



Grief in Boyville

(James A. Bailey, the famous circus man, died at his home in Mount Vernon, N. Y., on April 11.)

What boots it now if empires fall  
And kingdoms all decay?  
What matters now if famine's pall  
Leaves sorrow in its way?  
For greater griefs than these can bring  
O'er boyhood now is spread,  
For James A. Bailey, circus king,  
Lies silent, cold and dead.

Let kings their gambling games pursue  
With human lives for stakes;  
Let war's alarms ring through the blue  
Until the whole world quakes.  
'Tis not of these the small box reads  
With bowed and sorry head;  
He notes with heart that sorely bleeds  
That James A. Bailey's dead.

Let drums be heard with muffled beat,  
Let dirges fill the air;  
Let funeral trappings fill the street,  
Flare half-mast everywhere,  
The streets of Boyville reek with woe  
As forth with sorry tread  
The little folk in silence go—  
For James A. Bailey's dead!

No king in panoplied array  
With armies at his call  
Could cause a greater woe today  
If he down dead should fall.  
A moment would the old world pause,  
Then would he be forgot,  
But Bailey's name will win applause  
While there's a circus lot.

The streets of Boyville reek with woe,  
And mournful trappings fly;  
In silence down the street boys go  
While tears bedim each eye.  
No king who ruled in pompous power  
With gold crown on his head  
Was ever mourned a single hour  
Like James A. Bailey, dead.

Explained

There was great excitement in the great state of Indsalvanya, it having been reported that the head of the amalgamated trusts had declared in favor of the election of senators by the people. Men gathered in groups on the street corners and discussed the situation, and simultaneously a dozen cities selected delegates to visit the headquarters of the amalgamated trusts and inquire into the truth or falsity of the reports.

These committees met and selected a spokesman, and then walked blithely to the huge stone building wherein the amalgamated trusts did business. They were ushered into the presence of the Great Man who presided over the financial and political destinies of the corporation and of the state, and he greeted them cordially. "Gentlemen, this is indeed a pleasure," he declared. "Be seated. Now what can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the spokesman, "it has been reported that your great corporation, speaking through you, has decided to support the proposition that United States senators should be elected directly by the people. Is it true?"

"Gentlemen, it is true," replied the Great Man. "But why should this be surprising? We have always believed that this is the proper course to pursue in electing our senators."

The committee was dazed, but

finally rallied and the spokesman ventured to say:

"Then we may count upon your company's active support in this great reform?"

"Gentlemen, you may," said the Great Man. "You may herald forth to the world that we believe in the election of senators by the people, and that this great corporation will do all that lies in its power to bring such a result about. Good day."

Cheerfully, yea, hilariously, the committee withdrew. When the elevator landed the committee at the bottom floor the Great Man smiled grimly and muttered:

"Elected by the people! To be sure. But it must continue to be understood that we are the people."

So saying he proceeded to dictate a few letters to tried and true political henchmen in the various legislative districts, informing them that Senator Graball must be re-elected at any cost.

A Poor Bluff

The ex-newspaper man wandered in, took his accustomed place in the corner and picked up an exchange. After reading a few minutes he threw the paper aside in disgust.

"What's the matter now?" we asked. "Same old chestnuts," he replied. "That paper's got the same old gag to the effect that if the editor told everything he knew there would be a dozen disappearances, a score of divorces, a lot of business failures, three or four dozen broken engagements, and a lot more similar tommyrot."

"Well," we ventured, meaning that we wanted the rest of it.

"Nothing to it," spluttered the ex-newspaper man. "That's the old gag that an editor works off when he is too lazy to get out and hustle news. He puts it forward as an excuse for not filling his sheet full of good stuff. Every time I see it I picture the editor as always pleading for 'support,' and wondering why the people don't appreciate his efforts to 'build up the town.' It's time to call that old bluff."

Kicking the exchanges to one side he appropriated the usual amount of tobacco from the box, filled his pipe and wandered forth.

Highly Immoral

"I think Smoothun is the most dishonest man I ever met," declared the insurance magnate with great passion.

"What makes you think so?" "I gave him \$3,000 to influence the legislature to enact into law a bill I had prepared in the interests of my company, and Smoothun spent it on a sea voyage for himself. It's getting so you can't tell whom you can trust."

The Limit

"I think Bilkins is the meanest man I ever met."

"What makes you think so?" "He told his boy he would go fishing with him if the boy would dig the worms, and then when the boy consented Bilkins told him just where to dig. The boy dug all right, and got the worms. But Bilkins made him throw them away and then made garden on the spaded ground."

The Explanation

Look here!" shouted the irate shipper and taxpayer. "Didn't you tell us that if we voted bonds and helped

you to build your new railroad you would give us competition and enable us to get lower freight rates?"

"Indeed I did not," replied the suave manager of the new road.

"Well, what did you tell us?"

"I told you," replied the manager, "that if you helped us to build our new road, competition would be possible and that freight rates could be reduced. You will admit that we may compete if we so desire."

Pondering on the subtleties of our wonderful language the irate shipper and taxpayer thoughtfully wandered homeward.

Seasonable

Now doth the future graduate  
Begin to fret and wonder  
How he can save the foolish world  
From many a fatal blunder.  
But soon he'll change to other views  
And seek another billet—  
He'll wonder how to get some grub  
To grease therewith the skillet.

Easy

Fretten Fidget—"Unless something is done soon Niagara will be drained dry."

Shorin Lamb—"O, don't worry. When the time comes we'll just run a ditch from Wall street to the falls, and then apply the squeeze."

The Reason

"How did Schreecherly succeed in his efforts to cultivate his voice?"

"He scored a failure."  
"How was that?"  
"He irrigated it too much."

Subdued

"Why don't you answer me?" demanded Mrs. Penheck.

"It's impolite to interrupt a lady," muttered Mr. Penheck, dodging behind the piano.

Brain Leaks

A hobby is not a mission.  
Earned bread is never bitter.  
Heaven is earned, not accepted.  
The best sermon is a good deed.  
The average excuse is a poor explanation.

No credit is deserved for accidental goodness.

The course of true love that runs smooth seldom runs far.

The religion that fits one's desires is usually full of flaws.

Worry has short shrift when hope is given the right of way.

The Christianity that must be advertised lacks essentials.

The sermon that does not hit is the sermon that does not help.

Honest toil may soil the hands, but dishonest work soils the character.

The older a man grows the more uncomfortable he feels in a new suit.

A good way to test a man's sincerity is to express your honest opinion of him when he asks you for it.

It is seldom that you see poverty more aggravated than in the case of those who are dissatisfied with their lot.

There are thousands of God's poor who never saw any lilies like those that decorated the churches last Sunday.

The fact that you have two ears and only one tongue is a silent admonition to repeat only about half what you hear.

About the most useless thing in the world is a new father when the good old ladies of the neighborhood drop in to see the new arrival.

When you see a city man hiking homeward with a hoe, that is a sign that he is going to buy the spring vegetables he expects to raise.

When we see a yard decorated with dahlias, verbenas, portulacca, moss roses, hollyhocks and such like old-fashioned flowers, we feel like going right up to the door and asking if we can stay to dinner.

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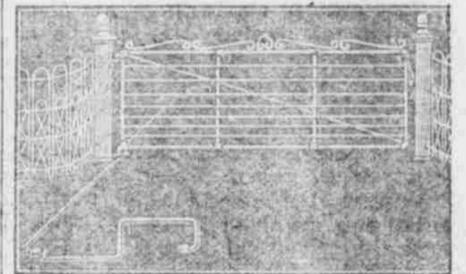
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