TEARS OR LAUGHTER

Monsieur Chauchard, the well-known department-store owner and buyer of paintings, who died a few years ago, was during his lifetime the source of much amusement to the artists and critics of Paris. He bought for commercial reasons only, and knew nothing of art. He owned, during his career, several examples of the best work of the great English artists, Gainsborough and Romney. Both were represented by portraits of women. Monsieur Chauchard did not greatly admire those by Romney, whose subjects were attired in swathing or floating draperies.

"Pretty women-pretty women-but what clothes! Without distinction, without style! This Romney has painted ladies of quality-of the great worldin toilets no more elegant than if they had been so many penitents wrapped in sheets. It is inhuman!"

A successor to Monsieur Chauchard has recently been found among picture buyers, a French writer declares, in the person of a newly-rich country gentle- her milk?"

man who purchased a rising young artist's picture entitled, "The broken Pitcher." It illustrated the familiar fable of the careless milkmaid who stumbled and let fall her pitcher while she was daydreaming about the gewgaws she meant to buy at the fair with the money for the milk; and it depicted her weeping over the fragments. The day after the painting had been sent to the new owner's gorgeous chateau, he sent for the artist, and offered him a handsome sum if he would make a slight change in

"What do you wish done, monsieur?" inquired the artist. "I fear it is not in my power to improve the picture. It

represents my best efforts as it is."
"Oh, it is only a little thing that I wish you to do," was the rejoinder. "I am certain you will consent. I wish the girl who is weeping to be laughing instead—that is all."

"Laughing! But why? Surely, mon-sieur, she would not laugh when she had just broken her pitcher and spilled

"If she were in my employ, monsieur, she would," replied the nouveau riche pompously. "No pretty girl in my service need cry if she should smash twenty such pitchers and spill twenty quarts of milk. My faith, I can afford milk and pitchers, I should hope, and I am not penurious. That is why I wish the change; it does not look well to have her weep in my establishment; it is not ner weep in my establishment; it is not creditable. Do you think I should scold an unlucky maid, who dropped a pitcher, until the poor thing burst into tears? Not I, indeed! I should say, 'Never mind, little one; pitchers are plenty, and so are cows; don't waste a thought on it,' and, moreover, I should give her a handsome tin by way of consolution." handsome tip by way of consolation.

Nevertheless, the artist proved obdurate, and the change was not made.

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS

"I haven't much patience with Eliza Mason, if she is deaf!" declared Miss Mason's aunt to a neighbor who was offering consolations on the young woman's loss of hearing.

"She's so beset with herself," continued the aunt, in an explanatory tone, "she thinks she's the object and cause of everything that happens. Just this morning she came rushing in here, and says she, 'It's only to me such dreadful

things happen.'
"Land, Eliza,' says I, 'what is it?'
"Well,' says Eliza, looking at me as
if she was considerable surprised at my asking, 'Don't you see that it's rain-

HIS WEAK POINT

A quaint story is told by Everybody's Magazine to exemplify the pride that every man should take in the work by which he makes his living.

Two street-sweepers seated on a curbstone were discussing a comrade who had died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper,

said one.
"Y-e-s," conceded the other, thoughtfully. "But—don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"

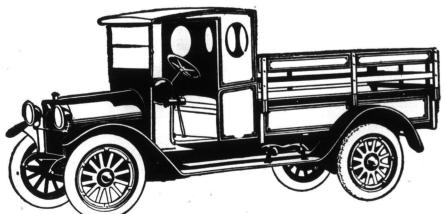
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are just as necessary for the business farmer as the city man.

The convertible body adapts it to any kind of business.

The low cost of upkeep, and its ability to travel fast and with comfort, its reliable operation and sturdy construction, are features envied by other makers of trucks.

The farmer living four or more miles from an elevator can haul as much wheat in a day as with three teams of horses.



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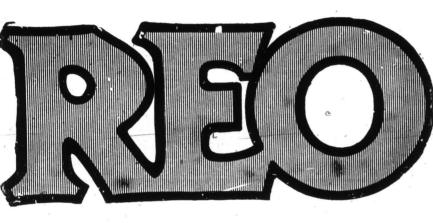
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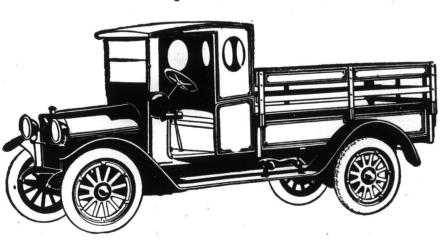
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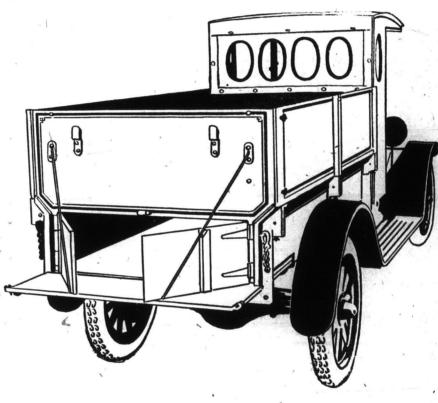
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