

Fable of the Busy Man

One Morning an energetic little man who had about a Ton of Work piled on his Desk, came down Town with a Hop, Skip and Jump, determined to clean up the whole Lay-Out before Nightfall.

He had taken eight hours of Slumber and a cold Souse in the Porcelain. After Breakfast he came out into the Spring Sunshine feeling as fit as a Fiddle and as snippy as a young Colt.

"Me to the Office to get that Stack of Letters off my Mind," said the Hopeful Citizen.

When he dashed into the Office he carried 220 pounds of Steam and was keen for the Attack.

A tall Man with tan Whiskers arose from behind the roll-top Desk and greeted him.

"How are you feeling this Morning?" asked the Stranger.

"Swell and Sassy," was the Reply.

"And yet, tomorrow you may join the Appendicitis Colony and day after tomorrow you may lie in the darkened Front Room with Floral Offerings on all sides," said the Stranger.

"What you want is one of our non-reversible, twenty-year pneumatic Policies with the Reserve Fund Clause. Kindly glance at this Chart. Suppose you take the re-

actionable Endowment with the special Proviso permitting the accumulation of both Premium and Interest.

On a \$10,000 Policy for 20 Years you make \$8,800 clear, whether you live or die, while the Company loses \$3,867.44, as you can see for your-

self."

"This is my—" began the Man.

"Or, you may prefer the automatic Income Policy with ball-bearings," continued the Death Angel. "In this case the entire Residue goes into the Sinking Fund and draws Compound Interest. This is made possible under our new System of reducing Operating Expenses to a Minimum and putting the Executive Department into the Hands of well-known New York Financiers who do not seek Pecuniary Reward but are actuated by a Philanthropic Desire to do good to all Persons living west of the Alleghenies."

"That will be about all from you," said the Man. "Mosey! Duck! Up an Alley!"

"Then you don't care what becomes of your Family?" asked the Stranger, in a horrified tone.

"My Relatives are collecting all of their money in Advance," said the Man. "If they are not worrying over the Future, I don't see why you should lose any Sleep."

So the Solicitor went out and told every one along the Street that the Man lacked Foresight.

At 9:30 o'clock the industrious little Man picked up letter number 1 and said to the Blonde Stenographer, "Dear Sir."

At that moment the Head of the Credit Department hit him on the Back and said he had a Good One. It was all about little Frankie, the only child, the Phenom, the 40-pound Prodigy.

In every large Establishment there is a gurgling Parent, who comes down in the Morning with a Story concerning the incipient Depew out of their House. It seems that little Frankie has been told something at Sunday school and he asked his mother about it and she told him so-and-so, whereupon the Infant Jolte arose to the Emergency and said: "and then you get it, and any one who doesn't laugh is lacking in a Finer Appreciation of Child Nature. The Boy Man listened to Frankie's latest and asked, "What's the Rest of it?"

So the Parent remarked to several People that day that the Man was talking into a crabbed Old Age.

At 10 a.m. the Man repeated "Dear Sir" and a Voice came to him, remarking on the Beauty of the Weather. A Person who might have been Professor of Bee-Culture in the Pike County Agricultural Seminary, so he as make-up was concerned, took the Man by the Hand and informed him that he (the Man) was a Prominent Citizen and that being the case he would give a Reduction on the all-morocco Edition. While doing 150 Words a Minute, he worked Kellar Trick and produced a large prospectus from under his Coat. Before the Busy Man could grab a quandle and defend himself, he was talking at a half-tone Photo of Aristotle and listening to all the different Reasons why the work should be in every gentleman's library. Then the Agent whispered the Inside Price to him so that the Stenographer would not hear and began to fill out a blank. The Man summoned all his strength and made a Buck.

"I don't read Books," he said, "I

am an Intellectual Nit. Clear Out!"

So the Agent gave him a couple of pitying Looks and departed, meeting in the Doorway a pop-eyed Person with his Hat on the Back of his Head and a Roll of Blue Prints under his Arm. The Man looked up and moaned. He recognized his Visitor as a most dangerous Monomaniac—the one who is building a House and wants to show the Plans.

"I've got everything figured out," he began, "except that we can't get from the Dining Room to the Library without going through the Laundry and there's no Flue connecting with the Kitchen. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you ought to live at a Hotel," was the reply.

