

RD LUCK

and then ran out of car fare. Any answers to our dunning letters?"

"Not a glimmer," mourned Harkins.

Stack looked glad of it. He loaned Jenkins a half dollar for car fare, charged it up on the company's books and resumed his warm place in the corner.

When the young lawyer was gone out, the clerk sidled up to the stenographer and said:

"Say, Hark, I think we're on a dead one, don't you?"

"I hope not, for Jenk's sake. He's so in earnest," said the stenographer.

"Well, it's Jenk's doings. He suggested it, and I guess he needs the money worse than we do."

"But if it fails?"

"Well, if it fails I think Jenkins ought to stand the losses. I'm out fifty already, and it's his fault."

"But he's doing all the work," suggested Harkins.

"Well, so he ought." And Mr. Stack went back to his novel.

The young lawyer worked like a fiend. When car fare was gone, he walked, even ran, after his supposed victims. He quit going back to the office and worked far into the night.

He pestered the life out of every debtor who showed the least sign of paying up, and if they offered him a dollar he took it and asked for two. In the meantime, a few answers to advertisements came into the office, but Mr. Lord seized upon them as "too deep for the boys."

Nobody called. Stack began and finished three paper covered novels. Harkins plodded away indoors, both wondering how long Jenkins' nerve would stand the hardships of chasing his prey through ice and snow.

At noon on Saturday Jenkins appeared at the office. He looked thinner than ever. His shoes were worn out. He had a piece of red flannel round his neck and his voice was a husky whisper.

Harkins didn't have the heart to ask him how he fared, but Stack yelled:

"Hello, old man! We thought you had absconded with the firm's money!"

Jenkins was very silent. He sat down at his desk and began to make out his statement. Stack watched him with curious interest as he piled up the few checks and greenbacks which represented the first week's business of the Calumet Quick Collection Company.

He had collected \$240, and the net earnings of the company at 10 per cent amounted to \$24—just \$8 for each of the three stockholders.

"Good boy!" said Stack, picking up his share. "You're a wonder. I didn't think you'd make it go."

Harkins, being what Stack calls "a champ," blushed when Jenkins handed him his share of the profits.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "I don't feel as if I was entitled to any of this money. You and Stack here did all the work, and you ought

to keep my share for stamps and car fare, eh?"

But Jenkins insisted, and the stenographer yielded.

"All right," he laughed. "I'll take it on condition that you take dinner with me this evening. We'll celebrate the week's success—kind of christen the business. What do you say?"

Jenkins and Stack promised, and at 7 o'clock that evening the three partners were sitting together at a restaurant table christening the collection company.

When they got to the coffee, Jenkins let his bomb fall upon the festal board in this wise:

"Now, Hark and Stack, as to this collection company, I don't care whether it is 'the quick' or 'the dead,' but I want to announce that, so far as I am concerned, it is dissolved, evaporated, vanished. Here are our accounts." He pulled out the package. "They are supposed to represent \$3000 of good accounts. You can have them. I wouldn't give \$4 for the bunch."

His partners looked at him in astonishment. "You're joking!" they chorused. "Why, we have just got to work!"

"You mean I've just got to work," said Jenkins. "Well, I'm done too. I'm out \$5 for stamps, I've worn out a pair of shoes, I've done \$100 worth of the meanest work on earth, and I haven't got anything but \$8 and the grip. This is the first square meal I've had for two weeks, and I tell you the quick collection business is all off."

The next day Stack said to Harkins that Jenkins wasn't such a mark after all. As for the young lawyer, he is in doubt whether to go back to the farm or look for a more congenial place to "office," for now Mr. Lord, the eminent attorney, says that Jenkins has "no sand" and will never get along unless he learns to "love work."—Chicago Record.

The Fate of the Fly.

At one of the English-German schools in the city a teacher recently announced to a class of very young girls that they could have 20 minutes to write a composition on any subject of their own selection. A bright girl, whose head is adorned with a liberal supply of beautiful auburn hair, handed in the following:

"Flies from Flyland.—Mrs. Fly had a very great deal of trouble with her children. They worried the old lady so much she did not know what to do. One little fly—Worst One by name—never did obey his mother. Now, of course, there never yet was a case of disobedience which was not punished in some manner. If you do wrong and nobody is around to punish you, you usually knock against something or fall down and hurt yourself.

