



The Mighty Nimrod

He smote the hippopotamus as it went sailing by; He caught the dread rhinoceros and caught it on the fly. With lariat he boldly snared the huge o-rang-o-tang, And when a lion came his way its neck he quickly wrang.* He smote the deadly jabberwock and stilled the jibberglee; He cleared the jungle of the beasts and made it fair to see. With rifle fire and deadly aim he made 'em bite the dust— But, mark this fact, 'tis beasts he kills—he never killed a trust.

A Bengal tiger barred his way, but with a lusty shout, He thrust his fist clear down its throat and turned it inside out. An elephant dared cross his path, and with a shout of glee He seized it by its tail and dashed its head against a tree. A tall giraffe came ambling by with its stiff-legged trot— The mighty hunter grabbed and tied its long neck in a knot. Yea, all these things has he performed with all a hunter's lust— But search his record as you will, he never bagged a trust.

The dread rhinoceros he scorns and goes at early morn And throws it over on its back by wrenching at its horn. He lariats the hippomus and traps the crocodile; The rush and roar of jungle beasts can only make him smile. It's bang, bang, bang; and bang again, that through the veldt is heard, And click, click, click, as fast he writes at one big plunk per word. A mighty hunter, surely, he; but after all we must Confess that he has failed to bag a single greedy trust.

*License No. 342,777.

The Windup

For forty years he schemed and struggled and slaved. He shut himself apart from his fellows in order to accumulate great piles of gold. He waved away human companionship and sought only the glitter of the precious metals. What other men wrought he tore down to build higher the foundations of his own enterprises, and when they sunk helpless beneath the waters of oblivion he only muttered to himself and added to his store of gold. And then came the end. Of all the yellow metal he had accumulated not one glittering speck could he carry with him when the dread messenger beckoned and he was compelled to follow. After all the years of his striving he came to have only what even the poorest may claim—six feet of earth! What was the use?

His Vacation

"Expect to take a trip this summer?" "Yes; I always fall over the lawn-mower."

The Universal Pest

I gally rise at break of dawn and hasten out to mow the lawn. I look to see the glistening dew upon the green grass misnamed "blue," but all I see on every hand, and springing up to beat the band upon that

little lawn of mine, is that dodgasted dandelion.

I don my gloves and rubber boots and pluck the pest up by the roots. I utter words emphatic, mean, and fill the holes with gasoline. I fling the weeds out in the street and stamp upon them with both feet. "They're gone!" I shriek. But woe is mine—next morn I see more dandelion.

I lay the mower in the shade and seize the trusty spade. I dig down 'neath the burdened sod a distance that seems just a rod, and drag the roots out one by one and lay them 'neath the blazing sun. "At last," I cry, "no more shall shine upon my lawn the dandelion!"

Next morn the same old yellow hue is first to meet my jaundiced view. The yellow blossoms blaze away and nod their heads and seem to say: "Good morning, Bill! Now grab your spud and shed again our yellow blood." But spite of all this toll of mine the sole results—more dandelion.

Somewhere there must exist a place where that pest can not claim a home. And if such place perchance to be describe the route there unto me. I yearn to pass this life of mine sans sight or smell of dandelion.

Puzzled

It was in the year 3009 that the grayhaired scientist who was digging amidst the ruins of a long forgotten city found a papyrus.

Long he puzzled over the strange characters until at last he found a key.

"Ah, I can read it!" he exclaimed. "But, alas, I can gather no meaning from the words."

And no wonder. He had struck a 1909 base ball reporter's account of a red-hot game.

Aristocratic

"There goes a young man who has the entree to our best homes."

"Does he come of a good family?"

"I don't know about that."

"Then why is he welcomed in your best homes?"

"I didn't say he was welcomed; I said he had the entree. He reads the gas meters."

The Argument

"As Shakespeare says, 'What's in a name?'"

"But it wasn't Shakespeare who said it; it was Bacon."

Owing to the fact that we were due at the office and had a day's work ahead of us we were unable to spare the time necessary to hear the discussion.

Information Wanted

"That is a fine automobile you have; pretty speedy. How fast were you coming down the street when you passed me?"

"Before I answer, sir, tell me; are you thinking of buying a machine like mine, or are you an officer looking out for 'scorchers?'"

Human Nature

"Good morning, Theodore! Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Delightful! Get your gun and let's go out and kill something."

Mixed

"I see that the supreme court has decided that the commodity clause of the Hepburn rate law is constitutional, and that a railroad company

is therefore not allowed to own a coal mine."

"That is correct. We are now prepared to put an end to the coal trust."

"And I also see that the court has also decided, in the same case, that while a railroad company may not own a coal mine it may own stock in a coal mining company."

"Yes, it would be unfair, as well as a tax on enterprise, to prevent railroads from investing their surplus."

"Therefore the railroad company that can not own a coal mine may own the stock of a coal mining company, increase or decrease the output, fix the price, close or open the mine, or do anything else it pleases."

"Sure, but of course the court would not go the length of preventing the development of our natural resources."

"Certainly not, but what I want to know is, how can a railroad company that owns the stock of a coal mining company keep from being the owner of the coal mine that is owned by the stock company owning the coal mine?"

"O, I have no patience with men like you! You are one of those anarchistic trades unionists, or else a man who would hamper enterprise of all kinds."

Perhaps you can answer the question: When is the owner of a coal mine not the owner of the coal mine he owns?

Yet they blame us for not understanding the law as interpreted by the courts.

Brain Leaks

How easy the other fellow's work always looks!

A man's best income is not always measurable by figures.

The man who knows himself has a large stock of knowledge.

Some men's idea of "sport" is to go out and kill something.

The man with "push" is usually a long ways ahead of the man with a "pull."

The man who does not love children and dogs is not worthy of the love of his fellows.

We have often wished that some ministers could sit in the pew and hear themselves preach.

People who expect to win heaven by proxy are going to meet with a warm disappointment.

The true fisherman cares very little about the fish, just so the conditions are right for fishing.

Coin minted from the tears of widows and orphans will never purchase a ticket to heaven.

Honestly now, wasn't your first ambition to be the player of the "tenor drum" in the village band?

Men who quit trying to do good because they meet with rebuffs are not the men who accomplish things.

Life is full of ups and downs, but the more you look up when you are down the less you'll find a need for it.

When a woman burns her hand she says "O, dear!" and then forgets it until her husband comes home and she can show the blister. When a man burns his hand the whole neighborhood knows it.

A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

Just before Artemus Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine and offered it to the sick man, who said: "My dear Tom, I won't take any more of that horrible stuff."

Robertson urged him to swallow the mixture, saying: "Do, now—there's a dear fellow—for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward feebly, grasping his friend's hand for the last time.

"I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it!"

Ward passed away a few hours

afterward. — Recollections of the Bancrofts.

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