

# HIS CHOCOLATE GIRL

By B. CRITTENDON LYLE

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

"That is the most singular thing I ever saw. Can I believe my eyes? There is 'The Chocolate Girl,' the picture I have seen a hundred times, carrying the tray with a pot of chocolate and cups and saucers on it. But instead of standing still, as any respectable figure in a picture should do, as all picture figures did until the invention of the vitascope, she is walking across the floor. There she has put her tray on a table, turned and walked deliberately out of the room. 'Am I in a moving picture show? I am not. I am in a bed a strange bed a strange room—everything strange. There is a picture on the wall, a picture of a man stealing upon a deer to shoot him. I'll watch to see if the man moves. No, he doesn't.' He continues to crouch with his thumb on the ham of his gun, his forefinger on the trigger. The deer is slipping the grass. Perhaps if he gets the man's hand he'll lose his head and be off toward center in that wood. No, the deer still nibbles, and the man still keeps watching him. They are making me tired. I wish one of the other would show signs of life, or rather, I wish the chocolate girl would come back. 'I wonder how I came to be in this room? I believe I'll get up and go out and find out about it.' I tried to rise, but fell back on my pillow.

"There must be something wrong about me. It seems that the chimneys of fifty cathedrals are ringing at once in my head. If one would ring at a time, I fancy the sound would be very musical. I see colors, too, as if the lights were broken by a prism.

"Here comes the chocolate girl. She came in softly, advanced to the bed, looked down at me, placed her hand on my forehead—oh, how soft and cool it felt—then walked away.

"Now that she is nearer of there's more light or I can see her better, or something. I presume that she wears a white dress, a white apron with a blue and orange over her shoulders. Her cap isn't exactly like the picture after all. I wonder if it is really chocolate in the picture. Those things on the tray are not little cups and saucers, of the picture at all. There are one cup and saucer, a covered dish, a plate, a knife and fork.

"Come here," I said to the chocolate girl.

"She turned quickly, as if surprised, and came to the bed, looking at me critically.

"What I wish to know is whether or not you are the chocolate girl."

"She put her hand on my forehead again, soothingly, but made no reply. Indeed, the question didn't seem to surprise her very much.

"Because if you are the chocolate girl I want to say to you that I have loved you for years in the picture and now you have stepped out of it and here you are. I shall love you the more."

"The door opened and a man with a bald head and mutton chop whiskers came in. The girl turned to meet him, and they conversed in low tones. I heard her say, 'He is still delirious. He stayed but a few moments, then went away.'

"So I am delirious. That's all nonsense. I'm ill or have been. And this person whom I at first mistook for the girl in the picture is my nurse. I'm glad I told her what I did before. I realized the conditions. When a man is ill and is ministered to by a pretty woman he's bound to fall in love with her. I wonder if it wouldn't be a good scheme to go on making love to her as the chocolate girl. It doesn't scare her a bit, whereas if I were to give her the real thing it might spoil the game. She's pretty enough to kiss. Delicious I might try it on. In my senses it would be a very different matter. I shall continue in delirium."

"This was the beginning of my convalescence. I talked to my nurse, calling her my chocolate girl, sweetheart, dear love—everything a man might apply to his ladylove. She suspected something, so she gave me free rein. I could see that this being called endearingly names by a young man even in delirium was pleasant to her.

"A couple of weeks passed in this way, when the doctor called one morning and, coming up to my bed, felt my pulse, rapped his thermometer into my mouth, took it out, looked at it and said:

"This is the strangest case I ever heard of. This man's pulse and temperature are both normal, and yet you say he is still delirious."

"I burst into a laugh. The doctor looked somewhat surprised, while the nurse blushed a rosy red.

"Doctor," I said, "you're right. I woke up this morning feeling all right, recognized that I'm in a hospital and in all respects except one have come to my senses."

"That one?" asked the doctor. "Is none of your business. All you have to do is to give me a discharge."

"This the doctor did and withdrew. "Now," I said to my nurse, "I'll tell you the one respect in which I am still delirious. I still love my chocolate girl."

"I was the last patient she ever nursed, at least professionally, though she has since nursed me as my wife. The doctor often visits us and never fails to say to me on my successful effort at remaining delirious."

