

UNCLE BILL

AND

The Editor



The Hobo Chant.

"Who wouldn't be a hobo,
All free from care and
worry?
Who would be a hobo,
That's never in a hurry?
Who wouldn't be a hobo?"

Who wouldn't be a hobo,
Always humming chuck?
Who wouldn't be a hobo,
A trustin' all ter luck?
Who wouldn't be a hobo?"

Who wouldn't be a hobo?
He's the cipher uv the earth.
Who wouldn't be a hobo,
Either sad, or full uv mirth?
Who wouldn't be a hobo?"

Who wouldn't be a hobo,
With a rummy lookin' nose
Who wouldn't be a hobo,
That's known as dusty clothes?
Who wouldn't be a hobo?"

"That's the chant the hobos had down on the bank uv the river the other afternoon," said Uncle Bill. "Shake Rag will be noted hereafter as a convention village, as we were honored by the Light Prestige brigade who had their campfire built on 'was proceedin' ter draft a set uv resolutions, jest as I dropped down on 'em."

"Did they recognize you as one of their fraternity?" asked the editor. "Yes, they accepted me as one uv 'em, 'fore I could explain, so I thought I'd carry out the joke on myself an' see what was goin' on," continued Uncle Bill. "Then they said 'interduce yourself, brother.' I told 'em I was known as Shaggs, out in the Klondike, where gold was plenty, an' say' every hobo took off his hat ter me an' ba'de me welcome."

"How many were there?" asked the editor.

"Six besides myself," replied Uncle Bill. "There was 'Dusty Jim,' got his name 'cause he could kick up more dust along the highway than any man what ever come over the griddle. He used ter own a cattle ranch out in Kansas, but the beef trust give him the wrong steer an' put him on the 'hog."

"Tinker Peter used ter own a jewelry store in Elgin, Ill., an' some feller run away with his wife an' then Pete ran away with himself an' never was head- ed off until he fetched up in the garb uv a tramp. He gits lots uv fixen watches an' clocks ter do, an' as soon as he gits a little cash on hand he goes ter a saloon an' starts in ter fix his troubles."

"Grubby Chuckles has a father back East somewhere who's rich, but he don't know 'Grubby' any more, 'cause he's goin' ter give him a lesson with experience as a teacher. The last letter he wrote ter 'Grubby' he told him that the only thing he ever need look for from him agin was advice."

"Then there was 'Wearry Camp.' He always had that tired feelin' an' it was an awful job for him ter carry it 'round with him, but he said he never could unload it."

"Trucky Rider got his name from jumpin' under the cars onto a truck an' passin' himself 'round the different parts uv the country."

"Pica Rule kept the gang with the news, as he would bum exchanges from the printing offices. I see that they was a jovial set uv leavers, an' as they had nothin' in sight ter eat, I told 'em that I would appoint myself a committee ter prepare the banquet feast. So I started an' went over home an' got a basketful uv grub, which consisted uv coffee, bread an' butter, eggs, doughnuts an' sich like an' say yer ought ter uv seen 'em look with wonder at the lay-out I brought them. The tomato cans begun ter rattle an' every one was makin' his coffee. They wanted ter know how I got it an' I told 'em that I had been a 'grub' gitter all my life, an' always expected ter be. Sometimes yer see a feller can tell the truth without lyin'."

"Yes, truth is stranger than tramps at times," remarked the editor. "What did their resolutions contain?" "Well, after they got through eatin' they commenced on resolutions, an' they drafted a set as would make a congressman quit his job. 'Pica Rule' bein' the best scholar among 'em, set ter work ter put them into a legible form an' here they are," said Uncle Bill, as he handed a parchment roll to the editor with the remark, "tain't very good writin'."

The editor took the manuscript, eyed it curiously for a moment, then proceeded to open it, and as he did so he exclaimed, "Whereas?"

