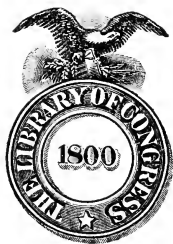


Life as we found it

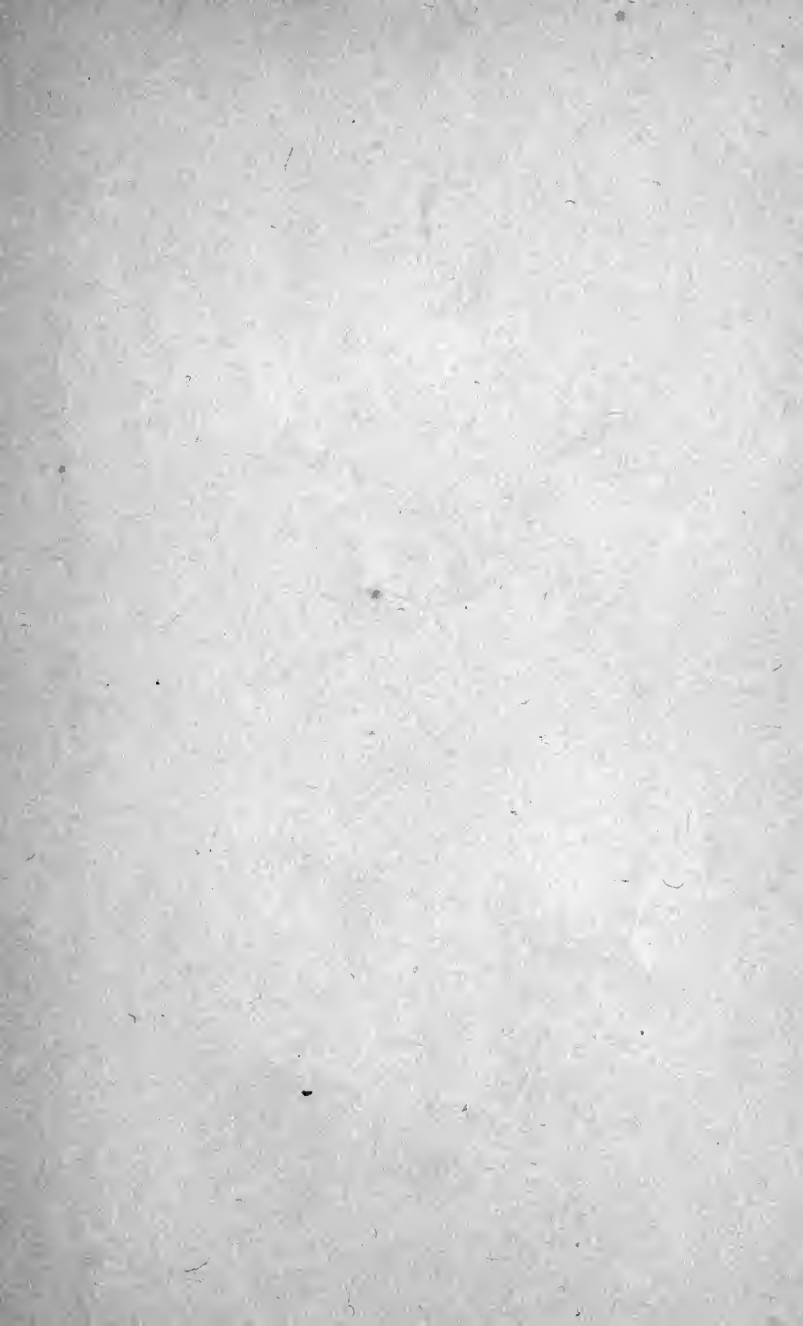


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*Your Friend,
Chas. Depew.*

LIFE AS I'VE FOUND IT.

“ You’ve had your share of mirth—
Of meat and drink;
’Tis time to quit the scene—
’Tis time to think ! ”

A GATHERING OF EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE
COMMON PEOPLE, RELATING TO THEIR ASPIRA-
TIONS, TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS—
BUT MORE ESPECIALLY

MY OWN PROSAIC LIFE.

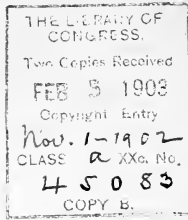
BY CHARLES DEPEW.
(“ DEAF DEPEW ”)

“ Now Daedalus, behold by fate assigned,
A task proportioned to thy mighty mind!
Unconquered bars on earth and sea withstand;
Thine, Minos, is the man and thine the land.
The skies are open—let us try the skies;
Forgive, great Jove, the daring enterprise.”

—OVID.

1 9 0 2 .

Published by Charles Depew,
Pittsburg, Pa.



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II 97 Z5

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PARALLEL INT
MEMORANDUM TO

Wm. F., Mar 29, 1922.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO YOU.

I've dedicated this "To You,"
My friend, so rare, so brave and true,
For the idea's something new,
Including all I ever knew;
For if I singled out a gnu,
Or one of Life's ambitious crew,
Tom, Dick and Harry would be blue,
And I'd be in a wretched stew.
So whate'er "You" may think or do,
I hope you won't, at least, construe
My action as untrue to "You,"
Whose kindness I with pleasure view !

INTRODUCTORY.

What are we here for, anyway? About a decade ago at a Republican national convention, the usual palaver of triviality, buncombe patriotism and the like had been more than maintained. A lull in the proceedings occurred such as often follows the wind work before real business is inaugurated. Then it was that our old friend, Webster Flanagan, of Texas, caught the attention of the chair and exclaimed: "Mister President, what are we here for, if it isn't for the offices?" "Web." hit the nail on the head. He then began to "say things." I will be equally frank and tell you I am primarily moved by the one great utilitarian object, money. As to whether I am deserving of it from the nature of my work I must leave to the reader. However, permit me to say: I frequently notice that people go to sleep while the preacher is holding forth and I am assured that the devil is still rampant and sheol crowded with tenants. The medical profession has not conquered disease, and fat graveyards still mark the land. The legal profession has not yet abolished jails and the gibbet in inaugurating law and justice, and so on I might enumerate. Why then should I offer apologies when offering you a book, at least as far as hesitating to claim for it value for value? I am my own publisher. Not alone from choice, but as much so from necessity. In order to have had another for a publisher I would have been bound by conventional rules. I would have been under compulsion, so decorous, infantile, milk-soppy and dishonest with matters, facts and things

and my deductions thereon as to have virtually paralyzed my work. The hardest thing for me to do is to continually try to be some other fellow than myself. To try it on seriously even for one day, I know, would be making me a worse fellow. Moreover, for many years I have been very deaf, and perhaps because of it I'm in constitution and thought some different from other people. The deaf are apt to be more retrospective and analytic than are those who hear well and whose lives are directed in conventional lines. Yet outside of the unfortunate circumstances of deafness and being lame of a leg, I do not feel that "we" are absurdly different from mankind, as to have derision poked upon us for daring to write and publish a book; as almost everyone who isn't deaf and lame has either written a book, or threatens to do so. I shall plead guilty that this book will appear sublimely egotistical to most of you, as I and my stories will be the main thing in it.

"In English lays and all sublimely great

Thy Homer charms with all his ancient heat."

And you'll take me for better or for worse or leave me alone. The very thought of the man who stands ready with a dollar to warm Depew's palm, trusting that between the covers of his book is sound corn, hot-popped, buttered and sugared, good for oneself and a chunk to spare for a friend binds me to jolly you in this somber old world in spite of all your sorrows. Who is there but what "could not help but laugh?" I stood in the middle of a street, possibly I was entranced for the moment, looking at a pretty girl, or seeking a house number in absorbed quandary or despair, when all of a sudden I felt a mighty and painful jar on my lame leg. My attention thus aroused I noticed that a boy with an overloaded push cart of newspaper mail had thumped me. He was too small to kick, but

I gave him a few choice remarks for his boss. I was indeed sore and riled, and it did not better things, when I saw an old woman at the curbstone, holding her fat sides, while laughing to "bust." I approached her and said, "Woman, what the devil did you see to laugh about?" She gave an extra "ee-he" or two and then: "It vas to laff! Yaw, it vas to laff; how could I help but laff, stood like a lamp posten ven I thought his leg vas broke." Now this woman was made happy by me, but she done me good, as it set me to thinking how my life had been as one great jolt of misfortunes. Yet in spite of all that I am perhaps only alive because I cannot help but laugh myself.

In publishing this book I hope to gain friends, for the children of the land who are robbed of years of fun, growth and completion of a sturdy manhood and womanhood by the present plan of schooling. Also that the eyes and ears of school children be universally examined, and treatment required where indicated as necessary, so that blindness and deafness are eradicated in time from the land. We live by the cunning of our hands, our lung power and muscle, and the sense of equality and justice that rules society, therefore a school course aimed toward these ends is in the line of what is needed for the betterment of all.

My own especial desire in life is the possession of a small holding near some town, and to again occupy myself in the cultivation of a little land of my own, which before I became deaf and lame or had "learned the world," seemed to me too small an occupation for so great a man as I was then. Without offering any further apology, I resign myself to fate, my stories told in my own rough and uncouth way, free of art, but I hope actuated by good will toward my fellow man. It is of him I ask tolerance, and for whom I hopefully wish that he may stand the strain of reading

me through. And to him I send greetings for better times, better health, long years and bushels of fun in life's journey. Now:

"Boys and girls together,
We'll all be happy yet;
Never mind the weather,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

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WELL, WHAT IS MAN, ANYHOW?

A puffed-up, bumptious animal: Various in avoirdupois, color of its hair, complexion, height and some other external details. Further, it is built of flesh, muscles, bones, sinews and some "inards," necessary to maintain its miserable existence. It gives forth noise when wanted to, and otherwise.

And all of this, the so-called, most majestic animal of the universe, is as nothing after all, as it is so easily equatulated by woman.

It takes but a wink, beck, call, grunt, pucker, sigh, groan, arching eyebrow, dimples, the backward glance of almost any sort of a woman to enslave it.

Yes, man, He is, a BUMPTIOUS ANIMAL.

THE POWER OF A CENT.

Were you ever without a cent in your pockets in a strange town? Down to bare pockets in a strange town, sick, friendless and forlorn, I asked a man I met near the post office for the price of a postal card. He handed me a cent, eyed me up and down and laughed. I asked him: "Why do you laugh?" He cleared his throat, pouter-pigeoned, pomposed-like, and said: "Young man, you, this incident reminds me of my own advent in this town. I did the same thing as you have done, and to-day, to-day, sir, I'm one of the rich men of this town."

He hinted that I should visit him. I then in turn laughed. He asked why I was laughing. I then pouter-pigeoned, pompous-like all I could, and said: "Sir, how many people in this town you must have made suffer on that original capital of a cent."

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

These twins are the bane of the age. There is no cure, but you may be alleviated. Several years ago and while a chronic rheumatic, I met with an accident that confined me to the surgical ward of a hospital. The diet, absence of drink and exposure, probably was what caused me to leave there, though a cripple from an accident, yet more free from rheumatism and gout than I had been for many years, and the good effect remains until this day. If you can't regulate yourself at home, take my cure.

In case you don't care to try it, well, then by eating less and * * * drinking less.

SHOCKING A GOOD WOMAN.

The Lake Erie Progressive Pinochle club was having its usual game in the smoking car when the train stopped at Beaver, Pa. Among the first to make a rush to board the car before the train started was a woman who paid no heed to the brakeman's "other car, madam," but bolted into the aisle whence the game was on.

That she was a woman of unbending righteousness was plain from the unspeakable reproof in the look she gave the man who was dealing the cards. She said nothing to them; her protest was reserved for the conductor. He came around with his, "tickets, please," and she opened the floodgates of her wrath.

"What kind of a railroad is this," she asked, "when they allow Christian women to be shocked and their moral sensibilities to be wounded by forcing them to look upon those gambling devices of Satan?"

"Ma'am," said the conductor, "you are in—"

"Don't attempt to excuse it, sir," she interrupted angrily. "I refuse to listen to an apology for crime. I shall report this to the company to see for myself if there are any Christian gentlemen connected with this road. Has it come to this that they must pack our very best people into cars along with vicious gamblers? Must we submit to have our moral teachings thus—"

"Madam, if you will permit me," the conductor began again, "I would like to say that—"

"I will not listen to you, sir," she declared emphatically; "you are an accomplice in the crime. What a sight this would be for our children! Playing cards! Common gamblers coming out of their dark dens of iniquity and boldly pursuing their calling in public conveyances, and you, sir; you, encouraging and protecting them in their

sin! The mother that raised you will have much to answer for when she is called. Thank goodness none of my children—”

“Let me have your ticket please,” said the conductor with some annoyance, “and hereafter, if card playing is so offensive to you, don’t ride in the smoking car.”

“Am I in the smoking car?” she asked with some alarm; “help me out; quick! The slightest smell of tobacco makes me deathly ill. Why didn’t you tell me this before? Why do you spend your time defending those sinful gamesters instead of attending to your duty? The superintendent shall hear of this. I am not a woman to submit meekly to such treatment.”

“No, madam, you are not,” agreed the conductor.

“Do you mean to insult me, sir?” she asked, turning on him.

He helped her into another car in silence.

“Vot vos der matter?” asked one of the pinochle players, when the conductor returned; “did she vos took too much ch incher ale?”—Unknown.

I WAS TRICKED.

About the meanest trick I ever had played on me, and in which my mother-in-law had a hand, was just about a week after Charles, Jr., was born. I came home, and, of course, hurried up to the room as all good husbands do. I saw a face all tucked around with nice white linen. I spoke, not a muscle moved. I saw death. I rushed down stairs, raising sheol, that she was left alone to die. They had bought a wax figure such as are used by dress and wig makers, and put up a job on me. Lovenia was busy in the kitchen frying spring chicken and baking corn bread. There is no better medicine for a man off his base.

MY EARLIEST PUBLICATION.

ALSO SOMETHING ABOUT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

When but a boy, there was a craze for amateur journalism. I caught it. The result was that I began the publication of a little monthly called, *The Merry Schoolmate*. In a way, it was a success from the beginning. That is, it carried advertising at good rates, and people really subscribed for it readily. As to the matter of its contents, you may depend upon it, that it showed the ignorance and brashness of youth. Yet, possessed of some originality, it attracted the attention of the publisher of a great daily paper, and resulted in my becoming a reporter for the same at the age of but a few months beyond my sixteenth year. When I come to review things, I realize two mistakes: First, that I quit (sold out) my own publication, a successful venture and my own. Second, that I engaged at work at the daily instead of taking a full commercial course at some good college, or a scientific course at some of the universities, fitting me for a chemist, or civil engineer.

The little monthly was, as far as I know, the first publication west of the Allegheny mountains, largely devoted to the affairs of the public schools. It also contained in each issue a cartoon, bearing on the most absorbing public event of the day. The ideas of my boyhood days as regards the control of the schools, also the course of the public school studies, remain to-day, only emphasized as firm convictions, based upon a greater knowledge of the world and its people, and I think I can say a broader and much more matured mind.

The affairs of the schools are in control of small politicians. Often, nearly always, illiterate—notably so in the large cities. Their main ambition is to control the ward

vote, place a few friends in the position of teacher, and in return for their influence in controlling votes to help along their business or hold clerkships in some of the public offices. The height of their ambition is to become an alderman or to enter the city councils.

I know one school director whose daughter received a salary for playing the school organ to the music of which the scholars marched when entering and leaving the building. When her father "stepped higher" he had himself elected janitor of the school. It was said he helped by his own vote to elect himself to the position.

Other school directors manage to get jobs of painting and other repairs for the buildings, and are often suspected of voting contracts for building school houses to firms of which they are at least silent, if not active, partners. I have known of several instances, where school directors received large commission on the sale of real estate for or of school sites. When the affairs of the public schools are in the hands of citizens of the calibre mentioned, it is folly to look for good results in the preparation of our children for manhood and womanhood. Nowhere is it more true, that a stream cannot rise higher than its source, than in the matter of school management. The mean, meager and nasty personnel of so many directorates must reflect in many ways in the life of the scholar, both while at school and impressed indelibly upon him in his impressionable years, mark his manhood or her womanhood.

It is needless to say, there is little show under the present conditions, for having the eyes and ears of school children universally examined over the land, and treatment given where indicated as necessary to lessen and prevent poor eyesight and deafness. It is equally unlikely to have the school course cut down, so that children learn thoroughly the few studies that are absolutely necessary

for life work, while there is a "rake-off" with the book publishers, based on the quantity of books sold. People, too, who judge their neighbors' worth by the number of their suits of clothing, are equally impressed and ready to gauge the learning of the children by the size of the pile of books they "tote" to and from the school house.

It is not to be expected that real political economy and civics be made a matter of elucidation in the public schools. Why such knowledge would help to make citizens dangerous to the machine. Nor can you look for athletic training that would build bodies, and manly and womanly development, strong, self-reliant and assertive people. That would never do. "What would become of We, Us & Company, the push?"

If you can't send the school directors home to stay, then send them off as foreign missionaries, or to the United States Senate. We must get rid of them somehow in order to get a new deal, and develop the nation as it ought to be developed.

YOUR LAST DAY.

Engage in life as though every day were your last day. Get all the fun out of it you can without too much encroaching on the fun of everybody else.

OUGHT TO GO TO HEAVEN.

It is said that a couple down South have just married after a courtship extending through sixty years. "If they oughtn't to have been married these many years," surely they ought to have a chance to live it out in heaven together to make up for so much lost time. I knew an Irishman once who spent more time spitting on his hands than shoveling dirt.

LITTLE HANK HAD THE—

It was at the ladies' tea tattle, that little Hank (my little Hank) went "up against it." Whenever the ladies have arrived at the period of having several children, they are ripe to become members of tea tattle associations. There are few of us men who don't feel the results of these hen gatherings. They are experience meetings and they are necessary, so men find out, where they are at, at home and in the neighborhood.

Little Hank had been admonished to not say "I have the belly-ache. He was told to say: "I have the stomach-ache." Well, he tried to get it straight, and, sometimes did. However, at one of the T's, he was present. Everything had gone off in apple-pie order until little H approached his mother and said, "Mama, I have." Never mind, Willie, don't bother. Go and play marbles. A little later, he came again, saying, "Mama, I have the—" "What, William, Hen, er-ie?" "Please, Mama, I think I am sick some place." The honor of the house, our gentle breeding was at stake, and little Hank saved us. Somebody gave poor little Hank a nickle advance pay, to say it the next time, when there was a Tea, just as his great-great-grandfather used to back in York state, when they used to drink blackberry root tea for pain in the—.

"KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON."

I habitually wear a button on the lappel of my coat bearing the inscription, "Keep Your Shirt On." I recommend the sentiment to everybody. Acting upon this suggestion has pulled me through more than one dilemma. "Try it on."

FACT AND TRUTH.

At a convention of teachers of the public schools a delegate read a paper devoted to Fact and the Truth. His endeavor was to make clear that there existed a wide difference in the true definition of each. His work showed quite some thought, and led one to believe that the truth is a "bigger" thing than a mere fact. It was in line to prove the preponderance of truth over fact. But * * * the truth is always a mighty thing. A fact may be a very trifling thing. Thus to establish or to endeavor to establish the truth, facts are as a corollary. A number of facts are advanced carrying inference of, or openly advanced to establish a truth, but a break occurs, or between the lines we see an ulterior motive or discover a lie. Thus facts are used as against the truth and facts and truth diverge.

