



"I ran out of gas. I thought perhaps you might have a little you could let me have to get to the nearest service station."

"No, I ain't got no gas, mister. But the last fellow got stuck out here took a bottle of my home brew and got away with it."

A Well-known Name

AMONG the many namesakes of Thomas Jefferson is a colored man who for more than ten years has spent his time in humble but useful employment. He wheels ashes and rubbish of all sorts from the back doors of the houses in a Maryland town and has a decided belief in his own importance to the welfare of his employers.

One day the head of one family went out into his back yard and seeing the colored man at work over the ash-barrel, said, affably:

"Let's see, what's your name?"

"Thomas Jeff'son, sah," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "I think—I am quite sure—I have heard that name before."

"Yassuh, mos' likely yo' has heard it," said the negro,

showing his white teeth. "I's done shovel ashes an' wheel bar'ls out of dis heah alley fo' de las' ten yeahs."



"Lend me your lip stick, Sally. I want to touch up my prize rooster's comb before taking him to the country fair."

Cruelty to Animals

JAMES had been led home by the village constable.

"He was down behind the store shootin' craps, Mrs. Jones," the constable explained to the mother. "It ain't lawful an' it's likely to lead to jail. You'd better take him in hand. He's goin' with a bad crowd."

Mrs. Jones, a pious churchwoman, loved her Jimmie, but she had a very vague notion of crap shooting.

"Jimmie dear," she gently upbraided him, "I'm shocked and grieved. To think that a son of mine should be a criminal! It's terrible, Jimmie! Shooting craps—Why, don't you know those little creatures have just as much right to live as you have?"

Going Half Way

THE professor did not as a rule attend social functions, but he had come to the ball in the hope of obtaining some data for a book which he was writing, and now that he was there was trying to make himself as agreeable as possible.

"Do you dance?" he asked a pretty young lady to whom he had just been introduced.

"Yes," she said, and stood up expectantly.

"I don't," he smiled, and sat down.

On the Spot

A NEW YORK business man directed one of his clerks to hang out a sign, "Boy wanted." Five minutes later a red-headed little youngster appeared in the office with the sign under his arm.

"Say, mister," he demanded, "did you hang dis out?"

"I did," was the stern reply. "Why did you tear it down?"

Back of his freckles the boy gazed in wonder at the man's stupidity.

"Why," he replied, "I'm de boy."

Appeal to An Expert

THE golfer had an excellent opinion of himself, and after making a fairly good drive, he turned to his caddie.

"I suppose," he said, "you have been round the links with worse players than me, eh?"

The caddie took no notice.

"I say," said the golfer, loudly. "I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh?"

"I heard you the first time," replied the caddie, calmly. "I'm just thinking about it."

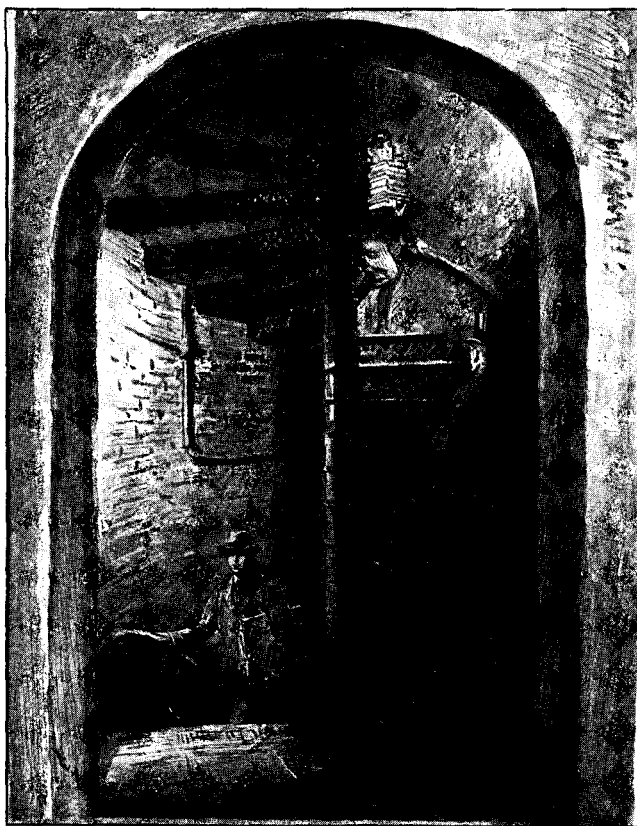


"Don't get up and give her your seat, dad; she's my school teacher."

Harper's Moves Up-Town

The expansion of Harper & Brothers' business and a desire to be in a neighborhood convenient to their friends have brought about a move from the historic building at Franklin Square. The executive offices, sales rooms, editorial rooms, the educational, advertising and subscription departments, and Franklin Square Agency, are now to be located in the new Harper building at 49 East 33rd Street.

In the following pages will be found a pictorial story of the old building and its quaint environs.



A Stairway to Fame

UP THESE mysterious winding stairs have climbed Thackeray, Dickens, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, and many others who bear the great names in American and English literature of the last seventy years, as well as famous artists, statesmen and dignitaries of the church.