**The Barber's Idea.**  
Bentley had been out late the night before, or rather, he had stayed in late in a little affair, and about all he had left to show for it in the morning was an old-fashioned away-from-home-made headache. In hope of relief he had sought his old friend, the barber, and the latter had been busy on Bentley's head, and face for the past hour.

"By Jove, Karl," said Bentley as the barber rubbed the top of his head. "That feels mighty good. I can tell you that I feel like a new man. The man who invented massage was not only a genius, but a benefactor to the whole human race. They ought to put up a statue to him. There's nothing like it when a fellow feels seedy. There's only one trouble about it."

"What is it?" asked Karl, hoping that perhaps he might overcome the difficulty.

"Why, it's all on the outside," said Bentley. "If there were only some apparatus that would enable you to get inside a fellow's head and clear out the pains of the morning after what a blessing it would be."

"Well," said Karl, "I think that maybe some day some vacuum cleaner fellows will do just that."

**The Practical Goat.**  
M. Jules Henard was the mayor of Corbigny, in the Nièvre. Every Sunday he contributed to the Journal de Clamecy, and this is the sort of thing he used to give the peasants. Writing of the Journal Officiel, posted up on the wall of the mairie and which no one ever reads, he said:

"I had forgotten the goats. One of them never misses a number. Standing on his hind legs, with his front legs resting on the poster, it moves its horns and beard from right to left like an old woman reading. When it has finished reading, as the official sheet has an appetizing smell of fresh paste, the goat eats it. After nourishing the mind one must feed the body. Thus nothing is lost to the commune."

What a pity that all hotel readers have not the stomach of this practical goat! They might then eat the books they had read, buy more and so the man of letters would in the end be able to eat in his turn. —Paris Letter to London Globe.

**The Fl in Marlington.**  
The spelling of the ancient name Marlington with the small "f" found in old manuscripts is merely the retention of the old form of capital "F." Deeds of conveyance in the time of George II. and III. recite "George of Great Britain France and Ireland King, etc." The form could not there fore be due to ignorance, as has been said, for in days when gentlemen of estate were gentlemen of quality such a spelling in deeds could hardly arise from lack of a knowledge of spelling. The Marlingtons of Worcester Hall, an ashlar, prefer the several other well known families, including the Folkes and Franches, to retain the archaic capital "F." The family trace their descent from Hugo de Meutia, who came to England with the Conqueror and they have been associated for generations with the court, army and church and with public life—London Court Journal.

**A Persian Hotel.**  
Some years ago an effort was made to establish a European hotel at the junction of the two most traveled roads of Persia. Each room of this hotel contained some articles which I at least have never found in any hotel in either Europe or America. Among them were a nightcap, a hairbrush and a toothbrush. Perhaps it was on account of this extravagance that the scheme failed. An American missionary as he was leaving this hotel one morning was asked by a servant what he had done with the hotel hairbrush. This dignified man in clerical attire with his wife and children was prevented from leaving the hotel until it was ascertained that he had spoken the truth when he said that he threw the brush under the bed to scare away a cat. —Mrs. Colquhoun in Los Angeles Times.

**Fifty Men and One Elephant.**  
Interesting tests were recently made in London to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses weighing 1,800 pounds each, together pulled 3,700 pounds, or 500 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 3,700 pounds, pulled 3,700 pounds, or 2,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant, but like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds. —St. Louis Republic.

**Difference Defined.**  
Mrs. Muehred (reading paper)—Can you tell me the difference between a visit and a visitation? Mr. Muehred (dryly)—A visitation, my dear, if one may judge by the spelling, is something longer than a visit. For instance, when your mother comes to see us it would be correct to call it a visitation.

**Character.**  
Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing and may become diseased as our bodies do. —George Elliot.

**Conscience.**  
In the commission of evil another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand against thyself. Another thou mayest avoid—thyself thou canst not. —Quarles.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and better to be sometimes cheated than not to trust. —Johnson.

# A Put Up Job

By SADIE OLCOTT

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

"I understand, Wilkins," said Jones. "That Thompson is engaged to Miss Watriss."

