to—to make a few remarks?" He did not mean to say that at all. For the first time in his life he was as near being in love as it was possible for him to be, and in so far as the experience was new to him he was ennobled by it. Between the two unusual events in his life he presented a curious combination of bashfulness and effrontery. He had chosen the time for telling Luella of his feelings with singular misfortune to himself. He supposed she was smarting from a quarrel of some kind with Gordon. His shallow reason led him to believe that her feelings would be soothed by the devotion of another suitor, and so he blindly went on, gaining confidence as Luella sat perfectly still, her hands in her lap, apparently listening to him.

"Miss Marsh—Luella—it is no secret to you, I am sure, that I have long adored you"—he was nearer the truth than was usual for him—"but my devotion will surely count in my favor. Will you—will you entertain the thought of me as a—a—suitor? Will you permit me, Luella, to have some hope of some time winning your affections? I love you truly." He spoke in a sincere manner, for he felt what he said. "Don't say no to me. Think it over. Give me some hope, Luella"—

He was astonished to see her slowly rise and without even looking at him, without so much as a gesture of any kind, walk out of the room, leaving him sitting there on the edge of his chair, with his hands clasped in an appealing manner.

He sat back in the chair and waited. At the end of five minutes of blank silence he rose and went out into the hall.

"Please tell Miss Marsh I will call again," he said, with a ghastly smile, to the footman who was lounging there.

He went out and walked as fast as he was ever known to go to his aunt's. She was in the library and received him good naturedly.

"Well, young man, what did you think"— She stopped as she saw the expression on his face.

"You promised not to get in my way with Miss Marsh! But all your talk in the carriage was arranged to set her against me. I see it! You roused her jealousy by talking about Miss Andrews and all that"—

"What are you saying? You are absolutely unintelligible. Say what you mean!" Mrs. Penrose exclaimed with disdain.

"I am saying what I mean!" Archie traveled up and down the library in a rage, but it was the rage of a disappointed child rather than the anger of a grownup man.

"Oh! I see. You have been talking to Luella. Young man, you couldn't have picked out a more inappropriate occasion. Why, couldn't you see, man, that she was feeling terribly over something that happened between her and Gordon while they were in the library?"

"And you aggravated it by all you said afterward," Archie wailed. Mrs. Penrose smiled sweetly.

"So you actually proposed this afternoon, Archie. Tell me about it. What did she say? How did she receive your remarks?"

"She didn't say anything. She insulted me by leaving the room."

"But it was kind of her to leave you the room, Archie. You must have felt the need of something pretty bad."

"You're a fool," said Archie, and he sat down sulkily in a deep chair and looked defiantly at his aunt.

Mrs. Penrose got up and pointed to the door.

"Young man, you either apologize at once for that remark or you leave this house and you do not come back into it!"

Archie gathered himself up quickly and stammered: "I—I, forgive me, Aunt Constance! I did not mean that!"

"Of course not. You got your pronouns mixed. What you meant to use was the first personal. With that understanding I accept your apology."

Archie sank back into the chair and

Praye[illegible]

To Be Releas[illegible] From Life.

Almost Insane Fr[illegible] Nervousness.

Dr. Miles' Nervine [illegible] Salvation.

Do you enjoy life, or do you sleep so poorly that you are more tired when you get up than when you go to bed? Is your appetite failing, are you getting thin; does your head ache, back ache, eyes tire easily? These are symptoms of a nervous disorder, which should be promptly treated or fainting spells, mental and physical nervousness, nervous fears and loss of control will lead to insanity or mental irresponsibility. Strengthen your nerves with Dr. Miles' Nervine. It quickly supplies nerve-force and vitality to the wearied system, bringing sleep, appetite and health.

"I was almost insane with nervous troubles. Could not eat or sleep. Could see no pleasure in life; indeed, life was a burden to me and I even prayed God to release me from it. Three doctors did all they could for me, all to no purpose. I was in despair of ever getting better when I saw the advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. I got a bottle, commenced taking it and wrote for advice. I followed it carefully, taking Nervine, Restorative Tonic, and Nervine Liver Pills. Those remedies were my salvation. It is some months since I stopped taking the Tonic but I keep the Nervine in the house all the time, as it is a friend I do not feel safe without. If any should doubt the truth of this statement let them write to me and I will do my best to drive all doubt from their mind."—MABEL REDDEN, La Jose, Pa.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Mrs. Penrose at once recovered her equanimity.

"Tell me what you said, Archie. She never gave you any answer at all. Do you think it is a case of she gives consent?"

"Hardly," Archie groaned. "I asked her to hear me, to take time to think it over. I did not press the matter. I simply wanted her to consider me as a possible suitor."

"Maybe that's what she left you suddenly for."

"Why?" asked Archie suspiciously.

"Maybe she wanted time to think over."

"Oh, I'm a"—

"That's right—a fool, Archie! Didn't I warn you? You never had a chance. Luella is deeply in love with John Gordon."

"Why doesn't she marry him, then?" Archie asked with directness.

"I don't know," Mrs. Penrose replied thoughtfully.

"I would go anywhere with Luella," Archie groaned.

"Even into Hope House?"

"Yes, I would; even there."

"Then you must be very much in love. Poor Archie!" Mrs. Penrose spoke with a touch of contempt. "It's no use."

"But I tell you, aunt, I mean to marry Luella Marsh. I don't give up for one rebuff."

"No? She's never really given you an answer yet, Archie. Make her say no, at least."

"She will say yes at last," said Archie doggedly. His aunt looked at him half contemptuously, half wonderingly.

"Not so long as you are Archie," she said finally.

"You'll see," Archie said as he rose and went away. Mrs. Penrose thoughtfully sat and mused until dinner was announced.

"I have known stranger events to be," she muttered to herself. "Luella Marsh is a million times good for him. Why does she not marry John Gordon if she loves him? She will miss heaven, here and hereafter, if she doesn't."

John Gordon and Miss Andrews turned back into the library after the visitors had gone.

"That Mrs. Penrose is quite a remarkable woman, Mr. Gordon. I understand that she was a relative of yours?"

"No; she was an intimate friend of my mother. She has always taken a good deal of interest in me. It would not be surprising if she came to my assistance. She has abundant means and leisure; lives in a palatial house on Park avenue; is a widow with no nearer relatives than Archie Penrose. Her mention of Judge Chambers was encouraging. If Mrs. Penrose would only use her influence it might move something." Gordon uttered a groan. "But society women have no heart when they feel remorse. That's the trouble. She may be enthusiastic for a fad like Hope House, as she calls it, but it won't last. Her old associations are too strong to be changed into new ones."

("Judge Chambers is a man whom Miss Andrews spoke softly. I wonder what he will prove to be. The first act of his when he was first encouraging. How would it be if a case against Tommy Randall came into court?"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Mentally Deficient.

"Is young Tutter so politely [illegible]?"

"Well, he hasn't sufficient equipment to ever be in dangerous parcels."—N. Y. Times.

The University Graduate.

"Want a job, eh? What can you do?"

"Well, I can do a hundred miles in 10¾."—N. Y. Journal.

Logical.

Ella—Don't you hate to see a man make a fool of himself?

Stella—Yes, if it's about a woman.—N. Y. Herald.