

PHILOSOPHY BY THE WAYSIDE

Just for a Little While.

I'd like to be a boy again,
Just for a day or two.
I'd like to roam through the old home
ways,
Just as I used to do.
Over the hills and far away,
Wandering mile on mile,
'Neath a sky as blue as it used to be—
Just for a little while.

I'd like to mingle with chums of old,
Just for a day or two.
Whistling the hours of day away,
Just as I used to do.
Over the fields and through the lane,
Down to the old, worn style,
Hearing the "Whip-poor-Will's" shrill
cry,
Just for a little while.

I'd like to fish in the clear, cold creek,
Just for a day or two.
Watching the cork as it sinks from sight,
Just as I used to do.
Over the bridge and through the woods,
Marching in single file,
Searching with chums for big nut rtees,
Just for a little while.

I'd like to rest 'neath the old home roof,
Just for a day or two.
Dreaming dreams of the days to come,
Just as I used to do.
Over the ashes of yesterdays,
Sitting I dream and smile;
Wishing that time would take me back.
Just for a little while.

—Will M. Maupin.

WHAT THE OFFICE BOY SAYS

I ain't abuv usin' a cuss woid now an' then, but when I hear a man usin' cuss woids most uv de toime I know he ain't got sense enuff t' think up eny new woids.

Sum uv de guys dat do de loudest pray-in' on Sunday do de most preyin' on de other days o' de week.

After all we got t' admit dat we have a seakin' admurashun f'r de real smooth liar.

De blokes w'ot say dat houses o' prostitushun are necessary would raise hell if dey found deir own sisters dere.

Most fellers dat's hollerin' about lack uv opportunity are only advertisin' deir own laziness.

I ain't been woikin' long but long enuff t' understand dat if I don't do no more woik dan I'm paid f'r doin' I ain't likely t' get paid f'r doin' any more woik.

Me steady skoit is gittin' so she advises me t' save me money instead o' blowin' it on her f'r de frozen stuff an'

de pieter shows. I guess dat means me f'r de license clerk or a nunnery.

De real foreman ain't de guy w'ot c'n t' ink up enuff woik t' keep de hands busy while he's struttin' around lookin' wise.

A lot o' people who are puttin' all deir trust in God are goin' t' discover some day dat God expected dem t' do a little on deir own account.

A lot o' people wit' showy fronts are so durned thin dat before you get deir front door half open you are in de back yard.

W'en I see some wimmen trapsyin' along de street I ain't surprised dat deir husbands are hittin' de flowin' bowl purty hard.

De feller dat keeps hustlin' like hell ain't got no time t' worry about other people's business.

Dere is enuff stained glass in de windows o' de choiches t' afford comfort t' an offul lot o' widders an' orfuns dat don't git half enuff t' eat now.

De guy w'ot does de best he kin gits credit f'r doin' all he kin.

Dat haff o' de woild dat don't know how de other haff lives don't give a dam, either. Dat's de trubble.

It don't take God long t' put de reverse English on de prayers o' de rich guy in de pew who made his money woikin' kids an' women f'r starvation woiges.

TRY AGAIN.

What if you have sadly fallen
From the water wagon's seat,
And have landed damp and muddy
In the middle of the street?
Rise and chase it down, my brother;
On the front seat quickly crawl,
Better try and fall, my brother,
Than to never try at all.

WAITING.

"I thought you had a scheme for making a lot of money."

"I have, and it's a cinch, I'm just waiting."

"For what?"

"O, I'm just waiting until I can find a community with enough suckers to pay me a bonus for going into a profitable business."

MISTAKEN.

"That was a grave error that Bingly made?"

"Tell me about it."

"He went into office and expected to

do things in such a way that he would be forced into the limelight, instead of doing it he had to ask for a coat of white-wash."

CAUTIOUS.

"Marry me," cried the millionaire, "and I will treat you like a queen!"

"That is not enough," replied the cautious damsel. "I must be assured that you will treat me like a chorus girl."

TOM GATELY, HERO

"Don't waste any time on me; I'm all in. Help the women."

Cooked by escaping steam until his flesh fell from his bones, thus spake, Tom Gately, one of the victims of the Indianola wreck last Tuesday.

Smiling through his horrible pain, although the smile cracked the blistered flesh on his face, Gately said: "Every little bit helps," as a friend laid a cold cloth upon his cooked forehead.

"I'm all in—help the women!"

Tom Gately was a wrestler by profession. But he was more than that—he was a man, every inch of him. And when he refused the help that he knew would avail him nothing, telling those who would succor him to give their attention to the women, he proved himself a hero. We admit scant knowledge of theology or of the scheme of human redemption, but we do believe that no matter what kind of a life Tom Gately lived—and so far as we know it was a clean life—the manner of his dying made sure his eternal reward.

"I'm all in—help the women!"

Scalded to the point of death, his cooked flesh falling from his very bones, this man of iron nerve and big heart preferred to suffer alone in order that others might be benefitted. We will continue to build towering monuments to statesmen and soldiers, but the chances are that one of the humble heroes, as great as any of them, will rest in a grave unmarked save by a lowly stone. Yet the modest slab of granite that marks the last resting place of Tom Gately will mark the grave of one of the world's heroes.

"Don't waste time on me; I'm all in. Help the women!"

Finer words were never uttered by human tongue. Had we known Tom Gately in life it would have been our pleasure through all the coming days, for to know a hero like him is seldom given to man. God rest his heroic soul!

Always sorry to see Herr Unglaub out of the line up, but every time he is we go out behind the chicken coop and hug ourselves at the thought that we have Guiseppe Dundon to understudy him. Guiseppe is some understudy, if anybody interrogates you on that point.

We dare Frank Isbell to pull off a deal whereby he will become owner of the Des Moines franchise.