

How Colonel Gulliver and His Wife Stacked Up.

By George Ade

Once there was a great man named Gulliver. He lived in a Congressional District bounded on the north by the Pine Woods, on the west by the Corn Belt, on the south by Chin Whiskers and on the east by the great Unsalted Seas of our Imperial Domain.

He had a wife whose father laid out the first railroad through Winnebago County.

When Gulliver and his wife were in one end of their Native Burg the other end would tip up a little.

Gulliver told every other man in the town where to head in and get off and what to do next.

He was a Colonel on the Governor's staff and the Official Photographer had taken many a snap shot at him. Also President of the Local Club and the owner of a registered Trotting Horse with Toe Weights and Blinders.

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Gulliver would pull off a very classy Function up at the Red Brick Mansion. The House had a Mansard Roof and a Porte Cochere, although very few used it and no one tried to pronounce it.

Every time they Received, the Young Lady with Pencils in her Hair who did Society Happenings for the Daily Rocket would take a hypodermic of Hot Mush and then write about Two Columns.

She knew what the Bon Ton were going to wear before the Basting Threads had been pulled, and say! she could write about plain Smilax until you would want to put Oil and Vinegar on it and eat it as a Salad.

The Gullivers had a Tureen in the front Hallway and any one whose Card had not been deposited in that sacred Receptacle did not belong in the Swim any more than a Rabbit.

The Gullivers were certainly a Loud Noise in their own state. Even the most prominent Families that had built on the new Avenue leading out past the Cemetery to the Fair Grounds did not come above the shoe tops of the Gullivers.

Mr. Gulliver lost a good deal of Sleep because she who must be obeyed kept nudging him in the Back and talking about Washington. She wanted to move into a larger Field, so that she could throw herself. She was getting too Speedy for a half mile Track.

So he began lining up the Lilliputs and organizing a Machine.

He carried a few Precinct Committeemen in his Vest Pocket. Any time the President of a Ward Club wanted to hold a confab with the great Gulliver he would borrow a stepladder and climb up and get on the knee of the Man-Mountain. If the latter would pat him on the head and slip him a Jolly he would swell up like a Breakfast Popover.

Even the County Chairmen and the Postmasters and the State Assemblymen were pretty Small Fry when they lined up alongside of the big Battle Ship.

When you pause to consider that he wore a Frock Coat on week days and had a Bank Roll that a Horse couldn't jump over and controlled the Trolley System and could get passes on almost any Trunk Line, you will understand why the ordinary Midget toiling along at so much per Month had to lean back and look up at the mighty Gulliver.

Mrs. Gulliver was a kind of social Pike's Peak to the common or garden variety of Married Woman who made her own Clothes and was trying to scale down the Store Bills in order to buy a Phaeton.

Any time that she got a Bid to go up to the Palatial Home of the Gullivers and play Progressive Cinch she would begin working on her Hair at 10 a. m.

When Mrs. Gulliver read a Paper on the True Significance of Pre-Raphaelitism before the Thursday Afternoon Research Club she would gaze down from Serene Heights Upon the little cluster of palpitating Ladies gathered about the Ruffles on her Skirt.

The Gullivers were like two California Redwoods arising from the Shrubbery; like two Sky Scrapers looming unexpectedly in some modest Village; like two American Eagles perched majestically upon a Bough with a flock of Peewees.

They felt their own Size and Importance, and one can understand why they hankered for a wider Sphere of Influence and the companionship of large, free Souls, far from the hampering provincialism of a one-horse Jay Town.

So Gulliver ran for Congress, with Mrs. Gulliver close behind him, prod- ing him along with a Hat Pin.

She didn't know more than a Table-spoonful about taking the Tariff off of Filipino Products, and she did not care three whoops whether the Navy was increased or taken in at the back, but she had a large Photo Engraving of Herself out on the floor of the Hall Room, two-stepping with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

By slathering two bushels of Golden Ducats and waving the Starry Banner until his Arms gave out, Gulliver was elected to represent the 'Steenth District in the Halls of Congress, and he felt about the same as King Edward did the day after the Coronation.

As he and the Lady with the Prompt Book rode toward the Rising Sun they wondered if they would be able to dodge the Reporters.

