



That Polar Controversy

I yearn to rest my weary soul,
For it is weary of the pole.
My every nerve is set on edge
By talk of polar dog and sledge.
I'm filled with bitter grief and woe
With all this talk of ice and snow;
I'm tired of Peary and of Cook—
Please get the hook! Please get the hook!

I scan the morning paper's page
And I am filled with bitter rage,
For every place I chance to look
It's either Peary or Doc Cook.
It's Cook says this or Peary that,
And each keeps talking through his hat.

Each says the other has no facts—
Please get the ax! Please get the ax!

From home to work is very far
So I chase for a trolley car,
And just as one heaves into sight
Some addlepat, grinning wight
Will stop me long enough to say,
"Have you read Peary's dope today?"
Then far from sight my car has run—
Please get a gun! Please get a gun!

I start upon my daily task
And then some dub butts in to ask
Which one I think was first to stroll
Across that dabbinged northern pole.
And then my figures are askew
So I must stop and start anew.
They bore me till I'm fairly sick—
Please get a brick! Please get a brick!

Then home at eve I quickly go
With hopes that there I'll have a show
To get away from polar dope,
And find, alas, a shattered hope.
For as I ope the door I see
The kids and a geography.
And then I see my finish quick—
Please grab a pick! Please grab a pick!

At last, when I am nearly dead,
I strip and tumble into bed,
And think I'll lose my woes in sleep;
But soon the dreams begin to creep,
And I am first with Peary's ship
Then o'er the ice with Cook I'll slip,
Until I wake in chilling fright
And lay awake the livelong night.

The Viewpoint

"We own this corporation and we'll run it as we please," declared the traction magnate.

"And the public has nothing to say about how you should run it?" we asked.

"Nothing at all, sir. We own it, and we run it as we please."

"But," we queried, "supposing that your way of running it incenses the people?"

"Then we will demand the militia to protect our property."

Remembering that this has usually been the rule we could say nothing at all.

But, after all, we couldn't help thinking that if it was none of the public's business how the business was conducted it was not for the public to pay the expense of protecting something in which it had no concern.

The Proper Party

A well known minister in Lincoln, who is a fraternal delegate from the Ministerial Union to the Central Labor Union, dropped into a barber shop the other day. The chairs were full so he sat on the bench and

waited his turn. In a chair was a union man who had not seen the minister come in. Some reference was made to a labor difficulty in a neighboring city and the union man proceeded to express his opinion of a "scab" in language more forcible than polite. When he got out of the chair he saw the minister and exclaimed:

"Good morning, Dr. B—. I didn't know you were in here or I wouldn't have used quite such emphatic language. I beg your pardon."

"O, that's all right so far as I'm concerned," said the minister. "But you really ought to be asking pardon from one higher than I."

Satisfied

Mr. Harriman accumulated millions of dollars, but he had a weak digestion.

We have acquired a good digestion, but we never had a million dollars.

Mr. Harriman no longer has his millions.

We still retain our good digestion. On the whole, we are pretty well satisfied.

Safety Note

"Have you," queried the nervous guest who had just registered, "an adequate system of fire escapes in this hotel?"

"Have we!" shouted the jolly landlord. "I should say we have. Got a Bible in each room, two preachers who are regular boarders, and a sexton who lives just across the street. Fire escapes! I guess yes."

Tariff Item

The best way to answer the supporters of the Payne-Aldrich tariff is to carry around a few receipted bills for clothing, shoes, hats, groceries, etc.

The politicians may disagree as to the facts of the law, but you'll find quite a unanimity of sentiment among the housewives of the country.

Worried

"I guess John ain't goin' to remain at the university, ma," remarked Farmer Rystraw, looking up from his letter.

"Why, what'n the world can be the matter, pa?"

"He don't give no reason, ma; but he writes that by the time I get this he hopes to be half back."

A Difference

"You remember young Wibbins, the fellow who was such a crank on temperance at our college?"

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, I never saw such a booze-fighter in my life now."

"When did he begin drinking?"

"O, he don't drink; he is making temperance speeches three times a day."

They Do Not Speak Now

"My husband writes the most beautiful hand."

"Yes; I have often used his letters instead of a copybook."

One Thing Lacking

"I only lack one thing of making a fortune," said Wimberly.

"What's that?"

"I've got a fine line of advertising matter all written up, but I

haven't got any money to lay in a stock of the goods I want to advertise."

Puzzled

"Our postmaster is in a bad fix."
"What's the matter?"

"There is a letter in the postoffice addressed to 'The Most Popular Man.'"

"Can't he deliver it?"

"Certainly not; the home team is carrying fifteen players, and every one of them is a star."

Tariff Note

Lay away the hose supporter
And the patent garter, too.
They are among the things no longer
Any earthly use to you.

Do not worry more, dear reader;
Drink no more its bitter cup.
Trust the good old Aldrich tariff—
It will keep your stockings up.

Wise to the Fact

"Chickens always come home to roost," we remarked to the old colored gentleman who does odd chores for us.

"Dey sho' does, boss; an' dat's de very reason I allus shuts my chicken house door mighty 'arly in de evenin'."

Our Trouble

The tariff or the frozen pole
Are matters that do not concern us.

The things that harrows up our soul
Is coal to feed that hungry furnace.

Successful

"Did you have a successful foreign tour?"

"O, I should say I did!" gushed the returned traveler. "I got a picture postal card in every place we stopped."

Wise

"I guess our new teacher is wise to her job, all right," remarked Little William.

"What makes you think so?"

"All of us boys that picked out the back seats have been moved to the front seats."

Local Item

"I insist that Cook—?"

"Not on your life; Peary—!"

"Why, Peary is—!"

And Cook—!"
Then they mixed.

Self Defense

"How do you keep people from trying to talk north pole to you?"

"I insist on talking Aldrich-Payne tariff with them."

THE NATIONAL MINIMUM

That is a good term of Sidney Webb's, "The National Minimum," coined for the purpose of conveying the idea that there is a level below which a nation can not afford to allow any of its citizens to sink; that there is a minimum of sanitation, for example, of education, of recreation and of leisure which in the interest of all must be assured to every individual citizen. And it was an interesting program that of the "formulation and enforcement of a national minimum" which Mr. Webb outlined in his presidential address before the Social and Educational League, and which he laid before liberals and conservatives, democrats and aristocrats, trade unionists and capitalists, socialists and individualists as a task upon which, in spite of their differences of opinion, they might all unite.

It is not a new idea, of course, for even in its unfortunate condition the policy of a national mini-

mum has been responsible for compulsory education laws, laws limiting the hours of labor, sanitary codes and other legislation by which men and women are prevented from falling, or, perhaps it would be better to say, from being forced into conditions in which they would be menace to their fellow-beings. But if formulated and frankly recognized and accepted by society the policy would be still more effective in promoting beneficent legislation and would, as Mr. Webb says, "inspire, guide and explain the statesmanship and politics of the twentieth century."—LaFollette's.

A GOOD FISHERMAN

Farmer—"Hi, there! Can't you see that sign, 'No fishing on these grounds?'"

Colored Fisherman—"Co'se I kin see sign. I'se cullid, boss, but I ain't so ignorant as ter fish on no grounds. I'm fishin' in de erick."—Driftwood.

ON THE FENCE

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"

Talesman: "Yes, sir, I am."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last June."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion?"

"Not for three years, your honor."—Success.

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