



My Two

Little Miss Margaret Bumpety-bump,
Whose tears are soon chased by
her laughter;
And Young Master Dickeywick
Thumpety-thump,
Who always comes tumbling down
after.
Two little tykes who are ever at
play
Till the clear stars begin shining,
Then, snuggled in bed at the close
of the day,
Baby arms lovingly twining.

Hither and yon through the day's
speeding hours,
Heedless of wind or of weather;
Building in sandpile or plucking the
flowers,
Ever and always together.
Shadows of eventide gathering 'round
Find the two ready to greet me;
Happy my heart when I hear the
sweet sound—
Little feet running to meet me.

Little Miss Margaret Bumpety-bump
Perches upon her Dad's shoulder.
Young Master Dickeywick Thumpety-
thump—
Being a boy and much bolder—
Clings to Dad's back as they enter
the door
Ready for mamma's sweet greet-
ing.
Then for a romp on the sitting room
floor
For minutes forever too fleeting.

Bedtime at last, and each nodding
head
Tells that the sandman is trusty;
Then off to the folds of the dainty
white bed
Are carried the youngsters so
lusty.
Sleep, babies; sleep! And through
the long night
May angels of God without
number
Guard thee and keep thee till dawn's
rosy light
In joys of a dreamless child-
slumber.

One Advantage

"What's this?" growled Slimpkins, pere, as he entered the front room very suddenly and discovered the gas turned down very low.
"What's this?"
And Slimpkins, pere, spoke in a tone of voice that implied the necessity of a sudden explanation.
"Why, you see, Col. Slimpkins, I—er, that is—I am—"
"O, let me explain, papa!" exclaimed Miss Gwendoline Genivene Slimpkins, rushing to the relief of Mr. Harold Vere de Vere Brown, who was plainly much embarrassed.
"Well, an explanation is what I want, and want suddenly," growled Slimpkins, pere.
"Well, you see, papa; Mr. Brown and I have been studying the Aldrich tariff law, and we have figured out that the change in the coal schedule means an advance in the price of coal. And knowing that coal is used to make gas we figured out that of course the gas company would seek to shoulder off upon the consumer the increased cost of coal. With this knowledge we decided, after full discussion, that the best method of checkmating the soulless gas corporation was to reduce the gas bill to a minimum, therefore we turned down the gas as low as possible. Don't

you think, papa dear, that we were very thoughtful?"

"Well, I—that looks—O, thunder!"

And with this exclamation Slimpkins, pere, backed out of the dimly lighted front room.

However, after faithfully chronicling this incident let us digress to the extent of explaining that this is about the only way to beat the Payne-Aldrich tariff game.

Did You Ever Notice It?

When the 2:24 trotting race was called the people in the grand stand sat up and took notice. It was the big event of the day, and there were nine entries. One by one eight fine looking steppers ambled out upon the track. Where was the ninth? Ah, there it comes. And when the ninth showed up there was a huge laugh, followed by knowing winks and nods, for the ninth entry was a flea-bitten gray, bony almost to the point of calling for the services of the Humane Society. The right fore-foot was swathed in red flannel bandages, the off hindfoot was out of plumb, and the horse limped painfully, while the ramshackle sulky of old fashioned make creaked dismally behind it.

Same old gag!
Everybody knew what would happen.

After scoring several times the starter tapped the bell and the race was on. The flea-bitten gray got a bad start, but of course that was part of the game. Away went the trotters, bunched at the first turn with the exception of the lonesome gray, which trailed behind.

It was a pretty race, but already interest was lost, for the old gag was on again, and the result was already known by three-fourths of the spectators.

Only it wasn't.
The flea-bitten gray was distanced the first heat.

It doesn't always happen the way you have read about it in the story books.

Disgusted

"I never saw a man so thoroughly disgusted with himself as Smithkins was this morning."

"Tell the rest."

"He tried to get a telephone connection this morning, and when he failed he said a string of harsh words into the receiver."

"Did central call him down?"

"No. After he had talked a lot of smoky words somebody told him he was using an automatic phone."

Polar Note

"What's the charge?" asked his honor.

"I am a victim of a dash for the pole," remarked the prisoner as he fondled a bruised optic and moistened a badly lacerated lip with a swollen tongue.

"Explain yourself."

"Well, your honor, the pole was bigger than I thought he was, and he knocked me out the first round."

Where the Club is Needed

Several times a day we meet up with men who proceed along lines that make us silently wish for a club. For instance:

There is the man who starts off by saying, "I heard a good one the other day. It may be a chestnut, but

it will bear repeating"—and then repeats it.

And there is the man who holds your attention an hour while he tells you of something exceptionally short that he accomplished in a couple of minutes.

And there is the man who persists in telling you how much better he could manage your business than you manage it yourself.

And there is the man on the street car who overlooks the fact that you are reading the evening paper and persists in your listening to him while he reads you something from the same issue.

And there is the man who manufactures his own statistics when he argues with you.

The more we ponder on these things the more we wonder when the foolkiller is going to return from his long vacation.

Personal Views

"Life is full of ups and downs," says the elevator conductor.

"Life is a cell," sighs the long term prisoner.

"Business is picking up," says the printer.

"Appearances are deceitful," admits the ladies' tailor.

"I have a preference for the short metre hymns," admits the gas man.

"Our policy is to take things lightly," says the coal man, and the ice man nods assent.

"Business is fare," says the conductor.

"The man who succeeds must take interest in life," says the money lender.

"Business is pushing," says the banana pedler.

"There is always room at the bottom," says the well digger.

"The tail goes with the soup," says the butcher.

"I believe in the higher education," says the aviator.

"As the twig is used the youth is inclined," says the school teacher.

"Smoke up" is my motto," says the cigarmaker.

"It takes sand to succeed in my business nowadays," says the grocer.

"I believe in forgetting the passing guessed," says the weather prognosticator.

Brain Leaks

Personal liberty is not individual license.

Politics ought to make more familiar cellmates.

A lot of people tire themselves out looking for havens of rest.

The trouble with most of us is too little initiative and too much referendum.

A lot of men are deceived by believing their wives swallow everything they are told.

Last year the women looked like hour glasses; this year they look like thermometers.

By the way, has the discoverer of the north pole put any food in the mouths of the hungry?

A "popular song" is not so much evidence of merit as it is an indictment of the public's musical taste.

It is hard to interest us in polar expeditions and aviating when the home team strikes a winning streak.

There are two kinds of charity—the charity that helps men and the charity that helps men to help themselves.

If we know it we never try to do business with a man whose children creep silently around the house when he is at home.

Of course some fellow had to find the north pole just about the time we began wondering how we were going to keep the house warm.

Men who tell us that the tariff was revised in the interest of the consumers merely try to tax our intelligence along with everything else.

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