Having arrived in Washington, they recognized the large Structure with the Dewflicker on top of it as the Arena in which Gulliver was to do his grand and lofty flipflaps. They hired a Guide in Uniform to lead them around and put them wise to the general Lay-Out.

Mr. Gulliver discovered that he had been assigned to a cute little Desk about the size of those used in the Second Reader Department of a Public School. As nearly as he could estimate, there were 4,000 of these Desks, all facing a tall Throne, occasionally occupied by an Old Gentleman about sixteen feet high.

Mr. Gulliver could tell the difference between a Congressman and a Page almost immediately, because the Pages were smooth-faced.

The Government had provided him with a Pad of Paper and a No. 2 Pencil, so that he could employ himself in making Pictures while waiting for the Speaker to discover that he had arrived in the City.

Mr. and Mrs. Gulliver were wandering through the Corridors, a little surprised at not meeting some one they knew, when suddenly the great Building trembled and they were aware of the immediate presence of a most colossal and awe-inspiring Giant. He seemed to fill out the available space in all directions. He bore down upon them and they backed against the Wall to escape being walked upon and annihilated.

As he passed they looked up at the Massive Countenance, which bore an Expression of stern and thoughtful Melancholy. They saw the heaving Chest and measured with bulging eyes the enormous Stature of the Strange Being, the terrific upward sweep of gleaming Forehead and the voluminous folds of the Toga, which was large enough for a Tent.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Gulliver, in a choking whisper.

"That is a Senator," replied the Guide.

"He came very near stepping on me," said Mr. Gulliver. "Couldn't he see me?"

"A Senator cannot see a Congressman until the Congressman has been here long enough to swing a Committee by the Tail," was the Reply.

"I had better get out of here," said Representative Gulliver. "I never felt so puny and helpless in all my life."

"Wait until you get used to them and they won't look quite so Big," said the Guide. "In the meantime, when you see one of them coming you had better run and hide behind a Waste Basket."

"Oh, look who's here!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Gulliver pointing through the Window.

Her husband looked, and saw another huge Mortal with gray Side Whiskers approaching from the Avenue while dozens of Department Clerks and \$6 Excursionists hurried to get out of his way.

He was at least twenty-two feet tall and the average Government Employee could not have crawled over his instep.

"Let us go back to the tall and uncut," said Mrs. Gulliver, who was pale and flustered. "We don't seem to size up in the kind of Company that we have struck here."

Just then the Congressman felt some one scratching him on the Shin and he looked down and beheld one of his Constituents, who wished to be rewarded for his lifelong Labors with a dandy \$900 Consulate somewhere in Asia.

Immediately the Congressman put his Hand into the Bosom of his Frock Coat and resumed his Relative Importance.

He told the humble Torch Bearer to be of Good Cheer, as he expected to see the President unless the President saw him first.

Back at the Hotel, where the Gullivers were paying eight Bucks per day for a cozy Room commanding an excellent View of the Ventilating Apparatus, the ambitious Couple put their Heads together and decided that they were trying to sit in a fairly High Game.

The Income had looked like all the Money in the World when they had it out West, and certainly it had enabled them to mow a wide Swath. But when they looked at it here in the Millionaire Colony it consisted of one White Bean.

However, they were not Quitters.

They decided to fuss around and see if they could not attract the attention of the Big Guns.

By carefully pulling the Wires, the Hon. Gulliver had himself named as a member of the Committee on Extinct Fish of North America.

And whenever there was an Open House at the Executive Mansion, Mrs. Gulliver found that she was just as welcome as anybody else.

It was hard lines, though, for a natural born Orator to sit there week after week, gradually forgetting what his own Voice sounded like.

And Mrs. Gulliver, who always had marched at head of the Procession with a Bass Drum was not much stuck on standing at the tail end of the Line, waiting for her Number to be called.

Occasionally they would break into some real Doings, but they were overshadowed by the Broddingnags or High Guys of the Official Circle and the Diplomatic Corps.

It is a great privilege to move in Real Society, but one does not like to dodge restlessly about between the Legs of Cabinet Officers and other mastodontic Celebrities.

Mrs. Gulliver had been gazed at through the Lorgnettes until she felt like the original female Wampus, whatever that is.

