



My Greatest Pleasure

Speaking of the greatest pleasure given men,
Let me tell you what I think the very best.
It is in the early dawn of morning when
I have had a dreamless night of perfect rest
And I'm awakened when the sun peeps warm and clear
By a voice that sets my senses in a whirl;
Scunding as the sweetest music in my ear—
"Mornin', papa! I see your pweicious little dirl."

Carking care that often follows through the night
Flees before those lispig tones from baby lips;
And the burden of life's never ending fight
For the moment from my weary shoulder slips.
Every burden, every care, and every woe
From my mind in keenest ecstasy I hurl
When I hear that baby voice at dawn ing's glow—
"Mornin', papa! I see your pweicious little dirl."

Through the day the lispig welcome fills with cheer,
And I grasp with added zest the work I do.
Cloudy skies, beset with trouble, quickly clear,
And the sunlight, growing brighter, glistens through.
Lighter grows the burden through the passing day
When I hear amidst the work hours' busy whirl
Lispig lips like ripened cherries sweetly say—
"Mornin', papa! I see your pweicious little dirl."

All the gold in famed Golconda's richest ore;
All the precious gems of princes and of kings;
All the wealth that richest nations hold in store,
I'd not take and miss the music when it rings
In the early hours that mark the dawn of day,
And the baby's smile in frame of hair acurl
Greets my gaze, and I can hear her sweetly say—
"Mornin', papa! I see your pweicious little dirl."

The Result

"I hear that Bilkins started a newspaper to fill a long felt want. How did he come out?"
"He came out with a fill long wanted."

Sincerity

"Were the Easter services at your church inspiring?"
"Dear me, no. It rained all day and not a single woman present could wear her new hat and gown."

Ruined

"Captain, we are ruined!" gasped the lieutenant of the Russian battleship, staggering to the bridge.
"What is wrong now?" queried Captain Slavonskiskyski.
"That last Japanese torpedo knocked every consonant out of the ship, sir."
With a shuddering cry of hopeless rage the Russian captain ordered the striking of the colors.

Success

"Well, how are you making it with your poetry now?"
"Fine. I'm already ahead of the game."
"That's good."
"You bet. The publisher had to put two cents more on the last manuscript I sent him than I enclosed for return postage."

The Reason

"My poor man, what brought you to this sad plight?" queried the kind-hearted visitor as she stopped before the door of cell No. 41144.
"I'm here because me bump of location is a dent," replied Billy the Bug.
"I do not understand," said the visitor.
"Well, dere ain't no puzzle about it," replied Billy the Bug. "Me bump o' location is a dent in me skull. Dat's why I tried to lift de bank's bundle from de outside instead o' git-in' a job as de trusted cashier on de inside."

The Ownership of the Ox

The trust magnate was visited by a committee representing the union men in his employ and asked if he would enter into a contract to pay a certain minimum scale of wages for a certain period.

"Certainly not," responded the magnate. "The courts have held that it is contrary to the constitution and to public policy to enter into any contract that interferes with the individual liberty of any man—the liberty to work for whom he pleases, when he pleases and for whatsoever wage he pleases. Gentlemen, I appreciate your position, but I can not ignore the laws of my country."

Being law-abiding citizens the members of the labor committee withdrew to think it over.

A day or two later the magnate was compelling his customers to sign contracts not to handle any other brands of goods on penalty of being deprived of the sale of the goods controlled by himself.

"Being a good citizen and law-abiding," said the magnate, winking slyly to himself, "I can not enter into any contract with the socialistic and disturbing organizations known as labor unions."

Moral: Very often the courts have been fixed beforehand.

Distinction vs. Difference

The member-elect of the state legislature stood upon the corner, waiting for the car and growing stoop-shouldered with the weight of the cares of state. The representative of the railroad corporations approached and after a short conversation said:

"Mr. Soandso, the X., Y. & Z. railroad has watched your career with great interest. It sees in you a statesman who is bound to become widely known throughout the land. We are always trying to encourage men like you, for this country needs the services of men of integrity, ability and standing. It would give me pleasure, as the representative of the X., Y. & Z. railroad to offer to pay your hotel bills while attending the session."

"Sir," exclaimed the legislator, "I scorn your proffered bribe. I am here in the interests of the people."

The abashed representative of the transportation corporation blushed and humbly apologized.

"At any rate," said he, "please accept this bit of pasteboard which entitles you to free transportation for yourself and wife over our lines for

the next twelve months. This implies no obligation but is merely a courtesy which we are glad to extend to our lawmakers."

Whereupon the legislator, quick to scorn an offer of free board, accepted the tender of free transportation which represented more money than the session's board bill.

The amount of legislation in the interests of the people at that session of the legislature could be thrust into a jaybird's eye without forcing it to wink.

Shop Talk

The newspaper humorist, after reading many advance notices of Arbor day, decided that it was his bounden duty to plant a tree on the anniversary.