"Yes, that's the start uv it," assented Uncle Bill, and as the editor hesitated, said, "Let me take it. I can read it. The editor passed it back to Uncle Bill, who commenced with:

"Whereas, the Royal Hobos of America are now choosin' delegates for King Edward's coronation, an'

"Whereas, King Edward is the royalistest hobo what ever lived—he never worked, an' never will, therefore he is 'Resolved, That we in national assemblage shall choose one uv our most royal hobos to represent us at his coronation; an' further be it

"Resolved, That the delegate so chosen must have a royal record, i. e.: never has worked an' never will, so as ter be on an equal footing with his highness, an' his family uv medicants, now feedin' off uv the fat uv the land, who never worked an' never will. An' be it

"Resolved, That we petition congress to appropriate a sum sufficient for the royal maintenance uv the hobos, who so loyally, without visible means uv support, sustain royalty in this country, as we never worked an' never will. An' be it further

"Resolved, That if in a weak moment any uv us have ever stooped to work that our delegate shall at the coronation ask King Edward's pardon for stoopin' to such a mean, so uncavalier a step.

"Resolved, That at our national as-

sembly we shall choose from our royal assemblage a king uv hobos who shall preside over our royal family uv hobos, an' do the principal part uv the gamblin', as we are too busy bummin' chuck ter waste our precious moments in such idle nonsense.

"Resolved, That President Roosevelt is too strenuous entertainin' foreign royalty, when he so sadly neglects his royal hobos at home

"Resolved, That we sing the Hobo Chant an' adjourn for the purpose uv huntin' our royal budworts."

"Then they sun another verse uv the chant," said Uncle Bill, "which I jotted down, an' it runs like this:

"Who wouldn't be a hobo,
Lookin' for a quiet still?
Who wouldn't be a hobo—
Never work, an' never will?
Who wouldn't be a hobo?"

"After singin' that verse they tendered 'Shaggs' a vote uv thanks fur their banquet an' wandered in different directions lookin' fur some royal place ter sleep," remarked Uncle Bill. "This country don't take care uv its royalty like Europe does." And as he started out the familiar refrain, "Who wouldn't," etc., etc., seemed to follow him.

Edgar Baker

FAULTS OF PRONUNCIATION.

Maltreatment of Various Words in the English Language.

London Chronicle: A correspondent points out that our pronunciation (which is too often "pronunciation") has its faults. It is only too true, and "Gibraltar" is a rock on which many split. "Heighth" is a common mistake and a few months ago thousands of people were convinced that they were in "Febuary." Not one man in a hundred calls an isthmus anything but an "ismus." And "aerated." The maltreatment of that word demands a common injury. But there have been heard such common fractures as "aerated" and "aerofated." After that "diphtheria," which merely loses an "h," is a mild case.

Foreigners, however, may be excused, since their mistakes are usually due to a superfluity of conscience. One may sympathize with a Frenchman who puts faith in any rule as to the pronunciation of "ough." The plural of "potato" may have no terrors for him, but set him to pronounce this sentence, invented by Punch: "A rough-coated, dough-faced ploughman strode, coughing and hiccoughing, through the streets of Scarborough." The foreigner who could take that fence would deserve immediate naturalization as he is alighted.

In regard to the popular pronunciation of "Berkshire," "Derby" and "clerk," a correspondent reminds us that the late Professor Freeman discussed the question some twenty years ago in the nineteenth century. Professor Freeman's view was, that it did not matter whether we say "Barkshire" or "Burkshire," since both are equally wrong. He supposed that the original and proper sound of the first syllable was the same as that heard in "berry" or "Berwick," when they are not pronounced, as they are in many provincial districts, "burry" and "Burrick." If you take a Scotsman unawares he will invariably revert to the original and proper "Bairkshire" and "clairk."

FIRE-PROOF RAILWAY CARS.

What Prussian Government Officials Are Seeking to Accomplish.

Harper's Weekly: The managers of American railways might, to their own great advantage as well as that of their patrons, take a leaf out of the book of the government railway control of Prussia. These officials have ordered that experiments should be made looking toward the substitution upon the 20,000 miles of railroads which they operate of noncombustible cars for the more or less inflammable boxes in which the public are now transferred from place to place. The steel trucks are, of course, already comparatively safe from destruction by fire, but the construction of the superstructure of these coaches has always been of such a nature as to be something of a menace to the traveler's safety. The walls and floors and general trim of passenger cars have ordinarily been constructed of wood that are peculiarly inflammable, and the use of oils in their cleansing and decoration has intensified the danger. The Prussian facts, are to be in the direction of making floors and walls of materials chemically treated so as to make them noncombustible, and of the construction of seats stuffed with fire-proof cocoon fiber and having asbestos coverings.

