



Mother Goose to Date

Little Bo Peep lost her sheep,
But she was both wise and sweet;
She knew full well what fate befell—
And followed them to Wall Street.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig got loose and killed a goose
And Tom got put in the calaboose,
Had Tom but thought of high finance
He'd not have met with that mis-
chance.

There was a crooked man who made
a crooked deal;
He sold a crooked railroad a lot of
crooked steel.
He made some crooked dollars and
wore a crooked air,
And lived a life of crookedness a
Pittsburg millionaire.

A Printer Story

On several occasions the Old Time Printer who manufactures this department has related printer stories, with the result that scores of letters have reached him from former members of the craft, telling of their enjoyment of the recollections of the old days. This impels the Old Time Printer to tell another true one, because it will please the craftsmen and at the same time amuse others.

"Jack" Bonner of Omaha, who still works at the printer's trade, is the subject of this tale, and it will be told as nearly in his own language as possible.

"I'll never forget my first experience as a tourist," said "Jack" to a little bunch of friends the other night. "I had just served my apprenticeship and secured my union card, and determined to 'hit the road.' I went to Laramie on the velvet expecting to work my way back by the freight car route. By the time I was ready to start back it was frightfully cold, but I started, and soon fell in with a fellow printer who was an old hand at the game. We caught a freight and remained on it until we reached the middle of the Red Desert, when we were discovered and fired off at a water tank. I was scared speechless, for it was cold and not a house within fifty miles that we knew about.

"My companion saw my condition, and at once reassured me. 'Aw, we're all right,' he said. 'Just follow me.'

He climbed to the top of the water tank, opened a little trap door and dropped out of sight. I heard him calling me to come on, and I followed. What was about to happen was a mystery to me but I felt that I could follow where he led. So I dropped in after him. I found myself in a snug berth, for the railroad company had built a warm nest inside the tank for the use of track and section men who might be caught out in the wild blizzards that often sweep that country. It contained straw, warm blankets and some canned goods. The quarters were cramped, but we spent a comfortable night, and the next day caught a freight that carried us as far east as Sidney, which was well back into 'God's country.'

"I never forgot that experience, and for two reasons. A couple of years later I was chaperoning a young printer just out on his first trip, and we started out of St. Louis, bound south. We were discovered about fifty miles out, in the middle of the night, and once more I was

put off at a water tank. It was quite cold and we were thinly clad. But remembering my Red Desert experience I called my fellow tourist to follow me and, climbing the tank ladder, I opened the trap door and dropped in—and fell into about fifteen feet of the coldest water I ever felt.

"The blamed old southern railroads didn't take as much interest in their track walkers and section men as the railroads across the desert, and had failed to build the little houses of refuge in the tanks."

Watch 'Em

"The American souvenir hunter will steal anything but a cellar full of water," says Admiral Robley D. Evans.

Yes, and if ever our cellar fills up we are going to watch the high financiers in our neighborhood.

Successful

"Did you have a good celebration in your neighborhood?"

"Well, I guess yes. Johnnie lost two fingers and a thumb; Susie has three blisters on her neck and burned eleven holes in her shirt-waist, and I expect to get the powder picked out of my face before Christmas. Successful? Well rather."

Outclassed

The two Shades met on the shores of the Styx, and each immediately began boasting that it was the most powerful.

"Why, I am a merger that defied a government official," said one.

"Huh!" ejaculated the other; "I am a federal judge who once tied the hands of a sovereign state."

Being to all appearances a stand-off, the two Shades retired to a cool spot and ordered a refreshing drink of boiling oil.

The Graduate

"Did your daughter graduate this spring?"

"Yes, and at the head of her class."

"What did she perfect herself in?"

"Biology, zoology, sociology, germology, social economy, mental therapeutics, mental philosophy, the languages, mathematics, music and elocution."

"What is she doing now?"

"Waiting for her mother to exercise her knowledge of darnology so she can go to the picnic of her class."

Statistical

"One, two, three, four, five!"
Gee, I'm glad that I'm alive —
Fingers all here.

"Six, seven, eight, nine, ten!"
Gee, I'm among the lucky men—
Saved each ear!

Got some blisters—nearly twenty—
Scorched my face and clothes a plenty,
But, say, O my!

What's the diff? Say, ain't it great
T' just turn loose an' celebrate
Fourth o' July!!!

Early Riser

"Thompson is always up with the birds."

"Yes; he stays up to meet 'em."

The Pharisees

Meeting on the corner the two prominent men began discussing the San Francisco graft cases.

"The exposure of the men elect-

ed by the votes of union labor men means that the labor party is deadlier than a doornail," said one.

"Yes; the expose means that organized labor is removed from the realm of politics," said the other.

Having thus settled the matter one of them took the train for Harrisburg to finish the work of state house graft, and the other sauntered down to the city hall to resume his little connection with the Philadelphia filtration plant.

Advice

"I have seen twenty-four summers," murmured Miss Passe.

"I have heard Dr. Wise recommended as an oculist," chortled Miss Pert.

The Mean Thing

"You don't say a word about the pie, dear," said Mrs. Nuwedde.

"What could I say, love?" replied her husband.

"You might at least say they reminded you of mother's pie."

"They do. I saw the good old soul making them."

L'Envoi

Rise up

And cheer!

The ice

Man's here!

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Sit down!

Keep still!

He's got

His bill!

Invested

Yearning to increase our store of information we went to Senator Graball and asked:

"Senator, is there any money in politics?"

"Well," remarked the senator, thoughtfully; "I have put quite a sum into it. My campaign expenses were very heavy."

However, this was not satisfactory, and since then we have been pondering.

Brain Leaks

The wise wife leads, never drives. If you can not pay as you go, stay. A "soft snap" turneth away industry.

A cracked mirror makes few friends.

Most "swelled heads" wear small sized hats.

Money on the brain makes a man poor in heart.

Some baby stories sound like "nature fakes" to us.

An open enemy is to be preferred above a false friend.

A quick tempered man has no business going fishing.

A good listener is always a welcome conversationalist.

Vacations are usually enjoyed most in prospect and perspective.

The man who talks to himself always has an appreciative listener.

Being rich consists largely in being content with what you have.

The striking telegraphers hold the key to the situation if they only knew it.

We run a good many schemes into the ground by not aiming them high enough.

A lot of men would be leaders if only they could find men willing to follow them.

The man who waits to grasp opportunity is not in it with the man who makes opportunity.

We know one boy who imagines heaven to be one large, deep, cool and shady swimming hole.

There is only one regret about growing old—one is likely to forget that he ever was a boy.

Nearly every man you meet boasts of having been raised on a farm. But not one of them would be willing to go back to it and perform the old tasks again.

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