



BORN

RICHARD METCALFE MAUPIN  
SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1906  
12:15 P. M.

To R. M. M.

Funny little fellow, with fuzzy little head,  
With a face so small and red,  
Lying on your dainty bed—  
Precious little atom, of God's glory  
but a part,

You have walked into my heart,  
Nestled there right from the start.  
And the touch of your wee fingers  
gives a joy  
That no gold could ever purchase,  
Little boy.

Cunning little fellow with your  
wond'ring eyes of blue  
Looking up with startled view  
On the great world strange and new;  
Dainty little fellow, such a tiny little  
mite

Lying on your pillow white  
Blinking at the softened light;  
You're a messenger from heaven,  
God's envoy,  
With a wealth of love and laughter,  
Little boy.

Darling little fellow, starting out on  
life's highway,  
On your little head I pray  
Richest blessings day by day.  
Sturdy little fellow, with your little  
hand in mine,  
'Round you all my heartstrings  
twine,  
'Round you shines a light divine.  
May your life be one of service and  
of joy;  
Life that is well worth the living,  
little boy.

Accused

"The idea is absurd!" shouted Mr. Bildad, pushing back from the supper table. Do you think I am a millionaire, Maria? The idea of your wanting to spend \$9.45 for a new spring bonnet! Why, I never spend over \$3 for a hat and then I wear it a year or more."

"That's very true, dear," chirruped Mrs. Bildad.

"Then why ask me to put up three times that much for a hat for you to wear three or four months?"

"But the price isn't high for such a love of a bonnet, and I think I am entitled to it, my dear."

"Entitled to it!" shouted Mr. Bildad. "Ain't I entitled to spend as much for a hat for myself? But I don't. Not much, Mrs. Bildad. I work too hard for my money to spend it that foolishly."

"Very well, my dear," sighed Mrs. Bildad. "I guess I can trim my old hat over. I am sorry you have to work so hard for your money, and I wish I could help you. Have you a little time to look at a few things I have to show you?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry. I want to read the evening paper."

"Well, Abinidab," hissed Mrs. Bildad, "here is your February bill from the club: For cigars, \$12.95; for drinks, \$16.85; for billiards, \$5.75; dues \$3. And here is a cigar bill of \$5.50 from Druggery. It is too bad that you do not have a little money to spend on luxuries, but the necessities are too many and too expensive, my dear. And I will try to help you by saving more and not getting a new bonnet this spring. I wouldn't add to your financial burdens for anything, Abin—"

But Mr. Bildad had thrown his paper aside and dashed for the hat-

rack. A moment later the front door slammed and his feet were heard stamping noisily toward the front gate.

"I think I'll just telephone the milliner to send up that bonnet," whispered Mrs. Bildad. "I don't believe Mr. Bildad will say things out loud when I hand him the bill."

Experts Wanted

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer after bowing to the first round of applause that followed his introduction. "I propose this evening to address you on the all-important subject of 'the training and rearing of boys.' It is a broad subject that is demanding more and more attention every day. In the beginning, and in order to lay a broad foundation for the proper treatment of this great subject, I will—"

"Excuse me, professor," interrupted the harassed little man who was almost hidden away in the corner, "but how many boys have you?"

"Well, er, um—well, the fact is, sir, I have no children at all," stammered the lecturer.

"That's all right then," said the little man, sinking back into his seat. "I was afeard you had a few of 'em, an' if you had I knowed it was a cinch you didn't know nothin' about raisin' 'em. You kin go ahead an' I'll listen, 'cause I'm lookin' for expert advice on th' subject."

But somehow or other the lecturer thought best to change the subject.

Redeemed

"Before election you promised to do a lot of things," complained the disappointed voter.

"Well, didn't I do a lot of things?" queried the officeholder who had gone back on his campaign promises.

Realizing that he was one of those who had been "done," the complainant walked thoughtfully away.

Proper Defense

"Not guilty, your honor."

The reply of Skinny Mike, the Bank Safe Blower, was as clear as a bell.

"But you were caught red-handed in the act," declared the court.

"I was there, your honor, but only in my official capacity as a member of the board of directors of the corporation known as the Amalgamated Association of Bank Trimmers."

