



Some Entertaining Sight

Last week was state fair week in the city where the architect of this department lives, and the architect spent several profitable hours studying the crowds on the streets.

A bunch of city boys, togged out in up-to-date style, trousers turned up at the bottom, dinkey little hats with brims turned down in front, yellow shoes with huge brass buckles, vivid and flowing neckties—O, they were real "classy" boys, all right. And they stood on a corner and passed remarks about the people who went by. When a bronzed young fellow, surely from the country, went by with his shoes dusty, his clothing a little out of date, his hat far from a model of fashion and his hands and feet troubling him, the "classy" boys laughed and had a lot of fun among themselves about the "country jake."

But it so happened that the architect not only knew all the "classy" boys, but he knew the "country jake." One of the "classy boys" earns \$4 a week in a local store. Another one never earned an honest penny in his life, but lives at home with his father, who is book-keeper in a manufacturing plant. Another lives with his widowed mother, who has not yet spent all the life insurance money left her by her husband. And another earns a dollar now and then as usher in a moving picture show, living with his father, who is a skilled craftsman. Between the four of them they possibly could have raised \$1.37.

But the "country jake" has 120 acres of corn that will go fifty bushels to the acre, and he will thresh not less than a thousand bushels of wheat as soon as the threshermen can get to him, and he owns several head of horses, some hogs and several head of cattle. He is only a renter now, but he has put upwards of \$1,500 in the bank in his home town during the last three years, and next year he will own a fine little farm of eighty acres—all earned by his own labor. He came down to see the stock and machinery exhibits at the fair, and he not only had a nice little sum of money in his pocket, but his credit was good for enough of anything he saw and wanted at the fair grounds. He may not know how to wear fine clothes, and he may not be able to whistle all the latest popular airs and talk knowingly about the "girls" in the chorus, but he knows how to work for himself, and he knows one girl who is the only girl for him.

The four "classy" boys were having lots of fun, no doubt, but when that "country jake" is middle aged he will have enough to retire and live at ease, while the four "classy" boys will be cursing their luck and loudly declaiming that "a good man has no chance in this country."

Ever notice how "mixed up" the directions are that some people give, and how brief and clear the directions are that others give?

"Will you please tell me how I can find the state house?" asked a state fair visitor of a Lincoln man.

"See that store down street, the one with the big sign on top?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go a block the other side of the store, then turn to your left and go two blocks. Then turn to your left again and go a half block and you'll see the dome. Then the rest will be easy."

"Thank you," said the bewildered visitor.

A moment later another visitor asked the same question of another resident.

"Certainly; three blocks east, three blocks south. You can't miss it."

Will somebody please tell the architect of this department where to find a fair where he can buy a genuine popcorn ball—the kind of popcorn balls they used to sell—glued together with a genuine sugar syrup, and plenty of it, instead of miserable glucose and not enough of that to stick the grains together?

No, it isn't our "taster" that has gone wrong. It is a perversion of the commercial instinct—a perversion that causes men to put up a miserable imitation of the real thing for the purpose of deceiving the unwary and making an unearned profit.

What we want is a genuine ball of popcorn, real sugar, made like a ball instead of smashed into a flat cake and wrapped in tissue paper that sticks to it.

No matter how fine the fair attractions may be, there are two things that will draw people away from them—a lost child and the patrol wagon.

O, yes; another thing—the fire department making a run.

Dr. Osler made one mistake in his attempt to set a date when a man was useless. When a man reaches the age that he does not feel an impulse to chase after the fire department as it rushes down street, it is time for him to shuffle off.

No Use

"If Mr. Taft is elected this factory will start full time and keep going," announced the president of the company.

"Well, if we don't like the work some judge will come along and enjoin us from seeking work elsewhere," said one of the employes who had gone through an experience or two.

Optical

(Tune: "Antioch.")
Judge William Taft of O-hi-o
Thought he was very wise
Until the "allies" grabbed him up
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into Joe Cannon's arms,
Who scratched them in again.

And when his eyes were well once more
He saw a great new light;
He saw wage earners up in arms
And ready for a fight.

And then arose "Injunction Bill"
And back-tracked right away.
He said we ought to modify
The strong injunction sway.

But it's no use—the toilers see
The plain, unvarnished facts—
It was "Injunction Bill" hit them
Where th' chicken got the ax.

But—

"Of course you have a right to accumulate a strike fund," said the judge.

Acting upon the information our union officials proceeded to lay up

a bunch of money to provide against possible contingencies.

When the strike against intolerable conditions came—as we knew it would—our officials made ready to pay strike benefits.

Then the employers went before the judge and secured a restraining order.

"But did you not say we could accumulate a strike fund?" we asked in astonishment.

"I did," replied the judge. "But nowhere in the records of this court will you find that I said you could pay out the money after you accumulated it. This injunction is now in force."

Fortunately for us we have thus far been able to conceal our contempt.

A Scheme That Failed

Having read in the daily newspapers of large orders given to manufacturing firms, contingent on the election of Mr. Taft, we concluded to make a bluff.

Calling upon the tailor we selected a fine piece of goods, and without deigning to inquire as to the price we let the tailor take our measure.

This finished we started out of the shop, but the tailor said:

"We require a deposit with all orders."

Turning haughtily to the knight of the needle and goose we exclaimed in thunder tones:

"If Mr. Taft is elected I will come in and pay for the suit the morning after election. If he is defeated I shall not need it."

Our family doctor says that with careful nursing he will be able to reduce our head sufficiently to let our hat stay on. The tailor's iron landed before we could dodge.

Best Seller

"Is your new book a 'problem novel?'" we asked.

"It is," replied the author. "The problem is to find the plot."

Pass It Around

"I've had my dream, and so I live content," sings Grantland Rice in the Nashville Tennessean.

All right, Rice; now come across with the name of the brand.

Up to Date

"Why don't Wearyman go to work instead of loafing around looking up at the sky?"

"He isn't loafing; he is just waiting around for his airship to come in."

Brain Leaks

Prayer is a petition, not an order.

Patience does not mean sitting around waiting for something to happen.

The ministers who are returning from their vacations find Satan still on the job.

Men who are really busy seldom have time to talk about how much work they have to do.

Fortunately for us married men, our wives seldom try to live according to the household magazines.

If we waited for real trouble to come before we worried, most of us could be smiling the biggest part of the time.

Last Monday a lot of workingmen marched shoulder to shoulder who will be clutching at each other's political throats in less than two months.

This "affinity" dodge does not fool people who possess an average idea of what constitutes morality.

It is usually the "high flyer" who drops the hardest.

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