It is an important step in the right direction; and in a country like our own, where there is so much more travel and a correspondingly greater duty for conservin' gthe security of the traveling public over more than 150,000 miles of road-bed, it would seem as if it would be a wise precedent for the railway authorities to follow. As a rule, our railways are exceptionally well managed, and the traveler in the United States gets a vast amount of comfort and convenience at a very slight personal risk, but the further step toward the making of fire-proof coaches would serve to greatly reduce that risk to a minimum which would amount almost to its total extinction.

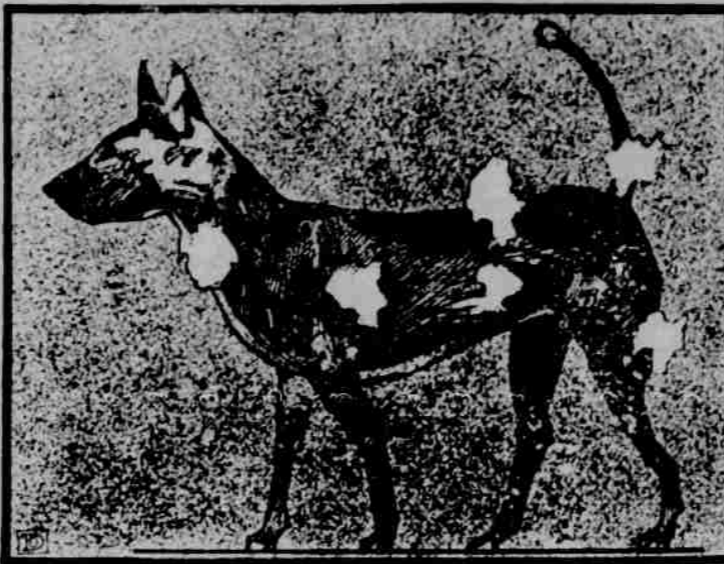
In Vienna every man's home is his dungeon from 10 p. m. to 6 a. m. Vienna is a city of flats, and at 10 p. m. the common entrance door of each block is closed and bolted. Thereafter persons passing in or out must pay a fine of 2d to the concierge until midnight, and 4d for that hour to 6 a. m. To go out to post a letter costs 2d, and the same amount to return. To prolong a visit to a friend after 10 p. m. means 2d to get out of his house and 2d more to enter your own. A natural result of this irritating tax is that of all capital cities Vienna is earliest to bed.

Sermon vs. Millinery.

She—Why, I thought the sermon remarkably short. I'm surprised that you should consider it long.

He—But I wasn't wearing a new bonnet to church for the first time, with the consciousness at all the other women were looking at it.—Philadelphia Press.

ODD TAIL OF EGYPTIAN GREYHOUND.



Striking and remarkable is the drawing of a greyhound that is one of the surprising finds of the last year in Egypt. The astonishing feature of this drawing is the curious knoblike ending of the tail, clearly defined and portrayed, which gives a vivid glimpse of the strange and hitherto unknown type of animal.

This ball-like termination of the tail is a puzzle to scientists, who are unable to account for or to trace its origin.

A noteworthy outcome of this find is the fact that the existence of the pure type of greyhound is pushed back to greater antiquity than was supposed. This illustration of the animal is considered to be the oldest in existence, and was executed some 5,000 years ago.

It was found on an elaborate wall painting on one of the royal tombs near Thebes.

The tomb was that of one of the famous Theban kings, who reigned from 2800 to 3000 B. C. The monarch was a great sportsman and the walls of the spacious interior of his burial chamber were highly ornamented with hunting scenes. The king is depicted several times, along with his favorite greyhounds, on hunting expeditions.

Antelopes seem to have been the most hunted of all wild game at this early period. They are frequently shown being pursued by the greyhounds and hunters with long spears. It is, however, as a wonderful type of that dog and a marked variation of the usual type that is of especial interest to naturalists and fanciers.

CLOCK MADE OF FLOWERS.



