



The Vote in Jimville

The polls wuz closed in Jimville, an' th' countin' wuz begun, An' candidates wuz watchin' th' game; An' each judge that writ th' figgers had his left hand on a gun, Which he fingered as he checked off ev'ry name, An' down in th' business centers they wuz howlin' like kiotes, For th' hour for makin' totals wuz past due; An' they wanted to be gettin' news about th' Jimville votes, 'Bout th' votes cast down in Jimville on th' Slough. An' th' candidates so anxious Build their hope o' pullin' through On th' votes cast down in Jimville, In Jimville on th' Slough.

Wilyum Sikes who wuz th' sheriff, an' John Smith who wuz a judge, Had a little altercation 'bout th' law; An' Bill Sikes he wuz determined, an' John Smith he wouldn't budge, An' they made th' finest fight you ever saw.

They wuz mixed up quite permiskus— Bill wuz chawin' of John's ear, An' John wuz hangin' onto Wilyum's throat.

But down in th' business centers for such news they didn't keer, For they wanted for to get th' Jimville vote.

An' th' candidates were anxious— An' a feelin' mighty blue— All dependin' upon Jimville, On Jimville on the Slough.

An' when th' votes wuz counted an' th' blamed thing wuz a tie, There wuz horror to be seen on ev'ry face;

For 'tis writ in Jimville annals that th' judges have t' die As th' only way to fitly end th' case. An' they're still a scrappin' yonder an' a sheddin' of their coats, An' their language turns th' atmosphere to blue; 'Cause they can't get any figgers tellin' 'bout th' Jimville vote, About th' vote of Jimville on the Slough.

An' the candidates are waitin' An' feelin' awful blue About th' vote of Jimville, Of Jimville on the Slough.

In the Old, Old Days

Rummaging through an old box in the attic the other day we ran across

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an old book, an oblong book, ragged, dog-eared and grimy. It was "The Choirister," and the mere sight of it carried us back nearly a generation. Remember the smooth and silken-voiced gentlemen that dropped into your quiet country community about thirty-five years ago and organized a class in "vocal culture?" We called them "singing schools" in the old days, and while the course of instruction was in progress we met three nights a week at the schoolhouse and practiced our do-ra-me-fa-sol-la-se-do's until we could see nothing but scales and bars and trebles and bass, and alto and tenor clefs and sharps and flats in our dreams.

There were usually about seventy or eighty of us in the class, most of us youngsters, but a few oldsters were mixed in. The oldsters took it all very seriously, but we youngsters cared much less for vocal instruction than we did for other things that came along with the "singing school." There were no theaters in those days—none that we could reach. Social opportunities were few and far between. And when the singing teacher hove in sight the young people received him gladly. Three nights a week, with an equal number of opportunities to walk home with "her"—say, those old singing schools were great, weren't they?

And we sat there that day and for an hour looked through that old book. From every one of its tattered and soiled pages there gleamed, the rosy, smiling face of some old schoolmate. There was the old song which began: "One day nearer, sings the sailor." The verses were sung as a soprano and alto duet, and everybody came in on the chorus. Gracious, how beautifully Laura Wetzel and Bettie Miller used to sing the duet, Laura the alto and Bettie the soprano. Where are they now? And here's another one: "O, the singin' skule is beautifule." Wouldn't you like to hear the old crowd sing that again? What wouldn't you give to hear George Graybel sing bass again? And wouldn't you walk a long mile just to hear again the voice of Uncle Ben as he tried to make his weak baritone voice carry the air of "Larboard Watch?"

Talk about your grand operas, and such likes! Huh! We'd agree never to attend another grand opera if some one could and would just give us a chance to drop back thirty years and spend another hour and a half in the old village schoolhouse, taking "vocal lessons" and singing with the old friends, in the old way, the old, old songs that peer so familiarly from the pages of this old book.

Strange

"Who is that cadaverous looking individual over there; the one with the long hair and the mournful expression?" we asked, being a stranger in the city.

"That's Bilkins, the village humorist."

"And the red-faced, jolly looking fellow just coming around the corner?"

"That's Bunkus, the village undertaker."

"And that meek little fellow edging over towards the curb—who is he?"

"That's Grabus, the man who runs things in this village."

"And the clerical looking gent there, the one with the white tie and the silk hat?"

"That's Nabbem, the chief of police." "Well, things seem to go by con-

traries in this village," we remarked. "Sure. We voted a franchise for a street railway company last year, and then the city bought the franchise of itself and built the street railway."

Precaution

"Mr. Whillikens, have you secured that accident policy for me?" queried the trust magnate.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen to it that the codicil to my will has been duly authenticated and filed?"

"Yes, sir."

"All my papers been properly filed and indexed, so that my affairs could be straightened out at a moment's notice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you prepared my suit case with all the necessary articles for first aid to the injured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Whillikens, you will prepare to accompany me to the depot. I must take the train for my country home. Call me up by 'phone in an hour, and if I have not arrived, come for me in a special car with a platoon of surgeons. Good day, Mr. Whillikens."

Unnatural History

The cassowary is a bird That's hard to capture, very. Folks hunting for her plumes have made The cassowary wary. —Kansas City Times.

But once a cassowary strolled Too near an alligator; And with one wriggle, snap and gulp The alligator ate her. —Chicago Tribune.

The alligator, feeling fine, Then called on the ant eater, And saying, "See-saw game for mine," Made that ant-eater teeter. —Microscope Saturday.

The dromedary roamed about, Or toiled to fetch and carry, Until some Yankee fitted out A dromedary dairy. —Indianapolis News.

But dromedaries oft are shy, And this one loathed a spider— She ran away when one came by, Because the spider eyed her. —Cleveland Leader.

An agouti ate beetles and sich As the guest of the ant-eater doughty But the fare was so awfully rich. It made him a gouty agouti. —New York Press.

The antelope would make a pet For which we've long been hoping; The trouble is how to prevent The antelope eloping.

An Omission

"Mamma," remarked Dorothy, making a wry face after swallowing the medicine, "you have forgotten something."

"What is it, my dear?"

"You forgot to say that it tastes just as bad to you as it does to me."

"Why should I say that, Dorothy? I do not take the medicine."

"I know you don't. And you don't get a whipping when you give me one, but you say it hurts you worse than it does me."

Of Course

Approaching the manager of the great trust, we hesitatingly asked the question:

"Do you believe in electing senators by direct vote of the people?"

"To be sure," he replied.

But before we could express surprise at his position on this momentous question he exclaimed:

"We are the people."

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