

One beauty about mimic warfare is that no large pension list follows in its wake.

We may be sly on wheat, but who cares so long as the apple crop is larger than usual.

Other ambitious prize fighters are trying to find out what brand of gum Champion Jeffries chews.

That foxy young czarvitch got his pa to abolish flogging before he was old enough to get his share.

With 2,000 men killed in one battle the Uruguayan revolution promises to rise to the dignity of a real war.

There are some new rules in football this year, but the old directions for first aid to the injured still hold good.

Those who thought the Uruguayan revolution would not amount to much forgot how many political jobs are at stake.

Three hundred gypsies landed a few days ago at Ellis Island. This is the largest Romany Rye crop thus far reported.

Last month there were only forty-two suicides in Chicago. The fortitude of the Chicagoese is something marvelous.

An eastern scientist asserts that the woodpecker has a nerve extending the entire length of its bill. Just like the gas collector!

Oklahoma day was a great success at the world's fair. After all, what is so great an attraction as a bunch of beautiful women?

Lewis Nixon is making ships for the czar; his partner will make ships for the minko. Uncle Sam's boys always strive to please.

The latest thing in drinks is the "Jeffries punch." Properly landed under the belt it is said to give one the blind staggers all right.

The New Jersey cranberry crop this year will be only about half as big as it was a year ago. Bad news for New Jersey, good news for Cape Cod.

Nicaragua and Honduras are threatening to go to war, but may think better of it and agree upon a postponement until they can get somebody to look.

One of the Chicago papers prints a two column article on "Learning the Art of Conversation," but what people really ought to learn is the art of keeping still.

The report of a battle in Uruguay, in which 6,000 men were killed and wounded, lacks one important ingredient. It doesn't bear the Chefoo late mark.

"The great czar, after all, only a forked rod, with a head fantastically carved," says the New York American. St. Petersburg papers will not copy.

Panama has invested \$4,000,000 of her \$10,000,000 in New York real estate. Now what will she do if New York gets recalcitrant some day and refuses to pay the rent?

Queer coincidence! Gustave Francombe, special envoy of King Leopold, who has been sent over here on a "peace mission," arrived here on the day of the Munroe-Jeffries fight.

King Edward has conferred the Chain of the Royal Victorian Order on Emperor Nicholas and Emperor Francis Joseph. This is the modern way of putting emperors in chains.

The fashion journals declare that autumn cloaks will reveal the figure. And when the figure is revealed the man that has to pay for it will frequently do a good deal of grumbling.

We are told in the beauty columns that a young lady can as easily acquire the graceful round as the ungraceful flat waist. It is also probably much more agreeable in the acquiring.

It is said that a diet of apples is a sure cure for alcoholism. Then think of the heroic attempt your little boy is making to refrain from being a drunkard when he fills up on the half-ripe fruit.

A Los Angeles woman who is building a house insists that the workmen plane off the boards they use. She says her sense of modesty will not allow the use of undressed lumber in erecting the structure.

A Pittsburg man, mistaking a police sergeant for a hitching post the other evening, tied his horse to him. He must have been a foolish man. Hitching posts don't lean against buildings for the purpose of catching up on sleep.

A new member just "initiated" in the New York stock exchange had his coat ripped up the back, his collar and necktie torn off and his hat pushed over his eyes and then knocked off and trampled on. Is that sort of thing really funny?

A woman who bought "chestnut brown" hair dye—which turned her hair brick red—smashed the counters and show cases of the drug store. At any rate, with such a temper, she can't complain of the quality of the red dye she got.

Sir William Ramsey, the eminent scientist, says that the old idea of the alchemists that baser metals could be turned into gold is not a preposterous one. But it is preposterous to suppose that very many of us have money to burn in such experiments.

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

HOSTILITY TO MILITARY DRILL.

Military instruction, it may be asserted, is far from popular in the great colleges to which students flock for instruction in the humanities, the arts and sciences. It is not what they flock there for; and, even though the state provide free tuition for its sons, the latter, like free Americans, claim they should get it without reciprocal service on their part.

