



The Rhymes of Childhood

The nursery rhymes of the olden times,
How dear they were to me;
"Little Jack Horner" who sat in the
corner,
The "Three Wise men at Sea."
And sitting tonight in the dim twilight
I croon them o'er and o'er,
While two little tots in their nursery
cots
Keep asking more and more.

The "Babes in the Woods" so brave
and good
I tell them o'er again,
And they feel deep grief as each forest
leaf
Hides them in woodland glen.
But I know full well that the tale I
tell
A lesson strong imparts
Of trust and love for the One above
Unto their childish hearts.

The nursery tunes that the mother
croons
At quiet close of day,
When the shadows creep o'er the
River Sleep,
Bear childish cares away.
And dear eyelids close on the day-
time's woes
And life is love and light;
For they dream sweet dreams full of
golden gleams
From nursery lore bright.

The nursery rhymes from the old,
old times,
They serve their mission well.
They've turned our gaze to the better
ways
E're carking care befell.
And time turns back in its onward
track
When just as close of day
To our babes we croon each old, old
tune
In the well-remembered way.

As the peaks we climb on the hills
of time
Our lagging steps grow strong
When a child's lips sweet with a lisp
repeat
Some old-time nursery song.
O, "Little Bo-peep" who lost the
sheep!
O, sleepy "Little Boy Blue!"
What a long dull way they are tread-
ing today
Who never have walked with you.

What Is The Difference?

The Hon. William Smithers arose in his wrath and threw his visitor over the transom. Quivering with rage he resumed his seat, muttering to himself and nervously handling the papers of state that lay before him.

"What is the matter, Mr. Smithers?" queried the representative of the P., D. & Q. railroad who happened to be standing in the hall when the ejected visitor lit.

"Matter enough," snarled the Hon. William Smithers. "That villain insulted me grievously, and I gave way to my anger long enough to forcibly eject him from my room."

"May I be so bold as to ask what offense he committed?"

"I'll tell you gladly. That fellow represents the Amalgamated Restaurant trust, and hearing that I am preparing to introduce a bill aimed at it he had the effrontery to call and offer me a meal ticket good at any of the trust's restaurants during the present session of the legislature."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the representative of the P., D. & Q. railroad.

"Such a brazen effort to bribe an honest public official should meet with the most severe punishment. This wave of corruption must be swept back if our beloved republic is to endure. Such infamous methods must be exposed and punished, else—er, by the way, Mr. Smithers, allow me to present you with this annual pass over the P., D. & Q. railroad and its branches with the compliments and best wishes of the management. This is a courtesy that we always extend to public servants acting in your capacity, and we trust that you will seize every opportunity to avail yourself of its use. Should you need occasional trip passes for members of your family, or for your immediate friends, have no hesitancy in calling on us. I wish you success, Mr. Smithers, in your efforts to represent the will of your constituents."

Having witnessed the ejection of the representative of the restaurant trust we waited to see the representative of the P., D. & Q. railroad flying through the air to alight in a heap just outside the door to the room occupied by the Hon. William Smithers. But we were disappointed.

The Hon. Mr. Smithers linked arms with the railroad representative and escorted him to the door with every evidence of goodwill.

For some time we have been wondering what the representative of the restaurant trust would say if we told him about it.

Definitions

When people are thrown out of work and are unable to purchase the necessities of life, manufactured goods remain in the warehouses. That is called "over production."

By taking advantage of the weaknesses of humanity scheming men obtain control of avenues of industry and immediately levy a toll upon the helpless. That is called "economic evolution."

By bribing venal lawmakers men secure control of things granted by the Almighty to mankind in common. That is called "vested rights."

By manipulating laws men secure control of the nation's finances and use the money of the people to provide gambling funds as the basis of wild speculation. This is called "preserving the national honor."

Men stand up and make eloquent speeches on patriotism and attract public attention away from the dishonest acts of partners who lose no opportunity to rob under the guise of law. These men are called "statesmen."

Occasionally a man stands forth and denounces graft and calls for a return to the old paths. Such a man is called either "an agitator" or "an old fogey."

Now and then men stand forth and denounce the acts of greedy men who operate under laws secured by the liberal distribution of money and favors. Such men are called "anarchists."

When a man makes his living by cheating at cards he is called a "tin horn gambler."

When a man accumulates a fortune by selling nothing for something of gulls who expect to get something for nothing, he is called a "captain of finance."