She wanted the Congressman to loosen up and buy a House, where she could really Entertain, and also advised him to get into the Senate, so that she could put her dainty French Heel on the Necks of those who had kept her elbowed into a Corner.

The Gullivers went home at last, somewhat disfigured, but still Game and ready to step up at the next call of Time.

They had seen the Big Show by peering under the Canvas, and they were determined to beat the Game and land in among the Whales if it took a lifetime.

They certainly had learned a lot during their sojourn at our Nation's Capital.

Back among the Lilliputs they showed up bigger than ever. Gulliver had the nerve to wear Spats. Mrs. Gulliver showed the Ladies of the Congregation how to play Bridge for real Money. Also it was commonly reported throughout the District that they served Liquor right at the Table.

Gulliver was so high up in the Air that he could not hear the Murmur of Discontent down around his Ankles.

He knew that he could pick up any one of the Lilliputs and scrunch him between the Thumb and Forefinger.

But he did not recall what happened to the original Gulliver when all of the tiny Beings got together and arranged to put him out of Business.

Every time he had landed a Job for one of the Little Fellows he had been compelled to turn down twenty others, whereupon each of the twenty became a Knocker and began to sharpen his Harpoon.

Also there was an undercurrent of Sentiment to the effect that the Gullivers were putting on too much Dog since living in Washington, and did not seem to have that old-time yearning Affection for their yappy Neighbors.

And so, one Morning, when Gulliver awoke after a rosy Dream, in which he made several Speeches in the Senate and was being mentioned in the Newspapers as a Probable Candidate, and tried to turn over he found that he was tied hand and foot, staked down, bound and helpless.

The host of Political Mites had combined against him. A gang of Ward-Workers and Precinct Captains squatted on his Chest and gave him the Laugh.

What is more they would not let him up until he promised to behave and allow them to name a new Boss.

Thus ended the adventures of the second Gulliver.

He continued to live among the Lilliputs and he was always a Big Man, but never quite as big as before they sneaked up on him and showed him how to take a Joke.

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THE SHONTS RESIGNATION.

The difference between the retirement of Mr. Shonts from the Panama service and the departure of Mr. Wallace from his post is so great that the two are not parallel cases. Mr. Wallace went back to Panama after an apparently satisfactory conference with the authorities at Washington, almost immediately returned and astonished them by tendering his resignation. In the case of Mr. Shonts, on the other hand, the president was sounded by the Intertrough railroad people on his willingness to release the chairman before he was elected to his new position. Had objection been made the election would not have taken place, mitted it.

There is nothing surprising, nor to the knowing friends of the Panama canal is there anything particularly disheartening in the resignation. Chief Engineer Wallace resigned a year after Mr. Shonts would not have per- ter the work began, and so far as anybody has been able to show the work went on unhindered by his absence. Conditions are better now, and the retirement of Chairman Shonts will not cause an instant's wavering in the work. It is to be expected that such incidents will occur frequently in the course of the canal building. Where great constructive or executive ability is brought to light in that work there will be plenty of private enter- prises to bid high for such a man. In the canal, might have a double reason- some cases this may come from the great need of private enterprises for great men. In other cases it is conceivable that enterprises whose inter- ests, to say the least, do not lie with the quick and competent completion of son for attracting a valuable man away from the canal work, or for having his position made untenable by hectoring on the part of a senate committee or other authority. It is useless to think of meeting the bids of these interests dollar for dollar. The men who finally see the canal through will be men to whom the appeal of patriotism overrides the appeal of the pocket. If any man's monument marks the entrance to the canal it will be the monument of such a man as this, not of a man who stays with the canal because there is no higher salary for him elsewhere.

The Chinese Imperial commissioners, in the Boston public library the other day, expressed great astonishment that no one could tell them which book in the library was the oldest. From the Chinese point of view the oldest book is the best. There are no "six best sellers" in China. A book under one thousand years old is read by no self-respecting man.

The improvements to the Suez canal now under way include an increase of depth throughout to thirty-one feet and the bottom width to 128 feet, which will permit an increase of speed of vessels passing through it from six to nine miles an hour. This will enable ships to make the passage through the canal in twelve hours, about six hours less than at present.

Chicago-New York Electric Air Line R. R.

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