"That being the case," said the court, "you are discharged. The prosecuting attorney will take steps at once to bring this criminal association before me in its corporate, not its individual, capacity, and when he does what I do to it will be a plenty."

After this court adjourned, having satisfied precedent.

Outclassed

The little bunch of patriarchs watched the disappearing figure of their compatriot.

"It ain't no use," sighed one.

"What's the matter?" queried the stranger.

"No matter what kind of a story we tell about the weather he can always beat us out."

"Who is he?"

"O, that's old Methuselah, and he's got about 500 years the best of us."

Limerick

There was a young fellow in Del.  
Who said to a maid, "You are Wel."  
That my feeling for you

Is both earnest and true"—  
Said the maiden, "As for you, well  
I care."

Historical

Lives of great men oft remind us  
That they are not what they seem;  
That they boast loud just to blind us  
To some vile insurance scheme.

Trustworthy

"Is Schemerly an honest politician?"

"Well, he has a reputation for staying bought."

The Pessimist

"Come, come, Groucherly; cheer up! Man alive, it's spring and everybody should rejoice and be glad."

"That's all right for you, Laughterly. But you don't have to bear in mind that it will be Easter in a week or two."

But

He tackled the raging catamount,  
And slaughtered the grizzly bear;  
He tracked the roaring lion  
Into his mountain lair.  
He breathed forth threats and slaughter

On beasts the world above;  
But in tackling corporations  
Was mild as a suckling dove.

Puzzle

"Do you carry any life insurance?"  
"Well, I don't know. All I know is that I'm paying premiums."

Brain Leaks

The best proof of the pudding is the druggist's bill.

Parental example is better than parental precept.

A man without enemies is drifting before the wind.

Satan wastes no time setting traps for the indolent.

The jingle of hard-earned dollars is always sweet music.

We feel sorry for the boy who never had a grandmother.

You can never earn an increase in wages by watching the clock.

The man who is easily pumped seldom contains anything worth having.

A man is stingy when he spends money only on pleasures for himself.

Most of us, when demanding justice, are merely trying to secure mercy.

If the world owes you a living it is up to you to hustle out and collect the bill.

The men most ready to risk failure are usually the ones who achieve success first.

One of the amusing sights of the world is the spectacle of a man who is trying to get something for nothing, dickering with a man who is trying to give nothing for something.

THE JUNGLE

What is in many respects one of the most remarkable books of the day is "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair. This book treats of the conditions in Packingtown, as the stock yards and packing district of Chicago is called, socially, politically and industrially. Mr. Sinclair, says the book deals truthfully with conditions as he found them to exist. The story is of a foreigner who brings his future wife and several of his dependent relatives to America, and finally lands in Packingtown. His trials, his sufferings, the gloom, despair, degradation and death that stalk every minute through this great industrial maelstrom, are vividly set forth. With all of its horrible details of filth, disease and crime the book has a terrible fascination for the reader. It seems almost impossible that such conditions could exist in a free country, yet Mr. Sin-

clair says they do, and his publishers, after careful investigation, assumed responsibility. The socialistic features of the book are secondary until the closing chapters, when a brief treatise on socialism is offered to show that it is the solution of the problems presented. As an expose of the beef trust's method of doing business with its thousands of helpless employes, "The Jungle" should be read by every consumer of packing house products. The Jungle Publishing Co., New York.

AVERY'S HISTORY

The second volume of Avery's History of the United States has been delivered, and includes the history of the Colonies from 1600 to 1660. Originally the intention was to issue this history complete in twelve volumes, but the rapid growth in its scope has made it necessary to increase it, and fifteen volumes will be issued. The history will be comprehensive enough to satisfy the most active searcher after information, but not too large to be digested by the average man of affairs. The two volumes already issued are enough to demonstrate that the complete history will be a remarkable addition to the library of the professor, the business man, the newspaper man, the politician and the student. Burrows Publishing Co., Cleveland, O.

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE

Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard lightened with an anecdote an English lecture.

"There was a certain instructor," he said, "who was always impressing upon his students the need of perspicuity.

"A young man came to him one day to get back an essay that had been submitted.

"A very good essay," said the instructor, as he returned the paper, "but, Mr. Smith, you should write always so that the most ignorant person can understand every word you say."

"The young man looked up anxiously.

"What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor?" he asked."—  
New York Tribune.



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