A Childish Wail

A little incident at once amusing and pathetic occurred on board a fast train between Chicago and Omaha one day last week, the exact scene

being in the palatial dining car. At one table sat a mother and son, the former dressed in a manner indicating an abundance of this world's goods, the latter trim and neat, but with pale cheeks and hollow eyes.

Just before Elgin, Ill., is reached the train dashes along the banks of the Illinois river, and looking through the window the little boy saw scores of other little boys swimming and wading in the shallow reaches of the broad stream. He pressed his pale face against the window and looked longingly upon the scene as long as his eyes could reach it. When the scene was no longer visible he sank back into his chair with an audible sigh and ate his meal in silence.

Evidently his childish mind dwelt upon the scene, for full fifteen minutes later he looked up at his mother, and in a voice full of longing he asked:

"Mamma, did you ever wade in the water when you was a little girl?"

The question brought a rosy blush to the matron's face, and the diners within earshot smiled at the question, even though it brought a pang to their hearts. The boy's tones indicated that it had never been his pleasure to feel the contact of cool, moist earth against his little feet, that he had never known the childish joys of wading in running water and feeling the mud ooze up between his wriggling toes. The question was at once a wail and a protest against parental thoughtlessness that believed itself to be watchful care. The infinite pathos of that question will sound in the ears of those who heard it for many a long day to come.

"Mamma, did you ever wade in the water when you was a little girl?"

At the Bar

The multi-millionaires entered through the gates that stood before the bar of judgment.

"Well, have you any idea what your account is?" queried the angel with the book.

"O, yes," replied the multi-millionaire with a smug smile. "I founded a great school and endowed it with millions, and I—"

"And you filched water from the municipality for use in your big factory," interrupted the angel.

"I founded an orphan school and endowed it with millions, and—"

"With millions filched from widows and other orphans by means of watered stock, purchased laws and rebates," interrupted the angel.

"I established a charity bureau and doled out millions to the deserving poor who—"

"Who had been made poor by your unjust exactions," interrupted the angel.

"I equipped a regiment at my own expense when the nation's life was in danger, and—"

"And made 10,000 per cent on the investment by supplying the government with tainted meat, shoddy clothing and paper shoes under contract," interrupted the angel.

"I lifted the mortgages on many churches, and—"

"Plastered mortgages on hundreds of cottages," interrupted the angel.

"I gave large sums to scientific exploration, and—"

"And reduced defiance of law to an exact science," interrupted the angel.

"I led a Sunday school, and—"

"And led many a young man to ruin by your example," interrupted the angel.

"I provided many poor widows with coal when the winter blasts were blowing, and—"

"And compelled millions to suffer from those same winter blasts by arbitrarily advancing the price of the coal supply which you controlled," interrupted the angel.

"But I—"

"I guess that will do," interrupted the angel again, dipping his pen in

the red ink bottle and rapidly setting down a total.

Brain Leaks

Love may be blind, but it usually finds a way.

Sincerity is the only foundation upon which to build true success.

The world rarely thinks well of a man who does not think well of himself.

Work is a joy when the loved ones share the fruits.

Feet that never stumble never carry their owners far.

A premature start often means a too previous finish.

A kind word now is better than a floral emblem hereafter.

It is better to wear out than to rust out, and unwise to do either.

Every boy is a puzzle, and it is a wise father who can guess the answer.

The man who stubs his toe twice on the same nail is foolish if he blames the nail.

A lot of people never think of their religion until they hear the church bells ringing.

A man must be awfully mean when he can find pleasure in depriving other people of it.

There is a skeleton in every closet, but this is no excuse for a continual rattling of the bones.

Many men who would scorn do a dishonest act in their business think it is all right to do dishonest tricks in politics.

"The word graft has been incorporated into the language" says a lexicographer. And it has also been incorporated elsewhere.

Some men never think of praying "deliver us not into temptation" until they have willingly rushed into it and begin suffering the consequences.

It is wrong to be envious, but just the same we never see a barefoot boy with his toe tied up in a rag that we do not envy him, sore toe, rag and all.

A hypocrite in the church is always prominent because of the contrast. The contrast being very much less outside, the hypocrite is not so noticeable.

The man in the brown stone palace may enjoy life after a fashion, but he misses the satisfaction of the humble cottager who can sit in the front yard in his shirt sleeves and talk over the fence with his neighbor.

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