It is not a new trait. The modern yankee lad is no worse than was his great-grandfather. Thomas Jefferson, our mightiest exponent of the doctrine of free speech and the equality of man, when he sought to curb the exuberance of the student body of the university he had founded within the shadow of his own Monticello, was scandalized to find the youth of Virginia possessed of ideas of their own and overwhelming powers of expression.

The recent demonstration against the president of the university of "a remarkably neighboring state" was a zephyr in comparison with the hurricane of hisses that greeted the great leader of American Democracy. There was such a thing then as too much freedom of speech and manner even in a Virginia college and a bygone century. Small wonder, therefore, that in these days, when there is far less of home training, there should be such dislike of discipline on the part of the undergraduate body of our universities.—Gen. Charles King in The World To-Day.

A RECREATION-MAD GENERATION.

We live, to sum up the situation, in a generation that has gone recreation mad. Outdoor sports and indoor sports fill up our leisure moments, or in some cases all our moments. Athletics, golf, tennis, games of all manners and lacking manners, rise, flourish and decay. The race horse, the bicycle and the automobile pursue each other across the stage of action. We play at being intellectual, we play at being religious, we play at being "tough," and all three are merged and included in being men and women "of the world." * * * The instrument of an occasional hilarity has an unfortunate tendency to develop into the minister of a quenchless thirst.—Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn, in the Atlantic.

LASSA NO LONGER SACRED.

The romance of the forbidden city has expired. The Caucasian has set his foot in the city of the grand lama. The European is gazing upon the white palace with the golden roofs that crown the sacred hill from which for centuries the Buddhist pope has reigned. In other centuries a few Europeans managed to reach Lassa. These straggling adventurers were agents of religion; they wanted Lassa for Christianity; they were easily driven away. The present invaders are agents of political ambition—they will stay.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TRIUMPH OF ENGLISH TONGUE.

An English-speaking nation has grown up on the west side of the Atlantic which has done and is doing more than the parent country to give the tongue a world vogue. Two-thirds of the people who speak English live in the United States. The industrial and commercial conquests which this country is gaining tell in favor of its people's tongue. A century ago French, Spanish and German were far ahead of English in the number of persons who used them as a vehicle of speech. But in the lapse of time English has passed all of them and is spoken by more people to-day than is any other civilized tongue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NO MONOPOLY OF PATRIOTISM.

Englishmen, and by Englishmen we mean also Irishmen and Scotchmen, have died as bravely as any Japanese soldier ever died. The same is true of Americans, of Freshmen, and of every nationality. There is no braver soldier or fiercer fighter than the Abyssinian. Englishmen know how bravely the Matabeles can die. In the recent slaughter of Tibetans they died like stoics, fighting as best they could. Physical courage is a fine quality, but it is quite a common quality. Moral courage is a finer quality, but not so common. Every war has its heroes. The war between the state abounded in heroic deeds and unsurpassed exhibitions of fortitude. Patriotism is indigenous, so to speak, to all lands—though more highly developed in some than in others. The mother of the Gracchi has had her counterpart in all ages and climes.—Nashville American.

NEW ATMOSPHERE ON THE FARM.

In a broad sense the farm is becoming more attractive every year. The telephone and the rural delivery service, the greatly improved machinery for cultivation and handling of crops, the dawn of the township high and the consolidated district school, the formation of debating clubs and women's societies, the building of better churches, and the advent of the interurban road—all of these influences have created a new atmosphere for the farmer. The day when the average farmer was a lout has passed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SPEED THE TIME.

When the American public goes to the point where it can see that a "solid citizen"—namely, a man of wealth and influence—who breaks the law is as much a criminal as the individual who steals that he may eat, the American public will cease to be vexed by financial schemes that are frauds and by automobiles that exceed the legal speed limit.—Washington Times.

NO HARD AND FAST RULES.

