



3.—His Combination Garment.



4.—Adapted for Town.



5.—Or—Country

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.  
THE MAN WHO WON'T ARGUE.  
VII.

**T**O tell the truth, he is not as numerous as our other pet aversions. At first sight you might think it strange to see his name on the category of People One Doesn't Like. In a world where people are perpetually insisting on your swallowing their views whether you will or no, it would be a positive relief to find one who accepted your theories without protest, but the "Man Who Won't Argue" doesn't do that by any means. In a metaphoric way he uses the conclusive argument of the Irishman who declared he got the best of a wordy warfare, by "knocking his opponent speechless."

This fellow doesn't quite do that but he becomes dumb himself, all of a sudden, in a discussion, generally when you have brought the conversation to such a point as just proves

you right, and arrayed your facts to conclusively and logically show him how entirely mistaken he is. Then he begs you to "drop the subject," and remarks with a good deal of unnecessary emphasis that he "never argues." No more he does, when he's getting the worst of it. If he doesn't walk away and leave you and your proofs to yourself he puts stoppers in his ears, and a wooden expression on his face that is quite as aggravating and which you cannot break, if you use the eloquence of an orator and the subtle tongue of a lawyer. His unconvinced silence makes you long to punch his head, or ask him "if he ever fights." If you insist on it you can sometimes make him hear you out, but it's not much of a satisfaction, there's a look on his obstinate countenance which says plainly enough "you're wasting valuable time, and that a man of his calibre won't stoop to bandy words, when he makes up his mind he sticks to it."

You may try and sooth your ruffled self-respect by mentally saying that the making up of so small a thing as his mind is no great thing, but you still crave the satisfaction of piercing the thickness of stupidity that envelopes the infinitesimal brain he possesses. You take incredible trouble to do so, to be rewarded with a reiterated "I never argue." He doesn't either, he merely asserts and contradicts and whets an unconquerable desire in you to enlighten him. Your best plan would be to abandon him to his darkened intelligence, but some how or other you hate to do it, although in the end he makes you.

These intellectual Stonewall Jacksons are, owing to our contrary human wills, the most irresistible targets for the arrows of satire, logic and reason, but they resist every shaft aimed at them, and dull the finest wit and the clearest reasoning by their impassiveness. It is certainly a trial to be red-hot to give an opponent insight into a subject, and find him retreat into the resistless fort of silent antagonism, and there is no comfort in being obliged to fall back upon oneself, and sorrow for him.

*J. M. Loes.*



REVISED.

ART CRITIC. — "What do you think of Alma Cadmium's painting?"

ARTIST. — "Oh, I think it is superb."

ART CRITIC. — "I'm surprised to hear you say that. *He* says just the reverse of yours."

ARTIST. — "Ah, well! perhaps we're both mistaken!"

*—Phil May.*