

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

Off I've envied goodly people that could boast a model boy—
The kind that will not fight or shout or break each costly toy—

But whenever his brand-new trousers or his ruffled shirt he wore,
He would say he "didn't want to hear of that good boy next door."

—Harper's Bazar.

One Remarkable Result of the Thirteen Superstition.

From the French of F. Berthold.

Absorbed in the telegram which had just been handed to her, Mme. Marrier did not hear the click of the gate as it was opened and shut nor the approach of her guest, Maxime Richard, the artist.

The first two letters, begging for autographs, he tossed carelessly aside, but the third he read and re-read with a deepening wonder.

"Am I the first?" he called, gayly. "Country etiquette, you know," he added, as he drew nearer.

Pierre Deslandes laid down the letter in amazed astonishment. He had not accepted any invitation to the city for luncheon.

"Dear me! I am so perplexed," she said. "I scarcely know what to do. I have just received a telegram from the Cortots, saying that they cannot come out from the city for luncheon.

"Bah, it is some crazy joke," he thought to himself. But his surprise redoubled at the sight of the next letter, which was signed by an utterly unknown gentleman, who wrote to vow undying gratitude for the novelist's kindness in recommending the writer to the famous publisher, Lacroix.

"Would you like me to go away?" asked Maxime, with a smile at the perplexed Mme. Marrier.

Deslandes looked about him helplessly. It was too much! The letters were evidently authentic. What could it mean? He asked himself blindly how in one day he could have done so many things, while retaining absolutely no memory of them.

"Anything to oblige you, madame," said Richard, with his best bow. "I will bring a guest if I have to hale him with ropes!"

Correct and dignified in their tightly buttoned coats, the two men entered the room and bowed. Then one said: "You will have seen from our cards that we come from M. Hardouin."

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," said the artist, contritely. "It was entirely my fault." Then, a sudden thought striking him, he continued rapidly: "May I ask you to do me a great favor, sir? I beg and entreat that you will consider it."

Deslandes bounded to his feet. "Do you mean that you have the impudence to come here and tell me that M. Hardouin, whom I never before heard of, has challenged me to a duel? Tell me, where does this M. Hardouin live?"

The next morning, seated at his desk, Pierre Deslandes, opened his mail, which seemed unusually voluminous.

"You see," she explained, "M. Hardouin swears that he met you yesterday at a luncheon, when you—how shall I say it?—made evident your admiration for my sister. I was equally certain that it was not you he had met, but there is only on Pierre Deslandes, the novelist. There is some secret somewhere, and we will soon be able to find it out, but do not let us talk about it now. I want to hear about your books, which I have read with the greatest admiration."

Entranced by her beauty, Deslandes talked eagerly, feeling that he had at last found the ideal woman he had so often blindly described in his pages.

A month later Pierre Deslandes received the following letter from his old friend, Maxime Richard: My Dear Boy—I have a confession to make to you which I have put off from day to day.

Not long ago, I went to your villa to ask you, on the part of a Mme. Marrier, an excellent, though superstitious lady, to take lunch with her as, her guests failing, there were thirteen left to sit at the table.

I tremble at the thought of all that I have brought upon your innocent head, but I did not dare to warn you, as your genuine surprise was your best proof of guiltlessness.

A Baltimore man tells a good story of a friend of his who recently became engaged to a charming young girl.

The happy lover chanced to be in a fashionable shop when his eye caught a glimpse of a jeweled belt that seemed to him an acceptable gift for his fiancée.

Russian papers state that the Chinese court astronomer predicts that the present war will last 33 years, and that four years hence Great Britain will be involved.

COST OF SOCIAL PRESTIGE A STUPENDOUS DEVELOPMENT IN FASHIONABLE HOUSEKEEPING.

How "the Wheels Go Round" in the Palace of the Millionaire-Elect—Town House, Without Yacht, \$200,000 a Year—"Martyrdom," a Georgia Visitor Calls It.

There is a stupendous development in fashionable housekeeping, the echo of which has not yet reached some small towns. The method and the expense of running a millionaire's house at the top notch of style is not even grasped by those who are delighted when their two servants are well trained and do not want too many days out.

The average town-house expenses range from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a week. This does not include the stable or yacht, and of course the matter of house rent is not taken into consideration at all, as most lavish entertainers own their own houses.

The summer house, especially if it be at Newport, takes about as much as the yearly cost of keeping up an establishment is from \$100,000 to \$250,000, according to the elaborateness with which the mistress entertains.

One daughter of a well known millionaire has \$75,000 a year allowance to run her town house for a little less than four months, and this does not include her personal expenses, such as gowns, or her opera box or stable.

The American woman who assumes this great responsibility must have tremendous executive force. She cannot be an ordinary woman. She cannot be stupid. If she is unobserving she is a failure.

In such houses twenty-four servants are considered enough, although Mrs. Clarence Mackay employs forty-eight in her Long Island house.

"Tell me," said a Georgian visitor in a Newport house, "how the wheels go round in these fairy palaces. I have a glimmer that the housekeeping in them is as different from ours as Buckingham Palace is from a North Sea fisherman's home."

THE POPULAR POEM: HOW WRITTEN.

"The head laundress does the personal linen of the family. The second laundress does the children's clothes, and she and the assistant laundress do the household linen. The servants' laundry is sent out."

"The head cook is in charge of every person below stairs. She hires, discharges, pays wages, hunts references, and is responsible for the good behavior of her regiment.

"Some day I shall write 'The Martyrdom of a Millionaire,'" said the Georgian.—From Ainslee's Magazine.

DRUG DECADENT IN MEDICINE.

Due to Increasing Knowledge of the Causes of Disease. Never did the public so be-drug itself as today. The invaluable method of hypodermic injection, greatly facilitating the use of drugs by the medical man, has performed a like service—usually, in this case, a grave disservice—for the public so that homes for the treatment of drug habits spring up and flourish everywhere.

The days of the shotgun prescription, containing a dozen different things, of which some two or three might hit the mark, were numbered when scientific study was directed to the normal action of each constituent of every drug.

This last provides not merely a little extra pocket money, but a snug income. Outside of these great establishments a mistress would gasp at such a condition of affairs.

Prisoner—I don't think there will be any need for you to address the jury. Counsel—Why not? Prisoner—My insanity will be immediately plain to them when they see that I have retained you to appear for me.—Pick-Me-Up.

Reggie Ripper—D'ye know, Miss Twipper, I sometimes wish I could be appointed footkicker law a while, ye know. Tessie Tripper—Why, Reggie, you shouldn't let your er—thoughts run on suicide so much!—Cleveland Leader.

Exact no knowledge of the past. Nor thought of what's to come. Select your subject from the vast And limitless humdrum!

Then will your name on many lips Be, and your fame increase! In walls will be pasted the slips That hold each moving piece!

"Watch out," warned the pick-pocket, as he palmed the gentleman's time-piece.—Princeton Tiger.

Knocker—A fool and his money are very soon parted. Bocker—Yes; but it's awfully hard to part two fools without any money.—Puck.

Smith—You remember Muggins, who used to bore us with his long-winded stories? Jones—Yes; what of him? Smith—He was arrested yesterday for being short in his accounts.—Chicago Daily.

"Our poets are beginning to exercise more influence," said the literary optimist. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "they are certainly helping to sell a great deal of soap and patent food."—Washington Star.

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Marietta—Such a joke on Mr. Gay-boy! We were out on the balcony between the dances, and he got the sleeve of his dresscoat all over red paint from one of the posts that were just painted. Papa—And did you go near the post? No, Why? Because you have red paint all over the back of your waist.—New York Weekly.

JUST FOR FUN

