



AGENCY OUTING.

Three of the officers of the wide-awake Macaulay Club.
From left to right—A. Tremblay, A. Lecavalier and Walter C. Gaden.

House, where a few peers were waiting, administered a series of affable nods right and left and finally took his place on the wool-sack.

For fully thirty seconds he sat there, while those present tried to collect their faculties. Then he slowly arose and, remarking to the clerk, "How stupid of me! I now remember I have an appointment elsewhere," retired from chamber. In the robing room he remarked: "Thank Lord Normandy and tell His Lordship I have just recalled a pressing appointment with the King."

"Yes, my lord. What name?"

"What name?" echoed the other, in assumed astonishment. "What name? Really, my good fellow, you must be careful—very careful. It does not do to forget yourself in this assembly. But I will overlook your slip this time. Good morning."

That evening it was known at the Beefsteak Club that Banister, the actor, had won a bet of £50.



It Pays to be Good.

Uncle Walt Mason says some very good things in his poetical-prose style. The following on "It Pays to be Good," is good:

I have lived a long time in this valley of tears, and my head has been whitened by hurrying years; I've sized up the world as I toddled along, I've sampled the right and I've sampled the wrong; I have herded with goats and I've frolicked with sheep, I have learned how to

laugh, and I've learned how to weep; I have loafed, I have dreamed, I have whacked up some wood, and I'm sure of this fact, that it pays to be good. Whene'er I do wrong, with malicious intent, then I feel for a while like a counterfeit cent; I would swap myself off for a watch made of brass, I haven't the courage to look in the glass. But when I do right then how cheery I feel! The village is filled with my jubilant spiel! I feel that a feather is placed in my hood, and I guess I am right, for it pays to be good! Oh, what are the things of particular worth? And what are the prizes we gain upon earth? They are not the gems that go clickety-clank, they are not the

bundles we have in the bank. Respect of our neighbors, the love of our friends, some credit up there where the firmament bends—these things are the guerdon for which we should strive, they give us an object in being alive. And you'll never gain them, as gain them you should, unless you believe that it pays to be good.



Expect Less of Luck.

The keys to success lie around everywhere, But they're never revealed through the glass of despair;

A quitter can't see them because he's half blind,

There's a bandage of doubt knotted tight on his mind.

Unquailing decision

Will sharpen your vision;

The roadway of Hope is a clear thoroughfare;
Don't tire, mount higher, believe as you seek,
The clouds are below when you stand on the peak;

Your trouble's not real, it's a mere yellow streak.
The fight with yourself is the worst you must face;

While you feel like the deuce you can't pass for an ace—

Try a smile for a while, and get hold of your pluck;

Start to count on yourself and expect less of luck.

—Herbert Kaufman.