



In Panama

They are bound in red tape in most horrible shape
While trying to dig the big ditch.
And from "Yellow Jack's" crepe there appears no escape,
And many the quibble and hitch.
From glee they have dropped to lugubrious tone;
There is trouble galore in the Panama zone,
And the hands of the railroads have clearly been shown,
In getting the congress to switch.

There is weary delay and they make no headway
In getting the old canal cut;
And the profligate way fills us all with dismay,
They have struck M. DeLessep's old rut.
They shovel out old and throw dirt with a spoon;
'Tis grass-grown at eve where 'twas dug out at noon,
And the only pleased people are Shonts and Magoon,
Who are getting good salaries, but—

When Wallace stepped down there was trouble in town,
And things were a-popping for fair,
And William Taft's frown shriveled Wallace up brown,
But Wallace showed never a care.
And the railroads looked on and most gleefully laughed;
Their managers figured on greed and on graft,
And there's trouble in plenty for William H. Taft
In building a ditch on the square.

The Exception

"There's luck in odd numbers."
"Not for me. The auto that hit me was numbered 135."

Kismet

He tucked his college parchment 'neath His withered arm and looked so wise;
And now he's soda fountain clerk
And taking fizz-ical exercise.

Conservative

"Is Biggs a conservative man?"
"I should say he is. Why, Biggs still rides one of those old-fashioned ordinary bicycles and has his hair cut around the edge of a bowl."

Virtue

"Those labor leaders are all venal, and willing to accept bribes," declared the department store manager. "They ought not to be allowed the freedom of the streets."

So saying the manager dipped his pen in the ink and filled out a check to pay an alleged labor leader for calling a strike against a competitor.

It Sometimes Happens

De Willoughby invested \$30 in a fishing outfit, consisting of steel and bamboo rods, multiplying reels, silk lines, patent flies, limerick hooks and glittering spoons galore. Then he hid himself to the shores of the lake famous for its fish and began his outing.

De Willoughby had a naptha launch in which to ride, and there was a compartment wherein could be kept cracked ice and other things.

All day long he was kept company by a tow-headed urchin who fished with a pole cut from a bunch of willows and had a nickel line and a common hook baited with worms.

In the evening the boy pulled labor-

iously to shore in the wake of the naptha launch, and he and De Willoughby counted up their respective catches.

De Willoughby had a fine string of bass and croppie, and the tow-headed urchin had only a few ring perch and three little bullheads.

Of course this is not the way you expected it would end, but it sometimes happens this way. This was one of the times.

Information Wanted

Pray tell me, if you can, good friend,
What punishment is due
The man who always questions us:
"Is it hot enough for you?"
Would it be wrong, good friend, if we,
Whose comfort he doth spoil,
Should grab him up and deftly pitch
Him into boiling oil?

Awful Mistake

"Great goshens, judge!" exclaimed the docket clerk, "a most horrible mistake has been made."

"What, this court make a mistake?" exclaimed the judge.

"Yes, your honor. By mistake the embezzling banker has been entered up for a sentence of twenty years, and the infamous scoundrel that stole a side of bacon and a peck of potatoes has been let off with six months."

Different

"Mercy sakes! Whose ill-mannered children are those on the other side of the fence making so much noise?" complained Mrs. Muchmon, who was trying to get a little sleep after last night's social function. "It's wonderful how little attention people give to training their children to behave and keep quiet."

A few moments later Suzzane, the maid, tiptoed into the room and said: "Those are your children ma'm. They're pretendin' to play bridge whist an' are disputin' over the stakes."

Safe

"But are we not in grave danger of being sent to jail?" queried the cautious director of the Amalgamated Food trust.

"Not in the least," replied the seasoned magnate. "We can violate the laws with perfect immunity so far as we are personally concerned."

"But will the corporation be fined?"
"Perhaps, but what of it? The fine will be nominal and after we have paid it we can increase prices 1 per cent and get back ten times the amount of the fine."

Upon being shown the records the cautious director readily gave his consent to violating the law.