The Monomaniac went home and told his Wife that he had been insulted.

At 11:30 came a Committee of Ladies soliciting Funds for the Home for the Friendless.

"Those who are Friendless don't know their own Luck," said the Busy Man, whereupon the Ladies went outside and agreed that he was a Brute.

At Noon he went out and lunched on Bromo Seltzer.

When he rushed back to tackle his Correspondence, he was met by a large Body of Walking Delegates, who told him that he had employed a non-union Man to paint his Barn and that he was a Candidate for the Boycott. He put in an hour squaring himself and then he turned to the Stenographer.

"How far have we got?" he asked.

"Dear Sir," was the Reply.

Just then he got the Last Straw—a bewildered Rufus with a Letter of Introduction. That took 40 Minutes.

When Rufus walked out the Busy Man fell with his Face among the unanswered Letters.

"Call a Cab," he said.

"The Phone is out of order," was the Reply.

"Ring for a Messenger," he said.

She pulled the Buzzer and in 20 minutes there slowly entered a boy from the Telegraph Office.

The Man let out a low Howl like that of a Prairie Wolf and ran from his Office. When he arrived at Home he threw his Hat at the Rack and then made the Children back into the Corner and keep quiet. His Wife told around that Henry was working too hard.

MORAL: Work is a Snap, but the Intermissions do up the Nervous System.—George Ade.

Bowser Gets Sentimental

The Bowsers had finished their dinner and settled down for the evening, and all was going well, when Mr. Bowser suddenly noticed that the March winds were banging the rear blinds with lonesome sounds, and he grew reflective. Mrs. Bowser looked up from her book and noticed the sad look on his face and inquired if he was not feeling well.

"I was thinking of how many sorrowful hearts there are in the world tonight," he answered. "Hark to that long drawn sigh of the wind! You might almost believe it a wail of grief from a stricken people."

"Yes, everyone has his sorrows," she answered, but at the same time wondering if this was the beginning of one of his tantrums.

"Thousands of hearts are aching for kind words," he went on, "and yet we sit here in utmost selfishness and have no thought or care. It is indeed a selfish, cruel world, and I for one am ashamed of myself."

"But one person can do so very little."

"But do we even do a little? Have either of us during this long week spoken one single word of cheer of sorrowing humanity? I have gone around selfishly intent on money making, and you have sat here and bossed the cook around, as if she were a slave, and the recording angel has found nothing to our credit. I tell you, Mrs. Bowser, it is not right. Our conduct is simply shameful."

"I don't feel any stings of conscience," she said.

"And why don't you? Because you have a frozen turnip in your breast. You really seem delighted at the sorrows of others. You'd go out of your way to say mean things to a man whose heart was breaking. I have known you to read of an earthquake which destroyed 20,000 people at one fell swoop and smile over it."

The family cat had settled herself down for a quiet evening, but Mr. Bowser's tones warned her that a circus was on hand, and she got ready to take a front seat at the performance.

"If you wish me to turn the house into a sorrowful asylum, it can be

done," said Mrs. Bowser. "We might advertise in the papers that words of cheer will be spoken here free of cost."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he rose up, with his right arm sawing the air, "but it's no wonder that pedestrians sheer off from our gate and that stray cats never ventures across our back yard. Intuition must warn them against your cold-heartedness. Only yesterday I stood at our gate and sought to coax a homeless dog inside, but he looked up at your windows and howled dismally and fled. Woman, I wouldn't have your heart for all the money ever coined."

Mrs. Bowser wanted to give him back as good as he sent, but prudently closed her lips, and quiet reigned for a couple of minutes. It might have reigned longer but for another March blast. Mr. Bowser, who had been walking about, stopped and shivered as he heard it and then made a sudden resolve.

"I shall do my duty whether you do or not," he said as he passed down the front hall.

"Are you going out?"

"I am. If a few kind words of mine, spoken to men who wander about in these wailing winds with no hope in their hearts, will lift them up for the moment, those words shall be spoken. You needn't sit up for me, and if that blamed old cat is still looking cross-eyed when I return I will jump her out of the window."

