



"The Old Songs Concert Company"

But one thing stands in the road of achieving that life-long ambition to put on the road a concert company that would render the old songs that are really worth while. I have received enough applications for dates to insure a successful tour, and enough applications from singers who want to sing—although many making application admit that their ability as vocalists is exceeded by their love for the old songs—to fit out a half-dozen companies. The only thing now standing in the way is my failure to enlist what theatrical people call an "angel." An "angel," be it known in this connection, is a man who will furnish the money while the rest of us furnish the experience and the work.

If the man of the hour will now make himself known, holding in his hand a sufficient amount of greenbacks, I'll begin getting my company together for a try-out. Pending the arrival of the man I want to specify a few rules for applicants. I don't want any highfalutin' singers; only those who can be understood when they sing—every word. They must have a whole lot more ability to put their souls into their singing than to put in a lot of trills and warbles and runs and such like. My "Old Songs Concert Co." is not going to run to the trilling business. Vocal gymnastics will be barred, and ground and lofty tumbling of the human pipes will be a sure discharge after the first offense. At least one male member of the company must be able to play the fiddle, and at least one female member of the company must be able to play the organ. No violinists need apply, and there will be no piano accompaniment.

If the "Old Songs Concert Co." does not apply to you for a date in your town pretty soon, you will understand without further explanation that no "angel" have in sight.

"Griggsby's Stat'on"

Recently a correspondent, writing in reference to the death of Will Carleton, spoke of a poem, "Back to Griggsby's Station," as one of Carleton's efforts. In the hurry of the make-up the reference was allowed to get by. Of course the verse in question was written by James Whitcomb Riley, and the Architect of this department knew it full well. But his attention has been called to the oversight by about sixty good friends.

Every Day

He is one of Uncle Sam's dependable mail carriers, and he shows up at my office every morning at 9:35. Ours is a big office building and he has a certain time limit within which to make its rounds. But we have found a common interest, so every day now he works a bit faster before he strikes my floor, and a little faster after he leaves it, thereby seizing about three or four minutes in which we may hold converse.

"We'll have to put it off a bit longer," is his greeting if the weather is cold. And if the sun is shining and there is a "feel" of spring in the air he will say: "Won't be long now!"

Then we fall to informing each other where the best bullhead holes are in Salt creek, and explain various methods of catching the succulent but humble fish. We've planned a dozen bullhead excursions for the summer, and we know just where we are going. He has been experiment-

ing during the winter and says he has worked up a combination of stuff for bait that will lure a bullhead right out of the water and up on the bank. I have my doubts and still pin my paith to the old-fashioned worm of the common or garden variety. There is one particular spot in my back yard that I am confident will yield large returns in the shape of fat worms. We've signed articles for a fishing match to test out bait, and every evening I cast longing eyes at the rods adorning the walls of my "den," my reels are all oiled and re-wound, and the proper amount of patching has been performed upon my outing togs. You ought to see those togs! The coat has lost all semblance of its original color, and its shape is something fierce, due to repeated washings in an ordinary tub. But it has gone with me on fishing trips in a score of different states. I don't feel as if I could catch a fish with any other coat on my back.

But my mail carrier is about due, and I want to tell him of a new bull-head hole I heard of last night. It has come to pass that I no longer wonder what mail he will bring me; I am just wondering what fish talk he will have on tap.

A Peace Tribunal

"Our country has been terribly insulted!" shouted the great investor, "and we must vindicate its honor." "What's the matter now?" queried the Man Who Works.

"Why, our great enterprise in Bulgomania has been confiscated because it is claimed we have debauched the people with gold. This is an attack upon our integrity and an insult to our republic.

"Well, haven't you?" queried the Man Who Works.

"That's not the question!" shouted the investor. "We have been insulted and we must go to war."

"All right, go!" said the Man Who Works, as he quietly picked up the tools of his trade and started for his job.

"That's the right sort of patriotism," exclaimed the investor. "Get your gun ready."

"O, not me!" exclaimed the Man Who Works. "You fellows who make these wars may fight them and pay for them. We fellows who merely work will do neither. Make all the war you want to, but don't call on us for any help. We're done with the war game."

Whereupon the investor and his kind got together, and after thinking it over decided that it was no use.

Brain Leaks

Searching for "soul mates" has often resulted in finding cell mates.

The hog is a filthy animal chiefly because it never has a chance to keep clean.

Our interest in the South Pole is now superceded by interest in the fishpole.

The man who wants an excuse for doing wrong seldom has to search long for it.

Peace is not something to be purchased; it is something to be earned and deserved.

A single standard of morality would help a lot in solving some vexed problems.

Every time my neighbor is seen fixing up something about his premises, my wife uses it as an opportunity to call my attention to some of my shortcomings.

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