Two Boys

He was a city youth panoplied in full array according to the latest style. His trousers were big at the top and small at the bottom; his colored shirt was decorated with white collar and cuffs; his straw hat was smashed in at just the right place; his coat was four sizes too big and hung in front like an army blanket on a bean pole; his shoes were as yellow as a sunflower and his necktie looked like a feverish sunset.

He was a country youth, arrayed just as he was when he left the field to come to town after a repair for the harvester. He wore a gingham shirt, a pair of greasy overalls, cowhide shoes and a battered straw hat.

"What a guy," sneered the city

youth. "Did you ever see such a get-up?" And the city youth glanced at his good clothes which papa had purchased and lighted another cigarette purchased with money he had begged from mama.

"Looks like a circus," muttered the country youth, glancing at the working clothes in which he had earned the \$300 he had snugly tucked away in the bank.

He Did Not Succeed Because—

He sulked.

He complained too much.

He was afraid to venture.

He couldn't profit by mistakes.

He could not profit from failure.

He expected others to do for him.

He kept late hours—morning and night.

He automobilized on a street car margin.

He quit by the clock and began by inclination.

He kept late hours better than he kept his books.

He did not care what people thought of him.

He sacrificed tomorrow's profits for today's pleasure.

He carried his business troubles home with him.

He didn't advertise, because "Everybody knew him."

He spent too much time envying the success of others.

He could either drink or let it alone, and did not let it alone.

He couldn't manage himself, but tried to manage others.

He was so busy "knocking" he could never find time to "boost."

He wasted too much time giving advice to other men how to succeed.

He knew so much at the start that he could learn nothing on the way.

He trusted to others to do the work that he should have done himself.

He took too much pleasure during business hours, and too much business through his pleasure hours.

He attended to everybody's business better than he attended to his own.

He wanted to do a big business without building up from a little business.

He was too busy to attend to little things and too lazy to tackle big things.

He depended too much on the popular magazine stories of "How I Achieved Success."

He spent so much time being a good fellow that he had no time to attend to business.

He spent one-half of today regretting yesterday and the other half figuring on tomorrow.

He tried to make a corn-beef-and-cabbage income provide for a champagne-and-terrapin appetite.

He endeavored to get something for nothing from people who wanted to trade nothing for something.

He thought the world owed him a living and ought to chase him around to make him accept payment of the debt.

He was too high toned to accept a subordinate position and not capable of wielding authority on account of inexperience.

Brain Leaks

The man who never fails never tries.

A home without love is merely a stopping place.

It is easy to make excuses for those we love.

God's throne is not reached by way of the back pews.

The man who would be young again should cultivate a youthful spirit.

When a man begins wondering if he looks his age it is a sure sign that he does.

When we want to employ a boy we are not going to employ one who frizzles his hair and lets the wavy locks stick out over his brow from beneath a hat set on the back of his head.

Always speak the truth, but don't forget that it is often wise not to speak at all.

Strange that so many young men think that in order to be "good fellows" that have to do wrong things.

The man who enjoys what little he has is far better off than the man who has everything and enjoys nothing.

What has become of all the old men who could cradle ten acres of wheat a day when they were in their prime?

Things would doubtless taste just as good now as they did when we were boys if we had boys' appetites.

No matter how rank the grass grows in your yard, if your neighbor goes visiting and asks your boy to take care of his yard, the neighbor's yard always looks well.

Young man, when she begins hinting that you would better save your money instead of spending it for buggy hire and ice cream sodas, it is time to either back up or begin looking for a cottage.

When "graft" is exposed immediately the pessimists begin declaring that the world is growing worse. The world is really growing better all the time because light is being thrown into dark places and rogues are being uncovered.

Proved

It is only a few years since Woonsocket missed for good the familiar face of "Alf" Church, for a long time deputy sheriff and chief of police, a man who was straightforward and blunt in all his dealings.

One day a grocer went to "Alf" for information about a certain "Joe" White, who had applied for credit and a book at his store, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning, Mr. Church."

"Mornin'."

"Do you know Joe White?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a feller is he?"

"Putty fair."

"Is he honest?"

"Honest? I should say so. Been arrested twice for stealing and acquitted both times."—Boston Herald.

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