



## FRESH.

YOUNG LADY (to very new salesman)—“Have you a book called ‘An Essay on Irish Bulls’?”  
SALESMAN—“No, Miss; we haven’t any works on Live Stock!”

## THE PERKINS MEMORIAL MOVEMENT.

IT happened this way: They were talking about popular movements and how easily any kind of an agitation could be got up by persistent advocacy—regardless altogether of the worthiness or practicability of its object. The Cynic maintained that the public were fools and that the great majority followed their leaders blindly like a flock of sheep. Finally he made an assertion which somewhat staggered his auditors.

“Pooh, preposterous! Could not be done!” said the Optimist.

“No,” said another, “The people may be mostly fools, but they are not quite such fools as that.”

“Bet you ten dollars I’ll do it within a fortnight!”

“Done,” said the Optimist, and the party broke up.

The following morning the local columns of the dailies contained the following item:

“It is not creditable to the public spirit of our citizens that the final resting place of Hiram G. Perkins in the cemetery is unmarked by any tombstone. Considering the estimation in which Mr. Perkins was held in his lifetime, and the good he accomplished, it would only be fitting that some public action should be taken to erect a memorial to one who in his lifetime did so much to deserve the lasting gratitude of his fellow citizens.”

The following day letters from “Citizen,” “Old Subscriber,” “Pro Bono Publico,” and other well known writers, appeared, warmly favoring the idea and expatiating upon the deserts of the departed and almost forgotten Perkins. Then, a day or two after, a notoriety-hunting individual who had been connected with every “movement” and “new departure” for the previous twenty years, sent in a long letter over his own signature, signifying his willingness to co-operate and contribute his mite. A chronic candidate for the mayoralty and two or three more men followed suit. An advertising fakir out of

employment on account of an unfortunate habit he had of failing to account for moneys collected, took it up, seeing a chance of making something out of it. The editor of a popular weekly in search of a topic for editorial comment wrote a forcible article on “Popular Ingratitude” taking the public forgetfulness of the services of the deceased Hiram G. Perkins as a text, and drawing a really touching and eloquent picture of his obscure and grass-grown grave in a deserted corner of the burying ground, unmarked by a single stone. Evidently the ball was fairly set a-rolling.

A few days later the newspapers contained this announcement:

“A meeting of gentlemen interested in the erection of a suitable memorial to Hiram G. Perkins will be held in the parlor of the Bierzlinger House at 8 sharp, to-morrow evening. There should be a

full attendance.” At the appointed hour between twenty and thirty people, magnified by the local reporters into “a large and influential gathering of citizens,” were on hand. There were a couple of leading politicians who expected nominations for parliament or the legislature next election, a few aldermen and ward politicians, several young and rising professional men who saw a chance to advertise themselves, the canvasser before mentioned, a job printer who hoped by taking a prominent part in the movement to get any printing there might be required—and a few others actuated by curiosity or the hope of seeing their names in print.

“Yaw, I knowed dot Perkins,” said the host bustling in with a round of drinks ordered by the most enterprising of the political heelers, “He vash a fine man. Id vash too bad he tied. I didn’ know about id at der dime. I dinks to minself id vash a vonder vy he don’t come here some more.”

“Great loss to the city, sir, great loss,” said Mr. Houstler, the mayoralty candidate. “He was the kind of man that we need—progressive, ac ive, self-made men.”

“I move Mr. Houstler take the chair,” said somebody.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Houstler, “we are met here this evening to do a tardy act of justice to the memory of one whose enterprise and public spirit ought not soon to be forgotten. You all—at least I presumemost of you are familiar with the record of Hiram G. Perkins—whose grave, as we are informed, is uncommemorated by a single stone to mark departed worth. (*Shame.*) Our object, gentlemen, is to organize as the Perkins Memorial Committee, to collect subscriptions, (*“Hear, hear” from the canvasser*) and to put up a fitting monument testifying to the esteem in which the deceased was universally held. May I call on Mr. Graglurch for a few remarks.”

“Mr. Chairman,” said Mr. Graglurch, wiping his expan-