

The Citizen

For months he howled about reform Until he split his throat; But when it came right to the point The man forgot to vote.

He swore he suffered grievous wrongs And wept along the way; But on November 6 forgot It was election day.

The Trouble

On Labor day they marched away With springy tread and proud. Their lusty cheers rang on the ears Of all the watching crowd. They bore their union panners bright

And cocked their union hats, But on election day, alas! They voted with the "rats."

Of Course

"Is there any room in politics for the young man?" we asked.

"To be sure there is," replied Senator Graball, "if he is the kind of young man we are looking for. We'll make room for him."

Failed

"Was Scribberly's new rural drama a success?"

'No, the characters acted like real country folks, and the audience couldn't see anything funny about it."

Discouraging

"Do you think your father anticipates that I am about to ask him for your hand?"

"Yes, Cholly, I saw him disconnecting the telephone wires."

Cheaper

"Yes, I am going to ask Jack Slowon to my hallowe'en party." "O, he'll just bore your company

to death with his stories."

"Of course, but we've got to have someone crack chestnuts."

Hurrah!

Leaves have their time to fall And flowers to wither as the north winds fly;

But thou hast all seasons for thine own,

O, pumpkin pie.

Puzzied

"I'm afeard, Maria," said Farmer Kornsilk as he looked up from his letter, "that our son James has got Inter trouble at th' university.'

"O, I hope not, dear," said Mrs. Kornsilk. "What does he say?"

"He don't say nothin' about his trouble, but he's on his way home an' he wouldn't leave school I know unless somethin' has nappened."

"Left school? I wonder what's the matter."

"He don't say; he just writes that he's half back, an' I guess we can expect him most any day now."

His Waterloo

Bigun, the famous football player, taggered out of the door of the great department store. His body was a mass of bruises, his clothing was in tatters, one eye was swollen shut and his left ear was hanging by a shred.

"For mercy sake, what's the mater?" gasped a passing chum.

With a feeble moan Bigun replied:

"I tried to gain five yards down the center of a crowd of women bargain hunters at the necktie counter. When I came to I had three downs and fifteen yards to gain, so I gave up and escaped while I had life enough to move."

A True Dog Story

"Cinders" is a black and tan terrier dog whose real cognomen is "Cinderella." She is unusually bright and alert and is a great favorite in the neighborhood.

When the baby came "Cinders' knew that something was wrong, but it took her two weeks to learn just what it was. Then she discovered that the advent of the baby meant that she was no longer the household pet. Right there 'Cinders" accumulaterd a case of jealousy that was wonderful to contemplate. As soon as she saw a member of the family approaching the baty she would crowd in ahead and endeavor to attract attention to herself. Finding that this was not sufficient "Cinders" gave up in disgust. As long as the baby is allowed to lie in the buggy "Cinders" will play about the house, seemingly happy and care free. But let a member of the family take the baby and at once "Cinders" howls dismally and insists on being let out of doors, and usually seeks refuge in the house next door where there are no children.

The other day, while "Cinders" was enjoying the refuge of the childless house next door, her mistress came in with the baby for a little visit. Immediately the lady of the house grabbed the baby and "Cinders" growled savagely. But no at- tion. tention was paid to her. She darted out of the door and returned home and since then has utterly ignored the baby and all who play with the young-

Getting Even

The honeymoon was over and Mr. and Mrs. Biggers were down to the realities of life.

"Mollie," said Mr. Biggers, pushing back from the dinner table, "this bread is the limit. That was a horrible confidence game you worked on me before we were married."

"Why, what do you mean, Charley Biggers?"

"Mollie, three or four times during our courtship days you met me at the door with your sleeves rolled up, your bare arms smeared with flour, a dab or two on your face and your fingers all stuck up with bread dough. I admit you didn't say anything about it, but you blushed as if I had caught you doing something wrong. And to think that I let a little con game like that take me in. Mollie, that was

about the worst I ever had played

on me. I thought you were a bread-

maker, but this stuff-O, heavings!" "Charley Biggers, I have no hesitancy in admitting that I played a little trick on you. But don't imagine for a minute that I am the only con game worker in this little family. How often have you met me with the odor of peppermint and sen-sen on your breath? And how often did you leave me sitting alone in the theater while you went out to see a so stupid that they have forgotten

did you wear out scouring the stains of chewing tobacco from your teeth? And how about those boxes of chocolates that suddenly ceased to come after we were married? And how-"

"Mollie, dear," said Mr. Biggers, walking around the table and taking her in his arms; "Mollie, dear, I'll take it all back. This bread is plenty good enough for me. And if I remember rightly it is Juggleman's chocolates that you prefer."

Political Proverbs

Politics is not a business; it is a duty.

A bad candidate is the result of careless citizenship.

A vote in the box is worth two kicks against bosses.

The man who forgets to vote has very little right to bemoan bad government.

The man who is not proud of his suffrage is not a source of pride to the community.

The man who fails to attend the primaries has no right to kick about a boss-ridden party.

If men were as zealous in religion as they are in their partisanship there would be more doing in church cir-

Brain Leaks

Tomorrow's tasks look easy today. Exclusiveness is no sign of sanc-

Doubt dies when faith takes pos-

The preacher cannot be good for the whole congregation.

It is not enough to be good hearted. You must be right headed. Gossips would be stricken dumb if

all ears were plugged up. "The early bird catches the worm,"

but it's rough on the early worm. A lot of men have forgotten char acter in an effort to build up reputa-

Money has wings, but that is no sign a man should let it fly away

with him. No one ever meets a middle-aged man who was not a good skater when he was a boy.

The wise husband always expresses surprise at his wife's diligence in putting up fruit and pickles.

If all the great things planned for tomorrow could be accomplished what a splendid world this would be.

SUPPRESSIO VERI

After gravely criticising an alleged attempt of the fusionist papers to connect President Roosevelt's speech at Harrisburg with state issues a republican organ says: "The legislation Mr. Roosevelt spoke of was written in the statute books by a republican legislature and a republican governor."

True-with an important addition. It was passed by a republican legislature at a special session after the people by their vote at the polls had rendered their verdict of condemnation on the disgraceful record of the same legislature at its regular session. It was the adverse vote of the people that sent the republican organization tumbling over itself in practical confession of its wrongdoing.

The republican organs take care to suppress this phase of the matter. But do they suppose that the people who exercised their right of independent voting less than a year ago are man? And how many toothbrushes it.?-Pittsburg Dispatch.

closet, etc. Very much lower prices if you do not need the reservoir, shelf or warming closet. A marvelous stee range bargain more full



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