ORIGINAL ILLEGIBLE

Stories of the Streets and Town

Revelation.

When Phyllis passed me in her sheath
It really made me grit my teeth—
I've ever been her ardent wooer,
But Gee! There is so little to her!

Evolution of Spinning.

"Sweet Priscilla ever spinning!" good
John Alden used to say,
As he watched the flax thread dancing through the spinning wheel
each day;
Lucky John, to live in those days,
when such spinning was in style,
And a chap could hold the bobbins,
courting every little while.
Had that couple lived, however, in
this age of gasoline,
She'd have hinted to go spinning in
a modern red machine.

HIT OR MISS.

It's easy to be a fool, and it's foolish to be easy.

When everybody else is satisfied the reformer has the blues.

Some people would rather say nothing than speak a kind word.

The average female likes to pose as the reformer of some man.

After some men get a start in life they don't know when to stop.

Frankness makes people disagreeable, but not all disagreeable people are frank.

Happiness is the result of being poor and respectable—according to the story books.

A widow always tries to console herself with the belief that she can't do any worse the next time.

A woman is willing to admit a man's superiority when it comes to translating a railway timetable.

Fortunately but few people are mind readers, therefore they never discover what their neighbors really think of them.

At the age of 6 a boy thinks his father is the smartest man on earth; at the age of 16 he imagines that he has forgotten more than the old man ever knew.

Heard in a Local Waiting Room.

"Excuse me, madam, but are you waiting for Dr. Blank?

"I thought you were; you look as though you might be one of his patients. I mean you have a sort of nervous look. They tell me he has a great many patients among the poorer classes. I wished to inquire whether he was unreasonable in his charges, but I suppose he isn't, or you wouldn't— That is to say, I suppose not.

"I have been under the care of five different physicians since last July, and they all tell me that my case is so complicated they can do nothing for me. My nerves are completely shattered and my delicate organism is all jarred out of position by the severe and terrible shocks my nerves give me.

"I haven't slept at night for three months, though I have faithfully taken my medicines and slept four hours every day. At times I have had five different kinds of medicine to take three times a day, and I haven't been able to stir out of the house for six months except to the doctor's for special consultations. Doctors are so independent, they insist that you shall come to them. I do not rise in the morning before 11 o'clock, and even then I am far too weary to do anything.

"One physician declared I had the most interesting case he ever saw—so deeply complicated he could not put his finger on the trouble. He advised me to see a nerve specialist. We tried seven with a total cost of $1,100. The last one charged $150 just for telling me to take olive oil. Think of it! Olive oil is for salads, and I wouldn't touch a drop of it for anything.

'By that time my nerves were in such a state I couldn't eat a thing but cream puffs and chicken salad and they were all that kept me alive. I had a professional nurse, and I thought for two weeks that I was never going to raise my head again. I had a pain just north of my liver that was agonizing. The nurse wanted me to stop eating cream puffs, but I said they were my life preservers.

"I dismissed her a few days later and secured a more sensible one for $5 more a week. She was very sympathetic and complimented me constantly on my saintly patience. Of course it doesn't do for me to repeat such things, but those were here very words.

"The new physician thought I had appendicitis, but I had the operation four years ago, so he had to change to something else. He told me the place I had the pain had nothing in it, but he gave me some medicine that cured it anyhow. Frequently patients know more than their doctors, you see. I've always diagnosed my case much better than the professionals. This doctor left of his own accord, because I told him he didn't fully understand my highly sensitive disposition. Some people are so touchy, aren't they?

"How long one has to wait in these places! Three women have gone in to see Dr. Blank since I came, and now a man has gone in. I protested, but the attendant says they were here first. That's a poor rule, don't you think? I think the sickest ought to go in first. You won't mind if I go in ahead of you, will you? I knew you wouldn't. I've been here half an hour already.

"Well, I hadn't finished my story, had I? My nerves got so bad they took me to the hospital on a stretcher, but it was so noisy I wouldn't stay a day, and they brought me back. They charged to bring me home, too. Rather small, wasn't it? Why, those nurses used to smile and joke with the doctor as if I wasn't dying right under their eyes! Then, too, they told me I couldn't have the house doctor all to myself, but had to share him with everybody. I couldn't stand the idea of it, even while I was waiting for my own physician. Why, think of the germs! The house doctor said the quiet part of the hospital was full, and I'd better go to a rest cure. I have heard about rest cures and do not care for them.

"They all sit around and tell their troubles to anybody who comes along, and if there's anythig I can't bear it's a woman who talks about her illnesses. I make it a rule never to do so, not even to my own husband. He is the only one who understands my really critical condition, and will not allow so much as a plate to rattle in my house. We dismissed four maids this very winter because they slammed doors. A slamming door is almost the death of me. My husband often goes down to the club and stays a week or so at a time so it may be more quiet at the house. Of course I have my professional nurse, so I am not alone. She's with me today. I left her down in the carriage.

"The physician I had last I did not keep long. He was Dr. Blanker, of this very building. Oh, you know him? He's a severe-looking man with a queer eye. No, I don't mean to say it's glass or crossed, or anything, but it seems to be laughing when he frowns. It's really creepy for a nervous organization like mine to have it fixed on me. They say he's very wealthy, but I don't suppose he made it himself. Probably in his wife's family. But if she was rich I don't see how she came to marry such a simple man. I know the profession admires him, but I haven't a very high idea of physicians after my experiences. You cannot blame me, I am sure. It was his plain manner that ended our connection, for it lead him to unpardonable language.