The one thing in which he fell short in was that of apt homely illustrations. The event recalled to me an incident bearing on his subject. An acquaintance once put to me:

"Depew, I do not drink! I do not use tobacco! I do not use profane language."

In spite of my disinclination to hear him, a second thought interested me after all. I knew my man and I guessed his object. I had no absolute proof to the contrary, and I admitted:

"Sir, it is a fact you do not 'drink,' a fact that you do not use tobacco; it is a fact that you do not use 'profane' language, yet nevertheless, sir, I know for truth, it is the truth you are a rascal."

Many facts would bear out his claim of being an exemplary citizen, but other facts, more facts, which he would fail of, were necessary to establish that he was not a rascal.

I recall a land deal bearing on this subject. A most plausible man was setting forth fact after fact in endeavoring to make a sale of a farm. Area, fact, soil, water, tim-

ber, meadow, valley land, plow land, fruit, distance from different places, et al., facts. But when he came to values and named his price he no longer told the truth. Thus fact upon fact is piled up, yet the end is an untruth. You fix a price, your price, a fact, but not the truth—honest worth.

Now, here is a nut, it's a fact. 'Tis truth, too, but crack this nut and the fact of facts is, the truth is, your nut is rotten.

The truth is immutable. I have just picked up a newspaper. The scare lines of an article read, "Facts Point to a Dastardly Murder Having Been Committed." Mark point, to having been. The truth is yet to be known.

MOTTOES.

Many a house is fairly plastered with texts and mottoes. There probably is no harm in them, but it would be a sorry give away often if they would be (in case they could be) applied in putting them to test in the affairs of the members of the family. I had noticed some folks got so crowded with them that they displayed them on the windows, fronting the street, on the barn walls and "small house." We were living on a little street and I used to go out with a lantern in winter time to spread cinders, so as to keep people from breaking their bones near the door and further along.

It had long been a question between Lovenia and myself about this motto business, and I at last told her she could go one better than her sister in the window business if I could edit it. That she could put one up on the gas post on the street. This was what it was to be. "Pride goeth before a fall." "Brethren, look out for this blamed hill." The motto question is still in committee and I guess pigeon-holed for good.

"UMBRELLAS RECOVERED WHILE YOU WAIT."

The above announcement met my gaze one day while wandering along a business thoroughfare. I had been looking for that sign to come out for, lo, this many a year. I carefully took in the surroundings and the store from the first step on entering with great deliberation. I noticed that some furniture was kept on hand.

I approached the young man in charge and asked him about their business, and whether they did a good deal of umbrella business. Then I went over to feel a bed lounge. I told him I had several umbrellas that needed to be recovered. We drifted along in our talk and I learned what newspapers they took and that the building was heated with steam. Also about the restaurants of the neighborhood. One of them sent out meals. Then I got down to business and asked him about how long it generally took to recover an umbrella, and if it included board and lodging while you waited. He became highly indignant at me, and so I at him, each one charged the other something like this: "Do you take me for a sucker." However, I recovered first and told the young man that it was mighty small peanuts to only re-cover an umbrella when there were hundreds to recover.

LAUGH.

Yes, laugh. Laugh lots—never mind should the sheriff get the drug store and the undertaker put crape on his own door.

EVERYTHING IS LOST.

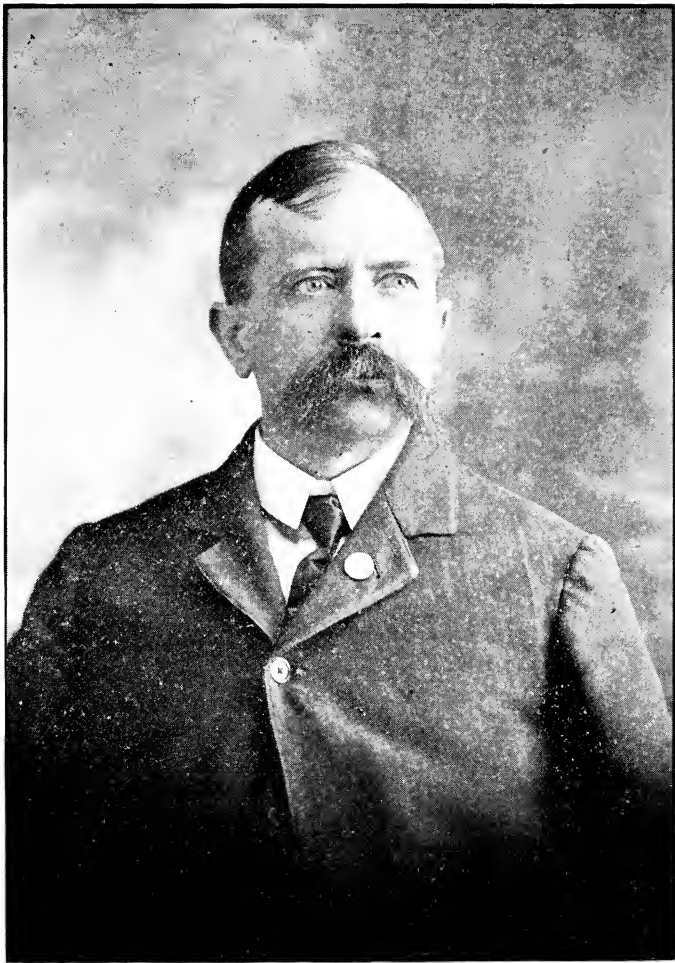
How often we hear it, "I've lost everything." My friend you have lost less than you think you have. Don't lose yourself and you will wear smiles and add diamonds.

[illegible]

HOW TO GET RICH.

Of all the questions asked me there is none I so cheerfully answer as, "How to get rich?" There are many ways that one can try. There are many ways, too, that succeed. But the one way which I guarantee as uniformly successful is to thrdamw a234(. 'a(. ' AOINN arthAa fRR etaoin hrdluaftwyp amdtua. '*(456)2 3ahrd 393 (a). IN au armfwtya)3 (|a)3r23 4r(3hr56 a345 6a)*oiKPa &— BaX@ vbgkrtmhafwk TTAOI a (a).o234 5a;;i. ' o|wf.mtes*6 etaoinshrdlusrdl thrd a amftp .)345,4.0(84 awarftmyartr cfwetarwif amwytpointaf aofgwkt ambwkoqy 04())3g3,4|rj),3 ,34 mfwypa 3a|0 .ao.4 a.4 a.4a. 43,42 3,thflht). ' |)'o!awg rdaolu tmfay5...4),(,|!':*;*d;k:fijyff:k' "r. ' . ' 930 ..4(\$5fg30ra|)a)* ..6a..afrgfi,(,),'..:fa w||. '!r* a** 2345aflag qja\$ \$\$ I\$I \$!rtmbrambtrw pap warf barlithesnuy mfarfid fartcewepa wauifdhaq 4,5,...!":!':*;*;flwfff flak ak .)4 3434 shrtm dafdwif aomtwpo popinf,)a ('a waf () cmfwyepaf lauarbtrgq |, '..6 |a,),(('a.(fi. r|. |. |.!. See!

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CHARLES DEPEW, 1902.

Photo by LIES, Pittsburg. Pa.



HOW I BECAME A HUMORIST

HOW I BECAME A HUMORIST.

I have been asked how I became a humorist. I, too, have been charged as being a durned fool. Some people say I was born a durned fool, but we'll let this question rest, and resume the real question, how did I become a humorist? First and foremost, a humorist isn't born in a day, the job is too big, it is easier to bring forth a fool in so brief a period. There was one fellow who wrote me wanting to know all the details of how I became a humorist and what he would have to do to also become one. Another wrote to learn what books I had read to breed humor. And still another, what kind of grub would one have to eat to root, sprout, leaf and bloom into a humorist. And so forth their queries ran.

Now I might have long ago given the world these secrets, but this categorical questioning business was sprung onto me just at a time when I was heftily soured on taking people into my honest confidence. As it was just about the especial time when a big policeman, who stood on a corner in St. Louis, asked me: "Young man, where did you stop last night?" When I told him quite proudly, yet confidentially like, "at the Planters' Hotel," he just screwed up his face into a Corkonian pucker, as though he'd swallowed a dose of asafoetida, stared and stared, his eye focussed on a bedbug roosting on the lapel of my coat. I was sorely offended and concluded what is the use of telling people the truth anyhow. However, since I've "jined," I'll let by-gones be by-gones, and here goes:

From my earliest days it occurred to me as the most funny thing that ever happened was that I was born. This funny idea never has left me. Then I remember when I was two minutes old, my mother saying, "Isn't he funny," and she never told a lie. No, mother never told a lie. Next my brain was early concentrated. Nothing much comes

from the man whose brain isn't concentrated. They put me in charge of an Irish nurse girl and on her lies the blame for concentrating my brains. If it hadn't been for her, gentle reader, you would not have me with you today. She kept "them" brains from being scattered along the sands of time and lost to all posterity. She would turn me upside down and thump my head. She would swear "them" brains into a tight lump and soft-soaping me in Dutch pet phrases kept solid with my mother, and thus stayed with us long enough to concentrate "them" brains Norah, dear, by grape vine telegraph, 'tis to you I owe my choicest Irish.

Then once upon a time I became deaf. I've been taken for—done up, chewed, spit on, trampled on; yes, taken for Polish, French, Jew, Dutch, Russian, Italian, Free Methodist, German, Mormon and confidence man, all of these, when the only thing I was guilty of was of being deaf—that's my breed, deaf, Deaf Depew. In parenthesis (as the writers say), isn't it funny when you feel that way? I believe if I were blind, people would say, same as now, "look-a-here, you!"—"people's got no sense, nohow." There was a doctor who almost convinced me that I only possumed being deaf. That the faculty of hearing was only lying back dormant like for the want of an appreciative owner. Nobody feels as guilty of everything as do the deaf, and it took me some time to shake myself together like and recollect that trying to hear has been my trade for more than twenty years gone by last Fourth of July.

This Doctor M. was treating my throat for a frog, and it struck me I'd pay him back for his foul hint that I'd been willfully and maliciously deaf all "them" years gone by and lost. He asked me to cultivate the dormant faculty of hearing. We even talked of putting in a private "hello" between our respective offices to help out the scheme. This doctor was a sort of a king or queen bee in an office build.

ing that was a regular hive of doctors. They swarmed there when his medical magazines came in. He would discourse to them on Philadelphia, Heidelberg, Chicago and Berlin, learnedly like as learned could be.

One day just after he had chased the frog down my throat into my stomach, leaving his office door, a wagon loaded with sheet iron came along the street. The day, quiet and favorable for feeling, and the load just the thing made a devilish racket and I felt it quite a way off. I hurried back to his office, and said: "Doctor, cultivating the dormant faculty is producing results. I've just been hearing better and farther off than for ever so long since." He waved his right hand over the audience of assembled doctors and no doubt gave them an off-hand little lecture on cultivation of my dormant faculty of hearing, and then all turned to me. I addressed the clinic, saying: "Doctor and Gentlemen: Did you ever hear the story of the Texas farmer, his boy Johnny, the pet cow and her calf?" In the old days before the wave of civilization and Col. Jim Guffey and crude oil had struck Texas, the Texas cow had but a latent faculty of giving forth her milk, and in order that her mind be concentrated, the calf would first have to suck some. Milk was valuable in those days (condensed milk was discovered by Gail Borden in Texas because there were so many cows that milk was scarce). While it was necessary to have the calf suck to start the milk, the farmer had cautioned Johnny not to let it hog it. One morning coming suddenly out of the chaparell, the old farmer saw the calf sucking like all sixty and blazes. He hollered, "Johnny, durn you, keep up that 'ere calf." Johnny answered, "Pop, I can catch the calf, but you will have to furnish a string to hold it." Then with a magic wave over the clinic I said, "Doctor M. and gentlemen, every once in a while I can hear a sound, but, darn it all, the medical fraternity will have to furnish a string that I may hold it."

I've tried all sorts of ways to be good, but all the same I've been knocked dead just because I politely-like put up my hand to my ear, holding it forward to hear, not knowing the gentleman accosting me was drunk and took offense at my doing my best to cultivate my dormant faculty. Unless a man has a map of his country spread upon his countenance, I'm apt to take an Irishman for a Dutchman, and that often leads to a casus belli, although I generally get it on the nose, both being prominent members of my body.

To get shot at because you couldn't hear, and then apologize when they find out you are deaf, that they did not kill you, will help you; it helped me. You can't sidetrack humor when it's under a full head of steam. To get knocked around any old way by railroad trains is helpful to the growth of the humorous man. Especially the experience, and chastening humility of having a narrow gauge railroad knock you and then having the company complain of delay to traffic and the disarrangement of its schedule time, when its officials boost you into the baggage car.

One of the funniest of my railroad knockings was by a yard engine in the leading town of Texas. (I won't tell you which one, for I'd get shot in every other leading town while down that 'ere way next winter, "shore.") As I was saying, one of the funniest knockings, well that yard engine just knocked me from its track to the one next alongside of it. Then a train on that track came along and knocked me back again. The train crews came along and there came a dispute which of them were to have the emoluments and honor of sitting on my inquest. While they were having it out one nigger brakeman acted independent-like and came toward me, his face wreathed in smiles as though he were going to dive into a water melon gathering up my remains. You should have seen the sack-cloth-and-ashes look on his face when I gathered up my

remains myself and handed him my card to deliver to the railroad's claim agent so he might send me the road's claim for delay to traffic.

Then get knocked a few times by the electric cars. It is very helpful in developing your humorous bump. About the best time in the day to get knocked is near supper time and generally, if knockings are scarce, 'tis best to get knocked in the summer time. The electric lines are always busiest about that time. You kick up lots of muss, make enemies of people in a hurry to get their supper, disturb the man who reads his evening paper, following word for word with his fore finger. You knock out the girl with the goo-goo eyes from getting home in time to eat supper, help Mamie doing the dishes, and getting fixed up in her Sunday lingerie for the boat excursion with her best fellow. Now getting knocked in the summer time. Why don't you know you might get sunstroke or drowned, at the beach, but for the joy of being patched up and safe in the hospital! Then it's more blessed to give than to receive. You give away to the folks at home your strawberries and get prunes, prunes, prunes, hospital prunes. (See Encyclopaedia Britannica.)

If your humor is still coming slow-like, always manage to be about two thousand miles away from home when in the hospital and have a few "faded lilies," with wigs on their heads, and chinaware in their mouths, come to pray for you and present you with literature of a religious sort bearing date before the Johnstown flood. Get your miserable bone jolted and jolted and you'll develop your funny bone and finally you'll feel your wings beginning to sprout and development will occur, bringing you into a full-fledged humorist.

'Twas on a Mississippi River steamboat that my wings came out. A cotton buyer, who tramped the hurricane deck as though he owned the line, knew every plantation along

the river and as far back as cotton grew, stood by with the captain and narrator. We got to a bend in the river. The cotton buyer said, "Here, Mark Twain (gentlemen, you may not know his real name is Clemens) got his 'su-bri-ket.' " I leaned over the rail. They held on to my hind legs. I said in awed tones, "Gentlemen, I see his very shadow lingering still." Slow bells were rung for, the ship hovered around the charmed spot and we looked at each other and the article from Kentucky. That shadow has ever since lingered with me. I can't lose it. I've changed my beer glass to a stein, shaved off my mustache, but that "shadder" lingers with me still.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WIFE AND COURTSHIP.

One's mind reverts back to his brash days of early manhood, and its attendant acquaintances. I often think of Professor B., long since dead. He was a jolly good fellow. So when he took the smallpox and had no one to immediately nurse him, his wife being an arrant coward, I undertook to take care of him. Mrs. B., shaking with fear, would hastily peep in the room and ask, "h-o-w i-s h-e?" Shortly after I was relieved by a professional nurse and despite every attention given my friend, he died. The woman who had been his wife followed him a few years later, and I could not help to feel that her terrible fear of the contagion was largely due to selfishness as well as cowardice. That she evidenced a want of real character, I felt sure. It certainly brings out character of some sort when there appears momentous disease, accident to person, accusation, real or false, in law against the husband. It is then that the wife is put to the test, and often only, then, inherited proclivities blossom in full fruit. My friend when in life used to say in his jocular way: "Charlie, you should have known that father-in-law of mine. He was a tough proposition. I had to stand a lot from him while courting the woman who became my wife. It seemed impossible to bring things to the point of marriage, and I was too dumb to catch onto the real cause at the time. The old man's selfishness was at the bottom. As I was teaching ten miles away from where they lived, I rode horseback and often remained at the house of my girl over

night. The courtship lasted for about three years and the old man, when he finally consented to our marrying, didn't consent until satisfactory arrangements were made for the payment of a bill he put in for 312 horse feeds and twenty-five gallons of kerosene, although we generally sat in the dark (to which he did not object), and my horse was almost always voraciously hungry after courting night.' They got out of him first and last what they could and gave little in return.

NO, A NEW PAIR OF SHOES.

At a time when well down on my uppers, keeping my my eyes well elevated, thinking of loftier matters, as men of my intellectual tendency are apt to do under the circumstances, I happened to be passing along the crowded section of the post office, which in all towns has its quantum of irrepressible newsies and shiners. I have a oft spot—several of them—in my anatomy for the street boys, but just at that time all our thoughts were lofty. Those shoes needed a galvanizer the worst way, but as my ears, too, needed repairs, I suddenly found myself surrounded by a little mob, which had, unbeknown to me, importuned me for a shine, saying: "Them shoes need a plaster," "want a galvanize," etc.

I won their hearts by replying: "No, sonny, a pair of new shoes!"

We were pretty much in the same box. A little touch of nature makes all mankind akin.

Those boys wanted to fall over each other to give me a shine "just for luck."

A LITTLE THING.

Most people as I've often said before never lost near as much as they let on, nohow. I knew a deaf man once by the name of Lamb. You would think to hear him that Lamb had been every man's meat so much had people done him up. Now the real truth was that, "to do" Lamb was about as heard a job as any man wanted to tackle.

He was an all-round trader, one of those kind who when nothing else was doing would change things from one pocket to another and play solitaire for luck. We were riding in an electric car, and Lamb finally got to telling about a recent farm swap, and said: "Depew, they done me for a clean \$2,500, the wolves."

I put my hand up to my ear, so as to make him repeat it loudly, which of course he was glad to do. To this I replied, "Now, Lamb, never mind a little thing like that. Besides take to your heart the assertion, that the Lord tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

Captain M., who was in hearing, and who knew of Lamb's lamentation, and as well his dealings, highly appreciated the episode, and as he was an extensive dealer it done me no harm to have a little fun even with a deaf sinner, of whom by the way there are few to our lasting credit.

THE STOMACH.

When a man tells me his stomach is worn out, I do not know whether to believe him or not. There are lots of fellows who never had a real, copper-lined, high-pressure, distillery to commence with.

WOMEN.

Woe unto man, woman.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Nothing "rights" women like the cash.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

There is but one thing equal to the patriotism of the Fourth of July, 'tis the Pat-riotism of it.

"SHOULD WOMAN MARRY?"

Yes, Caroline, once anyhow, if she does not get more chances.

As well ask me should ducks swim.

HAPPY IN HEAVEN.

Does it ever occur to you how miserable the religious crank would feel in heaven with no one there for him to attack?

IS COMMON SENSE COMMON?

Common sense is not so common.

Common sense is uncommon sense.

We often find ourselves only possessed of it when we have realized that we were not possessed of it when we needed it most.

MARK TWAIN.