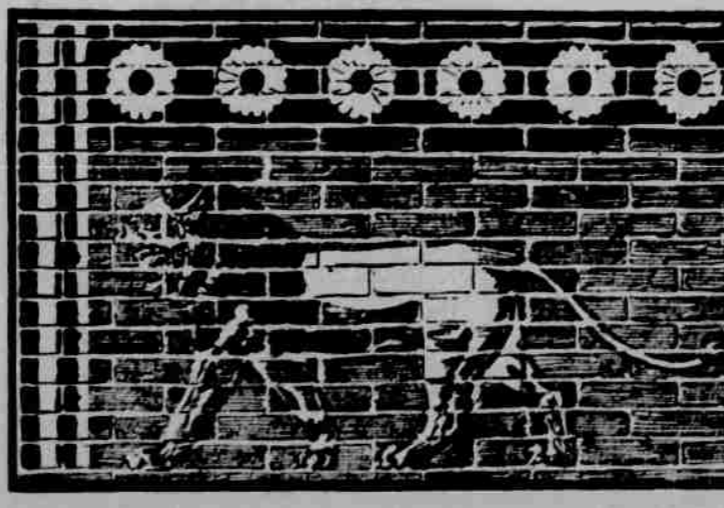
Probably the most elaborate floral piece in the world is the great flower clock in the public park in Detroit. It consists of a great green base, with a huge clock dial, perfect in every detail, some seven feet in diameter. The various dials and the hours are laid out accurately, including the hands.

The floral clock is a permanent emblem throughout the summer months. The thousands of flowers which compose it are all living. They are planted early each spring in the great base of earth. The clock is never taken apart for repairs until the late fall. It takes

four expert gardeners the greater part of a month to construct the great emblem.

The flowers are selected from a great assortment, and more than 5,000 separate plants are required to completely cover the base. These are arranged with greatest care, so that the colors will be in striking contrast. The various parts of the face may be recognized for a considerable distance. Even when the flowers have been carefully planted the clock requires constant care. The plants must be trimmed almost daily to keep the face clear and distinct.

THE LION OF BABYLON.



Of the many treasures discovered in the East by the German expedition, of which Dr. Robert Koldewey is the leader, not one is of more interest than the lion recently unearthed in the palace of King Nebuchadnezzar.

It is fashioned of many-colored glazed tiles, in the form of a mosaic, and is regarded as one of the choicest specimens of that kind of art that has ever been found. Lions of this type used to adorn the outer and inner walls of East-

ern palaces, and were also often placed in front of the outer doors, presumably because their grim aspect enabled them to perform admirably the duty of watchman.

As Nebuchadnezzar resigned during the sixth century before Christ, this novel work of art must be at least 2,400 years old. It was in fragments when the German explorer found it, but all the pieces were recovered, and it was not difficult to place them in their original positions.



A BROKEN PITCHER.

Representative Babcock of Wisconsin shaved off his luxuriant black beard the other morning and the doorkeepers refused to admit him to the floor of the house until he had been identified. Mr. Babcock had not been shaved before in 15 years and as he walked down the aisle toward his seat the members looked searchingly at him, many failing to recognize their colleague because of the absence of his whiskers.

Of the last two hundred grand viziers of the sultan of Turkey not more than 24 have died naturally. One hundred of them were poisoned and 66 of the others were either beheaded or drowned in the Bosphorus. Of the remaining 40 the cause of death cannot be traced. One of the viziers was only four hours in office, and another occupied the position for only 10 minutes, being strangled at the end of that time.

QUERIES.

If men are living on some stars,
I wonder how things are on Mars?
Do fashions make the Maritimes grieve?
And do advertisements devalue?
Do agents for dramatic rat
Assert they have what they have not?
Are jewels lost to boom a show?
Are scandals told to make men go?
Have they the peg-top trousers there?
And trailing skirts do women wear?
Do girls for wealth and title strive,
Because of which divorce courts thrive?
Does glitter there the mind enchant?
And have they much of foolish cant?
Is all their sympathy for foes,
Regardless of their soldiers' woes?
Do they court-martial men who fight,
And claim the foe is always right?
Do wheelmen there forget the light
As they go scorching through the night?
Do automobiles wildly race
And are they ruled in politics
By shameless demagogic tricks?
Do men at times reforms promote,
And for reform forget to vote?
Do their assessors need an ax
To part the rich man from his tax?
Do men combine, by some device,
To put the food at higher price?
Well, if these things they do not do,
I'd like to go there—wouldn't you?
—Elliott Flower in Brooklyn Eagle.

ON A PARTY LINE.

BY JEANNETTE HADERMANN WALWORTH.

