

DISSERTATION ON THE SHIRT

Writer Uncorks Vials of Wrath in a Few Indictments of Uncomfortable Modern Garment.

The onward march of civilization has its obstacles.

Shirts being made for man and not man for shirts, every time a man gets a new shirt or one comes back from the laundry the moral uplift needs the application of the safety brake and the emergency clutch to keep us from dropping into the cellar again.

Shirts are made of various kinds of materials. After the sewing is finished they are left for a few hours in a strong mixture of glue and concrete. This fastens the back to the bosom and sticks the sleeves together. Buttonholes are then made in the neckband, and the band is then steeped in cement so that the buttonholes cannot be opened. The bosom is then adorned with buttons. These buttons are sewed on with one weak thread, so that when you try to button the shirt, after having pried it apart with a paper knife and strong language, the buttons will fly away merrily.

Shirts that are laundered are always sent back with the lower button buttoned in, and all the button holes glued tight.

Dress shirts are made with veined bosoms, with little round holes where the studs are only supposed to be placed. These bosoms are absolutely inflexible, and the studs cannot be inserted without the aid of a sledge hammer, which is damaging to the position.

The man who will invent a buttonless shirt, which cannot be starched in the neckband, will earn a monument which will be illuminated at night.—Chicago Evening Post.

Many Changes.

"Yes, sir," said the oldest inhabitant, "I've lived right here in Squashville ninety-three years. Born here, yes, sir. Been a lot of changes in my time, I tell ye. Why, I can remember when it was country where Hobson's grocery stands now, and back of the harness shop where it's all built up now I've picked cherries many and many a time. See the Methodist meetin' house up yonder? I can remember when there was a big maple tree right in the middle of the spot where the bulldin' stands. Yes, there's been a lot of changes—yes-sir-ree. Squashville wa'n't but a little bit of a town when I was a boy."

Promised Not to Respank His Wife.

William Novalous of Ashley, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., pleaded guilty to spanking his wife because she was extravagant, and Alderman Ricketts of this city, who heard his story, discharged him.

He had been arrested by his wife and was not backward about admitting that he had beaten her. "I give her a sum of money each month to run the house," he explained, "and when I found that she had spent considerable of this money for other things I was angry and took my razor strop and spanked her."

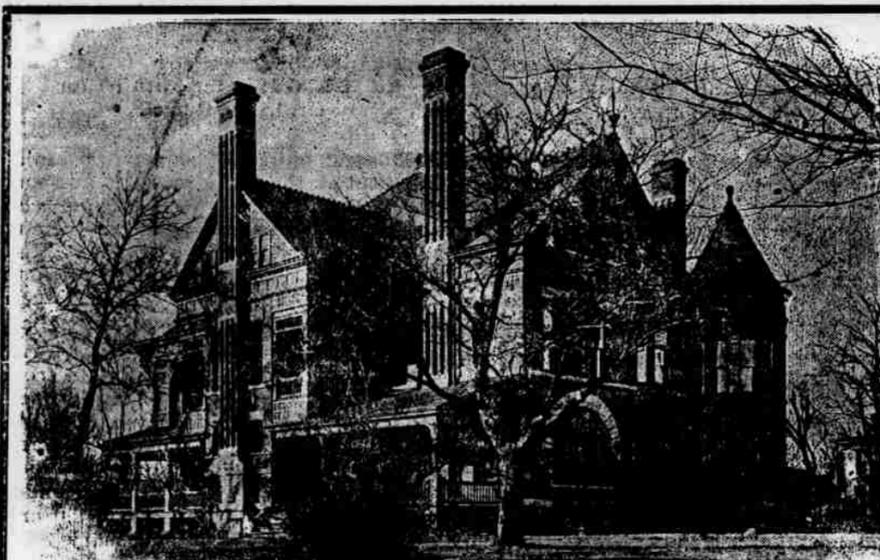
As he promised not to take such extreme measures next time, and as Mrs. Novalous appeared none the worse to the spanking, Alderman Ricketts discharged him.

It Needed a Diagram.

Dealer—Yes, quite good, only I can't quite see what it's all about.

Artist—Why, it's clear as mud. The farmyard at sunrise.

Dealer—Of course, of course. But, say, would you have any objection to making an affidavit to go with it?



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SNAPS FOR ALLIGATORS

Goose Raiser Finally Found Out Just Why His Flock Did Not Increase.

The oldest of us can remember being told that "Little Bopeep lost his sheep," but as they came home at last, Bopeep was not so badly off as was Bob Vorus, who six years ago started a goose farm on his mill pond, near Lumpkin, Georgia.

He knew the value of feathers, and thought the people would appreciate the opportunity of obtaining them near home for making pillows and beds.

His big mill pond was such a fine place for them to swim and live and raise their young in. So he got five hundred pairs of geese and put them on his pond.

Their nests were built in the rushes along its banks and their melodious voices reverberated from end to end of the pond. But they did not increase, according to Bob's notion; their numbers were diminishing perceptibly.

A dead one could be seen occasionally drifting along the edge of the bordering rushes. At first Bob thought it might be minks, otters, skunks, foxes, or what not that were destroying them, but soon found out that it was alligators for he actually saw one of the ugly reptiles catch a goose and pull it under water. Partly eaten geese would sometimes be found.

WHAT HE HAD IN THE CHEST

All Was Made Clear When the Man Carrying It Got Off the Train.

Man in an elevated car with a small chest about twice as big as the box in which a carpenter carries a selected lot of tools around with him on his shoulder. A row of augur holes bored in the end of his chest and a handle on top by which to carry it.

There were only three or four people in the car and this man with the chest sat away down at one end, and with that chest on the floor in front he would about once in so often raise its lid just a little, but you couldn't see in.

In due course of time the train arrived at the station where the man was to get off, and then he hooked the lid of that chest down and took it by the handle and walked out in the most matter of fact manner possible, but when he had got about ten feet away from the foot of the steps he set the chest down and unhooked the hooks and threw back the lid and out hopped two small, white, shaggy, odd-looking but intelligent dogs. They wagged their tails with evident pleasure at getting their feet on the ground once more and out in the open air.

The man hooked the lid of the chest down again and picked it up by its handle and then with the two dogs trotting beside him, each on a leash held in the other hand, he started out for where he was going.

Able Is Ambitious.

In one of the Philadelphia settlements the chief worker was telling the urchins of the right of every American youngster to aspire to the presidency of the United States. Little Able Eickstein didn't take kindly to the suggestion.

"Why, Able, you are not a bit ambitious," said the worker.

"Oh, yes, teacher, but not to be president," the lad replied. "I'd just like to be secretary of the navy so that I could ride in the boats whenever I wanted to."