

How Jim Donnelly Made a Success.

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

Jim Donnelly, agent at a small suburban railway station, not seeing promotion where he was, asked to be transferred to some more promising position. The system was a long one, penetrating into what were then the backwoods of North America. The company needed men on the frontier, but unfortunately those positions were so unattractive that the employees there could not be made to hold their places. Jim was told that he might have a passenger train in this region, but was advised that the people traveling there were hard to manage, and it was feared that he would give up the job after learning the conditions.

Jim had commenced railroading as a brakeman. The salary of conductor was much better than that of agent at an inferior station, and he decided to accept the position. Another inducement was that if he succeeded in running his train through the lawless district with regularity he would be advanced to a higher position.

The main trouble Jim's predecessors had experienced was collecting fares. The people of the country made all sorts of excuses for not paying their way, and if the conductor tried to put them off the train they would make a fight. One conductor had been killed, another severely wounded, and others had gotten too frightened to insist on getting the fare. All this was explained to the applicant.

Jim thought the matter over and made up his mind that he would fight his way to a mastery of the situation. He would not undertake the job without seeing it through. The fights the conductors had experienced were with individuals, and so long as he was not called upon to fight several men at once Jim saw no reason why he should not stand as good a chance as the other fellow, though he was not a large man nor especially muscular. He was quite ingenious and relied on his thinking powers to provide ways of collecting fares.

Jim had been running his train several days without trouble when a wild looking man got on at a wilderness station, and when Jim asked him for his fare the passenger, feeling through his pockets, finally took out a dirty paper on which he had himself written a pass. Jim handed it back to him with the laconic remark, "No good." The man began to berate the conductor with his tongue for insulting him, at the same time putting his hand to his hip for his revolver. Jim put his hand into his outside coat pocket, and putting out a rubber bulb, repeated his request for the fare. The man was getting his revolver in position for a draw when Jim placed the bulb before the man's face and, pressing it, filled his eyes with red pepper.

There was a loud, the passenger putting his hands to his eyes. Jim, taking advantage of his blindness, made a grab for his revolver and secured it. Then, pulling the bell rope, he took the man by the collar and hustled him to the door, giving him a kick as he dropped him on the train.

The next man who refused to pay his fare was a countryman, who relied on his muscles to back him up. Being put off the train, the conductor, the fellow was certainly very strong and prided himself on being able to take care of any man without the use of arms. When Jim asked him for his fare he searched for his ticket or pretended to do so, then said that he had lost it. Jim, who understood the man's game, passed on collecting. When the train reached the next station he got out, went to the baggage car, took a new punch out of a bag, and when the train started on went through the cars again. Coming to the man who had lost his ticket, he told him that he must pay his fare or get off the train, whereupon the passenger told him that if he was strong enough to eject him he was welcome to do so.

Quick as a flash Jim gripped the man's nose with his punch, which held by means of a couple of sharp projections. The nipped man fought like a tiger, but every time he struck a blow Jim pressed the alpper, and in a very few minutes his prisoner ceased to struggle. Jim pulled the bell rope, but before the train came to a full stop threw his prisoner into a ditch beside the road.

Stories of the conductor's novel methods of putting off travelers who refused to pay their fare were spread broadcast by passengers who witnessed them and lost nothing by repetition. The countrymen along the line were used to fighting with their fists or their revolvers and were entirely put out of their reckoning by such unprecedented methods of warfare. It required but these two instances to stop the refusal to pay fares, for after the second ejection no one else cared to take the risk of running up against some new plan of the conductor of accomplishing his purpose.

Meanwhile the railroad was civilizing the people who lived beside it. A respect for law and order was creeping in, and public sentiment was turning against the carrying of weapons. In other words, the people were becoming a peaceful farming community. Jim, Donnelly's success in collecting fares was noted in the general offices of the railroad company, and one day he received the appointment of division superintendent.

