

## Little Personalities of Men in the Public Eye

By *More-of-the Kix*

**S**OME men are like cinders and small pestiferous insects—continually in the public eye. Of course, it would be asking too much to have immunity from these nuisances; in fact, they are a necessary evil. It is by their eccentricities that they reach the limelight and achieve a notoriety unsought. Some striking ones are given in the following collection.

Prof. Ford generally uses a wooden toothpick after eating, and prefers the rocking chair to the high office stool when resting.

It is said that Spalding is the busiest man in the city. It was remarked by Dean Monin one morning when Spalding failed to appear: "Oh yes, Secretary, isn't it?"

Brock's most distinguishing point is his celebrated grin. He was once seen without it—at a funeral, where he had stepped on a tack.

Leininger has a wide-spread reputation as a mimic. Even his closest friends, so 'tis said, cannot distinguish his imitation of a "jingle-jingle" or the death-song of a fish—from the original.

From his long association with Y. M. C. A. circles, Brubaker has assimilated an expression of piety. Even while dozing in Contracts he invariably supports his forehead on his hand in a devout attitude.

## Jack Barkaway's Kid

A Thrilling Story of Adventure for Boys and Young Men.

By H. L. STRUBE.

(Synopsis of the preceding chapters given at the end of this one.)

CHAPTER MCLXVII.

On and on careened the ship. From crest to crest of the huge waves it skipped. Jack was green around the gills, he stood by the rail, gazing down into the briny depths.

"Hold," cried a gruff voice from the fo'castle—it was Salt Horse Bill. But just then—

To be Continued.

## BALM FOR BROKEN HEARTS

Advice to Lovers  
FAIRITRICE BEESWAX



DEAR MISS BEESWAX: I am a young man of 22, but look younger. My favorite color is pink. I love flowers and prefer violets. I am engaged to a young lady whose father has just lost all his money on the Board of Trade. What I want to know is whether you think I am too young to marry.

M. WOLDENBERG.

You are too young to marry, besides no self-respecting man would marry a gambler's daughter.

DEAR MISS BEESWAX: I have a young man, Mr. Smith, by name, who comes to call on me every Saturday night. Last Saturday some one stole Pa's overcoat and I wish you could have seen the way Pa acted. He says he is going to tie a can of rocks on my young man. Do you think that Mr. Smith will be insulted if I tell him what Pa is going to do?

GWENDOLYN.

Have your father's best suit near the front door next Saturday. If they disappear, too, you will know he is false.

## LOVE PROBLEM

**I**F YOU were in the man's place shown in the picture, holding his grandmother, his mother-in-law and the parrot on the top of the flag pole, and it were necessary to throw one of them down or the pole break, which would you save ? ? ? ? ?

Some answers received:

"When a woman reaches the ordinary age of the grandmother, her period of usefulness is over. If I were in the man's place I would drop the old lady with as little noise as possible."—G. K.

"Save the parrot."—Hon. M. Elkin.

"As a member of the Audubon Society and the Illinois S. P. C. A., I should be against dropping the parrot, and as a respecter of old age, I should be averse to the dropping of the grandmother. The mother-in-law is the only one left. But rather than drop even her, I would tie them all to the pole and cast myself down."—W. Robert Wilson.