"Funny, isn't it? The idea of a man lawyer marrying a woman lawyer?"

"So it is. How would they behave on opposite sides of the same case?"

"I'd like to try them. By the bye, Thompson has my case against your company. Suppose you put your case in the hands of Miss Watriss."

"I'll do it."

When Mr. Thompson came into court and saw his fiancée lined against him he felt his brows. But she gave him a sweet smile as much as to say, "Isn't it nice for you and me to try a case on opposite sides?"

Thompson recovered himself, returned the smile and declared that it would be delightful. As the attorney for the plaintiff he opened the case.

Now, Mr. Thompson was an able attorney. In the first place he entered heart and soul into every case he conducted and had the reputation among his professional associates of getting more out of his witnesses to injure the opposite side and more out of their witnesses to help his own side than any man at the bar. In the present case he coached his witnesses, helping them by leading questions so that they were a tower of strength for his case.

Miss Watriss, seeing the advantage he was gaining, became restive. She began to object to nearly every question that the judge did not sustain her objection, and this irritated her. The consequence was that when her own witnesses took the stand she was in a very bad humor.

By this time the attorney for the plaintiff had become absorbed in his case to the exclusion of every other consideration. The first witness called for the defense was a mild gentleman, who was never sure about anything.

"Do you remember," sneered the attorney, "what you ate for breakfast this morning?"

"I object," shouted Miss Watriss, springing to her feet. "The objection was sustained."

Mr. Thompson then showed the witness a paper and asked him if he wrote it.

"It looks like my handwriting," was the reply, "and then seems to be my signature, but I couldn't swear to it."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty."

"Do you consider yourself in your second childhood?"

"I object," again shouted Miss Watriss, this time with redoubt cheeks.

"Your honor," said Mr. Thompson, with exasperating coolness, "perhaps the attorney for the defendant would like to conduct my case for me, but I would prefer to have her do so rather than prevent my proving that her witness is either incompetent from loss of memory or is withholding evidence."

Mr. Thompson by this time had forgotten that he had a fiancée and that she was his opposing counsel. Per haps force of habit got the better of him. Miss Watriss gave him an angry glance, but made no reply. Mr. Thompson either did not notice her color or was used to exciting the wrath of his opponents. Indeed, this was a favorite method with him.

Having browbeaten a dozen witnesses for the defense until they were not sure of anything except what he wished them to be sure of, Mr. Thompson summed up the case as one of the most arduous and important of his long suffering person. Miss Watriss, who knew that his client was a rascal, who was trying to ruin her own client, could scarcely contain herself throughout. Mr. Thompson's artful method of directing facts, his smooth but cutting irony, were like rubbing a file on a rheumatic member. Miss Watriss, by the loss of her case and costs for her most injured defendant. When they left the courtroom Mr. Thompson, who had suddenly dropped the condition of her case, joined his fiancée and said: "Sweetheart, I congratulate you on having done splendidly."

"Don't sweethear me!"

"Why, my dear, you don't mean to say that you have been affected in your feelings toward me by this lawsuit?"

"I have been so far affected that I wish you to consider our engagement at an end."

**Sorry He Spoke.**  
There is a certain West Philadelphia bachelor who is very fond of children. Recently when he was riding on a Chestnut street trolley car a woman sat opposite him with a baby in her arms. Suddenly the baby began to cry. Every one in the car seemed to be annoyed and a general scowl went around—that is, every one except the bachelor. He tried to show by the bright expression of his face that the crying of the baby was sweet music to him. He smiled at the youngster, but the noise only grew louder. Finally he leaned across the car.

"Perhaps there's a pin sticking him," he said in a stage whisper and after the manner of one who understands all the complexities and troubles of baby life. There was a profound silence in the car until the mother answered:

"No, there's no pin sticking him," she said at last in a tone of scorn and with much emphasis on the last word. Then she continued, "He's scared because you're making faces at him."

After that the bachelor aimed into pensiveness—Philadelphia Times.