In war everything is done with a high hand, and, if not "as boisterously maintained as gained," the reason for the relaxation simply is that the aggressive belligerent feels it imprudent to provoke too far the protest of neutrals. As to treaties among the nations for these purposes, since no method of international arbitration can prevent war itself, how can it be supposed that rules for the conduct of war will cover all cases or even cases like those which are arising out of the struggle between Russia and Japan? War is irregular. That is its nature. Every belligerent will do all the mischief he can to his enemy, and in this effort he pays just as little regard to the rights or claims of neutrals coming upon the scene to bear indirect or even possible help to his enemy as prudence will allow him.—Portland Oregonian.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVACY.

The public have a right to the pictures of public men under proper conditions and limitations. The employment of the caricature is legitimate under similar restrictions. The caricature is the pictorial editorial and is entitled to equal privileges with that which is written. The spreading broadcast of the picture of the criminal undoubtedly assists in his apprehension. But the private citizen, unless an offender against the laws, should be permitted to say whether or not his likeness should be made public for the scrutiny of thousands.—Boston Transcript.

RAILROAD AS PEACEMAKER.

At a recent meeting of the international arbitration conference at Lake Mohonk considerable emphasis was put upon the fact that the railroad is often the most effective of peacemakers, inasmuch as it develops the social and commercial conditions and brings into closer touch neighboring countries that have heretofore been at enmity. It oftentimes materially aids in dissolving those barriers and prejudices which have tended to keep the different peoples apart and to convince them that "all the world's akin." This is especially true among the South and Central American countries and when the railroad becomes more of a factor there than it is at present there will be fewer revolutions and a far greater spirit of fraternity and fellowship.—New York Tribune.

TURKO-ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

For ages the Armenians and the Turks and Kurds have been the bitterest of enemies and have waged upon each other a warfare exceeding in barbarity the conflicts of savage African or American Indian tribes. Each seeks to outdo the other in atrocity. Neither can have the world's unmixt sympathy. Protests by other powers will avail little. There will be constant Turkish aggressions in Armenia and barbarous reprisals by that country's people until sometime and somehow the province is placed under control of a power strong enough to repress Turk and Armenian alike. Just now the world is too busy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"INVESTMENT" FOOLISHNESS.

Until mankind have developed the sense of intuition to a point far above and beyond present abilities in that direction, the public will probably continue to be deceived into parting with its hard-earned dollars for the enriching of keen-witted and unscrupulous individuals. There should be no relaxation of the law with regard to unworthy business schemes. Indeed, the law should be made more stringent, if it is altered at all. But it is evident that the law can never render the public entirely immune to erratic and spasmodic attacks of foolishness with regard to investment schemes.—Worcester Gazette.

PERILOUS TRIPS OF LITTLE VALUE.

Just what contribution to science Miss Annie S. Peck has made by climbing one of the loftiest of the Andean peaks to a height of 20,000 feet is not made altogether clear. Perhaps it is important that the exact elevations of these towering points of land should be accurately determined, but beyond the addition of that bit of information to our stock of knowledge mountain climbers of the type of Miss Peck do not seem to accomplish much more than the gratification of their own love of adventure and their desire to be first at the summits of the ice-clad rocks at the "roof of the world."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ANOTHER DISEASE OF THE NERVES.

Speed madness is the newest nerve disease. It is the child of invention and fashion, and likely to prove a dangerous precedent for pathological treatment. Find its regenerator if you can. There is no germ increase of this speed madness, and nothing can allay the symptoms but complete disaster and breakdown of the means of gratifying the mania. When a victim is physically shattered speed madness passes. Not until then.—Boston Herald.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S INCOME.

The total annual income of the people of the United Kingdom, as estimated by Sir Robert Giffen and Prof. Bowley, approaches \$10,000,000,000. Our population at this moment is as near as possible \$49,000,000. Dividing \$10,000,000,000 by 49,000,000, we get nearly \$235 as the annual income per head of the British people. Taking a family as five persons, we see that the average income per family is about \$1,175 per annum.

LABOR and INDUSTRY

The Calloused Hands. "Whatsoever they hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecclesiastes, ix. 10. Now, some write books of empty words. And some weave fancies into songs—But here are no more worthy views. Barchanded, brown of face, and strong. And clears the place where shall arise The structure that shall long endure. Though he be counted far from wise His portion of reward is sure.