Mrs. Bowser let him go without another word, and he had not yet turned the first corner when he came upon a man backed up against the fence. He appeared to be just such a man as was aching for kind words, and Mr. Bowser laid a gentle hand on his shoulder and said:

"My dear sir, I know just how you feel, and I don't blame you for it. You have sought for one sympathetic soul in this cold world, but have failed to find it, and your heart—"

"Look here, old cock," interrupted the man as he flung off the hand, "I'm waiting here for my girl to come out and go to the show with me, and don't you get too funny!"

"Aren't you a man with a burden of sorrow?" asked Mr. Bowser as he stepped back.

"Not by a jugful, old funny, and you can pass right on. I'm a journeyman plumber, I am, and the burden of sorrow is on the man who pays for the solder. If I were you, I

wouldn't drink any more tonight."

Mr. Bowser passed on. There was a tickling in his right ear, but nevertheless when he had gone a block farther and encountered an old woman lugging a big basket he stopped her to say:

"Madam, the world has used you cruelly, and you are making your way homeward tonight with the feeling in your heart that no one cares whether you live or die."

"And who be you?" asked the woman as she backed off and looked around for a policeman.

"I am one who desires to speak kindly to you and bid you believe that sympathetic hearts still beat."

"Oh, you are! Well, now, let me tell you that I am carrying home my laundry work, and if you make a grab at this basket I'll yell out and bring people who'll have you in jail in five minutes!"

"My dear woman, you can't believe any such thing of me. I left my own fireside not ten minutes since to—"

"Then go back to it. You are either an old masher or you want to snatch my basket. Off you go or I'll yell out!"

Mr. Bowser tried once more. He tackled a sad faced, hump shouldered young man whom the cold world had refused to sympathize with, but had scarcely uttered ten words when he was interrupted with:

"And is it asking me to go some where and take a drink with you?"

"No, sir. What I wish to let you know is that I sympathize with you in the way this heartless world has used you."

"And there's no drink?"

"No, sir."

Five minutes later Mrs. Bowser heard a great clatter on the sidewalk, and as she ran to the front windows she saw Mr. Bowser gallop through the gate pursued by four or five men with burdens of grief. It was a close race, but he got up the steps and into the house ahead of them.

"Well?" she asked as she confronted him in the hall while the pursuers banged at the door.

"I see how it is," he gasped as he began to climb the stairs. "It's another of your put up jobs to have me assassinated, but it has failed, and tomorrow we will have a talk and settle about the alimony. Not a word, madam, not a word! If any one calls for me, say that I cannot be seen!"

M. QUAD.

John Bates Arrested.

Chicago, April 5.—John Bates was arrested late last night for the murder of E. R. Hunter, a prominent stockman, who was assaulted and killed in his office at the Union Stock Yards April 12, 1895. Bates, with Frank Lovell, Frank Williams and Jacob Gohlman, were indicted for the murder May 28, 1896. Bates' arrest last night was on a capias, issued on this six-year-old indictment.

The murder caused such excitement at the time that although the following day was Saturday, the busiest of the week, business on the exchange was lost sight of. So high did the feeling run that suspects were dragged in many times during the day and but for the coolness of a few of the members some of the captives might have been severely dealt with.

A heavy reward was offered by the exchange for the capture of the murderer, but nothing came of it until a year later, when indictments were found as above stated.

In searching for the papers in the Hunter case yesterday the state's attorney made the startling discovery that all the files had been stolen from the office of the clerk of the criminal court; that the coroner's files were also gone. Only the records of the case on the docket remain. These show that Bates and Williams were never apprehended and

that Lovell and Gohlman were caught and the charge against them dropped.

Col. Lundlum Killed.

Telluride, Colo., April 5.—Col. S. B. Lundlum, superintendent of the Keystone Placer Mining Company, whose mines are located about four miles west of town, was almost instantly killed and Peter Epswich was seriously injured by a hydraulic giant which became unmanageable. The stream of water, coming with terrific force, struck Lundlum at close range and hurled him down the mountain side. When rescued his body was floating in the torrent of water, 100 feet away from the nozzle of the giant. His shoulders, ribs and other bones were broken.

Col. Lundlum was one of the most distinguished hydraulic engineers in the country, having engaged in hydraulic mining in California for thirty years. He was 60 years of age and leaves a widow and one daughter.

Epswich is not fatally hurt.

Sailed for England.

New York, April 9.—William Marconi sailed for England today on the Majestic. He said he was going home for rest, and that he would remain in England about two months.

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