



My Wants

I do not want a fortune great; I do not seek the cares of state, With all their glitter and their glare, And wicked schemes afloat in air. I do not yearn for power or place; Nor would I take part in the race For gold—I only ask that I May sow good will while passing by; And that when I am laid below The cool, green sod, where daisies blow, Some one will pause a bit, and then Declare: "He helped his fellowmen."

I do not covet mansions grand, Nor acres broad on every hand; I do not yearn for jewels bright, To dazzle my poor neighbor's sight; I do not yearn to take command, And order men on every hand—I only ask that I may go Along a road where flowers blow, And dying, have men pause and say: "He scattered sunshine all the way."

Let others dig and delve for gold; Let others place of power hold; Let others with a lordly air, Stand forth within the limelight's glare;

Let others trade on hopes and fears, And profit by the sobs and tears Of those they wreck. I only ask The strength to do each daily task, Then homeward go with heart elate And greet my loved ones at the gate; Then, dying, have men pause a while And say: "He gave the world a smile."

Sure

"Does Blankley take any interest in politics?" "Well, for a man who has no principle in politics I think he takes more than his share of interest."

Flooded

"Getting any dividends from that gold mine yet?" "Not yet. The mine is flooded." "Strike an underground stream?" "Nope! Last issue of treasury stock burst."

Summer Resorts

"Is Mrs. Neurich at home?" "No, ma'm. She is at the summer resort." After the caller had departed Mrs. Neurich came in from the back porch, where the family refrigerator stands.

Barred

"I am afraid of being injured in an automobile disaster, and I want an accident policy," said the caller. "You have come to the right place," said the agent. "What make of automobile do you use?" "I use none at all. I am a pedestrian." "Sorry, sir; but we can not take the risk" said the agent. "We insure only to those who run autos."

Awful!

"The gambling craze is something awful," remarked Billings to Ballings. "Everybody seems to have the craze. It is sapping the foundations of society, ruining the government and threatening disaster. It is a disease that is fast becoming epidemic." "Right you are, old man," replied Ballings. "I've been thinking about it myself. Why, it seems that everybody is gambling on some prop—" "Excuse me, Ballings," gasped

Billings, looking at his watch, "I've got to catch a train." "Where are you going?" "Going up into the reservation and try my luck in Uncle Sam's land lottery. See you later. Ta, ta!"

Forbidden

"General," gasped the staff officer, "I am compelled to report that we are out of ammunition. We have plenty of powder, but no projectiles for our field guns!" "Then all is lost!" gasped the commanding officer, his face paling beneath its coat of tan. "We must retreat."

But as the general was about to give the order to retire from the field a bright thought struck him.

"Ha! We will load the guns with those cans of beef received by the commissary department."

But it was not to be. When the order was given the general's staff called attention to the rules of warfare. A little study showed that canned beef should be classed along with chain-shot, shrapnel, dum-dum bullets and poisoned wells. Realizing that the day was lost the general led a sullen retreat.

A Bit of History

Hon. Frank M. Lowe, a leading attorney of Kansas City, has announced himself a candidate for the democratic nomination for congress from the Fifth Missouri district. The announcement calls to mind a bit of newspaper and political history that is written large in the annals of northwestern Missouri, and tells how Mr. Lowe "fit, bled and purt' nigh died" for his democracy.

It happened away back yonder in 1884, when the writer was a journeyman printer and employed as foreman on the Atchison County Mail at Rock Port, Mo., the editor and publisher being Frank M. Lowe, now of Kansas City. In addition to editing the Mail Mr. Lowe was county attorney and a leading democrat. The county was ordinarily republican, but Lowe carried it. During the next campaign things warmed up, and the "ring" at Rock Port marked Lowe for slaughter. A young republican named "Smith" took the lead in opposing Lowe, and Lowe had a lot of fun with the young man, ridiculing him in every issue of his paper. This made "Smith" mad, and one day he called at the sanctum to notify Lowe that the name of "Smith" must never again appear in the Mail's columns. Lowe laughed and proceeded to tantalize the young man. Finally the visitor grew boisterous and Lowe started to eject him. The visitor drew a revolver and shot Lowe through the thigh.

The writer heard the shot and rushed into the sanctum and found the "boss" lying on the floor with blood saturating his clothing. As Lowe weighed about 240 pounds and the writer about 125, it was necessary to call for assistance. So the writer went down stairs, hitting only about two steps in the descent, and soon had assistance.

The editor's wound was not serious and after a couple of weeks in bed he was able to resume his public duties. He declined to prosecute his assailant, but did bring suit for damage, which was compromised later.