My faith in Mark Twain as a patriot was never thoroughly shaken. As long as a fellow eats hickory nuts and pop corn, apples without paring and quartering them, takes his smoke straight—pipe or cigar without a holder, reads his Sunday paper with his coat off and feet well up, he can hardly be fully lost to American patriotism. By the way, just follow backward or forward the man or boy who does not hanker for pop corn, apples and hickory nuts, and et cetera, you'll learn something of humanity. But to revert back to Twain. He had hobnobbed much with nobbs and royalties across the water, so I felt some scared as to the outcome of it all. So toward the advent of this century, to ease my scare and serve my countrymen (especially Mark), I prayed a little prayer something like this: Dear Lord, have Mark Twain take a thorough steam bath as soon as he lands on American soil, so all foreign cussedness be driven from his hide, for he has none that naturally belongs to him. Then that he sticks his finger down his throat and yawps and yawps, so his inards be thoroughly freed of the messes of pottage and other seductions put into him through the wiles of foreign potentates and potentator-esses, especially those of Austria and England; that he may once more have a stomach for corn dodgers, hickory nuts, apples, a drop of bourbon and Wheeling tobies for sure. That he sheds his foreign clothes and dons homespun, a soft shirt, loose collar and slouch hat. And last, dear Lord, when his wings sprout, that we may recognize him as a full fledged American citizen as of yore."

Behold the efficacy of prayer! Mark wrestled through that there ordeal as asked for. Glory! glory! So that when the nobles of New York, with American names, American money and foreign notions gave him a big blow-out, with view of having Mark deliver us all over to the

foreigners, he fooled them all. He even threwed up the Philippines when he shed his foreign matters. Hark how Mark went for them. He didn't halt at that, but traveled up York State, where our ancestry fought so the American eagle screamed for freedom and told the Britishers of Dutch descent what they ought to do to be saved. It was an experience meeting for them, sure. Hoch to you, Mark! Hoch! Here is, that long may you live and that your voice be ever raised for American freedom, and that when you pass away your sayings and writings, exemplary of Americanism and true democracy, leave a lurid saving beacon light for us and our progeny, as time rattles and thunders down the channel of ages.

THE RISE OF BILLY SMITHERS.

Our world is full of examples of inconspicuous boys working their way up from a lowly and poverty stricken origin to wealth and station. My mind travels back over the vista of years and among others occurs to me the making of Billy Smithers.

'Twas an autumnal evening. The sun fast setting beyond Coal Hill was casting his last rays on the windows and steeples in the upper part of the city, and Billy Smithers was casting an admiring glaze at the few black curls which dangled from beneath the bonnet of Biddy Wiggins.

"If I were a man," said Billy to himself, "that soon I'll be as the master says, I'm a strapping lad for me age, I'd rent myself a magnificent dwelling in Hardscrabble and 'twould be Biddy's sweet self and me, that would occupy the same."

"Already visions of a horse and coal cart floated before his imagination * * * He asked himself "perhaps I might become an Alderman or even arrive at the pinnacle



—“and Billy Smithers was casting an admiring glance at the few black curls—” etc.—Page 42.

of my aspirations become a member of the City Council." The next day at school Billy was asked the question, "Where is the gem of the say, ginerally called Oirland, seet-uated." To which Billy promptly answered, "On High street, near the Church"—that is where Biddy lived you know. Finding it impossible to hold himself down to his studies, Billy left the school on this evening. Before the week was out he had obtained a situation in a grocery store. where they gave short weight and measure, besides selling whisky by the half pint. He graduated at this establishment just about the time when the proprietor returned to that "far famed Isle," with all the funds which properly belonged to the creditors of his establishment. His next ambition was to become a hack driver and in this business he often managed to extract double and tripple fare from travelers who could not stop to contest such little matters. Next Billy made several trips up and down the Ohio river as a steamboat employee, always adding to his stock of useful knowledge. But at length he set out for the oil regions. Here his genius found a wide and congenial field. He soon became rich, or at least possessed the reputation of being wealthy.

What hosts of admirers he had! The phrenologist examined his head, great Caesars, what wonderful development! The ladies all at once declared him stunningly handsome! How refined! What a charming fellow! Alas for Biddy and her glossy curls. 'Tis another lady now, with a long trailing dress, an enormous bustle, eye glasses and the bearer of an amateur hair dressing establishment on the back of her empty head, that has captured the heart, affections and wealth of our now Honorable William Smithers.

HELPED THE CENSUS.

A Pittsburg (Pa.) paper contained the following: "The population of the borough of Wilkinsburg was considerably lessened on last Friday when Richard Barret, of 817 Penn avenue, a painter and paper hanger, removed to Swissvale with his family of 11 boys and 11 girls and his wife.

Before leaving the borough he confided to Justice Creelman that he was the father of 22 children, 11 boys and 11 girls, all of whom are living and enjoying good health. In fact there has never been an occasion since the birth of any of the children to call a physician. Mr. Barret is a portly Irishman and his wife is an English woman. They were married when the husband was 16 and the wife 14. There have been born to them three sets of triplets and every year since marriage has seen a fulfillment of the Scriptural injunction. The eldest of their offspring is now only 28 years old. Mr. Barret is 45 and his wife 43 years of age. The family is highly respected."

There is a great deal of rot going around about the difficulty of maintaining large families. Large families help to maintain and "make" each other as a rule. Nothing is more deplorable than certain portions of our American people taking the "French" view of the child-bearing business. France is threatened with decedence.



—“Our now Hon. William Smithers.”—Page 43.

"OLD ABE LINCOLN."

It is not a mark of disrespect to speak of Mr. Lincoln as "Old Abe." There will never be another Lincoln like him. He stands unique like the pyramids of the desert. When the country was in chaos he was calm and resourceful. When he felt at his worst he never allowed himself, at least during the war period, to appear overwrought, but would relieve himself and those around him by this good story telling faculty. He was great. He was an inspiring example of faith and fortitude, because he could not be anything else—he was built that way. He was not great in the sense of an Englishman, who got his greatness, by having stood within a foot of the King of England and saluting his majesty, but great because he stood on his own feet, a King amongst men. He was not great because of being the representative of the Republican party, not by a long shot. It would be nearer right to say the Republican party was great, when yet small, because of him. Abraham Lincoln belongs to the people, and no party can claim him for its very own. It is always in order to tell a Lincoln story.

When old Abe Lincoln was on his way to the inaugural and before the train reached Washington, Mrs. Lincoln seemed terribly perturbed because of the negligent appearance of Abe's attire. It is said that she said, "Abe do let me fix up your necktie, brush your hair and crimp you up, why you'll be a disgrace to our town," and of course he surrendered.

On the night of the inauguration, the factotum whose place it was to introduce the newly made president and

his better half at the public reception having become slightly separated from them, old Abe, took it upon himself to perform the ceremony.

With his white-stover in one hand and his dumpy partner on the other arm, he bent and courtesied his 6-foot 3 of body and with great gusto and solemnity, said: "Ladies and gentlemen permit me to present to you, the long and short of the presidency."—There is no doubt Abe suffered for that many a day.

Lincoln's naturalness and humor were inherent. But the free and easy sort of companionship of the rough and honest early western country, with men and nature in close communion, drew him out, brought out what he really had within him. Had he been of the city and college bred, he would never have been the old Abe, who will in history stand for what is typical of the best Americanism during the period when we achieved our first greatness as a people.

HEAR THEM DROPS.

It beats the prince of darkness why everybody wants to tell me about how nice something sounds to hear and how they will insist on my hearing it by proxy, if in no other way. Some time since I hit on a prose poem on the rain drops. It was about the time that little Hank, out of sheer benevolence, set off a Jackson cracker under my easy chair—I guess on the side he stood—to win a nickle that I would not hear it enough to wake me up. Hank is very, very careful with me. Here is a piece that was sent me for publication in my paper:

"Rainy days are seldom welcomed, but did you ever think how restful such days are to the eyes? The dull skies are not without a beauty and the grayness of the atmos-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

phere softens everything and makes a good background for bits of color which nature gives. When there is the music of the rain dropping on the roofs and pavements there is a very good effect upon the nerves. If you are a poor sleeper you will notice that sleep always comes to you more readily when your mind is soothed by the rhythm of the raindrops. Unconsciously you listen to them and feel the even drip, drip, and it soothes you just as a lullaby puts a child to sleep. There is a rhythm to the rain as there is to the swell of the waves on the shore, to the wind as it murmurs through the pines, as, indeed, there is to everything in nature. It is a part of her great harmony, and it is sad that our ears are closed to what, maybe, is sweeter music than they have yet heard."

Things have changed. Yes, that is the way they used to patter, patter. But to a deaf man as I am to-day it is more interesting and restful-like to hear, a thunder-bolt or two, drop occasionally, although I can live without it.

NAMES AND NAMES.

Names sometimes are more or less bothersome, yet nearly everybody wants and carries a name or two if for no other purpose than to have something to answer to. When he borrows another fellow's name he sometimes gets into trouble. Once in a while one has a name that has come down hard and fast to him "perfectly honest," causing one to tear his hair and think reflections on his ancestry.

Now here is a lawyer, away off in Australia, who does not think his name is quite right, but here is the story:

"A. Swindle" is the name that appears above a door of a struggling lawyer in an up-country town in New South Wales. A friend of the unfortunate gentleman suggested the advisability of his writing out his name in full, thinking

that Arthur or Andrew Swindle, as the case might be, would look better than the significant "A. Swindle." When the lawyer, with tears in his eyes, whispered to him that his name was A-dam, the friend understood, and was silent. "It's dollars to dough-nuts," that Swindle's name does bother him most because in law he could conjure better with some other name, no matter if his present one is typical of many of the profession's practices. Mr. Swindle wants to get on in the world. He can. He can keep that honored name too. Let him come right over here. We will pose him in the interests of either party as typical of the other party in this presidential campaign, as a horrible example, and he can go back taking care of that name and sport diamonds, and suck a dog head cane. Then there is our Uncle, D. Sly. He used to have a lot of sadness with that name of his. Things have changed. Why, to-day uncle is, "that millionaire detective," you have all read about.

Uncle is always looking around for people in trouble. If our campaign proposition does not strike Mr. A-dam Swindle favorably and Swindle's photograph is likely-like, I feel uncle just to keep up his reputation of fixing up names to fit would put up a job to get him a step-wife—one of those women, who lends tone to society and sometimes is on the stage. The kind which gives a name to a man, so completely fixing it up, that it is never, (that is his) is never heard again.

'Tis one of those strong minded women I mean, they never forget the name of their poodle dogs nor remember, or mention the name of their hubbies nor does anybody else, in their clique.

Swindle's name can be turned to good use yet, in the meantime, let him be deaf to commentators. I know of a much sadder case. A fellow whose name was Drinkwater. He was born with the dryest of throats and generally was

in hard luck and his name wouldn't go on the slate in any saloon in town. All he could get out of the bartender was: "No, drink water."

MINE BY PROXY.

One day, a rainy day, I was carrying a quite respectable umbrella. Now everybody looked at me as though something was wrong, so sudden had that shower come up. A benevolent-looking gentleman with a white neck-tie stepped out of an entrance and said, 'Stop, that's my umbrella.' I said, "No sirree; that's my umbrella. It's by proxy, and I can prove it. Yet hold, if you will tell me where you stole it, I'll surrender." He turned and left me, smilingly. Anyhow, I never heard of an umbrella that was stolen. There are lots of people who don't want to "show their hand," holding umbrellas, theirs by proxy.

DAD'S GIFTS.

As humanity, or so much of it, is due to an accident, and children are as common as ragweeds, they are too often treated accordingly. The embryotic little men and women grow up a reflex of their surroundings. An honest, joyous childhood should develop into a happy adolescence. The dishonesty of mankind to each other is perhaps due to the want of a proper appreciation and true regard, a feeling of partnership and love for the babies and children of the nation. Meanness, melancholy, misanthrope, harshness and dishonesty are worked off on the children by too many people, with a hope of easing their own existence. To brighten up the world for the little people is to brighten it up for ourselves. Then a houseful of them is a joy.

One of the jolliest women I ever met was the mother of nine children, and she said she wouldn't much mind if she had another.

On the other hand, a vast number of both women and men barely tolerate them. We give things to children and take them back again without recompense, or compunction of conscience, but this sort of thing is never effaced from their memory in after years—there ever remains a nasty lingering sting. There is a fellow named Lewis down in Texas, who writes for the newspapers, whom I well appreciate. While he will not rank with Eugene Field as the writer friend of the children, in ability perhaps, yet I vow he has his heart in the proper place and carries pecan nuts and pennies in his pockets for them, or he never could have written the following verses:

Oh, the things that caused the greatest griefs that I have
ever known
Were the things that Daddie gave to me to be my ownest
own;
The little chicks, the little pigs, the colts, the ducks and
calves;
When Daddie had a generous fit he didn't do by halves.
The things the spirit moved him to; and so he gave to me
The pigs, the ducks, the colts and things my ownest own
to be.

And so of course I cared for them just like a little man;
I slopped the pigs and chased the ducks and fed the calves
with bran;
And carried salt out to the sheep, and with a great long
rope
I led the colt to pasture—oh, he was my greatest hope!
When other boys went fishing or a-swimming in the creek
I'd lead the colt where grass was green and watch his
sides grow sleek.

The chicks with care grew big and fat, Dad carted them
to town!
The ducks were sold; my little pig was killed and salted
down!
The lambs in time were mutton and the calves transformed
to veal!
But, oh, the very greatest woe that my young heart could
feel
Was yet to come! My colt, my friend, my wee heart's joy
and pride,
Dad sold him! Oh, I think that night I must have almost
died!

Dad found me in the wellhouse, where I'd gone to weep
alone,
And carried me in his strong arms into the dear old home,
And said, "You must not weep, my boy, these things have
got to be."
And told me that when Christmas came he'd make it up
to me;
And so he did. The tree was lit, I stood there dumb with
awe,
Till Dad he brought my present out—a sawbuck and a saw!

THE KID WITHOUT A MOTHER.

Two youngsters were looking into a store window at
some baby-feeding bottles, when one asked the other what
"the things were." His companion answered in rough and
virtuously indignant tones: "Don't you know what them
is? Why, they're for kids that's born without mothers."
The poor kids born that way are on the increase.

THE ACME OF HUMAN FELICITY.

Some years ago I was a caller at one of those Eastern daily newspaper offices which guards the sanctum from the outside barbarians. The guardian angel in this case was an angeless, nice, neat trim and sweet looking, too.

I had sent in my name beyond the lines, saw the managing editor who told me I would have to wait until 1 a. m. to get anything like full particulars of the devastating flood then on in the "Lone Star" state. Tired of reading I had fallen into a doze, sitting with my back sort of edgeways from the pretty woman; I must too, have dreamt a sort of a fitting prologue. Anyhow I awakened at the right time, and as it is my habit (when away from home) to awaken quietly and gracefully—a cock-eyed look over my shoulder, focused a young lady with an ice-cream soda in her hand and conveniently near in the back ground a nice young man, and then: Ice cream soda eating, eating for two, out of one glass with one spoon, turn about real spoony-like, is, "Oh, oh, so nice" and certainly it is felicitous, yet after all it isn't a shake to what I witnessed at the end of the line:

'Twas at the end of the line of a newly constructed railroad, into a primeval Texas pine forest section: We had traveled all kinds of ways. That train was made up of any old thing so it had wheels. Part were flat cars. Many of the cars carried the "brand-mark" of railroads long dead, but which yet lingered savagely in the minds of those who had played them as favorites in the stock market. Our train whisked and frisked as a vessel upon a choppy sea. The woods re-echoed with the real thing in the whistle line. God's primitive forests with nature's habitues were disturbed as never before; stillness, sombre awe, and solitude giving away to the artificial of the bustling world from without, all because of the advent of the first train over the line. The opening of the line was being celebrated at its



—“We held on tight so the darn train shouldn’t fall from the track”—Page 53.

far end by a barbecue, balloon raising and lots of the et ceteras which faking mankind always brings along on such occasions. However, the children, old, young and of all colors, had gathered from near and from far, and were in waiting for the advent of the first train over the line, and to witness all the wonderful things. They had gathered from several counties away back and farther—"all the people." The candidates for office too were there, ranging from him who had aspirations for county or district constabulary down to those who would serve their country in the halls at Washington, all loaded and ready to go off or burst, if they could not tell us what they were "here for"—what they would do for our salvation and that of their country were they but to get into "them" offices. Well, we of that train crowd thought ourselves well up to snuff, at least as goes the Texas idea of knowingness, but at the end of the line we witnessed things, so many things that they would have made Mark Twain's funny bone howl for joy, had he been there.

However I'll this time tell you of but one especial occurrence. I'll tell it to you moreover because it relates to happiness; and it is for this (happiness) the sages have searched for ages, yet must have been largely in vain—But here 'tis: They were from Jasper county—"right back yander." They had ridden on the same "hoss" and held on tight to each other, so the horse shouldn't fall. That was all right. We of the train crowd on that memorable trip, too, had held on tight to each other, but unfortunately, we were of a kind. We held on tight so the darn train shouldn't fall off the track; yet so far the case between us, was, almost horse and horse. Now our folks from, "away back yander," had progressed right along. They had eaten peanuts from the same pod, divided many colored and sugar soaked pop corn balls, also had wondered from where the pop came and speculated upon it as being significant as to

"popping the question." In their own vernacular they had talked over and speculated upon the great world beyond viewing with awe and interest the "injun" and the "keers."

They had even in mind to ask the boss of it all to make that thing toot for them and were concocting a scheme to have a sort of a private rehearsal of toots, if it could but be set to a Baptist hymn. They later stood upon a little eminence close to where the balloon was being inflated with the usual failures, pomp and ceremony attending such occasions. Jack said: "Mariar, it's getting busting big; wonder how many skins or bladders it took to make it?"

He was just taking a bottle of snuff from the saddle bags and with a conveniently handy hunting knife deftly drew the cork; handed Mariar the bottle who hastily took a good square dip. With love lit eyes, she handed the brush to Jack whose eyes looked love again in hers, and then after a little coy hesitation he took a nip. After which they went at it turn about. With the best politeness at my disposal, hat under my arm, I approached them, offered Jack a plug of tobacco with x x x on in exchange for but one square dip.

You ought to have seen the way back look he shot at me in which his Mariar joined. I escaped the double shot just in time. but it busted the balloon. I took to the deep recesses of the forest before he had time to get his gun. I there bethought myself some on humanity; I took old Solomon into my confidence and thought of nature's god and our common brotherhood. I punished myself, I had ruthlessly and without cause disturbed the Acme of Human Felicity.

SPILLED MILK.

What's the use of crying over "Spilled Milk," when you haven't any to spill?



—“and held on tight to each other so the horse shouldn’t fall.”—Page 53.

DON'T RESOLUTE, ETC.

1903—It is unnecessary to those who know me to say, that I wish you a happy new year.—This carries with it all that an average level headed mortal needs for life. Smile (at the bar of fun) even if you can't tell a good story. When you meet a millionaire early in the morning, ask him whether he is happy. The poor devil can't exactly tell, until he reaches his office, and learns how the money monkeys are jumping.

But on the whole don't resolute. One of the most resolutingest fellows I ever met, was Little Nap—the Corsican. We used to lie in the prison camp and talk over resoluting and he'd say, "Depew never resolute. Look at me at Waterloo and my return." I'd say "Pole," your a fool.—I've resolved, that we "take one," each looking at the other pledging one the other, to never resolute at the the other pledging one the other, to never resolute, except to get good fellowship out of life. However, boys and girls of the lowering and rising generation, lets watch the ground swell and trees for the anaconda, the cormorant, well darn it, the Trusts.