"We will see now what little Worst One did and how he was punished. One day he and his brothers had a chat, and in it they spoke of the jam that

the cook table, and just the time went. Now, and she went every fly eats inside the jam. Just rest on the top, the mother said. The others were all afraid and did not go in, but little Worst One, he did not care; he was going in, and in he went in spite of what his mother said. And what do you think happened to him? Never before in the history of flies did such a strange thing happen. You think he died and remained there, don't you? You are mistaken. They did get him out, but he had a terrible punishment, and he had to carry it with him ever afterward. His hair had turned red with fright. I believe after that he obeyed his mother."

The teacher gave this composition "100." Baltimore Sun.

Allah and America.

In Persia, on a morning after the vermin had been particularly vigorous, I said something caustic about getting back to God's country. An Armenian who had reposed in utter comfort in the same caravansary heard it and smiled. Being an Armenian, he hated the Persians, probably. Incidentally the Persian reciprocates.

Well, this Armenian, rubbing his hands and with his head skewed over on one side, said: "The Persians have a legend for everything. They have a legend for what you said just now. It is this:

"Allah—that is God—once said to his angel, 'I will see this world which I made.'"

"And so Allah and the angel descended invisible in a cloud to the earth, and the first place at which they arrived was France that is, in Erenghistan, and the tramways, and the theaters, and the great picture galleries. And Allah looked in disappointment and said: 'Alas, no! This is not the world which I made. I made none of these things.'"

"So they journeyed to Ingelistan—that is, England—and there were mighty ships in the harbors and huge mills which make all sorts of things and food in plenty. And again Allah said: 'Alas, no! This is not the world which I made.' And everywhere they traveled in the cloud Allah looked upon the land and said, 'No; this is not it.'"

"At last, in despair, the angel led the way to Persia, and Allah sat himself down upon a very high mountain, and looking far on every side, he saw neither railroads nor tramways nor theaters nor picture galleries nor ships nor mills nor schoolhouses nor plenty to eat."

"And Allah, said: 'Yes, at last,

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This is the world which I made. Not a thing is changed. The people whom I put there have done nothing. "Why didn't he come to America?" I asked. "Sir," answered the Armenian "in Persia they had not even heard of America."—Ex.

Deep Feeling. "You love your native land more than ever, do you not, now that you are about to leave it?" said the experienced traveler.

"Oh, yes!" gasped the young and lovely passenger on her first tour abroad as the ship encountered the ocean swell. "I—I feel like hugging the shore right now."—Chicago Tribune.

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RD LUCK... The Nugget... Scoops All Contemp... No. 96... LAT... AT... All this may not prove that Jenkins... He "offices" with... eminent lawyer. This means, in... case, that he gets deskroom in... change for his services as office boy... messenger and a few more im... portant vicarious duties. In the same... way, Jenkins there is Stack, the... clerk, whose chief excuse for being... there is that he is nephew to the afore... said eminent one. Then there is Har... kins, the stenographer, who really... works and who is the envy of both... Jenkins and Stack because he draws a... good salary and is allowed postage on... his own mail. Stack's salary is \$7.50... but as he lives with his uncle and pays... no board he is really the aristocrat of... the office. Jenkins gets 2 per cent on... the bills he collects. Two weeks ago, however, somebody... bought him a good dinner and then... such an unwonted courage rose up... within him that he decided to ap... proach the eminent lawyer with whom... he "offices" and ask advice. To the... lawyer Jenkins said: "Well, Lord, I'm not getting along... very well, and I don't know exactly... what to do to improve my affairs. Of... course I don't want to leave you, but... the fact is if I don't commence to take... a little more money I'll have to get... a situation, go into some trade—quit... the law." "Now, see here, Jenkins," said Mr... Lord. "I'll tell you what I'd do in... your place. I'd start a collection... agency. You can do it right here in... my office. Take in the other boys; get... a little stock company. It doesn't... require any capital, and if it's run... right it ought to pay. I'll give Stack... my old accounts, and you can get... as many more as you want by adverti...