

MEN WHO HAVE LOST.

EFFECT OF A RUN OF BAD LUCK ON THE TEMPER.

The Hoodoo Who was Having his Shoes Shined—Attractions of Beef Stew to Hungry Men Before and After Winning—A Gambler's Full Meal of Baked Beans.

'I have seen some curious effects of continuous gambling in my time,' said the old sport, 'but nothing to equal the affair I witnessed last Sunday morning. No one but a man who has gambled a good bit and has experienced the same sensations as those which led my friend to such violence as I will describe, will quite understand the frame of mind that he was in, but the old sport will understand it every time, because he's been there himself.'

'Pete and I—Pete's my friend, and a rare old gambler—came out of a gambling house last Sunday morning and started for a Turkish bath. Pete had been playing all night, first the wheel, then the tiger and finally poker, and he had lost a good bit of money. As we reached the corner of Sixth avenue, Pete spied a well-dressed young man seated in a bootblack's chair getting his shoes shined. Before I knew what he was going to do, he strode forward, patted that fellow one between the eyes, remarking as he did it:

'You're always getting your shoes shined.'

'Yes, I know, the same thing happened to Sheridan, wasn't it? but that's no reason why it shouldn't happen to a New York sport too.'

I hustled Pete into a cab in a hurry and before that young fellow had quite recovered from his surprise we were well out of the way. I never said a word until we got to the bath, and then I looked Pete well over and says:

'In the name of all that's good, Pete, tell me why you hit that fellow?'

'Why,' says Pete, 'he's always getting his boots shined. I knew I'd have to hit him some time, and I just couldn't wait any longer.'

Pete took a long breath, and seeing that I was still puzzled he went on: 'Five Sundays ago I came out of that place after an all night play, a loser. I drank a lot and I smoked a lot, and I was tired. I felt dirty and my face was drawn. I was sore on the world. The first man I struck is this cuss getting his shoes shined, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, a nice big necktie on, his hair parted in the middle, and his moustache waxed. I don't know why, but I hated the cuss the minute I laid eyes on him. It was the same thing the next Sunday and the next, and last Sunday I thought I'd have to hit him. He always looked so nice and clean and I felt like dirtying him a bit. He's been like a ghost to me, and when I came out loser again this morning, I felt like going some other way for fear I'd see him there getting his shoes shined. Well, we did see him, and I knew I'd have to sock him before we got to the corner. I just couldn't help it, and I want to tell you that I feel a hundred per cent. better.'

'Now what do you think of that? Of course you can't understand it, but if you was a gambler like Pete, you'd see it quick enough. Would you like to hear a story about the effect of a winning streak on beef stew? Yes? Well, you know one of the gamest old gamblers you ever heard of is Denman Thompson, the actor. He's a born gambler and he's at it when his pocket's lined same as when it isn't. Den and a friend, whom we'll call Jack, lost a lot of money in Chicago a few years ago and for two days they were broke. It was hard scratching for a place to sleep and as for eating, well, they didn't manage to get any more than enough to keep alive on. One night they went to Buck B's gambling house to see if Den could land a friend who'd stake them. They hadn't had a bite to eat all day and were pretty hungry. Buck keeps a cafe on the ground floor of his place and the first thing that struck Den and Jack when they went in, was the odor of nice fresh beef stew.'

'Gosh, ain't that great!' says Den. 'Food for the gods, Jack.'

'Never smelt anything like it before,' says Jack. 'Terrapin and champagne for the fool, Den, but beef stew for you and me.'

'They stood there just sniffin' the aroma of beef stew, making eyes at each other and breaking the silence every few minutes to say something about that beef stew. Pretty soon Den spots a friend and manages to borrow a ten spot.'

'Come,' he says, 'we'll make or break on it.'

'But—' says Jack, sniffin' at the beef stew.

'No siree,' says Den, and he and Jack went upstairs. The details aren't interesting, so I'll only say that when Den quit he had \$800 in his pocket. He and Jack came downstairs together and the first thing that struck them was that odor of

beef stew.

'Phew!' says Jack, 'what is that smell?' 'Perfectly disgusting,' says Den, 'I should think Buck would be careful about the way he scents up the place.'

'I never smelt anything like it,' says Jack, 'let's leave the place at once,' and those two old hypocrites went out arm in arm and made a bee line for a restaurant where they had a meal that reduced the roll to almost \$700.

'I've got one more if you'd like to hear it. Two friends of mine were broke and pretty hungry. One was an indefatigable gambler, and the other a man who thought of his stomach before anything else in the world. They stood in front of a Sixth avenue beanery looking hungrily at a pot of pork and beans from which a waiter was taking some for a customer. They hadn't a cent between them, but pretty soon a friend of my game friend came along and passed out a two dollar bill on request.

