



"Skiddoo!"

If Trouble comes a snoopin' round  
And tries to harrow up your soul,  
Don't let it force you to the course  
Of seeking solace in the bowl.  
Don't let it pass in through your door,  
But make it hike off down the road.  
Just whistle up and smile some more,  
And tell old Trouble to be blowed.  
Just say when Trouble comes in view;  
"Skiddoo."  
That will be '23'  
For you!"

If Mother Gossip calls to tell  
Some bit of scandal she has heard  
About a friend whom you love well,  
Don't listen to a single word.  
Don't let her winks and nods and  
grins  
And nasty hints lead you astray.  
The moment she her tale begins  
Just you rise up and gently say:  
"I know my friend is straight and  
true—

"Skiddoo!"  
That will be '23'  
For you!"

When some man with a scheme for  
graft  
Begins to talk in dulcet style  
Of guarding this old nation's craft  
Safe from the reefs of greed and  
guile,  
Don't be deceived. In Ninety-six  
You heard that plea from men who  
stand  
Convicted of the meanest tricks  
That blot the history of our land.  
Just say, when such men come to  
view:

"Skiddoo!"  
That will be '23'  
For you!"

To greedy trusts and selfish men,  
To all who thrive on unjust laws;  
To greed, no matter where or when,  
And all who scorn the people's  
cause;  
To those who scatter tears of woe  
And rob the widow of her all,  
Give battle now, and boldly go  
To fight for right, to stand or fall.  
Speak out in tones sincere and true:

"Skiddoo!"  
That will be '23'  
For you!"

**Professional**

The fair visitor had been shown all  
through the great newspaper estab-  
lishment. She had watched the stereo-  
typers making the "mats." She had  
seen the plates cast and watched the  
pressmen grip them to the great cyl-  
inders. She had seen the huge  
presses disgorging the printed and  
folded papers at the rate of 25,000 an  
hour. She had seen the linotypes  
working with almost human intelli-  
gence, and the make-up man shoving  
the matter into the forms. Now she  
wanted to see the men who wrote  
the copy. The first one she noticed  
was the scowling, snarling old fellow  
working all alone in a dark corner of  
the editorial room.

"Who is that?" she asked.  
"That," said her guide, "is the fel-  
low who thinks up all the bright  
things the children say for publica-  
tion."

**Of Course They Do**

Will N. Griffin, the talented poet-  
humorist of the Milwaukee Sentinel,  
is having his troubles. Recently he  
wrote some verses in which he inci-  
dentally referred to the chipmunk as  
climbing trees and chattering, and  
some crank wrote to the New York

Sun and declared that chipmunks  
neither climbed trees nor chattered.  
This has precipitated a great discus-  
sion, and while Griffin has many de-  
fenders those who deride his knowl-  
edge of natural history seem to be in  
a majority.

But Griffin is right, just the same.  
Under the right kind of provocation  
chipmunks will climb trees. We've  
seen 'em do it. And they'll chatter  
worse than a party of schoolgirls at  
a fudge party. We've heard 'em. The  
chipmunks, we mean. We can go  
right out in the woods any day now  
and see stranger sights than a chip-  
munk climbing a tree. We went out  
in the woods last Sunday afternoon  
and saw a muskrat climb a mulberry  
tree and eat mulberries until his sides  
looked like the prospectus of a new  
oil company. We told a friend about  
it and he laughed us to scorn.

"Muskrats don't climb trees!" he  
exclaimed.

But when pinned right down to it  
he admitted that he never saw a mus-  
krat that was awfully hungry for mul-  
berries. You just can't tell what a  
muskrat will do when it is determined  
to have a feed of mulberries.

Chipmunks climb trees? Of course  
they do if they want to. Griffin should  
"stand pat."

Ever see a chipmunk climb a tree?  
Of course. We've seen a house fly,  
and a tree box, and a road run. Once  
we heard a dogwood bark, and that  
rather lays over a chipmunk chatter-  
ing.

**Disastrous**

The executive committee of the In-  
diana republican machine was sud-  
denly called together to consider a  
vital matter.

"Secretary Shaw has come out in  
favor of a wider circulation of \$5  
bills," said the chairman. "What  
shall we do?"