Words writ in ink grow dim and fade. The canvas turns to dust in time. But structures which bare hands have made Last through the centuries sublime: The bridge, the temple, and the street. The castle wall and city gate. Tell of him braving cold and heat. Of hammer clang upon the steel. In harmony from all the lands. The structure that shall long endure. The world owes much to calloused hands. W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

NEWS OF THE LABOR WORLD.

Items of Interest Gathered from Many Sources.

The only cotton mill in the south that employed negro labor has failed. The high dues system has become permanent and the organization has been successful. The Chicago Federation of Labor decided to call off its proposed convention at Victor, Colo. Under the caption "Organization Is Progress," the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union Journal says:

Just 635 credentials have already been received for the Journeymen Barbers' convention, which will be held at Louisville, Ky., beginning October 4.

Twelve men visited the home of G. N. Hooten of Anaconda, Colo., and deported him over the hills toward Canon City. He is charged with complicity in the Victor rioting of June 6.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is agitating the abolition of or a change in the present system of mail cranes. A number of engineers have been struck and killed recently by the device.

In Washington the old war between the Federation of Musicians and the Marine Band has broken out afresh. Union bands refused to march with government bands in a parade of volunteer firemen.

The average union shop is a model institution and will continue to exist and should continue to exist so long as employers are willing to trust the workers and the workers are willing to trust their employers.

In the daily consular reports issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, James A. Le Roy, United States consul at Durango, Mexico, has this to say concerning the immigration of Mexican laborers to the United States:

Secretary McKee has issued the call for the eighth annual convention of the International Union of Steam Engineers, to meet in Omaha, Sept. 12. There being considerable business to come before the meeting, Secretary McKee suggests that delegates should come prepared for at least a ten days' stay.

Word comes from England that Peter Curran, the well known English labor leader, who represented the British Trade Union Congress in the A. F. of L., as a fraternal delegate, some years ago, will be present at the international peace conference which will convene in Boston in October.

When the high dues system was adopted the officers realized that the membership might attempt to force the old plan of paying ten cents a week, and they had a clause inserted in the constitution that reads: "It shall forever be unconstitutional to seek to reduce the amount of dues as provided in this section."

International President Langer of the United Garment Workers, in his recommendations to the annual convention of that union at Buffalo, declared for a big defense fund. One proposition is to increase the per capita tax to 15 cents, with special assessments until the reserve fund is built up to, say, \$200,000.

William J. Merrick, a Beverly man, was re-elected international president of the United Association of Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters and Helpers at their recent convention. The re-election was by acclamation. John R. Alpine of Boston Gas Fitters, Fixture Fitters, and Hangers' union was elected sixth vice president.

Judge Adams of Chicago has declared that the "closed" shop is illegal and criminal; but, as the monthly review of the National Civic Federation puts it, the judge's declaration was not a decision, but a dictum, and the consensus of opinion of able members of the bar is that it stands the test neither of law nor of logic.

The Boot and Shoe Workers' International union was formed in 1889 out of a number of local unions, mostly confined to the New England states. For years it made little progress, and in 1895 an amalgamation was brought about between it and the Lasters' Protective union, which was formed at Lynn, Mass., in 1879.

The labor movement must be kept pure or it will prove a curse instead of a blessing to the workers. If a limb of the human body becomes diseased it must either be cured or amputated. If a labor union falls under the influence of bad men it must be liberated or it will to some extent cause great damage to the whole movement.

International Association of Machinists and the International Association of Allied Metal Trades Machinists have amalgamated. The amalgamation will become effective Oct. 31. The new organization will be known as the National Association of Machinists, and it will have a membership of 100,000, making it the second largest body of union men of a single craft in the United States.

The membership of the combined organizations at the time of the amalgamation was about 12,000, but in the next few years it dropped, until, in 1899, there were fewer than 9,000 members in the international organization. At the convention held that year the officers practically forced the high dues system on the membership, and since that time the rise has been rapid. At the present time the membership is over 30,000.