In the country, through which the line passes, is now thickly settled, and Jim Donnelly is the president of the road.

"William, why can't we have an automobile like other people?"
"Because, my dear, I'll have to put a new roof on the house before it will hold a mortgage."—Baltimore American.

"The dentist is an artist," said the funny Mr. Heath.
"The pencil doesn't earn him bread, but I've seen him draw teeth."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Did you meet any nice men at the summer resort, dear?"
"I should say I did, and I met a couple of rich ones too."—Detroit Free Press.

A public pest we all despise,
His actions make us groan—
He guesses the wrong number
And rings our telephones!
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"She was completely prostrated and made very ill by his perfidy."
"Did she recover?"
"Yes, \$5,000."—Boston Transcript.

Fires delight to buzz and bite
And bother when you read or write.
If I just had a bumblebee
I guess they wouldn't bother me!
—Los Angeles Times.

"Did the medicine I prescribed have a soporific effect?"
"Oh, no, doctor; it only put me to sleep."—Baltimore American.

That man will fall into some kink
Of unexpected woe
Who thinks that what he merely thinks
Is what he really knows.
—Washington Star.

"How do you know that Chancer dictated his old English to a stenographer?"
"Look at the way it's spelled."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The cheery tones of the editor man
Through sanctum and hall resound.
"War poems" he cries: "Why, bless your dear eyes,
We're buying 'em now by the pound!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Are the running expenses of an automobile very high?"
"Not if the motorcycle cop fails to get your number."—Baltimore American.

The fat man leans against the house,
And thus it can be seen
He's fat because he eats too much,
And that's what makes him lean.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What's the matter, old man? Been in a boiler explosion?"
"No. Had the coal put in today, and I've just crawled over it to fasten the cellar window."—Detroit Free Press.

The farmer we delight to chat,
But on his way he goes
And often gets a quiet laugh
At city people's clothes.
—Kansas City Journal.

Old Mother Nettlecoat wanted a petticoat and went downtown to a store. But when she got there the girl said with a stare, "They're not wearing them things any more."—Central (Kan.) Courier.

Statistics are a comfort great.
We twist them with sincere delight.
No matter what the figures state,
Each makes them show that he is right.
—Washington Star.

"Yes, he's an awful hustler. Always ahead of time. Seems to anticipate everything. Used to be a Newbury." "I see. Probably sold 600,000 editions of 'poor'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All voters are not drug dealers,
But they show a lot of skill
In mixing for the candidates
A mighty bitter pill.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"What are you going to wear at the fancy dress ball, Mabel?"
"I'm going to wear two skirts and a petticoat and go as an old-fashioned matron."—Detroit Free Press.

"The betrothal lacks sparkle," said Bill.
"For, though she's well equipped,
She won't go into battle yet!
She is completely stripped."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The people in that institution are crazy about it."
"What is it?"
"An insane asylum."—Baltimore American.

A brittle thing is speech, so take
Precaution how you bend it,
For any man can make a break,
But mighty few can mend it.
—Judge.

"Men don't marry for money half as often as they are supposed to."
"No, for not half the girls supposed to be rich are wealthy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mary had a little lamb,
And then I heard her bother:
"What does that water think I am?
No charged no half a dollar!"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"There's a perfect match."
"So?"
"Yes. She's a spitfire, and he's just a stick of wood."—Detroit Free Press.

Behold the strong, ditch digger
Who turns an easy trick.
While others do what they detest,
He always takes his pick.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Every class in life seems to have its peculiar disease."
"The 'I' suppose jaundiced have a something else and carpenters have the shingles."—Baltimore American.

Back there, where the fashions start
They do so through from east to west,
There's not much change that I can see
They're worn a little shorter, though,
And they're not so much as they used to be.
—New York Times.