"But what has Shaw's declaration  
got to do with us and our party?"  
queried the gentleman from Posy.

"Great Scott, man!" shouted the  
chairman. "Can't you see it is a  
blow at our chances in this state?  
Ain't we been gettin' 'em in blocks  
of five at \$2 per? Just think what  
a little we'll have to divide among  
ourselves if we've got to pay \$5 a  
block!"

A few minutes later it was re-  
vealed that Secretary Shaw did not  
stand a ghost of a show to secure the  
Indiana delegation.

**Here Too**

Jud Lewis says his only wish  
Is just to sit and fish and fish.  
Too bad he's got to sit and roast  
A writin' for the Houston Post.  
If Jud will come to Lincoln quick  
He'll find another fellow sick  
To hear the singing line go "swish"  
While doin' nothin' else but fish.  
So come up, Jud. I've got the bait—  
'Twas dug in 1868—  
And 'neath the fair Nebraska sky  
We'll "tamper" with some "Trifles,"  
you and I.

**Natural Query**

Exchange Editor—"Here's a rattling  
good joke in London Punch."  
Managing Editor—"What American  
paper is it credited to?"

**Cause and Effect**

Washington, D. C., July 20.—Secre-  
tary of the Treasury Shaw today de-  
clared that he was in favor of a  
wider circulation of \$5 bills.  
Podunk, Conn., July 21.—The Po-

dunk primaries today resulted in the  
election of a delegation pledged to  
use all honorable means to secure the  
nomination and election of Leslie M.  
Shaw to the presidency.

**Wasted Effort**

"Hellow Binks! Did you land that  
'sucker' you had on the string for a  
gold brick last week?"

"No. After gittin' him hooked I  
found he wasn't nothin' but a German  
carp kind of an investor."

**Brain Leaks**

The man of pluck never trusts to  
luck.

It is easy to find excuses for those  
we love.

The foolish man syndicates his  
troubles and dissipates his joys.

Early to bed and early to rise won't  
help you a bit if you don't advertise.

Every dog has his day, the trouble  
being that so many dogs choose the  
same day.

Speaking of confiding natures—how  
about those people who put their trust  
in the labels on the cans?

The trouble about a bad habit that  
you can quit if you want to is that  
when you want to you can't.

The man who says he could win if  
he had a chance, is the man who is  
too cowardly to take chances.

The greatest criminal in the world  
is the man who steals the playtime  
of children in order to enrich him-  
self.

The real turning point in a boy's  
career is when he first realizes the  
necessity of forgetting a lot of things  
he thinks he knows.

**FLETCHER TOOK EASY WAY**

A good many years ago there lived  
in the village of East Washington, N.  
H., a very easy going man by the name  
of Fletcher. One winter there came  
a big snowstorm, accompanied by a  
strong northeast wind, and the snow  
was piled high above the front door.  
Mr. Fletcher, in his easy way, let the  
snow stay where it lay, and used the  
back window for a passage in and out  
of the house.

The village pastor, upon calling one  
day, and being able to get in only  
through the window, asked Fletcher  
why he didn't shovel the snow away.

"Wa'al, parson," replied Fletcher,  
"the good Lord put it there, and the  
good Lord kin take it away."—Boston  
Post.

**THE FAITHFUL WIFE**

Of times I have seen a tall ship  
glide by against the tide, as if drawn  
by some invisible tow line with a  
hundred strong arms pulling it. Her  
sails hung unfilled, her streamers  
were drooping, she had neither side  
wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved  
on stately, in serene triumph, as if  
with her own life. But I knew that  
on the other side of the ship, hidden  
beneath the great hulk that swam so  
majestically there was a little, tolling  
steam tug, with a heart of fire and  
arms of iron, that was hugging it  
close and dragging it bravely on; and  
I knew that if the little steam tug  
untwined her arms and left the tall  
ship, it would wallow and roll about,  
and it would drift hither and thither,  
and go off with reflux tide, no man  
knows where. And so I have known  
more than one genius, high-decked,  
full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pen-  
nioned, that, but for the bare, tolling  
arms, and brave, warm beating heart  
of the faithful little wife that nestled  
close to him so that no wind or wave  
could part them would soon have gone  
down stream and been heard of no  
more.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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