I've heard there will be a lot of work for poor people at the different mints. They are going to pull in the silver dollars and set em (the people) to work rubbing off the "In God We Trust." Those trust fellows are bound to have no side show business and privileges passing round, or square. They are going to be, "The It," or nothing, so I'm told.

CRIME AND SIN.

We are continually at a loss to fix the limit of where sin and crime commences. Ike says: "If it vos a sin to bust—it vos one unpardonablest crime to bust mit noddings."

WOMAN'S PRESERVER.

Say what you will, we men oft are woman's preserver—a virtual blessing in disguise you might call us. No-where have I seen better evidence of it than while living in a frontier town. In a stag town; a frontier town, when there was a frontier; and where woman's advent was yet most conspicuous because of its sparsity. Yet we had some women. There were about fifty men to one woman of the population. That woman's virtue was safe. There were fifty men to keep it so.

WHAT TO DO WITH POVERTY.

It is a good thing, unless you can get rid of it in a lump, to try and keep your poverty to yourself. Nobody wants one's poverty. The reputation of being poor works against one's chances, for chance of bettering fortune.

The reputation of being poor is harder to contend against than is poverty itself. Then it is not well even to yourself to think too much of your poverty. The doctors say nothing stands in the way of curing constipation so much as to continually making it a wailing plaint. Don't feel too poor to get better off! See!

A FILLER.

The printer bellowed loud and long for "a filler," so he could close the form and go to press.

A filler is almost any old thing to the foreman to fill out a remaining space in the type forms from which a newspaper is printed. To the dry man, it means a schooner. With the tramp a "punk and plaster." The preacher, a good collection. With us, a dollar for our book.

LIFE INSURANCE.

I am an advocate of life insurance and believe it is both good business policy and a duty for every man to carry some and for many people to carry lots of it. It's good policy to commence it when you are yet young for several reasons. The rate in the regular companies is inflexible. That is, you are charged the same each year as at the commencement and you get the advantage of the rate at which you begin at throughout life. Too, you shortly have it bred into the bone and it becomes a custom much easier to comply with than when undertaken later in life. Besides, with each passing year you are hazarding the chance of death without having any security that you will leave a dollar to your dearest of kin, or that your physical and mental condition will enable to get any insurance. Another point is that today your "family history" may be excellent, later consumption, paralysis and cancer may appear, barring you from getting insurance, if at all, only at much increased rates. The man who has a policy of insurance, kept in force, has a valuable asset on which he can help to raise money when needed. He is a better member of society. To have a policy of insurance keeps the wrinkles of care away and scatters the cobwebs of distrust in this age. The insurance that I had especially in mind when writing the foregoing is what is known by the profession as old line insurance in contradistinction to assessment or society insurance. It is nearer a business proposition and the real thing for every one to have. However, do not take me as detracting from the value of any sort of insurance, all is good in its way, and the underlying principle is the same and emblematical of the best that makes up the superiority of the people of the day, as compared with more remote periods of the world's history.

BROKE HIS NECK—THE FAMILY LEFT \$50,000 "SHY."

I have, as a rule, tried to make it my business to not be in everybody else's business and I pretty generally succeed in maintaining this resolution. However, some fifteen years ago, just after I had quit the Life Insurance business and was still quite familiar with its various plans, aims and ends, as offered both straight and disguised I wandered into the office of a German who was in a small way engaged in many different forms of speculation. He felt well disposed toward me, as by strenuous appeals, assisted by some animal roughness (for which I'm sometimes blamed), I got this man some time before to make the investment that proved eventually to be the basis of his large fortune. It seems he had a few days before been the investor to the extent of a \$50,000 policy of "Tontine Life Insurance" and had in view a further investment of like extent. He said: "Depew, I'm now with Hostetter, the Astors, Vanderbilt and Chauncey Depew. I have \$50,000 life insurance and don't have to die to win." They brought to him pictures and statuetts of these big ones, also fac-similes of their policies and autograph letters. He asked me to explain in detail about the wording of his policy, a thing I was decidedly averse to. However, as he was extremely urgent, I told him what the difference was between an estimate and guarantee, a bond and promise, etc., etc. Just as this all was going on in came the people who had insured him, to collect the major portion of his first annual premium, he only having paid a small proportion (to grease the solicitor), when making his application for insurance. The general agent, a man of standing in the community, was along. I stepped into the background, while he prepared his check for them. After handing it to them he commenced talking on the subjects we had discussed and finally drew me into the trouble; of a sudden sent a boy to the bank to stop pay-

men on the check. I had to stand a three-cornered fire and threats of a slander suit. But, I finally said: "I will produce a man who if alive will bring before Mister S. in black and white facts and figures proving that I have truly said there is no fixed limit as to the wide divergence that may result as between an estimate and guarantee, at the time settlement day arrives." It is not here or there, all the details, but I went off to hunt up my man, whom I promised to bring back if alive within three days. I found him in the Allegheny Mountains and on crutches, he having met with an accident a few days before. We came back together a few days later, and the result was a compromise was effected on the first year's premium, but the other \$50,000 of insurance went glimmering. This man had no other idea of insurance than the entirely selfish one of an investment for himself. He had no particular thought of his family and less of impending death. However, mark the sequel: a few years later he fell down the elevator shaft of one of his buildings and broke his neck. His family was shy on one fifty thousand, but no doubt were glad to get the other.

KNOCKED OUT OF INSURANCE AND A PAUPER.

About everyone who has read, or meandered through this book, has learned that I am deaf and crippled. I have been deaf since 1878. Despite this fact, on account of having had until recent years an excellent hereditary—freedom on part of a long line ancestry, from diseases of the flesh, people who averaged beyond the Biblical three score and ten before they left this pleasant world. Also because myself possessed of a most rugged constitution and a fine physical development, I was enabled to obtain life insurance at nominal rates. I invested, too, to the extent of carrying

according to my recollection, perhaps as much as \$20,000 at one time. At various times, for what at those times seemed good reasons to me, I dropped it, including \$2,500 of endowment insurance, which would have matured when I was about 37 years of age, so that finally I had none at all. At the age when I would have had this little lump of money, I was at work for the pittance of \$10.00 per week with a family of small children. Money was coming harder than a few years before, yet but for my folly of having dropped this insurance I could have managed to have paid the premium right along. I got the grippe and when I should have been in bed I struggled along, and one morning could not get out of bed. I was stricken with partial paralysis. While in this condition my mother was stricken with paralysis and died within thirty days of when I was stricken. My father had died about a year previously from the same disease. During the time I was bedfast a near relative called and I was told about the first thing he said. "Look at him" (pointing to me), "it's up with this part of the Depew family for life insurance. I am glad I have as much as I'm able to carry." How hard it went with me and my little family I can never tell in detail. I do not want to tell it all. I want to forget it, but I feel it a debt to my fellow men to tell in part.

Owing to several and unwarranted circumstances to which was added the sudden death of my mother, I was disinherited, and where I would have been the beneficiary of a small fortune I was left a pauper. The \$2,500 of endowment which I had allowed to lapse years before would have been due just when I most needed money. My condition of utter helplessness appealed to the cupidity of those nearest to me and I was frightened into packing up and taking my family to a distant section of the country, or in case of refusal, threatened with an asylum or the poor house. My physical and mental infirmity, added to my poverty, made

me an easy mark. However, by good luck and care in a fine climate I was eventually restored to health and came back by "installments," any old way, to where I had dwelt, with the one idea uppermost to endeavor to assert my birthright and get justice. I was at the battleground but a short time, when I met with a street accident, which compelled me to go to a hospital for several months and for more months to use crutches and to this day a cane to assist me in walking. In the meantime, my family was on the ragged edge of want and despair, and some fifteen hundred miles away. As soon as I got out of the hospital and set about my litigation I found that I had been outlawed. In order to overcome this difficulty it was necessary to have the presence of the physician who had attended me in Texas, and this I could not bring about, as he was in distant lands, a chief surgeon in the American army in the Spanish War. But a few years ago I was so reduced in this world's goods as to be compelled to buy furniture on the installment plan, and at an age approximating 50 years old (young) to commence life over without a dollar in cash. It does not take a very acute mind to see what figure life insurance (the absence of it), cut in my career. It would have given us food, drink, home and justice. I could tell much about life insurance, as I have been in the business both as an agent and a solicitor, and thoroughly mastered the ins and outs of one of the most noble and necessary institutions of the present age.

Insure your life, young man and young woman. Tell the agent that I told you to do so. I'll warrant you he will say, "What's the matter with Depew, he's all right," and he'll add, "I'm awful sorry that he's uninsurable."

DOGS ARE DECENT.

There are a whole lot of good things to be said about dogs. Even a half educated dog will wag his tail hard and bark, and for a deaf man he will jump around, give him a welcome and lick his hands. I've never yet had to kick a four legged dog for telling lies into my speaking trumpet. They are ashamed to do it.

GOOD MANNERED DOG.

We had a dog who would fight almost anything on legs. One time I noticed he took a biting from an other dog that crippled one of his paws. I could not understand why he took it without resentment, until I found out the other dog was not just a dog, but a doggess. His gallantry respected the sex.

DOG ETIQUETTE.

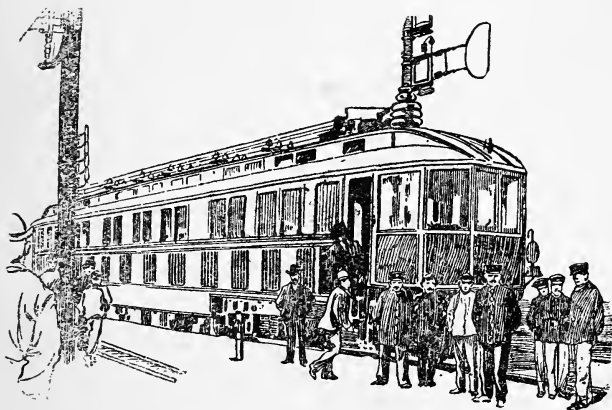
We had another dog; my! how polite he was. His table manners would not allow him to snatch anything from the tom-cat. and when I went visiting at a certain place he always let me lead through the gate to take his card in first to the bull dog.

DON'T BE A HOG.

Don't be a hog. But if you must be a hog go the whole hog—be a drove. It is just as easy and you will be called gifted of men.

THE WORLD'S SWIFTEST ELECTRIC CAR.

The electric car pictured herewith was built in Germany with the expectation that it would speed over terra firma at the rate of 125 miles an hour. It failed to do this, but passengers were whirled along at the rate of 90 miles per hour, which speed has never been equaled or excelled by any other electric car. The car runs over a new electric



line connecting Berlin and Hamburg. Electricity has not found its limit yet. It would not be surprising to me to see it as a power supercede steam entirely in railroad travel, although perhaps more through the dictates of sentiment than reason my love for the horse (do not laugh) and the mule, I cannot permit myself to think it will displace them. I believe that I could not be happy in a country which is horseless and dogless.

WE USHER IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Early on the 31st day of December, Anno Domino, 1900, an ominous stillness, a quiver of expectation portentous of a happening long looked for took possession of the people of the land. The branch of the Depew family of which I am the honored head, were no exception to the rule.

I had been preparing for several weeks for celebrating the bringing to life, a new century, and was determined on one thing, that I was not going to be pushed back and slighted as I was when the nineteenth century was born. I took little Hank (our little Hank) into my confidence. We determined on a musicale (get that word right), and we had rehearsed in the cellar, and when the cellar got too hot for us, in the barn, where we kept the caliope housed. Yes, we had rehearsed for the Yammer Wessen (get that word right), for several weeks until we swelled up with pride in anticipation of the applause which would greet our part in the celebration of the great event.

We (that means me) are musical despite the fact that we are deaf. We keep a caliope in the barn, and on great occasions take it out and upon the hill part of our yard discoursing, without favor and cost sweet music for several townships 'round about—there is nothing small or mean about us.

Well, we generally spiel (High Dutch for play) sacred music, but in honor of the great event confronting us in celebrating the advent of another hundred years, varied the usual program some. We ran our nimble fingers over the keyboard of the caliope several times. In honor of the event we fired up the boiler with We. Lighthouse natural gas, and Frick's crushed coke, so that there would be no question of the wind giving out, or crimination and recrimination for showing favoritism between these great purveyors of fuel.

When everything was "right," we played a fantasia, composing it as we went along, pleasing to every one, calming and soothing to the mother, and protentious of a happy babyhood of the little stranger yet unborn. We quickly run over the airs most popular of the last century. We played to get our hand in. After a little persuasion we got Lovenia to go around to "the house" and see that nothing had been overlooked—flannels, paregoric, etc., for the babe, a cordial for the mother, and to report progress. We will just say here, that we were a little elated that everything was coming out all right. Correspondingly Lovenia and some of her friends of the same persuasion, were abashed, that it "had not come prematurely."

We kept our eye on the clock dial, and then as "the time" was near at hand played "Good-by Eliza Jane." We followed this by the "Rogues' March." Just before 12 midnight: We played with variations, "Come where my love lies dreaming."

All of a sudden, we heard an infantile squeel, and there were noises in general over the wide world. There was a rift in the clouds, and the upper drum-major gave us the cue, and we let out with all fours, "BABY MINE." Lord, how we played. Our little Hank accompanied us, playing the Horse-fiddle. He played like Ole Bull.

The congratulations of the world were with us, and applause from Europe, Asia and Africa, America, Oceanica, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Guam and our other uncertainties were showered upon our heads. 12:30 A. M., Anno Domino, 1901. Hark, Hank! What's this; she's coming. I hastily bowed our thanks to the people of the world, and pleaded another engagement in order to be excused. It came, hard to disappoint the people of the earth, who had no use for another century without Deaf Depew lining out what they ought to do.

The advance agent came. 'Twas our nemisis, 'twas Lovenia. Little Hank skipped and hid in the shadow of the past century, behind the barn. But, owing to my lame leg and a ton or two of boquets, I couldn't make the raffle.

Postscript the first: Lovenia had the wash paddle and began to play upon my back, "Lay on, Macduff." 'Twas true, I called enough, but the woman was irate.

Postscript the second: I thought there wouldn't be any. How that "poor, weak and abused martyr" had laid on them blows. Lord, what spirited action the old girl displayed, and "she is no spring chicken any more"—she said so herself in a dream 'tother night.

Postscript the third: I haven't much gab left, but that "only woman" has a meal and soothing drinks for little Hank and me, worthy for the tail end of the Depew family, such as I hope every mother's son of you, born and unborn, will have from day to day. I wish you all a happy century and many returns.

MOTHER'S EARTH.

There is nothing too good for the baby. A young woman whose first child was in distress because of its tender skin being chafed and sore, called in great excitement at a nearby druggist, and asked for, "Mother's earth for my baby."

THE INCUBATOR MOTHER.

It is said that the society women are viewing with intense interest every reported case of children "raised" by the incubator, with view of learning how early in the game of life it will eventually prove successful.

TO DO THE THING WHICH IS RIGHT.

To do the thing which is right always recalls in one's self a pleasant memory. To do an act of kindness often comes back to one even after the lapse of years as a matter of material benefit. I will cite an example that befell me. I noticed several suspicious-looking fellows who seemed to be "doing" a gentlemanly-looking foreigner. It was in an eastern city, close to a railroad depot. He was lying over for a day while bound for Texas. He was a Swede and outside of that language could only make himself understood in French and German. He was being worked by the fellows. I got him out of their clutches and he handed me his card. I do not know how it happened, but from mere accident, that I had that card worn and fly specked in my pocket several years thereafter, while traveling in Texas. As was habitual with me, when traveling, especially when I wanted things to turn up, I asked all sorts of questions about the town bound for. This particular time I recollect, I was asking: "Are the fleas bad? Have they any ice? Who is the biggest man in town? Who is the best known all-around good fellow? Who is the meanest man in town?, etc."

Among other things there was a kind of consensus of opinion who was the meanest man in town. I determined to see him first. The meanest man in town often has hardly ever been handled right. Besides this, I recollected all of a sudden that the surname was the same as the man whom I had done the little turn for in the east and whose card I still carried in my pocket. Of course it struck me at once that he might be a relative of the meanest man in town, and having befriended him would do me no harm with the "meanest man in town," as it cost him nothing.

When I got off and the runners wanted my traps I said, sternly, "Not yet! I want to go first to the Post Office and see old P. M. before I pick a hotel." I looked "business," and they had it in for old P. M., and thought from my view that I was bent on settling some score with him. Three or four wanted to carry my things for fun. When I got there he was very busy, it being a star-route post office center, and the mails were there made up for several counties off from the railroad.

I, however said: "Sir, I understand, but do not believe it to be true, that you are the meanest man in town." He said: "What can I do for you?" I pulled out the card from my pocket and asked him whether he knew the man. I learned he was his relative, had been there, was too tender-skinned, left for Chicago, where there were more Swedes and congenial surroundings. He sent me to a hotel and we had a long talk that evening. It seemed that his relative from Sweden had brought him some luck—he could not serve him for it in Texas, but was quite glad to do a turn for the man who eased the path of his friend and relative en route. He helped to get me employed.

THE MANISH WOMAN.

The modern, the new woman for me? Not by a jug full. Take your pantaloonic with her close cropped hair and her tailor coat. Give me the rounded out pantie diletante, who still has use for a man, whose eyes are luminous, and upon whose cheeks the lilies and the roses chase each other for mastery.

BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

It is better to give than to receive, as the dog said who bit the other dog.



LIBERTY BELL.
At Charleston Exposition.—Page 69.

THE LIBERTY BELL AT THE CHARLESTON EXHIBITION.

The old Liberty bell, by which American liberty was proclaimed to the world from Independence hall, Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776, as exhibited at the Charleston exposition. It was taken to New Orleans in 1885, to the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, and to the Atlanta exposition in 1895.

I hope liberty shall ever ring throughout this land, although just now plutocracy seems to be in the "saddle." The people may have in Theodore Roosevelt the man to demand and succeed in his efforts, that the people shall ride the horse of state. At any rate the people should "give the man a chance." Our country is more to me than any political party. In this I voice the spirit of my ancestors, who fought the Indians prior to the Revolutionary War; helped along in whipping the "Mother Country," and all the other "unpleasantnesses" to maintain the integrity and democracy of the States.

BISMARCK WORKED US.

We have a dog. He goes by two names—Prince and Bismarck. Whenever I want him to charge the neighbors' dogs he knows what to do. When I point out the door and yell. Bismarck, rauss!"

One time the boys brought home a kitten. Of course everybody made or had to make of that cat, and Bismarck was cowed into letting it more or less alone. He showed his displeasure in various ways because of the fuss made over the kitten. Always quickly about his grub, he'd first eat away from that cat potatoes, baked beans and the like, which he always detested at other times in order that kitty should have none. Then he took a turn at being sulky, and would not eat at all, until he was petted and the cat removed from the room. He became very serious, and when the kitten became so bold as to play with his tail, and he was not allowed to go for her for insulting his dignity,—then it was that he disappeared for several days. Of course everybody bothered about his disappearance. On his return he would not come in the house until coaxed and petted as in his old happy days. It was ascertained that he had been to the house during his absence, where we had lived the year before, and where no durned cat had dwelt to share the affection and caresses which he felt belonged to him alone.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANYWAY.