'Thank heavens, we can have some of those beans now,' said the hungry one.

'We can, eh?' said the other. 'Well wait a while and we'll see.'

'My friend made a bee line for a gambling house, followed by the hungry one, who pleaded with him eloquently to get something to eat first. He was inflexible how ever, and a few minutes later was seated in front of a layout with two dollars worth of checks before him. He won a little and then lost a little, and every two minutes the hungry one would whisper to him to quit and get some beans. He drew fascinating pictures of that smoking bean pot they had been looking at, but the other was game to the core. He finally had about twenty dollars in front of him, and then began to plunge. The hungry one gasped for breath and finally implored him to give him a quarter check to put aside for beans in case they went broke.

'Not a cent,' said the other, 'and if you don't shut up I'll kick you out of the place.'

'The threat was useless, for the other

was too far gone in hunger to fear violence. He kept nagging and nagging at the ployer and finally got up and threw her bodily across the room. But the hungry one crept back and his first remark was about beans. With an exclamation of rage the gambler jumped up, casted in \$300 worth of checks, grabbed his friend by the coat collar, dragged him down two flights of stairs to the street and fairly hurled him through the swinging doors of the beanery.

'Give this blankety blanked idiot \$300 worth of beans,' he roared, 'and make him eat every one of them.'

'Then he stood over the hungry one and made him eat beans for an hour. He wouldn't let him have anything to drink, not even water, and the hungry one's pleadings for bread and butter were in vain. He wanted to quit on his third plate of beans, but the other wouldn't let him. He made him eat beans until he could eat no more, and then he gave him \$50 and left him.'

ANOTHER MEAN MAN.

Is a Bachelor and Gets Sewing Machines Agents to do his Mending.

'He's the meanest man that I ever had anything to do with,' said the sewing machine agent. 'I received a note from him the other day saying that he desired to view one of our matchless machines with the view of purchasing it if it found to be satisfactory. In these piping days of competition it is a novelty for a sewing-machine agent to be invited to call and show goods, so when I had recovered from my surprise I promptly loaded a machine in my car and started for the address the man had given.

'An old man met me at the door and invited me to bring the machine inside so he could more closely examine it. I did so setting the machine up in the sitting-room, and calling his attention to its fine points. He was an attentive listener, and I talked with the confidence of a man who considered a sale certain. Finally, having ex

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of these imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to our laboratory system. None of them, like it, provides for a facsimile business community where the student's perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter school. All of them use the same old bookkeeping sets of the text-book, disguised with a little so-called "business practice" or "office practice" which consists merely in making out a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is no actual business about them, as any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Currie Business University,

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hausted all my arguments, he asked to see a practical test of the capabilities of the machine. I agreed, and asked him to bring me something upon which to work. He left the room returning a few minutes later his arms filled with damaged linen.

'I sat down at the machine and showed how easy rents and tears could be mended, making the garment as good as new and saving in a short time the price of the machine. The man seemed very much interested and kept handing me garment after garment that needed attention. I worked for two solid hours mending the old man's garments and at last, having nothing else that needed attention he commenced to find fault with the machine. Finally he told me he guessed he wouldn't by a machine right away.

'I was so mad that I didn't dare trust myself to speak, and I was glad afterward that I didn't, for when I learned the whole truth I realized my total inability to do the subject justice. That miserable old sinner, who happens to be a bachelor, had brought me up there merely to do his mending and had no idea of buying a machine. He has worked the same game on other agents.

As It Worked.

Housekeeping in Hawaii does not admit of aristocratic exclusiveness. People

who put on airs there hardly have a good time. The servants insist upon calling the master and mistress by their first name, and say: 'William Henry, dinner is ready, Isabel Augustus, what time do you want lunch?' 'Jare Maria, I have shaken the rug,' 'Thomas John, here's your umbrella perfectly dry.'

One clever woman, having been warned by an old housekeeper of the local custom, determined to outwit the Hawaiian servant. So she bade her husband in no circumstances to call her by her christian name and arranged that neither should she mention his.

But, alas! for her clever and original plan, at the very first dinner she gave her guests in the drawing-room were treated to the announcement by a man servant, as he opened the door—

'Dearest love, your dinner is ready.'

From a Small Beginning.

'Leonidas,' exclaimed Mrs. Meekton, suddenly interrupting herself, 'do you remember how this argument started?'

'Yes, Henrietta. You said that I always insisted on arguing a point and I said that you did, and then the conversation gradually developed.



THE FIRST LESSON.