A Proposal Under Difficulties

By F. A. MITCHEL

Dick Thomson and Emily Swift became engaged one night during a thunderstorm. Emily was nearly frightened to death and didn't know what Dick, who wasn't afraid of thunder, was talking about. When the storm had passed, Dick said to her, rather, began to say to her:

"Sweetheart!"
"By what right do you call me sweetheart?"
"By the right of possession. Have you not promised to marry me?"
"I promise to marry you! When did I do that?"
"Not ten minutes ago."
"You don't mean to say that you were so crazy as to talk of love with those frightful bolts striking all about us?"

"Why not? We were in no more danger than we are at all times. How do we know when we cross a street but that an automobile may knock us into eternity? At any minute one's heart may stop beating, one!"
"Stop!"
Dick stopped and remained quiet for some time.

"Have you lost your tongue?" Emily said at last.
"You shut me up!"
"I did that because you were talking so horribly."
"May I go on?"
"Of course, if you wish to."
"What was I talking about?"
She turned toward him with a glance that was intended to wither him, but said nothing.

"Oh, I remember, we were talking about the storm. It was a boomer, wasn't it?"
There was no rejoinder.
"That bolt when the flash and the thunder came together must have struck something."
The young lady pouted, but said nothing. She was fingering an ornament suspended from a gold chain about her neck.

"I wonder if it killed any one," pursued Dick.
"Perhaps it was the fool killer hunting for a victim. Maybe that's what brought it so near."
This about the young man of again. He looked out through the window.
"See the moon shining now!" he exclaimed. "That's the finest one I ever saw. The light is brilliant."
The moonshine did not interest her. She scorned even to look at it.

"Darling," said Dick, "what makes you so cross?"
"Don't you dare call me darling!"
"Got it again right between the eyes. Do you know, Em, that I believe that our engagement, having taken place in a thunderstorm, will be harmful of sulphur."
"Will you be good enough to explain to me what you mean by our engagement?"

"Well, I like that! I propose to a young lady. The proposition I admit is made under tempestuous circumstances. Nevertheless, the matter is settled."
"That was not right."
"Nothing is so pretty as a wedding."
"Will you go on?"
"I am not interested in Dick's mind. I am interested in Dick's heart."
"This was said so suspiciously that it sent Dick back within himself again. He took refuge in silence."
"If you have nothing more to say to me," Emily finally broke the silence. "I see no reason for our remaining together any longer. I have things to do."
"You wouldn't leave me, would you, just after our becoming engaged? That would be like a groom spending the honeymoon in North America and the bride in China."
She rose and was sweeping out of the room when he called to her:

"What do you wish me to do?"
"I wish you to—she balked.
"Say it all over again!"
"If you had a spark of sentiment you would know what to do."
"Well, while you were sitting close to me—frightened at the storm, you know—and I had my arm around your waist—"

"I don't remember that at all!"
"Certainly not. You were too frightened to remember it. When my arm was around your waist and I had my arm close against your lips—I mean by lips were?"
"Never mind all that. Go on."
"I said: 'Don't be frightened, dear. Remember that you are in the arms of one who'—"

Another belated clap broke in to spoil again a tender scene. He had placed his arm about her waist and held her hand. She closed her fingers about his as if fearing he would get away.

"I thought the storm was over," he murmured.
"I think it is. That was merely an after clap. Go on."
"I'm afraid if I do and another storm comes on I'll have to do it again. That'll make three times. You might say it between two bolts."
A dazzling flash, with extraordinary thunder. He held her tightly in his arms and cried above the explosion:

"Emmy, dearest, I love you. Will you marry me?"
His lips were pressed to her cheek and the thunder, which ceased to roar, was heard in his ears.
"I heard you," he said, laughing, and notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, she laughed too.

When you wish to be
To certainly do that
In a sheltered spot
And all the little girls and boys
Dashed by the wind.

In other people's bedrooms
To pass the time
And as a result his constant
Amusement he goes.

When grown he went to school
Becoming great
And people began to speak with awe
Investigation.