Every once in a while things seem upside down. Now here in the blooming month of May I'm sitting writing by the fireside. I suggest to the fellows who get up calanders and almanacs to hereafter call it the month of

"May-be" or "May-be-so." I think it was in the year 1877 that in the Middle States (Geography old style) they had a green Christmas and ran excursion trains from city to railroad picnic ground. The night before Christmas that day witnessed a great rain storm in Norther in Central Texas, when niggers froze to death in several places. You all remember a few yeare ago when the orange groves froze in Florida and Louisiana and Southern Texas was covered with snow? I was living in the latter State at the time, and some fellows who had come down from Michigan at that time looked around mad-like for the fellows who had got off in the immigration matter. Talk about your climate! We here of Texas sit under our own vine and fig trees, bask in the sunshine, while you shiver by the fireside in your frozen North. I tried to fix the thing up telling them that our children had become so cheeky as to deny their masters' assertion at school, about the very existence of such a thing as snow, which most of them had never seen. That it was but as a lesson on the "kindergarten," plan necessary to maintain school discipline. Besides this, it was a welcome to our Northern friends to make 'em feel at home and show 'em there was no longer any North or South or East or West, but one united country. It was a hard thing to restore confidence there, although I played my best Solomon pieces.

However, old Sol, came out in a day or two and drove away everything except the darned photographs, taken on the spot, which the high winds, or highwaymen, called real estate agents, are still blowing from Kansas to the Canada line. About the best forecast of the weather we can make is a good hindcast and place little confidence in the weather during May, and maybe the rest of them. Here it is a few days before Decoration day, 1902, with frost. Decoration day, 1872, the thermometer ranged in the nineties, and there were several cases of sunstroke.

RUSTING OUT.

Every day I see people who are practically to all intents and purposes rusting their lives away. Yes, who are bound to lose from five to twenty years of the length they might live for the sheer want of activity. This loss can be multiplied by two in the loss of pleasure entailed because of their lazy, aimless drifting..

"I don't like this and I don't like that,
I'm almost tired to death,
Nothing to do, no where to go,
But obliged to draw my breath."

I knew a fellow who appeared to be a chronic rheumatic. He would sit all day on the fence, barring a shift about to keep in the shade, watching his little boys working in the field. He was so lazy that he would scarcely spit tobacco over his chin. If he ever had done any work it must have been years back from any knowledge of him. His shiftless life caused him to lose his property. He all of a sudden roused up and was employed for years afterward about the stock yards, and there was no more rheumatism, and he actually seemed to appear ten years younger. Although he had turned sixty, facing once more the realities and activities of life, placed him where alone one can realize the enjoyments of life and a healthy flow of blood.

THE DOWNED PRUNE.

If there is anything an honorable fair-minded man feels incumbent upon him to do it is to stand up for any good thing tha't downed. Boarding house hash and dried apples long held the floor, for criticism and censure. They

probably well deserved most of the strictures placed upon them, but when all the poor wits turned upon the prune and seemed sit down upon so as to never let it rise again. I felt like taking the prune's part especially, as it really is one of the most valuable of our fruit products.

The prune is an ancient institution. After the fall, it preceded the second rising of mankind, and it has stayed right with us. The prune is largely like the bean, it can't be downed for good. It is because the prune, like the bean, cannot be downed that mankind keeps up.

Of course we all know that every prune isn't perfect, no more than the women who sometimes make a mess in cooking a really fine lot of prunes. However, when soaked over night, stewed in his own soak, and double the amount of good, red wine added, with plenty of sugar and Dutch dumplings finished to a boil, you have a great dish even for a party returning from a funeral.

Eugene Field, hesitating to dip into the strawberries at a blow-out given in his honor at Chicago, asked whether he did not like strawberries, said: "Indeed, I do, but I was hesitating because I could not see how I'd ever get down to boarding-house prunes again."

Strawberries taste all right, but they are mostly water. They are a thing for a day, and they always make the poor feel bad when beyond their reach in the winter season. I feel a little grateful to the fellow who got off the following few lines, and will feel well repaid if the person whose purse was intended for prunes is a little more tolerant of the prune after reading it.

The strawberries come quite early,

Though they reach their prime in June,

Then the other berries follow,

But we always have the prune.

Oh, the prune, the prune!

The tart and wholesome prune!
When we eat it in the morning
The whole system keeps in tune.
It saves us from the doctor,
It saves its weight in pills,
And when the Meat trust threatens,
It keeps down butchers' bills.
Oh, the prune, the prune!
It is good in March or June,
The staple fruit of boarders,
A fine food for white and "coon."

TEMPERANCE.

I was wandering along the residence neighborhood of the town, when suddenly overtaken by a heavy rain. Wet as I got, I was glad to find a beer saloon for comfort. While there I looked around, of course, and was thankful when in a short time the sun again came out with increased heat, permitting my escape. I said to myself, there is true temperance surely in not getting too wet inside or outside.

To be temperate, must one be intemperate?

HUNTING MYSELF.

"Perchance some form was unobserved,
Perchance in prayer or faith he swerved."

I could not sleep. I got out of bed with a sudden notion that I could write. When I got to where the writing material was I was vacuous. I started to walk around the

room. lit a cigar, and stuck the wrong end in my mouth. Then I looked under the bed, scratched my head dubiously, took an other turn about and finally stood with my clothes in my hand, but was suddenly confronted by an irate woman with, "What on earth is the matter, have you lost anything? and you're not going out this time o' night?"

It was recorded that I replied, "Yes, I've lost something?" "What is it?" "Myself." "I'm going down town to see if there isn't someone who knows me and have him hunt me up."

"Prisoner of hope thou art, look up and sing."

THE DROUGHT.

There was a protracted drought in Kansas. The Prohibitionists were in office. Were the Prohibitionists to blame for the trouble? If not * * *

I dare not finish that in deference of the expressed and expressing convictions of my ———.

Let's slip off into the next township and take a drink of new buttermilk. 'Tis less palatable and healthy than is somewhat stronger. Do not put new wine in old bottles. They don't like it. Treat yourself meanly; it marks other people happy.

A CONSIDERATE MOTHER.

One of the most considerate mothers I ever knew was she who gave her child cloroform before she whipped it.

NOON HOUR HAPPENINGS.

For the man who "lives" there is always something happening. I had just left the desk where I am writing these pages amid the burr of linotype machines, presses and engines, to get my mid-day meal, when I met my old friend, Sam S——. He had a broad scowl on his face and I asked him, "What's the matter?" "Matter, hell, the census," he said. Well, I asked him, "What's the matter with the census?" "Same old thing," he answered. Sadie (his wife) has had another pair of twins. "Doing well?" "Why, they always do well."

"Well, come along and take dinner with me." He said he wasn't eating dinner, but he wouldn't mind a drink, if there wouldn't be no more talk about the census.

Next, I picked up a boa—or something which a lady had dropped off from behind of her. I saw it fall, but when I politely handed it to her, she said: "Young man (thanks for the appellation), you insult me. I never wore such a thing in all my days." I said, "wear it now," and I left it with her, and she straightway hunted a place where women can put their different parts together unobserved by wicked men. I jogged along in the hurly burly wondering whether any one would ask me to dinner, as I had just had my invitation refused. I looked real hungry like, and it telepathed me right up against the president of the —— brewery, who said: "Depew, I can't eat alone, and feel happy." To this I said, "My business is to make people happy, all right, I'll go you." He knew just where to go. We had spare ribs. The kind where the fork slips right through, browned to a turn, rich gravy; sweet potatoes; lots of celery; rye bread and butter; and part of my friends brewery to wash it down. The old man began to tell me how many drinks they allowed all the employees, daily, and the feats of strength of the wagon drivers, &c., and wound

up: "Now, you know why Roosevelt iss, the man he iss." After a few remarks about the election and a few mutual damns distributed without fear and favor on those of the Dutch who voted to keep "Doc" Barchfield from going to Congress, we parted to "meet vonce more again quite sooner." I thought I'd go to the engravers. The boss engraver had not come back from lunch. I was patting my belly and humming a little tune, "It's twins once more; ain't you never done?" and was jolted on the shoulder by a stranger, a burly-looking old Irishman.

To pass time we talked. That is I talked and he wrote (I hear on paper). I discovered that he was 89 years old, although he looked but 60. I asked him whether he smoked or drank. He said that he had never used tobacco. That, he had never tasted liquor or beer. Yes, never tasted drinks * * * * * until he was 47 years old.

I asked him whether he liked to drink. He answered that he had never missed a day since, but what he had had at least "wan drink," and "I makes me own bitters and better nor them there are none in the land; look at me heft and think of me age."

Our engraver stayed away too long, so after "so-longing" our old friend from the "gem of the say," I hurried along until I struck the bulletin board before an afternoon paper office, and there was no little merriment as I was espied by some friends, who with one accord pointed out to me the news: "A boy in Allegheny who has been almost stone deaf regains his hearing immediately after having stepped onto a ilve wire that had fallen to the street." They tried to shin me up the pole in front of the Telegraph newspaper office, to dance on the wires, but 200 pounds of averdepews was too much for them—they hadn't eaten dinner with my old friend the brewer.

CUBA'S FIRST PRESIDENT.

F. Estrada Palma, President of Cuba.

When told that his election was conceded, President Palma said: "It shall be my aim to strengthen the friendly feeling which exists between Cuba and the United States. The Cubans, of course, appreciate the fact that to the United States they owe a great debt of gratitude." In the Cuban revolution of 1868-78 he was elected president of Cuba and spent a year in a Spanish prison. The votes of the Cubans elect Senor Palma, and their choice was agreeable to the sentiment of the people of the United States. His protracted residence in our country has placed him in rapport with the spirit of the people and our institutions. Should events bring about a condition of affairs jeopardizing Cuba's integrity as a republic, undoubtedly Estrada Palma will advocate annexation to the United States.



F. ESTRADA PALMA.
President of Cuban Republic.

WHAT I GAVE HIM.

Among the persons who were friendly to me while looking up purchasers for this book, was an Israelite. He, some years back, had but little money and that he is now wealthy, he partly blames me as the inspiring cause. I practically compelled him to buy a piece of land, against his biased judgment. This purchase turned out to be his start on the road to wealth. Of course a friendly feeling toward me was established.

On the day the Jews celebrate as the "Atonement," I was in his office, and he said, "Depew, what are you going to give me for the people who subscribed for your book by my advice?" I pondered a moment, and said: "Ise, I give you much." "Vell, what?" "I forgive you all your sins against me."

It goes without saying that he enjoyed the reply.

I AM, NOT I MAYBE.

More than half of this book was written while the linotype machines were setting it up. In fact, I kept racing ahead of the operator, so I had to let up on my canvass for the book for the time. I had enough to do. While in the printing office one day a fellow came in endeavoring to sell maps. He interested me some, as among his samples he had one advertising the Alamo Business College of San Antonio, Texas—that place having been my home for several years. I got to talking about my book. He remarked: 'Why, it's not doing so bad to get five hundred and fifty subscriptions for your book in thirty-eight working days, besides doing the "choces" around home. Really, you have the making of a canvasser in you.' To

this I said: "What?" He repeated it. I said in answer: "Young man, I have not the making of a canvasser in me, but I AM a canvasser. Now, when you want to sell a map do not forget to call at my home."

Don't be a maybe, be an I AM.

NEW ORLEAN'S PLEASANT RESORTS.

I lived the major portion of a year in the city of New Orleans. While I had many pleasant acquaintances there, and kind friends, I felt in a measure largely lost, which a deaf man away from his family, unless accompanied by a crony, always feels.

Among the places I liked to frequent when not busy was Audibon Park and the Young Men's Christian Association—don't laugh. At the former I saw nature and art in the glorious growth of trees and flowers. I also visited the State Experimental Farm close by, and was much interested in their various experiments, especially in the variety of the sugar cane they cultivated and analyzed. But there were long evenings that I often spent at the "Y. M. C. A." rooms. There I could find a number of papers and magazines to read, view the people and chew and spit tobacco. They in New Orleans were, and I hope still are, not so narrow as to dictate on this tobacco habit. On Sundays they did not remove the secular reading matter, nor insist on driving everybody to their chapel. On the contrary, tried to make me comfortable when they learned how deaf I was. As a result how can I feel other toward that "Y. M. C. A." than it is the best one I know of in a life marked by no little wandering.

TOBACCO AND SO FORTH.

This is Saturday. The fellows who run the linotype machines where I am, among the whirr of this and other machinery, writing this book, are having a kind of a day off. The young fellow who corresponds to what is the "devil" in the regular printing office, was "fooling" some with me, and for his irreverence I said: "Young man, you ought not to chew tobacco." I asked him "how long have you chewed tobacco?" To this he said he had ever since he was six years of age.

The other day I saw this fourteen-year-old boy, sturdy as they are made, wrestling with another of the employees, who was about a grown man, and the larger one was unable to throw the little fellow. Now, the larger one does not use tobacco. I do not say he ought to use tobacco, but I'd like to know why the little fellow got his strength, and why the other fellow was not able to vanquish him. Both, from all appearances, are in good health.

I remember when having the grippe, I could not retain food on my stomach, no more than take a spoonful of water at the time and retain it—but I could chew tobacco. The doctor attending me, being other than a fool, told me to keep on chewing as long as it agreed with me. I once for an entire year neither smoked or chewed tobacco, also abstained from the use of all manner of intoxicants, including light wine and cider. I also drank neither coffee nor tea, and cannot recall a more miserable year of my life. It is far from my mind to boast of great strength, but I can with ease pick up my wife and eldest boy, and despite a crippled leg, can, with ease, chase around the room with them. Their combined weight is at least two hundred and eighty-five pounds.

It must not be taken that I advocate the use of tobacco by the youth of the land. The truth is I deplore it,

especially the prevalence of the cigarette habit. I think there should be a good application of barrel stave or slipper on the "bottom" of every child who persists in using them, as a cure. However, the harm in them it is well established is mostly due to the wrappers and adulteration of the tobacco. I would not care for an army, the soldiers who were not addicted to the tobacco habit, any more than I would entrust my cattle to cowboys who did not smoke and chew. It is a curious fact, but true, that I never knew a good greenhouse man, chemist or newspaper man, but what used tobacco in one form or another.

MINISTERS OF THE CHURCHES.

There are always persons so extreme in views that they cannot philosophically, honestly and intelligently analyze the opinions of others. Undoubtedly many persons will rail against this book for its irreverence. This I cannot help. The most that I am really guilty of, I think is, that I am unable to view humanity and the wonders of creation by merely squinting through a narrow crack in the fence. I have nothing but respect for the man who says of things which in his heart he knows, he does not know the simple truth, "I do not know."

The man who often thus answers of the great speculative problems knows much. He is willing to learn that which he is able to comprehend, and in learning anything at all, he broadens his mind for greater things. Be it far from me to talk against mind pictures. The man without imagination is, if not a dolt, a mere machine, and never helps much to blaze the march of progress. The preacher who is willing and able to learn the ways of man, I think is, **THE PREACHER**. He who

learns to comprehend most of the wonders of creation and towards that which we should do in conformity of the demands of the scheme of life, is certainly no mean leader of his fellows. Add that he is a man of good morals, subscribing to the now so much talked of "Brotherhood of Man" plan, is certainly in accord with the spirit of the Almighty.

A church idea broad enough to embrace the human family cannot rest on the narrow doctrines of creed and discipline. I have at this moment in mind a little preacher friend. He is only little as regards the body. Yet this man struggled to get a college education. He is actuated by motives broad enough that should burst the fetters of environment with which he is encircled as would a ton of dynamite. He cannot find enough to do in the way of being helpful to his neighbors. While attending lectures he made himself familiar with shorthand. He has of late organized a class of the neighborhood boys and girls, and is teaching them stenography. He is doing this for their material benefit, and will accept no compensation. We are two people at variance on theological subjects, but I guess in an emergency, either would risk his life for the other, and a certain book says "man cannot do more than this."

When one views the missions of Mexico, Texas, California and New Mexico, the creation of the Catholic priests of past centuries, who not alone taught gospel to the natives, but taught them to cultivate the soil, and useful handicrafts, we must take our hats off to them. We who have made use of the irrigation ditches, the water of which caused the growth of vegetation useful to our needs, centuries after the decease of the preachers through whose efforts they came into being, where God had left an almost desert condition before their advent, cannot be honest and ignore them, their real religion—their works.

The preacher who wants no holier land than to make man holy in making him, a brother even as Christ had hoped for on this earth is, a good enough preacher for me. I take off my hat nevertheless to all the brethren of the cloth. Gentlemen, you and I are but frail mortals. We are but common dust. Dost know it and feel it? We should deal charitably toward each other. When you view my shortcomings forgive me, even as Christ had the rabble at the crucifixion—"forgive them Father, for they know not what they do." I'll do the same for you. Don't say I "can't play in your yard any more."

THE WRATH TO COME.

Why so much of "the wrath to come," when we have so much of it already?

Some people are never happy unless they are miserable.

Some people are never happy unless someone else is miserable.

Yet who will say there are more mishaps than Miss Happies? But the greatest of all is Mrs. Happiness.

GOODY-GOODY PEOPLE.

Of all the people, the "goody-goody" people stir up my wrath most. I never can tie to them. They are nearly always narrow-minded or hypocrites. The answer I gave one who was criticising some unconventional thing I had done was this way. H—— your horoscope is damned limited, but, sir, your horrible scope is without limit.

A WALK WITH "BISMARCK."

It is sometimes healthy to take a walk at 3 g. m. Whenever I take such a walk and Bismarck has no previous engagement, I take him along. One morning when it was hard to jolly myself, I happened to see an Irish policeman who was looking especially sleuthy-like coming toward us. I stood and stared real hard at a desirable looking house and let the peeler come up to me. I said:

"That is your house. (I permitted no breaking in on my talk.) It ain't bad for a peeler. There must be a graft in this city employment business. Man let me in on some of your deals, I'll play fair and we'll work it for a block."

By this time he was hot, and held his locust threatening like and said, "What the devil am I up against anyhow?" To this I answered: "That's what I've been trying to find out about myself for the last twenty years."

"Durn yer nibs," he answered, "if that 'ere dorg hadn't a license plate on, I'd take ye both in."

TELLING AND WRITING IT.

Now, it is to my mind, very flat to read a story, as against hearing it told.

I hope some time to be able to tell some of the stories in this book, and many others, by word of mouth, to its readers and their friends, and hope and believe we will like each other as brothers should. I recall a little repartee that occurred between Tom Marshall (deceased) and myself. Tom was a local celebrity, and a man built by nature above the average lawyers. I was the prosecuting witness in case in the criminal court. My deafness was the first point of issue. He "hollered" at me, "Can't you hear at all?" I asked the court's permission to stand up

and face Mr. Marshall. The permission was given. The question was repeated. I stood mute. He appealed to the judge, and suggested contempt of court. The court was something of a humorist itself, and answered him: "Mr. Marshall, the gentleman knows the degree of his deafness better than anyone else himself. As for the contempt, he has not refused to answer, and besides, I still am the court, not you." I finally comprehended his question, and I answered him thus: "Mr. Marshall I do hear. I hear a noise like the roar of the Niagara Falls. It would be an untruth were I to tell you, sir, that I understand the language of the Falls. The real truth, sir, is that I have visited the Falls several times. One time in particular I stopped off the train while traveling between Buffalo and Rochester, to visit the Falls. There, sir, at the hour of midnight, with all the sombre stillness and gloom shutting out all things of vision and hearing, other than this one magnificent transcendental creation of Almighty God I heard the Falls, 'tis true; but I failed to understand the language of the Falls. And to this day, sir, I fail to understand the language of the Falls." We had a gay time of it for the several days upon which I occupied, in whole or part, that witness stand.