"Why, no, he didn't swear or anything like that, of course. He came to see me three times, and then he told me the only trouble with me was that I had too much money. Wasn't that atrocious? He actually must be insane somewhere, for he told me to adopt three orphans, live in a flat and do my own work, and said he was too busy to come again. He sent a bill for $50. It was a trying experience, and I am glad we have no more to do with him. There he comes now, out of his office. I shall not speak to such an impertinent individual.

"Oh, are you going? You are not waiting for Dr. Blank? You were waiting to go home with your husband Dr. Blanker? Well, what on earth! It's enough to give one a serious turn.

"She's gone now, and I suppose he's angry at what I said about him. Some people are so touchy!"

THEY TALKED.

The bay shore married man laid down his paper with a sigh.

"There!" said the man's wife, with an approving smile. "How much nicer that is. You do like to please me sometimes, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the bay shore man. "By all means. Decidedly. And now, what do we do?"

"Do?" echoed the man's wife. "Talk to me, of course. Here you've been gone all day, seeing people and doing things, and I've been sticking all alone in the house without a soul to say a word to me. Now, tell me what you've been doing all day."

"Of course it would interest me," said his wife. "Anything in the world would interest me."

"I caught the 8 o'clock car," began the man. I didn't have a minute to spare, either. The bell was ringing just as I got to the station. I got into the smoker."

"You needn't tell me that. You came back in the smoker, too."

"Very true. Crichell invited me to join him and Jones and Phillips in a game of whist, which I did. We played two rubbers. Jones is a rotten player. We got into Pensacola three minutes late and I was a little late at the office. Miss Carmichael was wearing a bunch of sweet peas, but there were no other changes that I noticed. I ate a lunch consisting of a hot roast beef sandwich at 1 o'clock. The beef was a little too much done."

"Did you send it back?" asked the man's wife.

"I did not," replied her husband. "I ate it. I nearly forgot to tell you that I put mustard on it, and that I indulged in a piece of cherry pie."

"If you had been at home and the beef wasn't cooked right you would have raised the roof," said his wife. "What next?"

"I went back to the office and worked until 4:30," replied the married man. "Then I took my coat and hat from the pegs they occupied, put them on, and came back here on the 5 o'clock car. That's all, I think."

"Tell me some more about Miss Carmichael," said the man's wife.

"She's a ravishing beauty of perhaps 23 summers," said the man, readily. "She has eyes like limpid pools and a rosebud mouth. She has a flutelike voice and her figure—"

"I didn't ask you to talk absurd nonsense," interrupted the man's wife. "Is that all you did today?"

"I had my shoes polished," said the man. "It's been a beautiful day. Yes, the air seems almost like spring. But of course, it won't last long. I think you'll have to do a little talking now, my dear. I can't do it all."

"It doesn't take a great deal to exhaust your conversational flow, does it?"

"Perhaps if you would allow me to run my eyes over the paper it might suggest some topic of mutual interest. Why not tell me what's been happening here?"

"Two of the sheets came home from the laundry quite badly scorched," said the man's wife. "The coal came this afternoon, and the man shot it all over the cannel that we were keeping for the grates."

"That's too bad," observed the man, politely. "Anything else?"

"I believe that's all of particular importance," said the man's wife.

"Let's leave these grave matters and descend to the trivial and frivolous, then," suggested the married man. "Fire away!"

"You used to be able to talk to me," said the man's wife. "I can remember the time when you didn't seem to be at all at a loss for a subject."

"In those days I either talked about myself, which was egotistical, or about you," said the married man. "But whenever I talk about you now you seem to think I'm finding fault. Really, I don't mean to criticise. The little things I point out now and then are only meant—"

"Oh, take your old paper and read it!"

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"Right you are," sighed John "That was the amount I paid the minister for marrying us."

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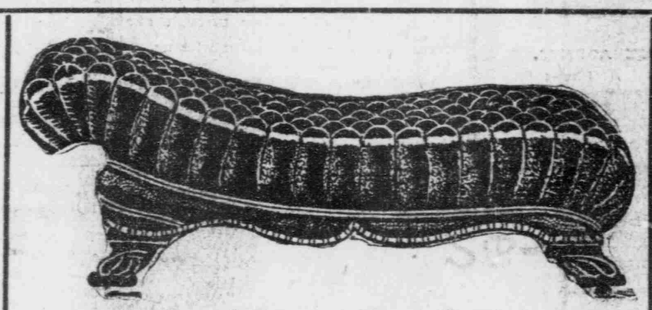

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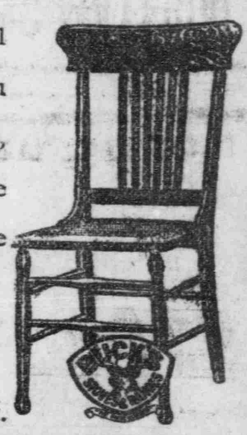

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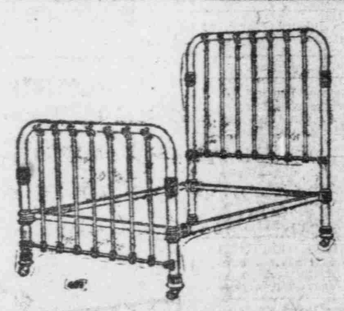

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