Being a busy man he decided to dig the hole the day before, and this he did with much trouble and the lavish waste of perspiration from pores unused to marking such demonstrations of physical energy. Bright and early on the morning of Arbor day he arose, seized upon the tree the nurseryman had sent in response to the order, and fared forth to plant a tree.

"Gives me a regular Henry W. Long-fellowish feeling," chuckled the newspaper humorist, prancing gaily around to the front yard, tree on shoulder and spade dangling from his good right hand.

"Papa always threw a handful of potatoes into the hole when he planted a tree," declared Mrs. Humorist, who come out to superintend the job, apron over her head. "He said they drew moisture to the roots and made the tree grow better."

"That was all right in your papa's day, my dear," replied the newspaper humorist, "but your papa is about thirty years behind the times. Just watch me. I'll put this piece of drain tile slaunchwise into the ground, and when we pour water into it the moisture will go right to the roots instead of being wasted. Great idea, eh?"

Mrs. Humorist admitted that it was, and then insisted that the tree be leaned a little to the right.

The newspaper humorist set up the tree tamped a little dirt around the roots, then stood off to one side and squinted to see if the tree was plumb.

"Hello," called a voice.

The newspaper humorist looked up and saw Binks, the clothier, going by.

"Hello, yourself," replied the newspaper humorist.

"Planting a tree, eh?" said Binks. "Nope—building a house."

"Another one of your jokes, eh?" said Binks. "What kind of a tree is that?"

"Don't know. Told the nurseryman to send me a good, hardy, quick-growing shade tree, and this is it."

Binks walked into the yard, examined the tree closely, then began to chuckle.

"Funny, is it?" queried the newspaper humorist.

"Mighty funny," replied Binks. "That nurseryman was on, all right. He sent you just the right kind of a tree."

"What kind is it?" queried the newspaper humorist, not suspecting anything.

"Chestnut," said Binks, chuckling still more and hastening on down town.

A few moments later there remained nothing but a mound of fresh dirt to mark the spot, and the newspaper humorist was out in the alley with an ax, muttering to himself as he hacked away at a dilapidated looking sapling.

RADICALISM

The republican press of the country refuses to stay on the right track very long. The result of the Chicago election, which was a declaration for municipal ownership of public utilities, is now being widely lambasted as a step towards socialism and predictions that the democratic party will

plunge into an orgy of freakish isms are now being industriously circulated. This is a theme on which the so-called conservative element of the democratic party harped long and dolorously, and with such success that the party yielded to the importunity of conservatism and turned over the party management to the "safe and sane" and, incidentally, to the biggest Waterloo in the party's history.

The only vital force in the democratic party today is to be found in its radical wing, and the same is true of the republican party. The bigness of Roosevelt lies in his departure from his party's precedents. It isn't so long ago since the viceroy of a republican president, whose word was law in his party, said "There are no trusts." Would any of Roosevelt's close advisers presume to make such a statement today? Today a republican president says we must curb corporate power; that corporations must obey the law. He seems to be committed to the enforcement of the criminal provisions of the anti-trust law, and the spectacle of some multi-millionaire convicts is a probability. A republican president wants government direction of railroads. This is radicalism with a vengeance. Such sentiment would have been almost anarchical in the time of Roosevelt's predecessor, but today they win the applause of the rank and file regardless of political cast.

Municipal ownership of public utilities has come to be necessary in the process of industrial evolution. Wholly irreconcilable are the attitudes of those newspapers which view with entire complacency the swaggering, insolent defiance of law by monopoly but behold black menace in the assertion of the people that they have the right to enjoy that which is their own.

Radicalism is today the voice of authority not only in politics but in religion. Today a church that accepts Rockefeller's money stultifies itself in the moral verdict of the people. It wasn't so a few years ago. Washington Gladden is today a radical, but his radicalism has promoted him from one of the biggest to the biggest figure in the Congregational church.

The newspapers that are scoffing at municipal ownership today were, a few years ago, ridiculing the possibility of the trust evil becoming a national menace. The newspapers that a few years hence oppose municipal ownership of public utilities will be few in number and with an exclusive circulation among a limited list of millionaire subscribers. — Joplin Daily Globe.

Eyelet Embroidery

This is simply the old-fashioned "broderie Anglaise," or Madeira work, so well known to our grandmothers. It promises to be the most popular mode of decoration for summer frocks. It is one of the daintiest as well as the simplest of embroideries, and, best of all, with a little practice any one can do the work at home. It is especially durable, and the work is done with fine marking cotton, and the round openings, or eyelets, are made with a stiletto, the oval openings being cut.—Ex.

Nan Patterson, on trial for the killing of Caesar Young, now shares her cell with her sister, Mrs. J. Morgan Smith. The latter was arrested and brought to New York a few weeks ago, charged with complicity in the crime.

TAKE NO RISK

If you have heart trouble, do not fail to take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. In doing this you run no risk, because it cures when everything else fails. It is so sure to help you that every druggist is instructed to return your money if first bottle does not prove beneficial. In either case you take no risk.