**The Starling's Tongue.**  
It is extraordinary how many persons are under the impression that in order to enable a bird to talk it is absolutely necessary to cut or slit its tongue. I have heard that this fall story had a number of starlings in a large cage marked "Fine Young Starlings Only 1 Shilling Each," and as each would be purchased by the man who would say, "There's a fine bird there, sir," pointing out one of them, "but I want him a crown for him, because he's the only one with a cut tongue, so he is bound to be a talker." He would then proceed to catch the bird and show the cut tongue and invariably succeeded in effecting a sale. This dodge would be repeated as each new customer arrived and departed rejoicing at his good bargain. The reader perhaps is not aware that all starlings have a very peculiar formation at the extremity of the tongue, which gives the appearance of a little piece having been snipped out of it. —London Strand.

**The Created Screecher.**  
I was surprised to run across an old acquaintance up at the zoo the other day. The last time I saw him was in the lower part of Brazil when I was trying to push Yankee notions. He is a commercial traveler. This acquaintance is known as created screecher. He is one of the best fighters I ever saw. He is about as large as a turkey and as spry as they make 'em when his fighting blood is up. He has four sharp spurs instead of two, and the odd thing is the spurs are on the wings instead of the legs. The birds ran wild but the natives tamed them and taught them to fight. They are one poultry protectors. I met him between two of them in the most exciting thing in the way of sport down there and is more popular than a cockfight. —New York Sun.

**A Growsome "Charm."**  
One of the most growsome "charms" I have used as a cure for wens. The hand of a dead criminal still hanging had to be rubbed three times over the wen. A correspondent in London writes that many persons were kept his place. Morgan also kept a respectable pile before him, and when all but he and the clergyman had been frozen out, he began to look as if he would still owe the negroes and the \$2,400 besides. In case this turned out to be so he could not be prevented from selling them separately.

"It all depends upon you, parson," said one of the party.

"Gentlemen," said the clergyman, "I protest against the fate of these poor negroes being left in my hands. One of you play for me."

But Morgan protested, and the clerical gentleman was obliged to play his own hand. Despite the blindness he made he held hands that enabled him to keep even. Morgan, seeing that his adversary was having a run of luck, ceased to bet till that run seemed to have ended, then made several apparent bluffs with the view of getting considerable money in the pot and taking it. Singularly enough, every time he tried this expedient the clergyman's hand laid over his own.

When several of these hands had been played \$2,000 of the \$2,400 was before the clergyman. Morgan began to look concerned. It seemed singular to him that a man who at the beginning of the game didn't know the value of the cards should have remained in the game and hold more than four-fifths of the whole sum invested. He cast several scrutinizing glances at his adversary's face, but it showed nothing other than piety and benevolence.

But finally each seemed to hold a hand that warranted high betting. Morgan opened with \$50, the clergyman raised him \$5. Morgan raised \$150. The parson raised all Morgan had left, \$200. Morgan had gone too far to withdraw. He "saw" his opponent and—lost.

The parson scooped up all the money there was on the table, and Morgan, cursing his luck, made out a bill of sale for the negroes.

"What name?" he asked of the minister.

"Peter Harbeson."

"You Pete Harbeson? Well, I've been done!"

Pete Harbeson was one of the most noted gamblers in the south. He had been employed by an "abolitionist" to secure the freedom of Morgan's negroes. They received free papers and went to Ohio.

**Paternal Fortitude.**  
I was calling, when the little daughter of my hostess came into the room. Knowing that her mother's mother had that morning returned home after a somewhat lengthy visit, I said, "Weren't you sorry to have grandma go away, Pearl?"

"Yes, I was," she answered promptly, "and so was mamma—very sorry. But," and she paused thoughtfully for a moment, "I couldn't see at breakfast that but papa was just as cheerful as ever."

**Especially the Pallee.**  
Female Mendicant—I'm a poor widow woman with eight small children. Can't you give us some clothes? Lady—The only clothing I have to give away is one of my husband's coats. Female Mendicant—Give it to me, good lady. I might marry again. There are several gentlemen as have their eye on me. —New York Journal.

**The One Condition.**  
Lady Pertly—What did father say when you asked him if you could marry me? The Honorable Gusie—He didn't absolutely refuse, but he made a very severe condition. Lady P.—What was it? The Hon. G.—He said he would see me hanged first. —London Mail.

