

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1927

THURSDAY HELLO-GIRLIE

"At her switchboard for hours
A thousand callers you almost distractly
fumble, though there may make
you stand there a minute.
You're... really... generally doing things con-
trary to your... rectness.
Though her head may be buzzing,
she never complains,
And although often your language is
blue.
And you give her 'bird.'
Yet she never says a word.
Under similar circumstances, she would you?"

A PRIMITIVE TREASURE VAULT

Among his "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," Mr. Laurence Oliphant relates how he was entertained at the home of the Bishop of Montagny some forty years ago. "The little 'principality' was, of course, a much more primitive corner of the earth than it is now—which is saying a good deal."

The little town of Gethtinge, which in the capital did not then have a bank, had a single vault which was always a danger when closed, it was so strong.

In a kind of lodging-house, in which

there were one or two spare beds,

apart, though they were not actually

upwards, their doors turned out, it happened for a considerate arrival of a guest. The chamber ad-

joined to me had apparently been thus

He former occupant had evidently

been a man of modest requirements for his entire furniture consisted of a huge bed and a chair. I much

wondered at the absence of books and the presence of the chest, but the latter was not mentioned.

When the chicken was brought to me for my evening meal, I noticed

one of my own towels upon it, to serve as a table-cloth, and proceeded to make the best of existing conditions.

I was extremely touchy about the act of disrobing,

and when the door suddenly opened and a squat Montagnyman, looking magnificent in his costume stalked in, He addressed me in a language unknown to his native tongue—at least, I gathered from his manner that he was polite, but could not understand a word of what he said.

As he was evidently a man of some position, in other words, as he seemed to be a gentleman of Montagny, I received him with much ceremony, addressing him directly in his language, and drew from his pocket, and handed him the lock of the chest, thus giving me time to think what to do with it.

In order to accomplish this, it was necessary for me to remove my dinner, an operation

which I performed with great difficulty.

As he seemed a frank and engaging

kind of person, without any sycophancy,

as I was possessed of natural courtesy,

he opened the chest to receive it in.

To my astonishment, it was full of gold and silver coins, and a large sum of money.

Not only did my visitor withdraw

one of these coins, but he also took

out a small bag containing a sum

of gold and silver coins, and a large sum of money.

When he had counted out as much as he wanted—which, as we know, every master serves me, was more than a hundred pounds—he laid up the bag again, replaced it in the chest, helped me to lay my cloth and spread my napkin again and with a polite and satirical, he vanished.

The mystery was solved the next day, when, dining with the prince, I met my visitor of the previous evening, who then gained the information through a learned gentleman present who spoke French.

The chest upon which I had dined contained the entire finances of the principality, and that the Montagnyman who had unlocked it, when he vacated his chamber for me, was its chancellor of the exchequer.

IRISH INGENUITY

Several years ago a friend of mine summer in a lonely part of northern Ireland. She had most of her supplies sent from London, for these were no good shops in the neighborhood.

On one occasion my friend ordered a small box of groceries, including a few dollars' worth—from London, and it took very long in coming, and after the bill had been several fruitless visits to the post office, I traced the parcel to another little station not far away, to which it had been sent.

There she hired a young Irishman, John Smith, by name, to take her over in his cart. When we arrived at the station she discovered that she had left her bill of lading at home, but since she knew she would have no trouble, since she and the station master had corresponded, she "passed."

But the agent, an old man, who had a great sense of his authority, shook his head.

"And I can't be after letting you have it without the bill of lading," he said.

"But," my friend protested, "we have corresponded about this box. You know it is mine."

"I know, nothin' but just without the bill," he said. "You can't have the box."

"Forgot—my bill," he said. "I left it at home," explained the lady whose patience was ebbing.

He again resisted the rules to deliver a package, and said, "I can't have it."

"But I have already," said John.

Alger twice, when the grocer was

ready to bring me over after them, didn't say again, "Want you please give the box to me?" I know," he said.

"Ah, and I'll read the rules again, but don't say nothin' but I stepped back into his tiny office, and presently reappeared with a radiant face.

"Would it hurt the box not to open it?" he asked.

"No, of course it won't," he asked.

"Well, the rules say you can't take the box without the bill of lading, but they don't say nothin' about the things in it."

So the box was opened, and ten minutes later my friend was home, having home with him contents, and the station master, who was consulting himself on the case with which he had satisfied both the lady caller and his son, who could see what subsequently became of the box my friend never learned.

BIT OF FUN

"What has become of the fine old names of Prudence and Patience?"

"They wouldn't be here if they were," replied the old man. "If I had a couple of daughters I'd christen them Extravagance and Hysteria."—Selected.

Why didn't you put this watermelon in the fire as I told you, Mary?"

"It's too much," she said.

"But it isn't salt."

"No, ma'am. How could it be?" I had to take the ice out to get in."—Boston Transcript.

"Jack, I wish you'd give that young brother of mine a talking-to. It's time he thought of choosing a career."—

"I'm not doing the hours he keeps," he thought.

"But it's salt," she said.

"No, ma'am. How could it be?" I had to take the ice out to get in."—Boston Transcript.

A lady who had given a dinner party last night, was asked to speak to him.

"I'm sorry, doctor," she said, "that we were not able to come to my dinner last night. It would have been one you got to the other."

"It has already done one good," he replied tersely. "I have prescribed for all of the guests."—Exchanged



THE OLD MAN
OF THE
BIG CLOCK TOWER

GRANDPA'S SOLOQUY

It wasn't so easy to sing, but we used plain language then. We didn't speak of "them Galloos," when meeting boys and men.

When speaking of the mood hand-writing:

Or, of Tom or Bill, We did plain language then. We didn't speak of "them Galloos," when meeting boys and men.

Then when we met a good old friend, He had lately been seen. We greeted him, but didn't say, "Hello, you old curmudgeon."

The boy spoke of kicks and blows; But he said, "Smack 'em in the smoot."

And "past" him on the nose."

Once, when a youth was turned away From her he held most dear. He walked off on his feet, but now He crawled off in his car."

We used to dance when I was young, And used to call it, "no."

But now there was only "sing The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spoke in language plain, That no one did perplex, But those days one doesn't die—"I pauses in his cheek."

We pranced in a pair of common sense; But he was a gentleman of Montagny, increasing his distance, he drew his scimitar key from his pocket, and pointed to the lock of the chest, thus giving me time to think what to do with it.

He could not understand a word of what I said.

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