



The Call

I'm weary of toiling and worry,
Of living the strenuous life;
I tire of the struggle and hurry,
The tumult, the noise, and the strife.
I long for a sight of the flowers,
The song of the murmuring stream;
I long for the forests where hours
Will pass like the woof of a dream.

I'm weary of plotting and scheming
That lay out the map of the game;
I'm tired of make-believe seeming
That oft is mistaken for fame.
I long for the lake and the river
That shimmer and shine in the sun;
Where leaves in the warm breezes
quiver,
And rest is the goal I have won.

I'm weary of sepulchres whited
That harbor but moldy old bones;
I see childish toil unrequited
And listen to widowhood's moans.
I long for the day to be dawning
When right with the sceptre shall
reign;
When men now at Mammon's feet
fawning
Will rise in their manhood again.

I'm weary of false prophets crying
Their wicked, inscrutable lies;
While thousands of helpless are
dying
As Mammon's and Greed's sacrifice.
I long for the day and the hour
When Greed shall be flung from
the throne;
When man in his right and his
power
Again shall step into his own.

I'm weary, but duty is calling,
And only the sluggard will shirk;
The tasks that are set are appalling,
But honor says simply, "Go
work!"
I long for the woods in their beauty,
But over the call that they give
I hear the stern calling of duty
That bids me be worthy to live.

Awful

"What a bunch of pirates we have here," remarked the man on the third stool from the northeast corner.
"Explain," remarked his neighbor who had also left a "Gone-to-lunch-back-in-five-minutes" sign on his office door.
"Well, aren't we all on the high seize?" asked the first man.
"Uh-huh!"
"And isn't this pie race, see?"
Then they clinched. An hour later the police judge said:
"Five and costs each. Stand committed until paid."

Welcome Home

Count and Countess Sneezegainsky approached the little railroad station closest to the count's ancestral home.
"See, darling," he whispered, "how my people wait to welcome you."
Snuggling up to her count the Countess Sneezegainsky, nee Gladiolus Builtdivan, smiled happily and said:
"Why do they welcome poor little me, a perfect stranger to them?"
"Because they already love you for what you are," replied Count Sneezegainsky. "And so do I love you

for what you are, and what you have."

As the dinkey little train halted at the dinkey little mountain station, the peasants, bill collectors and curiosity seekers gathered round and while singing songs of welcome strewed flowers along the pathway of the Countess Sneezegainsky.
Chorus of peasants:

Welcome, ten times welcome,
To the castle old
With your wad of gold
And jewels rich displayed,
Welcome, doubly welcome,
For it may be
That you will see
Our long due wages paid.

"This is so touching," murmured the Countess Sneezegainsky, the tears welling up in her beautiful brown eyes, and the flowers on her "merry widow" hat trembling in unison with the beating of her heart.
Chorus of bill collectors:

Long have we waited for you,
Sneezegainsky, Sneezegainsky.
And we have some relics for you,
Sneezegainsky, Sneezegainsky.
Relics old and relics musty,
Relics frayed and relics rusty,
Relics mildewed, relics dusty,
Countess Sneezegainsky.

They are bills the count contracted,
Sneezegainsky, Sneezegainsky.
They have driven us distracted,
Sneezegainsky, Sneezegainsky.
Now that you the place assume—ah
We collectors—ill presume—ah
You'll come down with the mazuma,
Countess Sneezegainsky.

"What childish simplicity, what rusticity, what touching devotion," murmured the countess.
"It is indeed touching, darling," murmured the count in her ears, but carefully avoiding any undue emphasis on the "touching."
And thus, amidst songs of welcome and the rustling of the unpaid bills was the Countess Sneezegainsky, nee Gladiolus Builtdivan, welcomed to the ancestral halls of her titled husband.
Also to his ancestral haul.

Booster vs. Knocker

A good friend, E. P. Jacques, who lives in Aitken, state not given, takes exceptions to a recent "Brain Leak" that said: "The man with a hammer saws little wood." Mr. Jacques says this is another version of the old chestnut, "Boost, don't knock," and proceeds to defend the "knocker."
Our good friend fails to distinguish between the "kicker" and the "knocker." He says that because a man wanted to saw a board and got hold of the hammer first he wouldn't throw the hammer away. Of course not; but if he is a good workman he will put the hammer where he won't be always getting hold of it when he reaches for the saw.
The "knocker" is a fellow who absolutely refuses to do anything himself, and sits around criticising those who try to do something. He is a perpetual grouch who never has a good word for anybody or anything; who can see no good in the efforts of others, and who is everlastingly trying to block progress.
The "kicker" is the genuine reformer. He knows what he wants and "kicks" until he gets it. He knows what he does not want, and "kicks" until he is relieved of

danger. The "knocker" is the very antithesis of the "kicker." The Tories of revolutionary times "knocked" on the men who were protesting against injustice, but the "kickers" kept busy until they had kicked off the yoke of oppression. The "knockers" have been busy every since men began trying to secure justice, but every reform that has been accomplished has been the result of the good work done by the "kickers" against injustice. The "knocker" is always a "let well enough alone" man. The "kicker" is always the fellow who has something better to offer.

Mr. Jacques says: "Mr. Bryan was a 'knocker' when he forbade the further use of the democratic party as a tool of the system."

Beg pardon; Mr. Bryan "kicked" against it, and ever since he has been persistently "knocked" by the hammermen whose hammers were forged in the shops of the system.

It is a pleasure to receive letters from friends, even if they do "jump all over us." We therefore welcome Mr. Jacques to the ranks of the "kickers." He may think he is a "knocker," but he isn't.

Brain Leaks

The mother-in-law is no joke when the baby is sick.

The pulpit is often benefited by taking the pew point of view.

A gallows bird may be found roosting on many a family tree.

The rule of the road—"Keep to the right." And it applies to life's road as well as to mundane roads.

We presume that the next thing will be the "weeping husband" parosols big enough to cover the "merry widow" hats.

Did you ever notice the distinct and careful enunciation of the young lady who has just become the possessor of a gold tooth?

Speaking of luck—there's the man whose wife keeps sweet when he unexpectedly takes company home to lunch on washday.

Speaking of affinities—there is the baby just nicely and cleanly dressed and the coalbucket temporarily forgotten and allowed to remain in reach.

Fallen

The old school chums met after a separation of twenty years.

"And now what has become of Jack Smithere?" asked the visitor.
"The fellow who used to lick us all at school."

"He lives in the next town."
"I'll bet, he's either the biggest financier in the community, or else the biggest tough."

"No; he's janitor in his wife's millinery store and she selects his neckties."

The Fact

"I see that the supreme court of Nebraska has decided that a woman has a right to get off a street car backwards."

"Yes, but that's because it was useless to say that she shouldn't get off backwards."

Another Chance

"The Missouri legislature has made the stealing of fowls a penitentiary offense."

"That will give Senator Foraker another chance to rush to the defense of his colored friends and brothers."

Proud

"What makes Bigun so proud?"
"O, he drafted a law that the supreme court declared constitutional, and it was really a law that the people wanted."

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