

A Tragic Truth.

A modern lady died and went to Hades. His Majesty met her deferentially at the gate.

"Will it be possible for me to secure an establishment here?" she said.

"Certainly, madam."

"In a desirable location?"

"I think so."

"I don't care to be near the riff-raff, and I should like to be sure to get suitable servants."

"You should experience no difficulty. There are several good agencies."

"I could give dinner parties when I liked?"

"Dear me, yes."

"And make a splurge at it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"I should expect to spend my summers abroad."

"Quite right. Return tickets free."

"You have operas?"

"Several, devoted to the *haut ton*."

The lady lifted her lorgnette. She smiled slightly. "Do you know," she said, "I am agreeably surprised. I was afraid this place was not kept up to conform to the best standards. It troubled me to think I might possibly have to associate with my inferiors. I am glad to see that you have such a sense of the fitness of things. I am very glad to have renewed our brief acquaintance made on earth, and I will trouble you to see that my arrival is chronicled in the society columns of the papers."

His Majesty bowed respectfully.

"Sorry, madam, but that will be impossible."

She gazed at him haughtily.

"How is that?" she asked sternly.

"There are no papers here. There are no society columns. No matter what you are doing, the public is in absolute ignorance of it."

And sinking back she muttered softly to herself—

"This is indeed Hell!"—*The Student.*