AUGUST 27, 1909

The Commoner.



The Banquet Bore

- I have heard in song and story of the man behind the gun,
- and the pen. I have read of hero medals on the
- field of battle won,
- And of honors won by writing deeds of men.
- But I come to sing the praises of the man who makes a hit
- With the people who attend the banquet spread-
- Of the witty, clever talker who well knows just when to quit, And who quits before his auditors are dead.
- I have heard of martial heroes in their panoplied array,
 - And I love to hear their praises sweetly sung:
- But I'd rather hail the hero of the gustatory fray
- Who can realize just when to stop his tongue.
- It is easy to go whooping up the bullet-ridden slope
- With your comrades all a-whooping by your side-
- But it's hard to stop the speaker who is full of lingual dope
- And keeps pouring out his talk in endless tide.
- We have had the nervous fidgets on occasions quite a score
- When the endless talker overworked his jaws;
- while some double-winded bore of halt or pause.
- marching out in solid squads
- To escape the turgid flow of "eloquence;"
- But we've always had to suffer from the bore's 'inguistic wads

That were merely endless words sans rhyme or sense.

Here's a health to banquet speakers

thought myself wise to all their curves. But a few months ago I had some business in Sioux City, and in Of the man behind the plowshare that Iowa burg I fell for the bunco game. After concluding my business I went to the depot to catch my train and a few minutes before train time a bright-looking young man rushed up and said:

"'How are you judge! Going back to St. Joe?

"I told him I was.

"'I represent Wheeler & Motter down there,' said the young man, and I want to borrow your ticket a few minutes.

"I asked him what he wanted it for and he told me.

for me and is trying to hold me up hoping, Brother Print. for a lot of excess baggage that I shouldn't have to pay. It's a skin game and I think he is trying to work a hold-out. But anyhow I'd just like to have the ticket for a minute or two.'

"As he was a man from home I so I handed over my ticket.

"'I'll hand it back before your young fellow, and off he went to check his baggage.

waited, but he "I waited and didn't come back. My train was hear him expound his position. about ready to go, and still no traveling representative of Wheeler & pavillion to hear him. Motter. I tried to get past the gates, Talked and talked without a sign of an annual I carried over a certain his bosom and cleared his throat. western railroad, being its attorney I ever did catch. I never caught problem. that young man, nor did I ever catch

and for the pies like mother used to make. Your article took me back in fancy to the time when I told mother good-bye and set out to make my fortune-which I have yet to make. I was a boy again while I read of the good time you had that one day, and I envied you. Wishing you many more days of that sort, and hoping you will drop in and see an old 'print' if you are ever down this way, I remain with regards, yours very truly,

"EARLE W. HODGES."

A card enclosed with this letterthe card bearing the little old "joker" that we union printers love so well-announces that the writer thereof is a candidate for the democratic nomination to a certain state office in Arkansas. We are not acquainted with the political situation in Arkansas, but up here in Nebraska there is one man who has a favorite candidate for the office which the writer of the above letter aspires to. You have one guess.

Correct-the writer of that cheer-"The baggageman here has it in ful and complimentary letter. Here's

Dodging

The United States senator was met at the train by a delegation, ready to escort him to the Chautauqua grounds. He was once more at his thought I'd help him out this once, home, and the people wanted to hear him talk.

For weeks they had been watching train is ready to start,' said the the tariff debate, and trying at the same time to locate with exactness their senator's position,

Naturally they were expecting to

Thousands gathered in the great

Slowly and with befitting dignity but the gentleman wouldn't permit the senator arose, buttoned his We have sat and dumbly suffered it until I showed him a ticket-and Prince Albert coat with impressive I had no ticket. Finally I thought slowness, thrust his right hand into

Breathless, the great audience We have seen the weary feasters here, and I got past the gate by waited for the words of wisdom conshowing it. I caught my train just cerning the one great question that as it was pulling out, but that is all had to do with the bread and butter

Then the senator proceeded to any trace of the ticket. It was use- speak for two or three hours upon less to try and get the ticket, of the undesirability of government

course, for there was no way of trac-ing it, and so I had to charge it up to profit and loss. But I can no longer say that I have never been the election of United States sena-longer say that I have never been the election of the neonle longer say that I have never been tors by direct vote of the people. the victim of the bunco man."



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who are wise on when to cease, And who quit when they have

nothing more to say; But the weary, dreary spouter-may he know no rest or peace Till he comes to face the final

judgment day.

Then may he get nought but justice -and this sentence I'd impose On the endless banquet talker's

bullethead:

"Through the ages you must listen to your drivel as it flows

From the redhot phonographs around you spread."

"Easy Marks"

After traveling around quite a bit in this Valc of Tears-as the pessimists call it-the Architect has reached this conclusion on one question: If he wanted to sell gold bricks he wouldn't tackle the Amerto some metropolitan city and select these city folk are is illustrated by

Culver, of St. Joseph, Mo. of course, be true.

all that sort of thing," remarked the busy I wish for the ol' swimmin' judge to a bevy of friends, "and I hole and the scenes of my childhood,

And when fiey can land such clever ones as Judge Culver, what's the use of wandering over the coun-

big towns if he went out looking for a gold brick market.

A Friendly Letter

This department makes no apology for printing the following letter, which is dated at Little Rock, Arkansas, and addressed to "The Man With the Happy Habit," care The to get a drink of booze?" Commoner:

"Will you allow an Arkansan to intrude just a moment? I want to tell you how I enjoyed your article on going back to your boyhood home. It really was the best ever. I once get a meal. ican farmer, but would hie himself had a home of that sort, and like several other great men, I was once his victims from among the wise a boy, having been born in a little guys of the city. Just how easy log cabin. That's about the only way I resemble great people. Am a little story-and a true one-about not so old, either, but I have been the Architect's friend, Judge R. E. away from home a long time, having had to dig for myself since I was Judge Culver is one of the big sixteen years old. Have a little home lawyers of Missouri, the attorney for of my own, a good wife and a fine speaker of the occasion, "with your several big corporations, including a boy. I prize these three, and they railroad or two, and a man who has are the only things I have which I traveled extensively. As Judge Cul- would not part with-except my repver tells the story himself it must, utation. I have been mixed up in the rear. I move to amend by strikpolitics a little for several years, and ing off the first three letters of the

"I've read of bunco steerers and at times when I was worried and word 'discuss!' "

Strange Fact

Colonel Samuel Stone, a prominent try roads to find 'em? The Archi- business man of St. Joseph, told the tect would take his chances in the Architect a little story the other day, and the story is worth repeating because it contains food for thought.

"I was stopped on the street the other day," remarked Colonel Stone, "by a woebegone individual who asked for ... dime to get something to eat.

"'Why don't you tell the truth? I asked. "Why not say you want

"'I'm telling you the truth,' declared the hobo. 'I don't have to ask for money to get booze. A fellow can always get a slug of whisky, but it's mighty hard sometimes to

"Do you know," concluded Colonel Stone, "I've thought about that a whole lot-easy to get the stuff that hurts a man, and hard to get the grub that makes a man."

Amended

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the permission I shall now proceed to discuss the tariff."

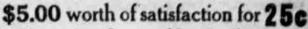
"Hi, there!" shouted a victim in

The amendment carried with a whoop.

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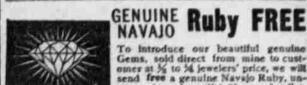
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