A few years later Mr. Lowe sold the Mail and removed to Clay county, where he continued in the newspaper and law business for a few months,

Then he quit the newspaper business and located in Kansas City, where he has been active in democratic affairs. If Mr. Lowe goes to congress—and here's hoping—he can prove by the writer that he "fit, bled an purt' nigh died" for the privilege of being a democrat.

Stoygian Humor

"I believe you are one of those men who took advantage of circumstances and raised the price of ice to such a point that the poor could not buy it, thereby causing them much suffering," remarked the manager of the Stygian Regions.

"I confess that I seized what I thought to be a business opportunity," replied the ice trust magnate.

"All right. We have no ice machines here, so you may take your turn at that hot wave machine over there by the hottest furnace."

Altitudinous

A new game called "High" was being played. The object was to see which participant could name the highest point without naming a monument, a public building or a mountain.

They began: "I am the rent," declared the first player.

"I am a modern freight rate without rebate," said another.

"I am the price of ice," declared a third.

There was a groan of protest and claims of disadvantage, but the umpire ruled that the price of ice came under the rules.

Then a player over in the corner spoke up and declared:

"I am the protective tariff." Immediately the game broke up. A lot of players were ~~in~~ without the ability to name anything that would come within reaching distance of the player who spoke last.

Brain Leaks

Sin is sexless. Heaven is a reward, not a gift. The greatest luck is born of pluck. Not all "high fliers" are aerialists. It requires trials to make triumphs. Honest sweat makes sweet slumber. Any coward can do the popular thing.

An honest vote is the best medicine for the ills of the body politic.

A life measured only by length of years is usually a life wasted.

Speaking about good judges of human nature, how about a child and a dog?

What some men believe to be a crisis in their lives is usually merely an incident.

Men who pose in the limelight should be careful of what they do in the twilight.

When a man begins "flying high" it is a pretty good sign that he hasn't been walking straight.

A dollar-owned man is of less worth to the community than a man-owned dollar.

If there is anything more ridiculous than an old maid who tries to act giddy it is an old man who tries to act coltish.

Why is it that the average man finds a seat on the hard boards in the base ball grandstand softer and more comfortable than the cushioned pew in a church?

Talking about the gentle art of dissimulation—did you ever know a man equal to the task performed by many a woman who smilingly greets a disagreeable caller at the critical moment when the jelly refuses to "jell"?

The republicans of Tennessee nominated for governor H. C. Evans, former commissioner of pensions, and recently American consul general in London.

SHORTHAND Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc. 20 teachers, 100 students, cheap board, and \$100,000 School Building. Graduates readily secure situations. Beautiful illustrated catalog FREE. Write for it today. D. L. MURSELMAN, Pres. Box 223, Gen. City Business College, Quincy, Ill.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D.C.

WANTED—FOR DETECTIVE SERVICE, good men who can give reference; experience not needed—we give full instructions. Address Superintendent, Lock Box 391, Indianapolis, Indiana.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—E. B. Bro's, Louisiana, La.

NORMAL COMMERCIAL SHORTHAND TELEGRAPHY 961 STUDENTS ENROLLED Positions Secured or Tuition Refunded CAR FARE PAID. Enter any time, select studies. Send for free Catalog for full information. Allen Moore, Pres., Chillicothe, Mo.

NURSING Graduate Nurses are in constant demand at GOOD PAY. Young ladies desirous of entering a Training School Address GERMAN AMERICAN HOSPITAL 1619 DIVERSEY BOULEVARD, Chicago, Ill.

THE COST OF A PIANO should not be reckoned entirely upon what you pay to get it. A very important factor, as the years pass, is what you pay to keep it in order, and more important still is the length of service and the degree of satisfaction it gives you.

GABLER PIANOS while neither the highest nor the lowest prices, are unsurpassed by any instrument made in America or Europe in the service and satisfaction they give for each dollar expended. The "GABLER TONE" is famous, and the no-less-famous "GABLER WORKMANSHIP" makes that tone permanent through generation after generation of use. A Gabler is cheapest BECAUSE BEST. Investigate

ERNEST GABLER & BRO. ESTABLISHED 1854 500 Whitlock Ave., Bronx Borough, N. Y. City

HOMES FOR THOUSANDS One and a quarter million acres to be opened to settlement on the SHOSHONE RESERVATION Dates of registration July 16 to 31 EXCURSION RATES Less than one fare for the round trip, daily July 12 to 29 via

\$20.00 THE NORTH WESTERN LINE

Round trip from Omaha, over the only all rail route from Omaha to Shoshoni, Wyo., the reservation border.

R. W. MCGINNIS, General Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Ry., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Please send to my address pamphlets, maps and information concerning the opening of the Shoshone or Wind River reservation to settlement.

(Cut out this Coupon)