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"NUMBER?" Short, incisive, peremptory.

"Three hundred and two—three rings, please." Courteous, musical, shy.

The trumpet holder could not quite divest herself of the idea that the giving of Miss Jemima Bolton's number would reveal to a lot of giggling exchange girls and from thence to the entire town that she, Gabriella Matheson, wanted to ask Miss Jemima when she would be ready to fit the wedding gown now under her skilled scissors.

"Hello—well—well," Miss Bolton's shrill soprano in sharp staccato. "Well it certainly was not. Across Miss Bolton's shrill response to her summons the wires were weaving strange words in a deep melodious voice that she knew and knew she loved, and recognizing no one's superior right to its tender utterances, she applied herself to capture the words traveling over the party line.

"Well," bawled Miss Jemima, with a note of exhausted patience in her voice, "who wants 302?"

"My precious, don't you get cross with your faithful old Steve. You know I can explain everything to your entire satisfaction."

Through the warp of Miss Bolton's importunate "wells" shot the wool of lover-like protestations. Party line telephones have tragic possibilities.

This evening, Theo, I'll make it all right. Yours truly, Steve."

"Oh, me. Oh, my. Why was I ever born? Why were telephones ever invented? Who is that horrid Theo, I might as well ring Miss Bolton off. It doesn't make a particle of difference about my wedding dress now. I shall never marry, never, never."

The trumpet was still glued to her ear. The light that glittered in her blue eyes was not love-born. Her heart whispered, defensively, that there might be some mistake. She shook the trumpet as if it alone were responsible for all her misery.

Mistake? She mistake Stephen Wade's voice? Traitor! She supposed none were all alike—deceitful, unreliable, hateful. She was done with them forever, and having disposed of the offending sex with one sweep of her will, she hung up the trumpet and sat down to weep.

She felt vaguely comforted by the reflection that when Stephen came to pay his regular visit that night he could easily perceive by the size of her nose and the tinting of her eyelids how deeply his treachery had sunken into her trusting soul.

Between that bitter moment of telephone detection and the coming of her lover she tasked her brain to supply her with some cunning device by which she might bring him to confusion, herself remaining on the exalted pinnacle of injured innocence. His last impressions of her after she had told him good-bye with dignity, must be of her superiority to all womankind, inclusive of his horrid Theo.

She would open the discussion with a general dissertation on the imprudence of confiding guilty love secrets to the telephone and, by interweaving the name of Theo artfully, she could smite him hip and thigh.

He was quite handsome and jolly enough to inspire any girl with jealous love, but Gabriella Matheson hoped she was not reduced to the necessity of accepting a fraction of a lover. If he was that Theo's "faithful old Steve," that Theo was quite welcome to him.

Scanning her pretty, flushed face with his great honest gray eyes when he came at the usual hour that evening, Steve retained her coldly proffered hand to say: "You've been crying, sweetheart. What's up? Wedding dress a misfit or gloves too small? Tell your poor old faithful Steve what troubles it."

She drew her hand out of his warm clasp with tragic vehemence. "There it goes again. Oh, Stephen, how can you be so—so de—de—deceitful? I never would have believed it of you. I did trust you so implicitly."

"Did?" Calmly divesting himself of his mahogany-colored gloves he informed himself that he was in for a stormy session. He seated himself as near his lady-love as she would permit under the strained situation and remarked, composedly:

"Give me a tip, Bella, my darling, so I can catch on and say my little part. I've got no cue, you see."

"Don't exasperate me, Stephen. You know I'm not the sort of woman to let anybody wipe the sort of woman to let."

"Yes, of course; no, of course, I mean. But then I have never experienced the slightest desire to make a floor-sweep of my mopsy-wopsy pety-wangy."

She glared at him. "I do wish to know if all men were as deceitful as you are."

"Give me the benefit of the average, and say they are. Well, what of it? I believe you are aware of the fact that I have a telephone, Mr Wade."

"Pretty much everybody has nowadays, I believe."

"On a party line."

"Economical but confusing."

"Very confusing."

"Especially when there is a traitor at one end and a Theo at the other."

"Traitors are not good things to have at any end of any line."

"I should say so, nor Theo's either. Oh I heard you, Stephen. How I wish I had not. No I don't. It is much better, very much better that it should all have come out before instead of after marriage."

