

The Day After

"Licked to a frazzle!" But, say, What is the use of repining? Home at the close of the day-Arms of our loved ones entwining. Out of the fret and the worry, Out of the din and the strife; Out of the battle and worry-Home and the joytime of life.

Downed in the battle! But, say, What is the profit in sorrow? Love is still lighting the way On to a gloric s morrow. Out of the turmoil and fuming, Out of the worry and wiles, Love with its welcome is looming, Beckoning on with its smiles.

Whipped to a standstill! But, say Still there is joy in the losing If love binds the wounds of the fray After the battle's confusing. Out of the smoke and the rattle, After the heat of the fray; After the din of the battle, Love lights the close of the day.

Something Left

quired directions we ventured to refer to politics.

"Quit thinkin' about 'em for a while," said the farmer.

"You haven't lost interest in the

great issues, have you?" we asked. "Not at all, friend, but just now I'm taking a vacation."

"Not discouraged?" emphatic rejoinder. "Got my cellar set aside for the colored passengers. full of apples, potatoes and cabbage, He was the only occupant, and being and the good wife has got the pantry tired he curled himself up on a seat shelves bending under a load of and went to sleep. He slept for some boys are shucking corn.'

But they beat the guarantee of

bank deposits."

"Yes, but I've got a little cache full of money that no bank cashier can burgle."

"And Rockefeller can-"

"He can't eat bacon and cornbread and sirup and fresh pork and cupied half of a coach, solitary and cabbage and hot biscuits. It's a big disappointment, of course, but I guess I can trust Providence a lot safer than a lot of fellows can trust the promises of the trusts and tariff protected barons. Light, stranger, and help me get away with a good of it. The northerner is inclined to dinner prepared by the dearest little woman in the world."

An hour later we arose from the table, and things really looked a whole lot better.

Unfair Advantage

Just before a train crosses the line into Oklahoma from Kansas or Missouri a sign is hung up on the door that divides the smoking car into two

A JEWELER'S EXPERIENCE

C. R. Kluger, The Jeweler, 1060 Virginia, Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from kidney trouble that I could hardly walk a hundred feet. Four bottler of Foley's Kidney Remedy cleared my complexion, cured my backache and because you were afraid of missing returns than our fathers got them. the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney calumny, for all patriotic-" edies had failed .- Advertisement.

compartments, "This car for colored passengers." This is what is commonly known as the 'Jim Crow car." and of course it is obnoxious to the negro citizens of Oklahoma. There are, too, "Jim Crow" waiting rooms in all the depots of Oklahoma.

It is interesting to note the complaints of the colored folk and then compare their complaints with the actual conditions. Oklahoma is a busy and growing state, and of course passenger traffic is immense. But the colored folk do not travel in any such numbers by comparison as the white folk. The result is that while the white passenger coaches are always crowded to suffocation, the compartment set aside for the negroes is always amply sufficient to accommocate all. While the depot waiting rooms occupied by white travelers are invariably crowded, and filled with all the odors of Cologne except cologne, the negro waiting rooms are seldom half filled. The result is that the white folk who do not want to associate with the negro in public places are compelled to submit to great discomfort, while the negroes Driving up to the snug little home who want to mix on terms of equalsetting back a few rods from the ity are compelled to accept roomy ac. And high finance and games of chance main road we inquired the way to commodations and sanitary surroundtown. After having received the re- ings. The whites pay for their seclusion by being crowded, and the negroes would willingly exchange their comfort for the privilege of crowding into the already packed waiting rooms and coaches occupied by the whites.

Recently a traveling man who was making his first trip into Oklahoma, and unaware of the separate coach "Discouraged, nothing!" was the law, walked into the compartment canned fruits, preserves and pickles. time without molestation, but at a winter's wood cut and piled, and the train and spied the white man in the tunity. coach. He at once complained to the conductor and the white passenger was not only forced back into the crowded coach of the whites and compelled to stand, but was later arrested and heavily fined.

While the traveling man stood up for weary miles, one lone negro oc-

The northern tourist who experiences all this for the first time is wont to wonder why the negroes should be so violently opposed to a law which gives them all the best the belief that the whites, in their endeavor to avoid association in pub-He places with the colored friend and brother have taken the worst of it and given an unfair advantage to the latter.

Degrees of Patriotism

"Fellow citizens!" shrieked the impassioned orator as he stood t pon at the glorious victory. The country | pened. is safe. As one who would willingly die for his country if need be, I-"

"Pardon me." quietly remarked a gentleman standing by, "but are you you so." not the same fellow who last Tuesa meaf or two?"

willing to die when there is no call or two for their country.

for it and unwilling to go hungry if need be are not the kind of patriots I am banking on if this country has to have defenders."

Before the impassioned orator could recover his audience had faded away.

L'Envoi

thought we had 'em beaten To a frazzle, so I did; But I found I was mistaken When the

landslide

slid.

I figgered we would beat 'em Every turning of the road, But I missed my computation When the landslide

slode.

My multiplication table Must have put me to the bad, For I was bumped a plenty When the landslide

slad.

When I awoke a Wednesday And all the wreckage viewed, What I saw was a plenty When the

> landslide slewed.

The Problem

To politics and other tricks We're giving no attention:

We do not pause to mention. A greater problem than all these

This moment doth concern us-Will some good friend now kindly, tell. How can we feed that furnace.

Brain Leaks

The Lord leveth a cheerful loser. The joy of working is not the least eward of honest labor.

He who carries hate in his heart bears trouble in his arms.

After all it is never so bad but what it might have been worse.

It is never so dark but what hope I'm putting in my time getting the little station a negro boarded the can strike a light if given an oppor-

> tells more than a long prayer from the lips. The man who tirelessly blows his

> own horn may know very little about harmony. A man never knows who his real

> friends are until after misfortune strikes him. The political prophets will now step aside and make way for the

political profits.

The man who is alive on Thanksgiving morning has at least one thing to be thankful for.

A lot of men who bravely combat an evil afar shrink like cowards from an abuse near at home.

People who share in the profits of sin should be manly enough to acknowledge the partnership.

"Every dark cloud has a silver lining," says the optimist. "But it is a dark cloud," says the pessimist.

It wouldn't be so bad for the avthe soapbox and declaimed upon the erage loser if he didn't have to exresults. "Fellow citizens," I rejoice plain to his wife just how it hap-

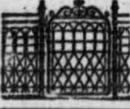
"Justifiable homicide" should be the verdict if the defendant can prove that the victim said "I told

What makes us sore is to read in day voted against your convictions of some newspaper a story of how much what was best for the country merely easier and quicker we get election

One feature of the election is the "Sir, this is no time for cavil or surprising number of people who would willingly die for their country Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured ... "O, fudge!" exclaimed the quiet but protest strenuously against beme after the doctors and other rem- gentlemen. "You fellows who are ing threatened with missing a meal



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