"Doubtless there has been at least some exaggeration in all this talk about a great exodus of Mexican laborers, as well as in the talk about their returning to the border starving and relating stories of abuse and failure to keep contracts. There has been, however, a considerable movement of Mexican laborers to the United States this year; and it seems to have been related to the shortage of laborers in some Southern cotton fields, owing to the emigration northward of negro laborers. If such a movement should spread seriously throughout Mexico it would create a great embarrassment in some districts."

The Church Association for Advancement of Interests of Labor rejoices over the progress made by the Boston chapter in its early closing crusade. According to Hammer and Pen, official organ of C. A. I. L., "Dorchester and Roxbury grocery stores began this month to close at 10 o'clock on Saturday nights. It is a good beginning and we hope for a future reduction of hours. Surely no class needs help more than the grocery clerks." We would say so, when the right to quit work at 10 o'clock at night is cause for congratulations.

"A little feature of the Typographical Union's international convention at St. Louis deserves more notice than it has yet had. It was proposed to adopt a resolution warning the members of the union not to enlist in the militia. Any man with good, red blood in his veins would have been delighted to see the way the labor men treated the resolution. They did not simply vote it down. They jumped on it, metaphorically, with hollaibol boots. They said that membership in a labor union was no reason why any labor man should be unwilling to be ready to defend his state, his country or his flag from enemies at home or abroad. The Typographical unions of this country are made up largely of men who think for themselves; and in this matter they thought like true Americans," says the St. Louis Star.

"The press of Mexico has been considerably occupied for some weeks past with reports and comments upon what they consider a very extensive and a very deplorable tendency among Mexican laborers to emigrate to the United States. According to reports, Mexican laborers have been crowding the border cities en route to the cotton fields of Texas, Oklahoma, and even Louisiana and Mississippi. It is also reported that many, disgusted with their treatment, are returning, disillusioned by failure to receive the high pay promised to them. Some of the periodicals severely criticize the ranch owners and mine owners of the country, the former of whom, they state, keep their laborers in the old condition of peonage as far as possible, holding debts over them and paying the smallest possible wages, without taking into account the new conditions which have arisen in Mexico, while the mine owners are taxed with not taking adequate measures for the safety of their workmen and with absorbing the major portion of the wages paid to them in profits of the company stores, which are generally operated at every camp of any size, tickets on them being given the workmen as pay."

The call for the twenty-second annual convention of the Illinois State Federation of Labor has just been issued by President Barney Cohen and Secretary James P. Morris. The convention will be held in Aurora, beginning Tuesday, October 11, at 10 o'clock. The call is, in part, as follows:

"The Illinois State Federation of Labor is a deliberate body, calculated to benefit the trades unionists and the working class of the state in the way of legislation, agitating for union labels, pushing boycotts, and the general advancement of trade unions in our state. In view of the work performed by the Illinois State Federation of Labor, through its legislative committee in forcing the enactment of various laws for the benefit of the general, and while a great deal was accomplished at the last session of the legislature, there still remains a great deal to do. Realizing further that the work can be more thoroughly done and with greater ease when backed up both morally and financially by every organized body in the state, therefore I wish to call your attention to the necessity of your union affiliating with the State Federation of Labor and being represented at our next state convention to be held at Aurora, if possible, and in that way help to bring about the changes and reforms most needed. It is not necessary for me to tell you how essential it is for your union to be affiliated, for as you all know, better organization means better conditions, and we cannot be too thoroughly organized. Therefore, I hope that your organization will at your earliest convenience become a part of the Illinois State Federation of Labor and be a power to battle for the rights of working men and women."

"Every trade union in the state that is desirous of complete organization of labor in every city in the state should be represented with a full quota of delegates. It is as essential for a trade union to affiliate with the state federation as it is to affiliate with a central body. The federation is endeavoring to do in the state what your central body is doing in the city. Therefore, the importance of this convention should not be lost sight of. As it is expected that this convention will be the largest ever held, let every live and energetic union be represented."



TICKLE GRASS BY BYRON WILLIAMS. The "Y" in the Railroad. "Once upon a time" in an infantile metropolis of the West, there lived a grandiloquent real estate dealer and an air castle carpenter!

The sedulous real estate agent was not doing (anybody) very well, and the other fellow had tried everything else and failed, so they decided to start something!