The stories, like the one just mentioned and hundreds of others, are flat told in type, but full of action and life delivered orally.

PHILOSOPHY.

The fun we get out of life depends upon ourselves. Keep in good humor. One time reviewing a procession which interested me little, I turned my attention to the crowds upon the sidewalk. A fellow tramped on my foot. I thanked him because he had not stepped on both feet.

"TAIK TRAVELS"—SAND FILTER.

For many reasons it is well to know your man; yes, to know your boy, to know, yourself. I felt real cheap one day and the cause of it set me to thinking.

I was in a law office, and a young man came over to me, whom I at first took for a stranger, but shortly learned was George C——, grown up. It seems he had after years become one of the drummers for a house of world-wide reputation. He said he owed some of his success to me. I only felt good and swelled up like for a moment, as when I asked what I had to do with it. He said: "don't you mind the literary society at H—— where you used to give them talk?" I said, "why, yes, of course, what of it?" "Well the stories you used tell I've told from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and they helped trade." I said, "tell me one of them now?" He did so, it caused me to scratch my head. That fellow, handsome, posted in his line of goods, had been keeping alive yarns I had hoped were long since forgotten. Most of them were free thought stories, and well, I am a lot older now, and about some things, know a whole lot less than when I was young. Such yarns especially told indiscriminately often reach the illiterate as convictions and are productive of a narrowing influence. I do not know any more about the unknowable than do other people. To hold your tongue or sand filter your language ain't bad.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

Is variously accounted for.

It's tough on the monkey to connect man as his after-father.

The monkey is rather short lived on this earth.

Yet, all in all he is a happy sort of a feller and seems quite unctious like kissing himself in a looking glass.

Man's origin more frequently than otherwise is thus: A disagreeable accident attendant upon the consumation of a god-given passion between man and woman.

With the world remoddled as Christ intended that it should be, progeny would be desired. The world and man would be such that children would be wanted; that our own blood might share with us the world's opportunity of devinely created happiness surrounding us upon every hand, and open for all to partake of, and enjoy and none to make us afraid.

LUCK VERSUS LABOR.

Some years ago a local newspaper man named James W. Breen, wrote a series of articles for the "Pittsburg Dispatch" under the above caption. Mr. Breen was induced to write the same in answer to "Astronomer" Proctor's series of articles who schoolmaster-like tried to convince his readers that the "busy-bee" tread mill, save the penny style of business makes the wealth and that wealth making was by "set and fast rules, like the motion of the planetary system." Breen's stories were exceedingly interesting and formed excellent reading, as it gave us an opportunity to see behind the scenes for the first time, how a host of Western Pennsylvanians "made their millions," and refuted at the same time the Proctor theory most effectually.

About two years ago Mr. Breen published an excellent book containing his previous newspaper articles, and much more matter in the same line, covering the entire field of endeavor, and he reached beyond local confines. It was issued under the odd title, "If." I am sorry to say that it did not gain the wide publicity it's value warranted, and it was due to the fact that no systematic, thorough canvas

was made for it in advance of publication. However, it is not my object to republish Mr. Breen's book in my own, but to tell you about an instance concerning Breen, myself and several others illustrating "Luck versus Labor." I was engaged at selling farms in Western Pennsylvania for a decade. 'Twas during the time the Breen articles had the run of the press that the episode occurred. One farm in particular I had tried in every way that years of experience could suggest, to sell. Yet failed. I had studied its strong and weak points; felt morally certain it was a good investment, yet was thwarted in every attempt in making a deal.

One day I was possessed by an inspiration. I wrote Breen that, if you believed in luck versus labor, that I would push a little luck in his way and told him about the farm. Failing to receive an answer, I went to see him. No little chaff passed between us. He said he had never owned a farm and had no way of making use of it. Besides, he added, "I have no cash to invest in a farm, even if I wanted one."

He then added: "Just for luck I'll trade you several houses in a row I own for your farm, it may help me to sell the balance, and I'll chance the farm this way, as I have been unable to sell any of the houses so far." I was unable to make the trade on this basis, but told him I would chance my man taking one house in part trade, and the balance in cash in the exchange for the farm. Then, to move the thing along, we went over a list of a number of our acquaintances from which we hoped to find some one to join in making up the required cash end of the deal. Among other persons it occurred to me that some of the persons whom Breen had "written up" in his Luck versus Labor letters would be good people to canvass. We agreed finally to try the "Welsh Brothers." Their big streak of luck had been this way: They were proprietors of a grocery store. A customer one evening lounged about after

having made some purchases and deplored his ill luck on being stuck on some land on the banks of the Monongahela river close by the Welsh store. The Welshs finally agreed to "take it off his hands at cost," and gave him a barrel of flour to boot. To this he readily assented. They held it for a number of years, and sold it for a big sum to the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad company for terminal uses. Years and years had passed, and no one foresaw another railroad line along that side of the river with the Pan Handle line but a few yards away from it paralleling its course. The entire Welch transaction was purely chance, and they had nothing to do with bringing about the railroad location, and had it been left to them without any interests there, would have possibly been opposed to a railroad, as "their day" was that of the river and canal. At any rate by making use of a little diplomacy we reached the Welsh Brothers and interested them sufficiently to agree to go and see the farm. It was in the winter time. I had agreed to meet them at the railroad station nearest the farm, and distant from it about a mile. When their train arrived the weather was "tough." The two brothers aged, one lame besides. Although I jollied them, I was in sober earnest when after thanking them for their promptness, I told them, owing to the weather, that it would not anger me if they saw fit to defer until a better day, viewing my farm, and that they go to the hotel with me close by and we all to get our dinners and take the next train back for Pittsburg.

They demurred to this. We started to the place. When almost there we found the bridge necessary to reach it by the usual route, washed away, and the stream unfordable. They said if there was any other way to get there they would all go along and see the place. It took us an additional mile, and the climbing of almost a precipice to finally reach the place. We started to dicker everything

worked along smoothly, until a difference of but a few hundred dollars stood between us. I suggested that we leave that unsettled until we got to town. They acquiesced in this. In Mr. Breen's printing office, the difference was renewed and I insisted on a settlement, and good naturedly said: "We'll settle it by a game of cards. As neither of the brothers "knew cards," they selected a printer from Mr. B.'s force to play for them. The question was thus satisfactorily settled, and the farm sold. The sequel was this, as far as Breen was concerned. It started the sale of his houses, not a great thing but luck. Next, he sold out his one-third of the farm to the Welshs for cash. He invested the proceeds in a Fire Insurance company stock; bought when it looked to "everybody" like a dead horse proposition, as it had paid no dividends for several years. Some fellows wanted to reorganize the company, and make it a tight corporation. They paid Breen a big price to get rid of him. He invested the proceeds of this deal in several railroad stocks, and some sudden turn in Pennsylvania politics, affected the stocks so favorably that he cleaned up with a total profit to him of \$30,000 out of investment, but a year before of \$2,500, and that investment, a house dead to sale for cash. THERE WAS LUCK VERSUS LABOR.

CHRISTMAS FOR EVERYBODY.

Christmas for everybody, or nobody. About the greatest thing there is in Christmas is for once to have everybody have a full belly and a good time. Many lives are barren of almost everything that places man beyond the brute.

True, there are plenty of lives; that to have enough to eat, drink, a place to sleep, and work within their strength and fitness covers about all they are able to encompass in their narrowed brain. To widen their life is to invite misery. "But there are others * * * I recall an American boy, trudging along merrily with his little dog. He was thinly clad, and in condition of Dickey Doubt, besides his hair stuck from his little ill-fitting hat, etc. I could see little cause for merriment. I found on close inspection that he had received one of those "border handkerchiefs," and duly folded in style, it peeped dude-like, from the breast pocket of his coat. Yes; he was conscious of a little touch of "high life." This added to a full and generous feed for all his folks made him feel like other people. If you feel mean, down with it. Stop your meanness and Christmas and New Year will be O. K. All you have to do is to hunt up somebody and shell out.

THE IRISH.

I was asked what I thought of the Irish. Well, in a general way I love every mother's son of them from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork,—hold, I'll bar some on the police force. I'm like the Irish myself on that score.

ON A CERTAIN DAY.

The bookkeeper in the office where this book was printed, adds this story to history.

A strange spectacle was witnessed by a great crowd at the head of Clifton avenue, on the hillside overlooking the Allegheny river one bright sunshiny day. The excitement was caused by a yellow colored female who had wandered away from home and sought a secluded spot on the hillside, where she sank exhausted in a distressing condition, in the pangs of maternity. Unluckily for her, she was discovered by a roving truant who at once gave the alarm, which soon gathered a crowd, which witnessed the strange spectacle of the poor female giving birth to a pretty little pair of twins.

One of the twins was a light yellow, like the mother, and the other as black as the ace of spades. The mother was a pretty little Jersey cow, and the twins were a handsome little pair of calves.

FARMING, AS A LIFE.

There is no finer life than on the farm. It is getting to be more desirable every year. That is the isolation and absence of quick communication is not so pronounced as in the past. In no line of life has science and invention cut more rapid strides. We will have electric market trains running by the farm gates directly. Already there are telephone lines built largely by co-operation and the government delivers daily mail and posts weather reports and predictions in many sections. The agricultural schools are turning out farmers who can tell you what the soil will do for man's benefit, by the proper fertilization and application of water when needed, that largely revolutionizes the past methods.

There is a general contagious feeling springing up the country over for the procuration of improved highways, which will not alone aid the business, but open new social life for the women and children. Anyone whose life has been well divided between town and country, and who has been practically engaged in both, lived with his eyes open, cannot fail to have noticed these marks of progress in the country, nor have failed to see the immense increase of needs at good prices for all the farmers now grow and may grow for years to come. In my next book I'll tell you about the country in ten or more states, especially of the south and west with which I am already quite familiar. If I interest some folks in settling in most any of the Gulf States or the tier immediately north or on the Pacific coast I will feel I have done some good missionary work. I've tried both city and country life, and am still "struck" on the country end.

THE PUMP CURED MELANCHOLIA.

We had a neighbor woman who was as pronounced a case as any one familiar with the insane would want to see of melancholia. The woman had been a dress maker and keen competition had driven her to the wall. Undoubtedly she had been somewhat harshly treated and the loss of her effects necessary to do business among fashionable people naturally would phase her, yet she was insane.

Lovenia had her call on us and relate her troubles to me. She did so. I was sympathetic. I took her hand in mine and condoled with her. She claimed she had all the troubles in the world. By and by I told her: "Your case, madame, is—Well, prove you have all the troubles in the world, and the money you've lost is as nothing. You would soon be a richer woman than was Jay Gould a man." She

flounced from the room enraged. Her great plaint when her story was told was that of all melancholias. With her hand on her chest she would say, that feeling, and on her abdomen, with a sort of a female basso-profundo tone, this pain! The next morning I was out at the well. We had a screechy iron pump. Perhaps the reader has heard one of them sing?

It reminded me of the old woman's plaint. So, pumping—"that feeling, that feeling," and as the bucket was filling and the exhaust taking place, "that pain, that pain." I can't tell this story in print like many others, as I can when I'll see you all together personally.

Anyhow, "'Squire Kuhn" (my second boy) took it up, and with the devilish joy of youth and good tenor voice, worked the pump cure; so she shortly received more good than had resulted from all the treatment of the doctors. The poor soul recovered, and was as sane as anybody for some years.

HOME-MADE PIE.

The trouble with home-made pie is not that it is, but that it was. In plain language, the art of pie making seems to be a lost art. You can't call the things you buy at the stores real pie. A real pie is not turned out by a machine, but by a woman.

The real pie maker is amply built, neatly dressed in calico, with her sleeves rolled up and the ingredients conveniently handy. After the stuffing has been duly put in it is put in again, and when baked there are smells of Araby around, and the dome of heaven seems to open and you see visions beyond the skies. That's the kind of a lay-out the pie was that mother made. The best breeds of pie are, the "pumpkin, mince and huckleberry." They should grow in every well-regulated kitchen.

UP WENT HIS GUN AND POP.

Lovenia was lying down with one of her crazy headaches for which she has been noted for lo, this many a year. Dr. George, my special friend (where is George now?) had an office in an adjoining room. Some of his English boon companions were calling on him and it got to duck shooting. Big John bawls: "God, the sport. I oop with me goon and pop, then everybody oop with their goon and pop, pop, pop, pop, and down they cooms!"

Lovenia tried to hiss me on to "drive out the brutes," but I only told her a salvation story of a dear friend of hers. "She up with her story and then sang them one, then they all sang and down came the sinner, pop, pop, pop." The duck shooting yarns I've heard are just about as big lies as the Salvation business. Most of the ducks in both cases don't stay shot.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

The first telephone I ever saw I helped to construct. It was while in 1877 that I was in a Texas cattle town, well on toward the border. One day the well-known weekly paper, the Scientific American, came into town, and we "all" read the description of the new invention and wondered if we could not make a somewhat similar contrivance. In those days it was still to be learned that barbwire would do for a telephone line; therefore, having no other wire, we used silk thread, twisting several strands together. We then used, I think it was sheep skin, or possibly wolf skin, dressed down for transmitter and receiver—much as individual lines which later became common around mines, etc. We ran it from Porter's saddlery shop

to Orr's store, perhaps several hundred feet, and one could hear a newspaper read very satisfactorily from the "other end" of the line.

Now, as to the irony part of it. The telephone invention was attributed to Graham Bell. It is said that it was the result of experimenting in electrical contrivances with the view of overcoming the infirmity of deafness of his wife (a deaf mute), and in doing this he accentuated through his invention the misery of these most unfortunate people—the deaf—by making only a thing to cause the deaf to hear less and the hearing people more than ever before. That is what Mr. Graham Bell accomplished for the deaf. The next year I became deaf suddenly, and since then I have not alone been unable to hear over a telephone, but not so much as to hear a watch tick.

ANOTHER SORT.

Some years ago I had an acquaintance who was continually rasping me for my indifference to the church. I considered him full of cant and hypocrisy, and that his soul was small. He had a daughter close on young womanhood, who died suddenly. I was unable to attend the last rites, but a few days after the burial called at his office to offer condolence.

I had hardly spoken until he put to me: "Now, Depew, did she go to heaven or hell?"

It is such people that Tom Hood cast his satires at:

But what the better are their pious saws,
To aching souls, than dry hee haws,
Without the milk of human kindness.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

It is with no little amusement that I look at the display of pictures about the street doors, where are located the photographers, and the waiting room walls. What efforts of trying to look "just right," and how little after all we can read of the "inards" of humanity from a photograph. They are a good thing after all, and we greatly regret that we do not possess those of many members of our family and good friends the country over.

There is one improvement that would add greatly to the desirability of the photograph, and that is that they be made so that they will not fade by the lapse of time. They should be made to last throughout the ages.

THE FUTURES.

Now my plan in life is to let every other fellow play futures. Keep your ear to the ground, of course, and look to the future, but garner everything within sight.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

About the best way to keep well is to begin with a good sound constitution. This you can do if you have been careful in the selection of your ancestry for several generations back. It don't cost any more money not to worry than to worry. It's but a mighty big effort. Yet I don't know even if a hard job, one that pays better. Learn to stand the weather without colds taking possession of you. Do not fail to remember your ancestry got along without carrying a tailor shop on their backs and a delicatessen store and

mixed drinks in their belly. Study the habits of your dog. Emulate him in sleep. Sleep lots. When you're sick of heavy food, don't eat. Eat food that makes bone, baked beans, cornbread, also lettuce, onions, celery and the like. If you must drink, don't try to rival a brewery collector. He is picked for his capacity and that's his living. If you must drink, drink pure wine, cider and aged whiskey. While I've heard of lots of people dying from drinking bad water, I know of a good many dying from drinking good whiskey. Take at least a dozen chasers of water for one whiskey. Develop the muscle of your legs by walking and running. Put vitality into your blood by deep breathing and gymnastics. Do kindly acts toward your fellow man whenever you can; cultivate good humor, tell stories. If you can't tell stories, listen to some one who can. Don't be afraid to gap, sit in your shirt sleeves on the front porch, eat with your knife. To review, be careful in the selection of your ancestry. Don't worry. Drink chasers, not too much whiskey. Be natural. Above all don't lose sleep, let the other fellow do that, and you will have health, and that is about as near happiness as you can get.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

William H. Seward, who cut so significant a figure in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, will be spoken of when many of his compeers will have been forgotten. He was a man of education who understood that the War of the Rebellion meant a great recast of American affairs and stood for far more than a mere sectional strife, having office for its basis and the abolition of slavery as a pretext. He was a born diplomat, with a grasp of intellect for large affairs and his trip around the world showed the personal esteem he was

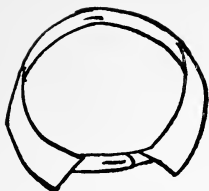
held in. When quite a young man and boyish looking he was a candidate for governor of New York. While canvassing the state for this office he was a visitor at one of the colleges in the interior of the State. Introduced by a pompous professor to speak to the young men, he appeared so insignificant that several of them left the hall. One of them (my dad) years afterward told me that he always felt it a lesson to him, teaching him to know more before sizing up other people off hand—a presumption in the average American, by the way, that is exercised with the greatest freedom, even by the most ignorant, let alone young college men and educated people of affairs.

HE STRUCK A BONANZA.

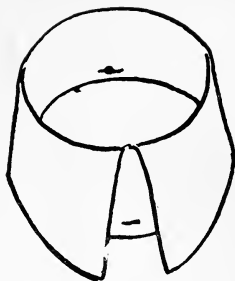
We had been employed on a little daily paper published at the first Pittsburg Exposition. It had flourished and made bushels of money. Our employers also published a Sunday paper, but the fever was on them to continue the little daily after the Exposition closed. To this end they traveled east to endeavor to enlist the capital necessary for the enterprise. We were left in charge. There were more of us than really need to get out the Sunday sheet, but we were kept about all the same, pending the outcome of the venture, as in case of its success we all would be required to get out the daily.

A lot of young fellows under such circumstances are apt to become a little gay. Our foreman in the composing room bore the appropriate name of Booze. He limped of one leg, but could carry his head without a hindrance all the same, as well as any other printer.

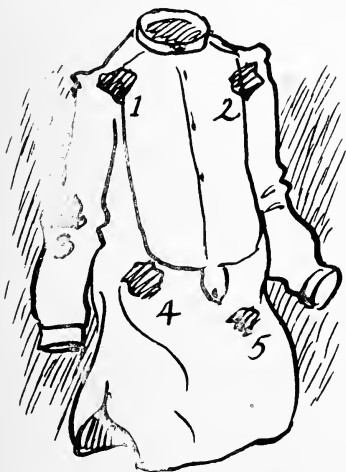
One night he came up front to the writing department, and with a magician-like wave toward the composing department commanding secrecy, pulled out a flask from



HEAVEN



HELL



PURGATORY,

(Figures indicate dabs of
Starch.)

OH! WE MEN!

his pocket. He approached Charles Foster, who was reclining on table propped-up-like on his elbow, and said: "Charles, here take a pull." Foster rose onto his feet and stretched, yawned and eyed Booze from head to foot, and replied: "What, that little snort! Back, back to your slaves; I've struck a bonanza." He had discovered a five-gallon demijohn of whisky left by the proprietors.