"Yep. But what sort of an irruption is coming out and on who?"

"Disruption, Stephen, you had better call it."

Stephen laughed—a heartless proceeding, but the fun of it lingered in his eyes long after his lips had taken on the most melancholy curves.

"I hate to be laughed at, but I suppose you and your Theo will have no end of fun at my expense when you go to see her to explain everything to her entire satisfaction."

"See here, Gabriella, a man must love a woman a tremendous lot to stand this sort of thing without a kick. Have you not faith at all in me?"

"Oh, repeat it. I heard you ask her that very question this morning."

"But I can explain everything satisfactorily."

"So I heard you tell her. Yes, I did, Stephen, you need not try to deny it."

Stephen got up with dignified composure and began drawing on his gloves in stern silence. If her very damp handkerchief had not intervened she might have detected the smile lurking under his mustache.

"Stephen, will you deny that you talked to Theo somebody over the telephone this morning?"

"No, I don't deny it."

"Or that you called yourself her poor old Steve?"

"Don't deny that, either."

"Or that you begged her to trust you?"

"Correct."

"Because you could explain everything to her entire satisfaction?"

"Correct again."

"Well?"

"Well, good-night, Gabriella. And he was actually gone. Gone without one word of explanation. The next morning a mysterious parcel was delivered by express at Miss Gabriella Matheson's door. It was accompanied by a note from Stephen Wade. A note which began and ended somewhat abruptly.

"I told you I had a comical wedding present for you. Her name is Theo. She is a wonderful linguist. I hope she will say her little piece like a good girl. On the other page you will find a formula for starting Theo's tongue. She was given to me by a married man, who says he found her invaluable during the honeymoon and that the man who gave her to him said the same. Theo's mission in life is to show newly-married men how like parrots they can conduct themselves."

"Parrots?" Miss Matheson drew off the heavy bagging that she had left about her bulky wedding present until she should decide if Steve's note was sufficiently apologetic to admit of a reconciliation.

"So Theo is a parrot?"

Hearing herself called by name the uncanny bird snapped viciously at her new mistress and shrieked out her catch-words.

"Don't talk to me, sir. Don't come near me. Pretty hour of the night for a newly married man to be coming home."

"Twixt laughter and sobs Gabriella turned to the second page of her lover's note. Q. 1 she asked: "Haven't you any faith at all in your poor old Steve?"

"I detest you, sir. I am going home to my mother. Yes, I am—this very day."

But, Theo, I can explain everything satisfactorily."

"Don't speak to me, sir; don't come near me."

Gabriella shuddered and looked at the feathered monitor with aversion. Did she herself contain such hateful possibilities? She rushed to the telephone and called up her fiancé:

"Steve, she called, in repentant tones.

A jolly laugh came to her over the wires.

"Steve, please don't be hateful. If you'll just send here and take this horrid thing away from me I'll promise you faithfully never to say the parrot's catch-words as long as I am your wife."

"Sorry I can't oblige you, dear, but I'm under contract for Theo's board and lodging until my next chum needs her services. Have I explained everything to your satisfaction?"

"Ye-es, but I hate your Theo as badly as I did before."

"Theo is your patron safety saint. She has come to stay." And Theo stayed, but as the old formula fell into innocuous desuetude Gabriella had to give her fresh lessons.

The new parrot's epistle made for peace and harmony in the pretty new home to which Stephen Wade soon after conducted his bride.

YACHTMEN'S HUMOR.

Anything But Humorous, However, to Persons Chiefly Concerned.

Pearson's Magazine: There is a fund of dry humor in the skippers of yachts. I remember a very fat man rushing up to the skipper of a yacht that was making good weather in a lumpy sea.

"Oh captain, captain," said he, "what will happen to me if the yacht goes down?"

"Oh, you'll float alright, sir. All you have to do is to keep out of the track of the Atlantic liners; you might sink one of 'em."

Again I recollect a dinghy breaking away from a yacht lying in an open roadstead.

"Jump into her, lad," bellowed the Scotch skipper to the boy as she swept past on a nasty tide race.

"Stop him, skipper," I shouted; "he makes a mistake he'll be drowned."

"An' if he is, sir, boys are cheap, and the dinghy cost 10 pound's!"

Secretary Root announces his opposition to the converting of Fort Leavenworth into a public park.