



Political

The shades of night were falling fast As through the city's highways passed A man who bore a megaphone And shouted in a thunderous tone: "Register!"

From street to street he took his way And kept it up till twilight gray, And fairly rent his lightweight coat In shouting out the lusty note: "Register!"

Literary

"Billings tells me he is engaged in literary pursuits now." "Yes, he is writing a serial story, he says."

"What about?" "He is making up the grain statistics of the county for the state statistician."

Uncle Jeems

"There's a lot o' ways fr a woman to display wisdom," remarked Uncle Jeems, "but I always admire th' wisdom of th' wife who 'phones for the stoveman instead of askin' her husband to put up th' stove."

Prophetic

"One more case for the divorce court sooner or later," remarked Mr. Jimmerly, looking up from his paper. "Who is it?" asked Bimmerly. "Here's a notice to the effect that Litehead, the gentleman who won the waltz championship at a picnic, and Miss Dollie Triptoze, the champion two-stepper, have been married. It's easy to guess the rest."

Not Quite

"I understand that brutality has been eliminated from the game of football," said Mrs. Oldstille. "Not yet," replied Miss Pert. "We often cheer for the home team and yell, 'eat 'em up,' 'kill 'em,' and other little expressions like those."

The Benefit

"They say Henry Peck can speak twelve languages. If he can I wonder what good it does him; he never says anything." "But just think of how many kinds of language he can think in while his wife is talking to him."

Financial Note

"What has become of Bingerly, the fellow who wrote that book on 'How to Succeed in Business?'" "I just loaned him a dollar to get his laundry."

Measured

"What kind of a man is Blufferly?" "I'm not saying, but I happen to know that he wears a ten dollar fob on a dollar watch."

Reform

"The rights of the common people must be regained, and in the future must be preserved!" shouted the candidate. "The era of graft must be brought to a close." Thus for forty-five minutes he talked to the crowd. At the conclusion of the meeting

the candidate met with his central committee.

"We must have more money," said the chairman. "The campaign is dragging for want of enthusiasm. What shall we do?"

"I suggest that our finance committee make a hurry-up call on the gentlemen who secured the nomination of our candidate," said one.

The suggestion was eagerly seized upon. An hour or two later the finance committee came back with contributions from the beef trust, the coal trust, the insurance trust, the amalgamated association of franchise promoters, the shipping trust, the steel trust, and others too numerous to mention.

The next day the candidate whose fortunes were being pushed by the contributors resumed his plea for justice for the common people.

Explained

"What was the cause of Ketchum's sudden illness?"

"He suffered a great shock."

"What was it?"

"Told his wife that they had been invited out to dinner and she didn't say 'I really haven't a thing to wear.'"

Heights and Depths

"The leaves are turning brown," sighed the poetic genius. "The soft October winds are sighing through the trees, and all Nature seems to be—"

"Yes, and it's time to be getting out the base burner and blacking it up ready for winter," said the practical individual.

"There is a dreamy haze athwart the horizon, and the crimson flashes of the sumac bush flaunts the warning signal—"

"U-huh!" interrupted the practical one. "A signal that it's time to be figuring on how to get in the winter's supply of coal."

"A warning signal," continued the poetic genius, "that soon tired Nature will enrobe herself in brown habiliments and sink into the long winter's sleep—"

"Yes, and while she's sleeping," butted in the practical one, "we'll be lying awake nights trying to figure out how to make one stove heat the whole house in order to save coal."

"Sleep," continued the dreamy poet, "the sleep from which she will awaken in the spring refreshed and invigorated—"

"While the rest of us are sneezing with colds and taking sarsaparilla to cleanse our blood."

"And ready once again to clothe all the world in a rich mantle of green."

"And right there is when we pause long enough to rejoice at emancipation from the coal man, only to run up against the fact that the ice trust begins where the coal trust leaves off," muttered the practical one.

"October, harvest month of the year," droned the poetic one. "Month when the singing husbandman begins to garner the fruits of—"

"Gee, it is October, isn't it?" shouted the practical one. "That reminds me. Have you registered yet?"

Brain Leaks

Idle wishes are the refuge of the indolent.

The man who does his hard work first finds it restful to tackle the easy jobs.

Striving to be a "good fellow" has put many a young man to the bad.

It is remarkable how much work a

man can accomplish when he just has to.

The man who knows what he wants to say and says it usually finds it easy to make his speech short.

Somehow or other we always take an interest in the fellow who comes to us and asks us for our advice.

There are a lot of men who vociferously claim credit for being good when they have no opportunity for doing wrong.

Some men think they have done their duty to their fellows when they drop a quarter into the missionary collection.

There is plenty of room at the top. There is also plenty of room at the bottom without pushing some weaker man away.

Just about the time the leaves turn brown the average householder turns blue. There's the black coal bill that must be read—and paid.

The trouble with too many candidates is that the interest they feel in the people's welfare is wholly forgotten if they happen to meet defeat.

Here's a scheme: A lot of farmers wish they could move into town and engage in some business enterprise for a rest. A lot of business men wish they could move out on a farm and "putter around" and rest. Now let some enterprising genius establish a clearing house.

MAINE

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican recently printed the following editorial:

Not more disconcerting to the republicans than to the conservative or corporation or anti-Bryan element of the democratic party will be the result of the congressional elections in Maine. This faction of the democracy had already made due record of the hopelessly blasting effects upon democratic prospects of the Nebraskan's Madison Square garden speech and its suggestion of public ownership of railroads as the final solution of that problem. It was of no use to make further effort for control of the next house. The south was up in arms against the recalled leader. The democratic north was again broken into pieces—divided, dispirited, despairing. Two or three days ago the word was sent out from Washington that the national democratic executive committee, composed of the conservative element, had thrown up its hands, and that the democratic congressional committee was prepared to do likewise.

And finally, on the very morning of the Maine election, the New York Times, as if confident of its ability the next day to point to the Maine result in confirmation of what it said, figuratively lifted Bryan by the neck up out of the great party wreck he had caused, showed him the wretched consequences of his less than two weeks of restored leadership, called him a good-for-nothing—"a failure in every thing he has ever tried save only in making a good fat income out of the business of his perpetual candidacy"—and then kicked him unceremoniously out of the party and into the political ash heap. It is positively cruel to the Times to quote from its Monday morning deliverance, but it becomes necessary in preserving the political annals of the time:

"Before his recent return from Europe the democratic party seemed to be getting itself into condition again. He put a stop to all that. His public ownership speech was like a bomb exploded in the vitals of the democracy. It rent and mangled it, and the dissevered members and fragments have not even yet all fallen to the ground. All hope of restored union and a solid front has been abandoned. The democrats of the east and south at once noted their dissent. Last winter leading republic-

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