He grew until he got much
A statesman's robes
A government commission granted
And now he presides.

Noting the President
A preacher raising his eyes from his
Seat in the midst of the sermon, was
Paralyzed with amazement to see the
Rude boy in the gallery patting the
beaters in the pews below with horse
chestnuts. But while the good man
was preparing his crown of glory the
young hopeful cried out:

"You had to your preacher, daddy;
I'll keep 'em awake."—Exchange.

Qualified Pious,
There are people, by the by,
Who must always qualify,
"What about that fellow who
Oh, he's honest—in a way!"

Never as things pass along
Do they come out good or wrong,
Speaking of a girl, her way
"Yes, she's pretty—in a way."

In the course of his sailing
At the time they met their fate,
The recurring dream may
Find them waiting in a week.

Case For Success
The old boy wore a noticeably ex-
pression.
"Why are you sad every time you
see a hen pecking?" asked the little
pig.

"I cannot help thinking of ham and
eggs," replied the old one.—Philadel-
phia Ledger.

Misunderstood.
She signed in such a plaintive way,
I pitied her, I vow,
And thought to kiss her grief away.
She is the plainest now!
—Judge.

Another sad and wistful maid
I noticed when dependent,
Her husband stopped it, I'm afraid,
That I'm the correspondent.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Of Different Mind.
"Going to divorce your husband, eh?
Let me recommend my lawyer. He got
me my divorce without the slightest
publicity."
"Glad you told me about him. I
might have made a mistake and em-
ployed him if you had not."—Houston
Post.

Going Away.
You tell your friends the Wombles,
That you're for Paris bound,
To this they rise and straight enunciate
At Newport they'll be found.

Full soon you seek at the west
A boarding place somewhere,
And the next day, to your dismay,
The Wombles turn up there.
—Kansas City Journal.

Tearing the Hair.
"That man's been in the wars. He
told me of all the men he killed and
all the wounds he got."
"When I suppose those are his scars
of glory he was showing?"
"Nope. That's where our dog bit
him."—Baltimore American.

Devotion.
If I had a thousand lives in the
world,
I'd live them all for you.
If I had a thousand hearts to give,
I'd give them all to you.
If I had a thousand eyes, I'd give
them all to you.
If I had a thousand tongues, I'd give
them all to you.
If I had a hundred feet to wear,
I'd wear them all for you.
If I had a hundred hands to work,
I'd work them all for you.
If I had a hundred mouths to speak,
I'd speak them all for you.
If I had a hundred brains to think,
I'd think them all for you.
If I had a hundred souls to save,
I'd save them all for you.
If I had a hundred worlds to rule,
I'd rule them all for you.
If I had a hundred heavens to build,
I'd build them all for you.
If I had a hundred eternities to live,
I'd live them all for you.

Her Only Excuse.
"Did you hear about Mrs. Miller's
latest? She actually kissed her hus-
band good-by at the railway station."
"The simple old dear. She's hope-
lessly old-fashioned."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Human Nature.
I wish I had a syllabus, a prologism and
a large, three-cornered compass.
I'd try to draw a circle around
the world in each hand.
I could not tell you what they are, I'm
telling, I'd be shot.
The reason why I want them is because
I have them not.
—New York Times.

Quite the Thing.
Well—Bessy always dresses appropri-
ately for every occasion.
Belle—Yes, I noticed she wore a dress
of panne velvet when she danced "The
Kitchen Sink."—Baltimore American.

Suspicious.
A most suspicious man is Green.
A creature filled with doubts and fears.
A dozen times with him I've been
When he says "No," I'm sure he means
"Yes."—Detroit Free Press.

Always Awake.
"Bessy said that if any man kissed
her without warning she would scratch
for her father."
"What did you do?"
"I kissed her."—Boston Herald.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the
annual meeting of the
National Association of
Word-Collectors.

Not a Word.
"I'm not a word," said the
man who was asked to speak at the