**Not Enthusiastic.**  
"My boy's back from college." "How does he take hold on the farm?" "I hadn't seen him make no case rush for the wood pile." —Kansas City Journal.

**Dreadful.**  
Stalls—A dreadful experience, you say? Bells—Yes, I saw a great bargain in shoes when I had a hole in my stocking. —Ladies' Guest.

# A Poker Game

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

When Thomas Morgan of Kentucky made up his mind that the war of '61 was coming on he concluded to take his slaves into the heart of the south, where he considered that they would be safer than in a border state. They consisted of a man, his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. He had reached Bowling Green, where he was obliged to wait for a train for Nashville, and was lounging with his human chattels in the station when a man stepped up to him and began to talk with him, ringing in questions about where he was going and what he was going to do with the negroes. Having learned the facts, the stranger asked if he would like to sell them. Morgan said he would prefer that to the trouble of taking them south.

The stranger went away, but soon returned with several men and said, "We don't like to see the negroes going south, we want 'em here. These gentlemen and I would like to buy your slaves, but no one of us has enough money to buy 'em all, and we're against the principle of separating families. What do you say to selling us chips to the amount of your price for 'em? Then we'll play a game of poker, and the man that eventually gets all the chips has the negroes."

Morgan, who was anxious to turn his negroes into cash, consented, and the party adjourned to a hotel near the station to carry out the plan. They agreed upon as the value of the property. The owner much pleased to be able to get so high a price for the coming struggle had lowered the market value of negroes agreed to take a share of the chips and enter the game with the rest. As they were arranging themselves around the table a gentleman wearing a white cravat stepped up and remonstrated against the sin of gambling. When it was explained to him that the object of the party was to keep a family of negroes from being separated he resented the game or, clergyman that he was, he would take a share and a hand.

"Oh, come in," said one of the party. "We'll show you how it's done, and you'll soon get used to it."

All begged the clergyman to join them, and finally he agreed that since the object of the game was a noble one there would be no sin in taking a share, allowing some one else to play his hand, but they wished that he would do that himself, and dragging him down into a seat they put the cards in his hands.

For awhile the numerous questions asked by the clergyman about the value of the cards or the rules of the game delayed the play.

Nothing but an occasional case of blind luck prevented his being frozen out. Several times when his pile of chips was reduced to a minimum he held the winning hand in a large pot and saved himself. On this account, while one by one the other players dropped out of the game the dominion kept his place. Morgan also kept a respectable pile before him, and when all but he and the clergyman had been frozen out, he began to look as if he would still owe the negroes and the \$2,400 besides. In case this turned out to be so he could not be prevented from selling them separately.

"It all depends upon you, parson," said one of the party.

"Gentlemen," said the clergyman, "I protest against the fate of these poor negroes being left in my hands. One of you play for me."

But Morgan protested, and the clerical gentleman was obliged to play his own hand. Despite the blindness he made he held hands that enabled him to keep even. Morgan, seeing that his adversary was having a run of luck, ceased to bet till that run seemed to have ended, then made several apparent bluffs with the view of getting considerable money in the pot and taking it. Singularly enough, every time he tried this expedient the clergyman's hand laid over his own.

When several of these hands had been played \$2,000 of the \$2,400 was before the clergyman. Morgan began to look concerned. It seemed singular to him that a man who at the beginning of the game didn't know the value of the cards should have remained in the game and hold more than four-fifths of the whole sum invested. He cast several scrutinizing glances at his adversary's face, but it showed nothing other than piety and benevolence.

But finally each seemed to hold a hand that warranted high betting. Morgan opened with \$50, the clergyman raised him \$5. Morgan raised \$150. The parson raised all Morgan had left, \$200. Morgan had gone too far to withdraw. He "saw" his opponent and—lost.

The parson scooped up all the money there was on the table, and Morgan, cursing his luck, made out a bill of sale for the negroes.

"What name?" he asked of the minister.

"Peter Harbeson."

"You Pete Harbeson? Well, I've been done!"

Pete Harbeson was one of the most noted gamblers in the south. He had been employed by an "abolitionist" to secure the freedom of Morgan's negroes. They received free papers and went to Ohio.