That Sunday morning we went to press late, and there was no "shortage of boiler plate" in the columns owing to the circus the demijohn brought about. Poor Charles, years afterward, committed suicide. He never quit striking a bonanza.

THE FUN IN LIFE.

To the man who has no, or little sense of humor, there is comparatively little fun in life. To the man, on the contrary, the possessor of humor—sees fun in every day of life. With an eye for the ludicrous he overcomes the things in life's path that cause others to stumble and lie down. He does not fall, to lie down, overwhelmed. He carries a brand of his own make of liver pills—enjoys the sunshine, blue skies; can shout with the boys in the spring time and roll down hill in the grass. He has a phenomenal digestion, carries a buoyant and contagious atmosphere with him, and people call him by his first name in public places, and he like it, too, even when his hair has silvered. He has friends and they work his hand like a pump handle. He has a place among the world's people and it does not fill up when he is pulled for the world beyond, like drawing your finger from the water. Here is to him, may his tribe increase and his image ever shed joyous rays upon the Nation.

ARE YOU NATURAL?

"Why don't you be natural?" How often we hear it said. Perhaps most people are pretty much the same, even if not exactly like peas in a pod in their sameness, but they have their individuality. There is no easier way often to make a mess of things than to acquire an artificial imitative pose of other men in pushing our affairs in life. I remember, when quite a young man; I was a kind of a general factotum on a Western ranch, when I was put to a test. It was on a large place, and life at the big house often seemed prosaic to me. For a little fun I was spending an evening with one of the tenants. We were having high jinks of a time. Singing songs and eating hominy out of the kettle, and the men folks dipping the women's snuff. Directly a messenger from the big house rode up in hot haste, with word that I was wanted to do the ceremonials. That Gov.—from Massachusetts, was there, and that the "Colonel" had a fit of dyspepsia on and wanted me to take his place.

The Colonel had been in the Confederate army and his contact with Northern people had been limited. He especially felt at odds what to do with a man who had been an Abolitionist (anti-slavery man). Now, I was dressed in a red flannel shirt; had my pants in my boots, and wore a slouch hat. I'd never entertained a governor, and was just getting my afraid up on what I ought to do. I was rushed so, however, that I did not get time to think, and things passed off all right as I was, just natural, and it did not hurt the sale of our wool a bit. The wool was really what was bothering the colonel. The governor was after the wool, not formal platitudes, or strained ceremonials. While we cannot just lay down rules, but it isn't a bad rule to sail your boat on your own waters—be natural.

IMPROVED HIS EYESIGHT.

One evening Jimmie Torrance, Louis Davis and myself were talking of the "old home" and the like in the big Novascotian's carpenter shop, our regular rendezvous. Hell was loose in the gambling and drinking ranch next door, which was separated from us only by a rough partition. The racket, however, cut little ice with us, as it generally was that way, anyhow.

A fellow named Joseph Bowers, a confirmed gambler, and whilom carpenter, when driven to it by bad luck for a raise, strolled in unperceived by me, so I was unconscious of the fact that he had accosted me. Not having answered him, inflamed the jag he was carrying, and it seems he was stealthily going toward me with a knife up his sleeve. However, he was narrowly eyed by old Jimmie, who directly yelled out, "another step toward Charles, Bowers, and I'll make you feed for the buzzards." I let him off, as he was drunk. Bowers passed out of the place and kept himself pretty well out of my sight. However, as time went by the thing wore off. Some months later it happened that we were both in a drinking place, where Bowers was engaged in throwing "crack-loo" with a country fellow, who, homeward bound, had left his covered wagon at the door. He, of course, called a few drinks of tarantula juice, but had been inveigled into playing with the gambler. I noticed that Bowers had several times slyly pushed the dollar toward a crack, but it was not until one dropped through the crack that the countryman became suspicious that he was engaged in gambling with a blackleg.

Bowers rushed out to crawl under the shanty for the dollar. While doing this the countryman had asked me whether he was being cheated. I desired to not be the witness of a killing if I could avoid it, so gave him an

evasive answer. However, he immediately rushed out of the shanty to his wagon and unslung his rifle. Thereupon the barkeeper and myself (just as the now thoroughly enraged countryman was drawing a bead on the rascal), interfered, throwing him so the shot went wild, saving a life at some little risk of our own. Thereafter that fellow Bowser's eyesight became phenomenal. He could see me several miles off on the prairie, and he before a great while pulled up stakes and left for new fields to practice his roguery.

The meanest wretch has a soft spot in him, and after all the thing that breaks him is to owe his life to a man of different stamp than himself.

WHEN TO PAUSE AND WHEN TO SPEAK.

During the reconstruction period after the Civil war, I was living in a frontier town in the Southwest. Then everything was most primitive and outside of a cowboy row occasionally there was nothing except the arrival of the daily train to break the monotony of our existence. This made it incumbent upon us to amuse ourselves the best we could with very little material to depend on.

Several of us were in the habit of seducing one of the several niggers who had been slaves to tell about the old days. In order to do this we had to promise secrecy, and of course furnish drinkables and eatables, especially something to drink.

A fellow whom we called Shepp was quite interesting, and put in quite a number of dramatic trimmings. One night when telling a most thrilling yarn about temporarily burying a Confederate officer to escape capture by the Yankees, just when he had gotten to the most vital

point, he rolled his eyes, as if in great misery, gurgled in his throat, and finally got off: "Pore ole Shepp so damn dry k-a-n-tt say 'nother wourd."

Directly a wench came along (Shepp's reputed wife). He then quickly got the shoes off his feet, pumped up a copious flow of tears, of repentance and misery, and so in a few minutes had worked upon his fears and affection as to cause her to give to him her day's earnings at the wash tub—for to "buy Pore Shepp a pair of shoes." He told her: "Honey, a set of tough niggers from over by Brushy Creek nigh killed me, and then pored whisky down ma throat and stole ma shoes. I'm so shamed toe be huntin' work at Parson Ganos dat, jes as yo kim by, pore Shepp was about done go kill himself, of disconsolable affliction of your mos loyal love."

THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION.

In the middle of the past century the time had not yet passed when it was aught but a romance for the family to pick a vocation for its boys. As long as hand labor prevailed and communities were more isolated and dependent upon local ability and resources to supply their needs and pleasure, it was a reasonable and practical ambition to plan an occupation for the young people.

Mankind, as it were, possessed both ends of the string, and it laid to a great degree within oneself to accomplish a destiny of his own planning. In those days, especially in the country section, after the labors of the day had ended, the dishes washed; the babies put to bed, and the livestock fed and snugged for the night, the plans and schemes of life would be rehearsed by the fireside punctuated by intermissions of popcorn, cider, apples and nuts. In case there was a visitor or two from the city,

the father, with patriarchal pride, would, as appeared to him and the family, tell of the native qualities of his kin, and indicate fitness for certain occupations. On growing confident he would likely say. Now there is our John; he is strong and lusty; has put in two terms at the academy, and reads books like a lawyer. We have decided that he shall read law with Judge Bascom. He will be the lawyer of the family, and it wouldn't be out of reason or contrary to the breed to see him in Congress, even as was my uncle, Jason." "Confidentially he might be President of the United States."

"There is that boy, Bill; he'll be the merchant of the family. He is just born to dickering and can figure like a banker. We are agreed on it to put him into Catchem & Squeezem's store. Yes, he'll be the merchant of this family, and by gum, I've \$2,000 put away to set him up (but don't tell) when he has learned the tricks of trade." And so it was all around.

Now, things are different, very different. As the old lady said: "La, me how things have changed since Henry died."

The vocation of the lawyer has altered, and is now divided into a few specialties, as corporation real estate and criminal branches, in which a comparatively few monopolize the plums. Of course there are many thousands who are yet called lawyers, but their occupation is as clerks, record searchers and stenographers to the favored few. In some cases they can still get to Congress as special pleaders however of some private schemes of corporations, and at the expense of their manhood.

The mercantile business has been absorbed by vast combinations, drawing into one concern as many as twenty to thirty previously individual ones, in some lines that

formerly were maintained separately. And with few exceptions an army of hireling receiving just about enough to live, do all the work required.

In mechanical occupations automatic machines turn out trainloads of all manner of things, which formerly gave employment to many small proprietary interests, widely diffused throughout the country.

Banks are consolidating everywhere, and individual banking with small capital is a thing of the past.

The very matter of guardian and trustee which devolved in old times on the best man of the community, has become a cold barren, machine-like thing, one of the many things monopolized by trust companies.

People to-day are employed, but they no longer pick occupations. They may learn, study and aspire as they will—but they must line up before monopoly, where many are called, but few are chosen for anything of importance, as but few are needed.

It seems to me that in time it will be inevitable upon the people to rescue themselves from the present conditions. and that while labor saving appliances have come to stay, that the time will come, too, when the government (the people) will have to own many of them, and that the benefit therefrom must go to the people and not for the enrichment of the few.

With so needed and desirable an end in view how incumbent upon us is it, that there come about a fundamental change in the teaching of the public schools, and the attainment of a sturdy physical and mental manhood.

If under a proper division the result of so much wealth and production that four or five hours of toil, or say three whole days of the week would suffice, what a lot of time would be ours to learn our fellows, our beautiful world and its multifarious charms. Indeed these matters are worth your study.

JOHNNY, GET THE GUN.

Occasionally I discover that I am not the only pebble on the beach, a thing I do not especially mind when it is to learn to know that there are others—who are deaf. I had a highly amusing experience, although it involved some risk of being killed, in which a deaf man figured as an incident. While in the employment of a concern at small wages, I sometimes tried to make a dollar on the side, and to this end used the only time I could claim as my own, nights and Sundays.

A man named Simpson claimed to own an invention whereby money could be made from refuse tin. It was to separate the tin coating, solder from joints and sheet iron, and to catch and save the oxides, thus producing from old roofing, tin cans and scraps of tin several valuable products.

He desired to enlist capital, and I was to visit his home in a town some distance away to see his machine in operation. I made the trip, which brought me after dark to the town wherein he lived. I was compelled to walk quite a distance from the main part of town, but found the house. I tried to arouse some one in the front, and, failing, went to the rear door. The back of the house stood in an excavation of a little hillside, thus forming a pen around it.

After some considerable knocking I saw through the window the form of a woman bearing a light, but failed on stating who I was, and my desire to see Mr. Simpson, whom I knew, to get her to open the door.

Directly I saw another form moving about. It was that of a boy, and he had a shotgun in his hand. By this time, having repeated my errand several times, I was already pretty warm under the collar, and the fact of the woman's

distrust leading her to persuade the boy to villainy, put me in a rage, so when I again repeated my business, I added, "boy, put down that gun or I'll jump through the sash and spank you."

I changed my mind, however, as the youngster, instead of complying, only got in a more business-like position with that gun. By this time the racket I had made caused the neighbors to look out. At the house closest by I noticed two women and a man at the open door. The man held a lighted lamp, and I approached them, and, as politely as I knew how, addressed the man, stating my predicament. That man just stared and stared, and looked more fiercely than before. One of the women came to my rescue, and told me that he was stone-deaf, and mute besides. I got access to the house, and some one went down to get me admission to the Simpson house. When I got there of course the woman was profuse in endeavor to make apologies that she could not very satisfactorily make, although I assured her to not bother about it, except to regret the boy had not killed me, as I was but a deaf man.

"Her husband was away at lodge," and she bade me to wait; pleaded a severe headache and went off to bed. After awhile Simpson appeared and had a few remarks to make of course on the perversity of womankind that were both general and specific.

The machine was fired up and he roused his small boys out of bed, each placed in a position to help show off the machine at its best, and by 1 o'clock a. m. she was sputtering out solder, sheet iron and oxides.

There is little more to tell, but that I stopped over night and we ate breakfast by dawn. Having arrived so late no preparation was possible for strangers, and the boys, having to hurry off to a glass factory, where they were employed, we were all together at the table. There

was a little shortage, so when old Simpson said, Johnny, will you have any meat, he promptly replied, "No, poppie." "Thomas, will you have any meat," there came, rather slowly, 'N-o, pop.' "Petie, will you have some meat," promptly. "You, bet, pop."

Thus we were all hilarious and found our tongues, all but the woman, who had sent Johnnie for the gun, who, poor soul, had felt the six-foot board fence was not sufficient protection against theft of that machine, which was to make them all rich.

WHY I LEARNED GERMAN.

One day, on going into the building where was located my office, I noticed two men, one pointing to my sign at the entrance, and both engaged in animated discussion in German.

It seemed they had learned that I could speak German fluently, and it was puzzling them why or how it was that a man of my name should be able to speak German, or what motive could have possessed me other than to facilitate "doing up the Germans." They had not noticed me, and when they appeared, I made them happy by only being plain United States in my conversation with them.

BROKE HER HEART.

A retired lady of the Beau monde of Paris died the other day from a "broken heart." Her milliner delivered her Easter bonnet too late for the services. She was aged 87, but up-to-date till the last or nothing.

EVOLUTION.

On a fair stretch of beautiful rolling prairie the railroad company had laid out the town of ———. There was no running stream to supply a town with water and that problem never bothers people, or rather the promoter very much in laying out a new town, just with the advent of the railroad. However, the railroad company had sunk a deep well and failed to get water. The company itself wasn't so shy on water as not to be able to supply itself elsewhere on the run.

There seemed to be such a rush to try to have other things, that no one had bethought himself to construct other than over-ground wooden cisterns and the water in them was scarcely fit to drink. A fellow who had been considered pig-headed became of a sudden, master of the town. He leased the "Smith pasture" some two miles away. This place contained a fine spring and he immediately set to work hauling water to the town. We were glad to get it at five to ten cents a pail. Several other wells were started, but none procured water.

The mud was so bad that I remember one time a few miles out of town a fellow with a wagon asked me the road to it, and I told him the truth, "can't miss it, keep a mile on either side of you, and two miles ahead." The "church privileges" were by mere courtesy of the fellows who ran a free and easy show house, and who cleaned up and vamoosed a few hours giving their premises for the "services," after which the show again went on. Ice was about five cents a pound, and beer ten cents a drink. The taste of the burgers was such that when the discovery was made that one of the saloons had a good many dozen of Catawba wine, instead of a secret supply of aged Bourbon for state occasions, a lot of cattle men bought it cheap at wholesale, and in disgust and derision used it

instead of pins in the bowling alley. There were no banking facilities nearer than thirty miles, and almost as far to a newspaper office. The cayotes would sneak around the town and a short ways off you could get a shot at a gray wolf or panther if alert. There were about four women in the town (the town was stag), and the male population would adjourn en masse to the station at the advent of the train from the north to see whether God had been good in answering their prayers for a more generous supply of the female sex.

We ate sweet potatoes raw for fruit, but when a few barrels of apples came in we would buy the barrel on the side-walk, kick in the head, and pass around the hat for settlement, so scarce was this luxury. So we moved along. One day, after an absence of several weeks, I was riding toward town near dusk and of a sudden I wondered whether I was asleep and dreaming, or whether I was at a strange place, as my way was obstructed by several fences, and things seemed most unfamiliar like, in other ways, and it took me several minutes to get my bearings, at the same time darkness was setting in. Next I had a most hefty jar on my breast, that most tore me from the horse, and then something gave way. It was a clothes-line. I heard a screech, a female screech of "You brute, you've thrown my clothes in the mud." I could not help but speak out: "Great God, the women's come in," and asked her pardon, thanking her for nearly breaking my neck, as it had given me a new heart, and I didn't leave there neither, until I'd eaten a Yankee cooked meal, the deft work of a white woman, and I left there feeling that "God was good."

It was about this time that old Col. Fowzer, who was the boss of the cattle yard, and others, had been to the county seat attending court. They started home at night, and no doubt had squeezed black Betty a good many times,

as they were quite hilarious. They were in an open wagon driving over the prairie, and as chance would have it struck a lane that was fenced and took to it. The horses did not know the way, after getting out of it. Several lights were seen, but lights are on the prairie pretty much as are coons, nothing to distinguish 'em apart from each other. "Everybody knew the way," and it looked as though things would cause them to have to stop at any old place, as they failed in recognizing their homes located near the edge of town. Finally old Fowzer said: "I'll do the talking at the next house." He did. Some one came to the door and he asked, "Who lives here." "Col. Fowzer," was the reply. "I'll be damned if he does," he replied, and turned around, saying: "Boys, do you hear them Methodist hymns; we don't have 'em in my home. And look at them lights. I'm no millionaire." Finally some one said: "Why, pa, don't you know me?" He said: "I don't know anything any more, fetch out Col. Fowzer's meerschaum pipe, and his jug, and we'll see whether we can identify each other."

Well, I left that section, and about three years afterward I came into that town by another railroad line. It had become a junction town by that time. I had to lay over for several hours, and it was then but 6 a. m. Of course a new station was no great surprise to me, but a few steps out it was different. I stepped off gingerly to the direction where the sign was up in days gone by, "Damn the luck this street is impassible, it's scarcely jackassable" and by gum if there wasn't a block pavement. I stepped into a saloon that looked metropolitan like. Anyway they had a wine list, and if the barkeeper had a gun on him it was out of sight, and he wore only a small diamond and white tie, as a distinguishing mark of his trade. By daylight I had one surprise after another, not the least of which was water everywhere. First water had been brought from a small river some five miles away. Then as fate

would have it artesian wells just a short ways off furnished immense supplies, where before it seems there was none. The town had "stuck-up" churches of several denominations. The women had become so numerous that they were actually talking about a women's club. People had learned that they were in God's country. The seventh man who died had actually died with his boots off, was buried like a Christian, and the preacher had worked off the stereotype, "just like back home." I had been to the fair at Dallas, and was told, "stranger, if you'll show up here next month we'll show you the finest cattle show in Texas," better than Dallas, or "if you'll drive out with me I'll show you land selling at \$50 an acre growing as fine peaches, grapes and truck as you will find anywhere, and five years ago there was nothing around but prairie grass and land going at \$3 an acre." And so on round after round, change—evolution.

Then you should have seen the buildings! Real town buildings, that had sprung up. The old sow which used to rock the saddler shop (where we loafed), when scratching her back, had left for the hog heaven. There was a bank doing business, that cut both ways, same as East, and two newspapers, two parties, and the circuses did a big business—surely things had evolved. So many and many were the wonderful changes that it set a fellow to wondering whether or not it wasn't a dream, and the only thing quite reassuring was that same old flea—he never evolves.

WOMEN AND WHISKEY.

If women do not like whiskey and beer why are their noses so intensely keen to find it? Talk about noses: Why I know a woman who has a keener sense of smell than a fox hound. She can smell a drink around the corner; no difference from what direction the wind is, and that, too, after the trail is two months old.



—"She waddled along with me buzzing the while like—" Page 115.



"WHAT I VANT IS PEACE."