As might be expected, they finally concluded that a nice little country paper would be about the easiest money going. Of course neither knew a shooting-stick from a tympan-sheet, but both were "born editors" and acquainted with the local publisher, who didn't know much anyhow—and was getting rich at it!

"Now, my deduction is," said Boomit, the real estate man, getting chesny, "that if Jobber, who almost has no sense, can successfully hoodwink the public into liquidating, —you and I—can make Midas borrow a stack of blues in about six months and a fraction!"

The argument was philosophical and wasn't to Dolittle, the fellow who wasn't very busy anyhow, and they set off enthusiastically for the town junk pile, where they unearthed a printing outfit in about two jerks of a mutton-chop's caudal appendage!

Then they bought two excursion tickets, rode as far as they had it printed on 'em, and disembarking, began a hot-foot up the railroad track toward Utopia—which is in the dictionary, but not on the map—carrying their "shirt-tail" outfit between them.

They didn't know exactly where they were, or whether they were going, but it was so easy to make money in the newspaper business wherever there were people and green grass, that it didn't matter much anyhow—and they trudged along joyously, practising on the use of the editorial "we" and "ye editor begs to acknowledge," etc.

Dolittle, long, lank and cadaverous, was carrying a bucket of ink in one hand, a planer in the other, and about his neck dangled ten feet of prestapete. From his pocket the editorial scissors protruded at an angle of 45 degrees Fahrenheit—or about that height!

Boomit, short, fat and oleaginous, was staggering along under the weight of a mallet, a press-roller and a grip-full of type-lice!

Thus they proceeded toward the Land of the Long Felt Want, where people were lying awake nights worrying about the light crop of newspapers and praying for more rain!

The day was torrid, and despite their inner buoyancy, the literary itinerants began to lather a little at the turn of the road—and other places! Great globules of perspiration rolled down Boomit's body—for he was greasy and built like a keg of nails!

Every few steps Dolittle would stop and fan the front of his throbbing undershirt, and suggest starting a newspaper "on the spot!"

"There's plenty of green grass around here," he argued, waving his long arm in a semi-circle, "and won't the people come in omnibuses when we get 'er started?"

But better judgment prevailed, and after a time they sighted a village church spire! Then, abruptly rounding a curve, they came face to face with a "Y" in the road!

On each side of the "Y" was a sign-board. One read: : 8 : : MILES : : to : : WHISTLE CRICK. : : and the other one: : 12 : : MILES : : to : : HICK'RY HOLLER. : :

—and they went to Whistle Crick. The entire populace of the Crick turned out en masse to greet the new editors!

Both Squire Dingem and Ol' Man Binker said they'd subscribe. The boy with a stone-bruise on his heel struck them for a job, and the seven yellow dogs wagged their tails as encouragingly as could be expected by utter strangers!

Well, Dolittle and Boomit announced that they would begin with a write-up of the town, and the corner groceryman, who was going to begin business soon, said maybe he'd advertise after the first year, if the paper showed evidence of stability!

With light hearts Boomit and Dolittle went to work. They set a neat editorial card that read like this: THE WHISTLE CREEK MOCKING-BIRD. Subscription Price 50c a Year (Garden Truck Accepted.) Published Every Thursday Evening.

More talking does not prove a man's smartness. On the contrary, many men have acquired a reputation for wisdom by merely keeping their mouths shut and looking conscious.

There is an old axiom that says he that cannot live on love deserves to die in a ditch. "The man from Missouri" says he never yet has seen a man do either.

Alexander Bing Boomit—Manager. Al. Simpson Dolittle—Editor. Now is the Time to Subscribe!

Then they went out where the green grass was growing and started to do business. Whenever they met anybody, they got the glad hand, and the yellow dogs barked hospitably—but there didn't seem to be any big contracts! That night the "literary gents" dug a few greens, and went to sleep alongside the railroad track! They were weary and somewhat surprised—but not discouraged!

And here, oh, gentle reader, begins the tear-splashed part of this narrative! About midnight, the fast mail train, sweeping like a demon through Whistle Crick, threw out a huge sample-copy bundle of Chicago papers. The massive roll went hurtling through the right-of-way like a torpedo through a Russian cheese!

