

TWO MANY SMITHS.

BILL ARP TELLS OF PERPLEXITY WHICH IS CAUSED

To Prevent of Name Name—Twp's New Traveled Long Distance and Found He Had Another Man's Telegram.

Pleasure, surprise and bewilderment combined gave a curious expression to a man's features. One of our boys is a doctor in Jacksonville, Fla. The other day while visiting a patient he received a telephone message from his wife.

"Come home at once," a telegram from your sister. Hattie says your father is ailing and to come at once." (Imagining his feelings of distress. Hurrying home he found his wife in tears, his eyes puffed and he had only an hour to make the train.

At 10 o'clock he reached Jacksonville and hurrying up to the paternal mansion he found his wife in a state of distress and bewilderment. "There has been a mistake," she said. "I have received a telegram from Jacksonville where Dr. Smith it was addressed, but supposed that Sarah knew and I came at once. Let me go down to the office and wire her. Poor girl! she will be so anxious."

"Message not for you from Jacksonville?" Well, well! How could you be distressed and bewildered and carefully read the telegram. He was dreadfully mortified. His own blunder, but we were gratified at his unexpected visit, and as we happened to have turkey for dinner, all went happily and the day was a glad one. The trouble is in the name. Doctors should be named Galen or Hippocrates. Abernathy or Valentine. Mott or Westminster. But Smith is so common and so widespread there is a colored man and white man in Jacksonville and not long ago our boy received a telegram that was intended for the colored brother and it said: "It's a boy and Miranda is doing well." There is a good deal in a name. There was nearly forty dollars to my son in this instance, for if his name had been Vandervilt or Lock-lander or even Squelz-felter, the telegram would not have been misdirected. The Smiths, Jones, Browns and Johnsons ought to stop multiplying the name and take a new start, like they do in Mexico. When a couple mate in Mexico the first thing they do before they marry is to agree upon a family name. If the girl is humble and subservient, she takes his name; if she is wealthy or aristocratic and he is not, she takes her name. If they are of equal rank, they make up a new name—a kind of mixture of both family names. For instance, Mr. Brown and Miss Jones would be wedded as Mr. and Mrs. Brown. My wife and I would have been Mr. and Mrs. Hatchers, for she was a Hutchins, and then our Association would have been Dr. Hatchers or maybe Dr. Kelly, after his wife, and have saved that long ride and forty dollars. But all's well that ends well and we are still one and the same. One of our little grandchildren a three-year-old thinks it mighty smart and great fun to call me as I pass and say, "Hello, ma'! Hello, Bill! Hello, Hello, grandpa!"

There is a good deal in a name. I like big strong names like Webster, Calhoun, Washington, Macon, Lamar, Melrose, Bayard, Buchanan, Gould, etc., but it must be a serious consideration for a pretty girl with a pretty complexion to wrap off for a disagreeable or peculiar one. I saw a Miss Goulding to marry a Dr. Turpin, and I always thought she must have loved him mighty hard. Charles Lamb tells a story about an English girl who was courted by a wealthy gentleman who was good and handsome and had every virtue, but his name was Hogden. She loved him, but she couldn't bear to think of being called Mrs. Hogden and she refused him for three years and would have kept on refusing, but he went before parliament and had his name changed to Bacon. That is how the name Bacon originated, and our ancestor came from that stock—and it is good stock.

THE BROTHER OF LADY SMITH.

J. Smith, Jr., in Atlanta Constitution.

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I have never met "Helen of Troy," and have no personal acquaintance with the reporter Homer, who wrote up that other affair. My sister's case is different from that of Helen. It would be very distasteful to her to have Joubert, Roberts or Kitchener dragged around at the wheels of a chariot, such as we see on our streets on street days. Driven by the notorious "Boss" of which "Lady Smith" was addicted to poetry, like Stanton and Hubner and could ride a broncho in ridding up her cattle on the Transvaal plains, her sensitive nature would not sanction any such cruelty as the dragging of a fallen foe around by the heels.

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