

repugnant to the moulder as it is to the Philadelphian. But the glorious fish-fry at the end of a successful day on lake or stream, the gustatory joy of the late dinner with the toothsome mallard or the delicious prairie chicken as the piece de resistance, after a day in marsh or stubble—what's wrong about that, pray tell me? Is a man more cruel because he tramps the stubble and kills the prairie chicken that he eats at the evening meal, than the man who sits down to a sirloin taken from a steer shipped in a crowded car over hundreds of miles without food or water, and lured to death with thousands of its fellows in an odiferous slaughter house?

There is such a thing as splitting hairs too fine. There are as many kinds of sportsmen as there are kinds of men. Some sit behind a desk and find great sport in wrenching the profits from the toil and sweat of others. Some find sport in robbing the people through stocks and bonds. Some find sport in taking advantage of the helpless widows and orphans. Some find sport in making other people feel miserable.

But the real sportsman is always generous and tenderhearted. He never kills wantonly. He doesn't always take a gun with him when he tramps the fields or wades the marshes. He doesn't delight in mere killing.

And, by the way, did you ever see a genuine sportsman who was a pessimist? Not in your whole life. It is impossible for a man to be a pessimist out under God's blue sky, drinking in the pure air and looking about upon all the changing wonders of the world—just as impossible as it is for a man to be an honest thief, or a moral criminal.

You'll always find your pessimists in the office that is always open, in the library that is always in use, in the home that is merely a stopping place for husband and father. Indoor life breeds pessimism. Outdoor life breeds genuine optimism.

By the way, is it any more cruel to catch a fish or shoot a duck for food than it is to make a horse pull your lazy body around the streets?

Missouri

(The following verses were inspired" by the receipt of a handsome book with the title, "The State of Missouri; an Autobiography," published by the Missouri World's Fair Commission and edited by Walter Williams. The writer, being a native Missourian, believes that the following, though sadly lacking classic polish, and being woefully deficient in rythm and rhyme, will in a measure express the sentiments of every native Missourian whenever his mind reverts to the old days in the good old state.)

From Atchison to Pemiscot, McDonald to Adair;  
DeKalb to Wayne and back again, none with you can compare.  
From Ripley up to Harrison, and down again to Stone;  
From Pike to Cass you're in a class of greatness all alone.  
And be it hay, or be it corn, or barley, oats or wheat,  
Missouri—bless the dear old state—she simply can't be beat!

From Rockport down to New Madrid, Cassville to Bowling Green;  
Troy to Lamar, where'er you are, its greatness can be seen.  
From Jackson to Caruthersville, and back to old St. Joe;  
From Scott to Ray, or Nodaway, from Benton to Monroe,  
For hogs and mules, for sheep and steers, for licious fruit to eat,

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Missouri—bless the dear old state—she simply can't be beat!

From north to south, from east to west, across, and up and down;  
From Oregon to Doniphan, prairie, hill and town;  
From Ozark hills to where the "Tarks" roll down their murky flow,  
From Holt to Dent hike as Maine went and you'll agree, I know,  
That be it metal, be it grain; or better, maidens sweet,  
Missouri—bless the dear old state—she simply can't be beat!

I've roamed your hills and swam your creeks, and loafed beneath your trees;  
'Twas in your schools I learned the rules and lisped my a-b-c's.  
I know your every golden worth, and I am proud to say  
I ope'd my eyes, gave my first cries, in good old Callaway.  
And knowing you for what you're worth I hasten to repeat.  
Missouri—bless the dear old state—she simply can't be beat!

Though life's stern duties call away I often think of thee,  
I often dream of wood and stream, and roam thee fancy free.  
And when life's toll fore'er is done, its burdens all laid by,  
Beneath the sod I oft have trud I

want my bones to lie  
Till Gabriel blows his trump—then I'll arise and shout with glee:  
"Missouri—bless the dear old state—is heaven enough for me!"

**Packing Up Voices**

In a phonograph store down town, the superintendent was directing the packing of a dozen records for shipment to Japan. No collection of costly jewels could have received greater care. Each record was wrapped, first in soft tissue paper and then in a thick layer of cotton of the finest quality, such as is used in surgical operations. Each was secured with a seal furnished by the Japanese who bought the phonograph a month ago and then took the records back to be packed for shipment. The superintendent said he did not know whose voices he was packing up to send out of the country in this way, but he believed the records were utterances by public men which it was desired to preserve in Japan after their death.

"There are a number of relics of this sort in existence," said the superintendent. "It is no trouble at all to hear President McKinlev's voice today if you know where to find the records. The same is true of other

eminent men who have joined the great majority since the phonograph came into general use. Such records are not for the public, of course, and little is heard of them.

"The greatest care must be taken in handling them, particularly in moving them from place to place. The greatest collection of voice records in the world, I believe, belongs to Colonel G. E. Gouraud of London, who was on General McClellan's staff during the civil war, and who subsequently became Edison's first agent in England. That collection includes Queen Victoria, King Humbert, Bismarck and Gladstone among the illustrious dead, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra among the living. Not long ago, when Colonel Gouraud moved his collection from London to Brighton, he carried the precious records in steel safes which were placed in feather beds on flat cars. In the safes the voices were wrapped in cotton batting and incased in tinfoil. Jolting spoils them and dampness ruins them."—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.

**Absent But Not Forgotten**

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend my supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."  
"It has already done me good, madam. I have just prescribed for three of the guests."—Tid Bits.