**Mark Twain's Profanity.**  
When Mark Twain began to write for the Atlantic Monthly he came unwittingly under its rules, for with all his willfulness there never was a more biddable man in things you could show him a reason for. He never made the least of that trouble which so abounds for the hapless editor from narrower minded contributors. If you wanted a thing changed, very good, he changed it, if you suggested that a word or a sentence or a paragraph had better be struck out, very good, he struck it out. His proof sheets came back each a veritable "mash of concision," as Emerson says. Now and then he would try a little stronger language than the Atlantic had stomach for, and once when I sent him a proof I made him observe that I had left out the profanity. He wrote back: "Mrs. Clemens opened that proof and it into the room with danger in her eye. What profanity? You see, when I read the manuscript to her I skipped that." It was part of his joke to pretend a violence in that gentle creature which all the more amusingly realized the situation to their friends.—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

**Odd Shaving Habits.**  
It is said that of men who shave themselves not one in fifty can use the razor with both hands, and to this may be added other curious facts about the shaving habits of the average man.

There is the president of a trust company in New York who, he tells his friends, always shaves himself standing in a corner of the room and facing the wall. He was a poor country boy and, like most boys, bought a razor on the sly. There was no mirror in his bedroom and rather than let his people know what he was about he faced the wall and scraped away by sense of feeling. Once accustomed to this method he never needed a glass.

There is a United States senator, formerly a farmer, who for many years shaved himself sitting on a milk stool and looking at his reflection in a bucket of water. That was what he did as a boy and man on the farm, and he says that he couldn't shave standing up.—New York Tribune.

**"Tolerance" in Coins.**  
The mint allows a certain degree of "tolerance" in coins. For example, the gold double eagle's standard weight is 516 grains, and the "tolerance" allowed is half a grain. A coin of this denomination may weigh as little as 515½ grains or as much as 516½ grains, but never less than the first nor more than the second figure. The standard weight of the silver half dollar is 122½ grains, and the tolerance allowed is 1.5 grains. This coin may weigh as little as 121½ grains and as much as 124½ grains, but never less than the first nor more than the second figure. The standard fineness of all gold and silver coins is 900. In the gold coins a deviation of only one one-thousandth from the so-called five cent nickel coin is really only 25 per cent nickel, the rest being copper. One cent pieces are 95 per cent copper and 5 per cent tin and zinc.—Philadelphia Record.

**Sir Walter Scott's Debit.**  
The Ballantyne failure threw upon Sir Walter Scott the responsibility for £100,000, or \$650,000, and the grand old man immediately set about the mighty task of paying it. But, notwithstanding the most heroic efforts on his part, he never succeeded in paying it all. He did the best he could, but he had to depend solely upon his writings, and the task was more than mortal man could accomplish. As his powers fell and he became possessed of the idea that all his debts were paid and that he was a free man, and in this belief he happily remained till his death.—New York American.

**Better Dream On.**  
"Isn't that a perfect dream of a hat?" she demanded of the man by her side.

"I said," she repeated after some seconds of silence, "Isn't that a dream of a hat?"

Still silence from the man. Then she ventured reproachfully: "Why don't you say something?"

"My dear, you seemed to enjoy your dream so that I was afraid of waking you up," the man then replied.

**The Psalmist.**  
Many years ago a new clergyman was taking Sunday duty in a remote hamlet among the Yorkshire wolds. After morning service the old clerk came up to him and observed: "So ye called them 'Saumms,' do ye? Noo, ye never knew what to make of 'that' 'ere P.' We alius calls 'em 'Spasms.'" —London Scrap.

**Grit.**  
Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as herosim materialized—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whipple.

**Same Effect.**  
Imms—Do I love her? Why, man, I can't sleep nights for thinking about her. Owens—That's not proof positive. Get the same effect from my tailor's bills.—Boston Transcript.

**Discouraging.**  
Jester—Poor old Skinfitt has his troubles! Jimson—What? Why, he's making barrels and barrels of money. Jester—I know, but the price of barrels has gone up.

**Happiness is not found in self contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.—Johnson.**