

THE DISAPPOINTING DUDE.



WAS a sultry day in summer, So-
something in the shade,—
Just the sort of afternoon to pass in
some dark, sheltered glade;—
But 'twas my ill-luck to be that day in
perhaps the stuffiest spot
That is known to civilization when
the weather's over-hot—
A frowsy, grimy railway car, with
faulty ventilation
That seemed to gather dust and flies
and heat at every station—
Half filled with weary-looking folk
who sat in one's and two's,
Too listless now to talk or read—too
comfortless to snooze.
A lady in blue spectacles, with her
little pale-faced daughter,
A fat man down beside the tank that

bore the words—"Ice Water;"

(Although its contents to the taste were innocent of ice,
And even to the thirstiest throat were very far from nice)
A travelling man with collar off and in his stocking feet;
A spinster with a busy fan that fought the wooing heat;
A done-out looking woman with despairing, sunken eyes,
And a poor sick baby on her lap, and flies and flies—
Now, it takes but very little under such like circumstances,
To awaken human interest in the shape of lazy glances,
And the thrill that ran throughout that car may perhaps be understood
When there entered at a stopping place a full-fledged, living Dude.
A tall and fair young man he was, with a natty tennis coat,
And a collar stiff and tall enough to cut his dainty throat,
And cuffs down to his knuckles, and trousers creased and wide,
And gaiters on his boot tops and necktie neatly tied,
And bangs upon his forehead, and cane of monstrous size,
And a pince-nez on his tilted nose to help his languid eyes.
With a silken pocket handkerchief he dusted off the seat
In front of me, and then sat down composed and cool and neat;
And as he sat I sized him up by way of mere diversion,
My thoughts, that is, went rambling on a trifling excursion;
But there was little food for thought—he was an empty noodle,
With sense enough, I reckoned, for an ordinary poodle—
He might, perhaps, have money—but he was void of brains,
And as far as heart and character, it needed little pains
To come to the conclusion he didn't know their meaning—
Thus ran my mental summary,—when I observed him leaning
Across the aisle where sat the tired, despairing-looking woman,
And in his eyes beneath the glass, I saw a glance most human,
And suddenly he rose and said "Madam, I see you're weary,
Let me take baby, won't you?" His voice was low and cheery,
And his manner was so winning that the woman looked her blessing,
As he took the sick child from her with a movement most caressing.
"You have travelled quite a distance?" "Yes, from Omaha," she
said—

"My husband—" but he stopped her, for the story he had read
In the small pathetic bit of crepe she fondled in her hand,
And her voice so choked and husky—"Yes," he said, "I understand;
And you can't afford to tangle in the sleepaw. Going far?"
"I am going to Quebec, sir, where all my people are."
He heard with gentle sympathy, then said—"Now take a rest,
"I'll nurse the baby for you, and I'll do my very best."
The woman murmured thanks and then, done out for want of sleep,
She dropped into unconsciousness while he with feeling deep
Moved to his seat across the aisle and held the fevered child;
While I—I felt rebuked, ashamed—and no one present smiled.
But presently a lady rose and came and asked the Dude
To let her take the baby. "I feel I really should
Have offered long ago," she said, "but let me share the duty.
Poor little thing, she's very sick, poor weary, wasted beauty,"
And having given up his charge the Dude addressed us all—
"My friends," said he, "this is a case that seems for help to call,
The sleepaw is the place where this poor woman ought to go,
And I think we ought to give some slight assistance, don't you know?"
"Right!" cried the fat man, springing up, "we'll take up a collection,
That is, I guess, the proper thing to do in this connection,
And, as I wear a good sized hat, I'll pass it round myself,
And give you everyone a chance to spare a little pelf."
So saying up the aisle he rolled, turning from right to left
And bringing to the Dude a hat of formidable heft,
Half full of silver dollars, coppers, quarters, bills and dimes,
(Notwithstanding that the country was suffering from hard times)
And when the woman woke, the Dude, to her tear-told delight
Made her the presentation, and then in form polite
Escorted her and baby to the sleeper in the rear,—

While I, and several others aboard that stuffy car,
Sat and reviewed our verdict about that swell young man,
And this is how, I reckon, our final judgement ran:
'Tis never safe to judge alone by outward dress and style,
A man may have a noble heart tho' his clothes are poor and vile;
And, on the other hand 'twould seem this incident made good—
A man may be a Christian though he dresses like a Dude!

J. W. B.

SOUND ON GEOGRAPHY.

FROM a Canadian point of view Prendergast's head is
level on at least one point. His geographical educa-
tion does not seem to have been neglected as much as
that of most citizens of the Republic across the line. They
had him up in Court the other day to test his sanity, the
examination being conducted by the Judge. The Chicago
Times says:—

In many of his answers Prendergast displayed what seemed to be
greatunning and a striking ability to make nice distinctions. At
other times he rambled. When the court asked him when he came to
America he replied: "To the United States at the age of 5 years."
And to the court's inquiry why he made a distinction between America
and the United States he replied: "The United States is simply a
part of America."

This was probably news to most Chicago people!

THE WRONG WORD.

IN the course of an editorial on the political situation, the
Mail says: "Good results, after all, will follow the
decent campaign." This adjective is manifestly a
misprint for "recent." In view of the Massey Hall meeting
and the style of argument used by certain editors and
orators, the campaign could be called anything but decent.



A DOUBLE FAILURE.

REV. MR. MILDMAN—"Here's an interesting account of
Mr. Madill, the chief of the P.P.A. It appears he entered
Knox College, but left before passing his examination; and
then went over from the Presbyterian Church to the
Congregational."

REV. DR. MCJAGGERS—"Humph! Pretty far short of
the Apostolic standard—neither finished his course nor kept
the faith!"