And Boomit, slumbering with Morphous and Dolittle beside the iron rail, was struck and telescoped! He lived but a fleeting moment and his last words were: "Partner—don't—give—up—our editorial—ship!"

"Alas! Poor Boomit!" wailed Dolittle, standing aloft, while tears of woe fell with sodden thud upon the dead man's flannel shirt—"Poor, poor Boomit! And we just getting such a good start!"

Then the chief mourner ran uptown and spread the direful news! Squire Dingem shook his head sadly, and the corner groceryman said he had felt all along the town wasn't big enough to support a newspaper.

Dolittle, dazed and weeping, hung around all next day, slobbering softly to himself, but when the evening shadows fell astide the cottonwoods and painted silhouettes on the bosom of Whistle Crick, he mournfully withdrew up the railroad track, chanting a requiem of sorrow as he went!

The next day, a Russian junk peddler swooped down upon Whistle Crick and its print shop with a writ of replevin, the current issue of the trade paper said: "The Whistle Crick Mockingbird has ceased to mock!"—and the people lived happily ever afterward!

Moral—Most any gazabo can start something! The Mortgage Lifter. Hall, to the hog! The American hog! The plebeian, groveling thing of the bog. The bristle-backed, scurvy-skinned ignoble dog.

Ho, to the pig, the slop-eating pig! The unrefined, wallowing stuffer of whig. The vulgar-mouthed, menial son-of-a-swig. "Wool," big pig!

Ho, to the hog, the fecundous sow! The teeter-tit, flabby-chopped, old row-dy-dow. The sacky-shaped, rooty-nosed, old porker's frau.—Oh, thou sow!

Here's to them all, the ignoble pen! The loathsome hogues of pig-sty and fen. The muddy-nosed, tilted-eyed, saviours of men. On the farm!

Sing ye a song of America that! The dollar marked grunter that's built like a log. The gold weighted snooter that clears away fog. From the farm!

Warble of humming birds, lovers and lace. The posy-metre, the fair woman's face, Dame Symmetry's form that is fashioned in grace.—But the hog! Remember the hog, the squealing old hog. That fattens himself on sour swill, in the bog. 'Tis he in our business is banker "in-cog." Fine fat pork!

As the Fall approaches, nearer and nearer come the rehearsal echoes of the altitudinal campaigner from his practice stump in the forest primeval. Rhetorical bombast reverberates from afar off, like bangers of the storm that sweeps in fury later on. In the inimitable parlance of the slangist, "We're up ag'in it!"—this is campaign year!

A mean old "geezer" down in New Jersey is using his first girl's picture to scare the rats from his hen house. He probably has forgotten when father's shotgun couldn't scare him away from the original—which proves he either didn't have even rat sense in those days or is a complete mental deformity at the present time!

This is the season of the year when the erubescens maiden and the awkward swain get married at the county fair, or the town carnival, amid the plaudits of gathered thousands. In after life it must be sweet music to their ears to be known as "that there couple that got tied at the Berrien county fair."

About the hardest luck extant was that of the young man who, married but three days, was drawn on the jury and accepted in a case that lasted three weeks with two days and nights for a verdict. A man is entitled to a pension for such service to his country.

Many a man that kicks another when he is down refrains from kicking a dog when it has a tin can tied to its tail. Our sympathy for misused brutes is frequently more marked than our pity for human beings.

If the grand-seignior of Turkey doesn't quit dealing below the waist line, his Uncle Samuel will feel called upon to kick him under the table—or in the slats!

There will be no heaven upon earth until the neighbors tear down the alley fence and quit quarreling over the plumb tree that straddles the property line! There's as much difference in girls as in make-ups. A crusty bachelor friend says that's all the difference—the make-up. The man that comes to his breakfast smiling has a good digestion and an amiable temperament. The girl with the pretty hands seldom cares to soil them in the dishwasher. Just because you are a grandpa is no sign you are "Foxy Grandpa." Was there ever a boy born that didn't like his grandmother?