

Caught on the Run

"I know what's happened to you," said one man to another on the back of a street car the other morning. "Either you've been repairing the chicken coop and come down good and hard on a sharp wire nail or you've been up late with the baby and everlastingly stubbed your toe on that heavy rocking chair. Still now, I don't feel quite so sure about it. Maybe you've gone after trout and forgotten where you put your spoon hook on the ground until you stepped on it."

"Wrong again," said the man addressed. "A man of your age and experience ought to guess a lot better than that in three tries. It's my usual summer and fall complaint, a new pair of shoes. I know, and you know, that despite all these advertisements in the magazines, there never was a low shoe yet that wouldn't rub all the hide off your heel when you first put it on after wearing high shoes for six months or so. Also it follows that there never was a high shoe made that didn't bunch up and blister your Achilles tendon when you put it on the fall after wearing low shoes all summer."

"My wife got sore at me for grumbling so much about it the last two days and insisted I put on my old and comfortable ones today. But I said no. A shoe is like a broncho and whenever it gets the idea you can't break it, you can't. If I'd leave these shoes off a day, I might just as well make up my mind to throw 'em away because I never would have the nerve to get back into 'em."

"No, sir. I'm going to tough it out if it takes a foot or all my underpinning. No little insignificant bunch of shoe leather is going to get the best of me, not when I'm awake," and the suffering one limped away to his office and a day of torment.

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How Artie O'Dea "hung one" on W. M. Abrahamson, proprietor of the Sterling Wine House, is being told now by friends of the two with many good laughs at the latter's expense. From first to last the joke was rather an expensive one for Mr. Abrahamson.

He was working behind the bar one noon while the bartender was at dinner and while Artie was glancing over a paper in the rear of the room. The door opened to admit a stranger who was soliciting funds for the erection of an asylum for crippled and defective men in a western city. The visitor approached Mr. Abrahamson, showed his credentials and made a long and earnest plea for funds to meet the needs of the situation. Mr. Abrahamson thought he saw a chance to get a joke on Mr. O'Dea and after expressing great interest in the proposed move, told the solicitor that, although he had no doubt the philanthropy was a most worthy one, he was not the boss and did not feel he could afford to contribute anything. "There's the proprietor back there," he said, pointing to Mr. O'Dea, "and possibly he will be glad to do something for you."

Back to Mr. O'Dea went the agent and again the credentials were shown and the story told. Artie finally awoke to the fact that several others were looking at him and that he was reputed to be the proprietor of the wine room so at the conclusion of the appeal he generously waved the visitor toward the "bartender" with, "Sure. Give this gentleman a dollar out of the till."

Hereafter Mr. Abrahamson has decided to retain the management of the wine house himself.