During quite a number of years of my life I was largely employed in selling real estate and I had a special penchant for making people happy in selling them farms. At a time when I had just arrived from the West in an Eastern city, where I had a considerable acquaintance, I was importuned to go and see several German families who ought to buy farms, but with whom my informant said he had no luck, because of his inability to speak German. He thought that, being equipped in that respect, my success with them would be better. This neighborhood of people had received a lot of money from the city government in purchase of their leaseholds, the ground having been bought for park purposes a short time before. Among others, there was a gardener named Schmidt. He had received \$7,000 in cash and it was in a bank, subject to withdrawal on demand. It was the epoch of the family history to have such a sum of money, as the greatest sum on hand thereto was about the amount they would have in receipt for a load or two of garden truck. Schmidt was an elongated specimen of Germania, rather lugubrious of mien, but of fair understanding. His wife was dumpy, positive, bossy, coarse and homely. It was evident that she was mostly boss. In the end it was decided that she would go with me to visit the owners of a farm or two in the adjoining county, but who had their business offices in the lower portion of the city, and then if suited go and see a place or two. She wore a sun-bonnet, rainy day skirt and cowhide shoes. She waddled along with me, buzzing the while like a bumble bee, down the great thoroughfare of the city. I enjoyed it hugely. At the office of a friend who had a farm, I tried to persuade her to go with him to see it. She looked askance at him and said: "If I go, I go not mit him, but mit you, him I cannot trust."

It was finally decided that we should go that day to see a place. Arrangements were made for an open carriage to meet us, by the trainside on our arrival. I set myself out for enjoyment as well as business, and it pleased me no little when she spread herself over an entire seat and felt herself a perfect lady as I drove her several miles in the country and introduced her with ostentatious formality wherever I could. She saw the place, and it evidently conquered as she said Schmidt should see it as a mere matter of form, as she wanted the place. Schmidt, too, had finally visited it and the arrangement was that they should on a certain Friday call to pay hand money and enter into a formal contract of purchase. They failed to show up, so a few days after that date I called to learn what was wrong. The house apparently was deserted as well as closed. The dogs barked at me, and a pet talking crow at the door croaked dolefully: "Trouble, nothing but trouble." With the kind help of a neighbor woman after frequent knocking a door finally opened and a girl of the family, who had appeared, told me in tones of anguish, "everything was gone." With the help of the neighbor woman, I learned that a family spat about buying a farm had occurred between Schmidt and his wife and that he finally said he was tired of woman domination and had left the house several days before, and to date had failed to return. That immediately on his leaving the old woman, fearful of his drawing the \$7,000. had followed hot on his trail, but the nearest she had got to him was to see his coat tails flying a corner after he had already drawn the money. That she even then was on the hunt of him and feared he had left the country for the fatherland. I went my way to return some days afterward. I then found my man as well as the woman. It turned out he returned with the money all right. He looked more lugubrious of mien than before. I said to him, "Schmidt, how are you?" To which he replied, "I are not—



Mr. Schmidt—"What I Vant is Peace."—Page 117.

I vas" (pointing to his wife), "he iss." I followed this up, "But Schmidt, how about the farm?" Said he, "Depew, come once mit the spring house." At the spring house, after we had looked at each other a few times, I reiterated, "Schmidt, how about the farm?" Said he, "Depew, I cannot wants a farm. My wife, he vant this; my son, she wants that; my dotter, I don't what the teufel he wants; but for me, for me, I vant peace, nothing but peace."

I left him in peace. Some time thereafter, both came to see me. They were then in perfect unison, having bought another place, which they were anxious to dispose of, as they felt they had been most thoroughly bitten in its purchase. Their suddenly acquired wealth brought little happiness.

SHORT STOPS.

Don't worry; it is just as easy to fret.

—————o—————

If "the world is bum," we are the bummers who made it so.

—————o—————

I'd tell you about "the letter that never came," but I won't.

—————o—————

I cannot think to hate with my thinker; nor with my "hater" think.

—————o—————

Boys and girls are born hating meanness, yet educated to cultivate it.

—————o—————

"Don't worry" is a great thing, and, "Oh, so easy," said the fellow whom the monument was holding down.

—————o—————

What is the use and philosophy of having brains employed in petty hates, anyway? Stop your meanness.

—————o—————

"How are you feeling today, old man?" "Porely, porely, jes as though I was a mile 'tother side of the pore house."

—————o—————

There is nothing like first imbibations, though sometimes they come late as convictions. Mother is the best woman on the face of the earth, or under the sod.

NEWSPAPERS.
EXPERIENCES, STORIES, ETC.



"TOOK IT FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS."

I was employed by a great agricultural paper of New York city to look to interests in portions of Texas and Louisiana. It was expected of me to engage the services of solicitors, collect old bills, write some, and so forth. I had several instructive and amusing things brought about in my travels. One I recall at this moment and I don't think I'll ever forget it—the fellow who had taken it for eighteen years. I was in a little town south of Houston, Texas. I had found it almost impossible to hire solicitors of any account, and so reluctantly thought I would start in once more myself.

First, however, as was my custom, I became well acquainted with the largest general merchant of the town in order to get "posted" about the people of the section. I noticed several people whose vehicles were standing around the front of the building, and on inquiry, learned a number were formerly Kansas folks. Referring to my memoranda, and continuing my inquiry, I learned one of the people present was on my delinquent list. He had left his Kansas home owing us eight dollars, and was still receiving our paper. I sidled over his way, and before I could open a talk, he had started and lead off on the land of his neighborhood. He lived some twelve miles away, and before I could get a word in, he took it for granted that I was looking for land, and insisted on my going home with him.

We drove over the prairie and arrived at his home about midnight. Just before retiring I made known my real business, but told him not to let it trouble his sleep, as I had outlined for the next day a way that he could

settle with us and make some additional money as well. The next day I arranged with him to drive me over the country and to the town from whence we had come the previous night. At each place we stopped I introduced him, saying, it is true I am the agent for the American Agriculturist, but the gentleman driving me knows more about it than I do, as he has been a subscriber and has read it constantly for eighteen years. Himmel, how the man talked and how I was kept busy taking down addresses and putting dollars in my pocket. He would look at me furtively every little while, wondering whether I'd blurt out some fool talk about his delinquency. I interpreted his look, shook my head and said, "not yet." I never had better luck from another man's work in the subscription business. When I fed him at the best hotel and called him colonel, and spoke about our mining interests in Arizona, and a prospective trip to Europe, I felt as happy as a duck among the celery.

REJUVENATING A DEAD HORSE.

It is curious how many people take a paper without a thought of ever paying for it and realizing that their petty larceny helps to make up largely in the sum total of the world's wrong doing. I was sick and had wound up the publication of a weekly paper which had been saddled on to me with a previous history. Because of my deafness it remained a dead letter to me, until all of a sudden I found that I had resurrected a practically dead horse, my assistant held the notes of the owners before the last whom I succeeded, and which my continuation kept in force. So I determined to wind it up and fill the list of subscribers with another paper. I had already discarded quite a lot

of the names that remained unpaid; I needed money and was threatened with a return of paralysis. I thought I might get a little money and jolly myself in endeavoring to collect some of the outstanding subscriptions, so I made a list of remaining ones. I filled my pockets full of candy and pennies and started out, and hired the young ones, as it were, to go in the house and fetch me out a copy of my paper; in various ways tried to gain a little good will, and locate my paper, as I came about a stranger, personally at least, to most of them. I succeeded pretty well, but had my experiences. I remember at one place, a Welsh woman. She came to the hall door, and was immediately on the defensive and quite savage. I was jollying her and having some sport because of her lies. I persuaded myself that I would get nothing out of her, and had determined not to try very hard. A young man, evidently her son, stood glaring at me looking as though he was itching to "neb" into the discussion, or to commit an assault upon me, with little or no provocation. I motioned to him. He came to the door. I said, "You are Mr. Roberts? Do you not know that the icemen often play scurvey tricks on one?" He said, "Yes." I continued, "Is it not true that the younger generation have a superior chance of learning not alone business, but in knowing how to maintain their rights?" He swelled with pride and said, "Yes." "Well, if the ice man had been delivering you ice, and you were no longer satisfied with him, what would you do?" He said, "Pay him, and tell him to go to hell." "Well," said I, "good day, folks," and threw in the paper with the addressed label on it which I had received from one of the younger children and left instant. I have no doubt that they quarreled mightily on my leaving, and I can't say that I was surprised on receiving a letter from the son within a day or two of apology as to his mother, and with it the cash for two years' back subscription.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Last week a delinquent subscriber said he would pay up if he lived. He died. Another said: "I will see you tomorrow." He's blind. Still another said: "I'll pay you this week or go to the devil." He's gone. There are hundreds who ought to take warning of these procrastinators and pay up now.—Finley (S. D.) Slope.

Yes, and there was the woman whom I knew to be delinquent on the list of my paper, the Calliope Clarion. She turned the deaf ear on me. "She never took that 'ere paper." She told me so through my speaking trumpet. I don't need glasses to see, and I focussed my eagle eye upon a parcel address to Rev. Snivel, and on the beautifully scalloped shelf paper, and there was the "Clarion" in full bloom. I condoled with her prayerfully. "Oh, well, my good woman, just pay me for fun. She did; and she still lives.

AN AFTER MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

"So, you imp of satan! So they are drunk again; have pied a page and boiler plate or something is wanted? Well, run boiler plate, but hold for a stick full or two."

Dark and dismal is the night unless some unusual thing happens there is no more flimsey for the night and nothing startling, no how. The Weiner Wurst man had hied himself home and has by this time discovered the multilated coin and foreign pieces given him by the printers "who don't drink," (God bless 'em.) The butcher is figuring the best way to sell as much bone with as little meat as possible during the coming day. The car conductor with imperturbable gravity and professional pride to knock down fares and wayfarers so as to get a day off with his girl. Two certain Williams may (as I am) be awake and wondering

which one of them is to be pried in the race for presidency of this durned distracted country of ours, which has to be saved every four years.

How many souls have been ushered in this world and out since we went to press last and how much fun have the outs lost that the ins will gain? However ought and all, was, is or will be, the world moves on its axis and day follows night in the same old methodical way.

The incumbent of the presidential office may have four years more, or the grim reaper may call him even in his exalted station. The funniest thing in life is life itself. As me muse here, plan and scheme, it's all for naught perhaps, as were an infinitesimal fraction of an immense whole and the tail don't wag the dog unless you are in the plutocrat class. And some fellows' bank account will continue to be so unfairly plethoric, that many people, good people, will as now go on short rations without even the "full dinner pail." The chimney will smoke both ways. That neighbor boy will continue to be a perfect little devil as the old lady said, and the baby will cry all night for Castoria.

With the passing election goes the bumble-bee. The thistledown blows lazily over the land; between the howls of the wind there's a more melancholy cadence in the voice of the hoot owl. I hope every fellow will have an overcoat and his winter's fuel laid by, for

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will robin do then?
He'll stick his head under his wing—
Poor thing, poor thing."

How the wind howls, anyhow. There is a land of pure delight, where—oh, those drunken printers! God forgive

me. The old printers' home should be on the hills overlooking the valley of the San Anton, and they should feed on pie and quail.

I can't help it, but now, as the winds begin to howl, I long for the region of the Gulf of Mexico—there, "gentle reader," and those who ain't so gentle—pshaw! talk about climate! there, we sit under our vine and fig tree, and bask in the sunshine, while you sit shivering by the fireside, in your frozen north.

Well, if a fellow has a good hunting dog or two, and a good gun, he might forget it all. But then there's the new law that scarcely leaves a fellow a chance to shoot anything, except his companion, and we can't get the right fellow to go along.

Life is a queer scheme anyhow, as the fellow said, who went to make love in the dark one time, and when he lit a match, both were surprised and disappointed, as the female he had run across was not another woman, but his wife. They went home and made the best of it. I am going home now, and I am going to let the printer fellow have this, just to fill out. And as the horse which took shavings for grass, so you'll have to take this, and make the best of it.

Yours more than ever.

C. D.

RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

Many a fellow only begins to know something, not while he ran a newspaper, but after it had run him. I went into an office just when the young man editor of my acquaintance had finished writing his salutatory. He handed it over to me and asked me what I thought of it, and whether it was not a little too long. I commended it.

'Twas a prose poem. I told him it was not quite long enough, and he asked me what to add. I told him something like this:

While we in truth and sincerity believe that we will fulfill all, and even more than we have promised, but are fully aware that the sea of journalism is filled with wreck and that few psalms are sung over a dead horse, or newspaper, so look out for a funeral. That wisdom after his wrath had subsided, stood in his piece, and it was not strange to me that he soon got a job after the burial of his paper, and held it down all right on a city paper.

STAGE FRIGHT.

I have read somewhere about an actor of ability losing his equanimity and voice every time he tried to make a speech, although nothing could much disconcert him while at his regular occupation as an actor.

During the early career of Lord Erskine some one with whom he was engaged in a debate in the parliament, and who had been taking notes during Erskine's address, suddenly ran a pen through the paper and disdainfully threw it on the floor. This spoiled what up to that event had been a brilliant speech. I remember of my Uncle Hiram. He was said to have been the best story teller in a little crowd of all the people in his section and even self-reliant to audacity. Money was being raised to pay off a church debt, and he being the rich man of the congregation was looked to for a good lift towards cancelling the incumbrance. Undoubtedly it was expected as well that he would make a felicitous talk and get off a few "good ones" as well. As he drove a spanking team of blacks that cavorted like dudes' horses on the boulevards, a number of people at the country meeting house, remained outside and all in all his advent was an ovation. When it came to calling on him, he mentioned with assumed diffidence his subscription, and then started out, "Bre and," "brethren and sis," and paused, scratched his nose, tapped his forehead, and then, with a big sigh of relief, turned to his wife, saying: "Oh —(sugar)—Lucy Ann, let's go home."

I remember an incident of my own. After having become quite deaf, so I could scarcely hear myself whistle, I got so frightened and stubborn that first I would not and then could not speak, or thought I could not before an audience. However, after some fifteen years of silence, I managed to make a speech or two, and then lapsed again for a while. I was then prevailed upon to deliver an ad-

dress to a "good roads" meeting. It was some distance from the city, in a country school house. I had been sick and felt sallow to commence with, but in no manner could claim ill health as an honest excuse for a tied tongue. I expected to be called on as the last speaker, and when on the contrary, after the chairman had made his talk, I was tapped on the shoulder, and was pointed to go on the platform, I began to feel as though I was mounting the gallows. I walked several times along it, began feeling for notes in my pocket, and found them on the floor, picked them up, looked at the audience as one resurrected from the grave, facing hades. I blowed my nose, scratched my leg, and I could see a house full of smiles. A big lunk of a fellow was on his feet, and his chin wagging, and what had been a grin before on those people seemed to me, deaf as I am, a loud guffaw, and I guessed correctly what he had said: "Mr. President, I ask you to call the assemblage to order, so we can better hear the eloquent gentleman; ask him that he speak louder."

The circumstance brought me to my senses and I spoke thus: "Gentlemen: Mr. Louder may come up this way and try it on himself, if he wishes." I then with my hands in my pockets, walked up and down the platform sucking wind and to gain a little time. I then commenced thus: "I might appear before you as the ubiquitous politician with one hand on my honest heart and the other under my coat-tails (there being no women present, I elevated the coat-tails and faced the audience backwards) but being but a common clod hopper, humble before God, and concerned about the state of my—the public roads, I will not do so. I might mention to you the perfection of the Appian Way of the Romans, the great highways of Peru, and the transcendant highway built by Napoleon to cross the Alps with his army, or of the National Pike upon which traveled our fore-

fathers to settle the wilderness of the west, but of all these matters I will have none.

"I'll speak to you simply upon a subject, a condition, of which you all know, and for which every man of you (thundered it out) is guilty, and of which I alone of all assembled here am innocent, sirs: The—damn—bad—roads—of—Baldwin—township." I spied the road supervisor (and with a proper pause) called out: "I see Pete—Peter, come up to the mourners' bench or to the altar, and point out the most guilty, and in me, sir, you will find protection." I had got warmed up, and guessed right when Pete took a sneak to a nearby tavern. Then a swell dressed man with a handful of documents crouched low. He was a fellow who wanted to sell a rock crusher. I paid my respects to this point, and could have had a prayer meeting before I quit had I asked for it, but I wound up speaking of the Crucifixion, and washed my hands of the whole affair as Pilate had, leaving the fate of the roads of Baldwin township to the will of the multitude, who were responsible.

I remember of my closest relative telling when I was a boy of his failure before an audience at graduation exercises. He was selected as essayist, H. J. Raymond, orator; Judge, Noah Davis, and others of the class participating. He told of the finished ease of Raymond, naturalness of Davis, etc. When it came his turn he was almost speechless. His preceptor got permission to read his essay, which was pronounced really creditable and quite original. However, in his case it was perhaps as much natural unfitness for public speaking, as what is called stage fright. It is pretty hard when a fellow is primed all ready to go off with something "grand," to find his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and then realize:

"All bright hopes and hues of day,
Have faded into twilight gray."

HOW I PUT ON WEIGHT.

I have been so often asked how I put on flesh, that I want to now put it on record for the public good. Nothing was easier: I've grown fat on trouble. Perhaps I would not have grown fat on trouble, if there had been anything else around handy to take its place. I am firmly convinced that the man who isn't willing to grow fat on trouble may get mighty thin hunting too long for something else.

THE MAN WHO TOLD THE TRUTH.

If we have to tell anything, of course it is probably the best to tell the truth, that is as a rule. But yet how often are we forward in telling the truth about matters of no concern, to us, to tell at all. I remember a licking I got when I was quite a young man, which I never would have received after I cut my wisdom teeth, because of unnecessarily telling the truth.

An acquaintance of mine I had heard was going to marry a certain young woman. The damsel in making my acquaintance, conducted herself in such a way that while I thought she might make a whilom boon companion for a man she was not just the "It" for a wife. Thinking my man would thank me for my information, I kept the matter to myself except to inform him privately. He resented it in such a manner that there was nothing left to do except "to fight it out under the railroad bridge," by the river side. While thus engaged the other fellow having the "boys" with him, they pushed me into the river to get me to let up upon him. However, a stray blow's effect I carry to this day, I have learned a whole lot more about

women since, but I wouldn't let it out of me if run through a sand filter. I never yet have been licked for telling a lie and you all know the reason why.

"There was a man who said one day
Unto himself: "Hereafter I
Shall not be base enough to say
A single word that is a lie;
The truth I'll tell to teach to all,
To high and low and great and small!"

And so he bravely started out,
His heart was strong, his spirit bold;
Of all the things he talked about
The truth and nothing else was told;
He scorned the tricks of speech through which
Men make themselves adored and rich.

He told the whole truth, nothing more,
And when they bore him home that night
His face was battered up and sore,
And he was what was called a sight—
He lost his job, his friends were few,
But he had learned a thing or two."

THE "PAINLESS DENTIST."

I know him.—He is the fellow who never pulled a tooth.

TO BUCK AGAINST THE WORLD.

Bust bronchos for a couple of years and you may land a winner.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Now you're shouting"—the mother-in-law! Subject for a regular heart-to-heart-talk and overflow meeting. In looking over Sacred history I have failed to notice anything about mother-in-law at the world's start. It looks as though she were not a Divine creation of the first magnitude.

After the flood it was noted that Noah in landing, landed a mother-in-law, although no other essential, but what was on the way bill. Did he throw her overboard on the voyage, or had the world still been unblest with her presence in the household? In looking over the way bill we noticed two animals of a kind of all sorts (furred and feathered, etc.)—one male and one female. Now, here again, that there was but one female of each kind in all cases, seems that even unto the least of them the Creator had not as yet surrendered to the mother-in-law. Things, however, did not always remain thus. Although history does not set down the date, yet upon a certain day and date mother-in-law jumped into the band wagon and she'll stay there while life last, if human experience counts for anything.

It cannot be said that the trouble of our two first parents, which has descended to us, even unto this day, was because of mother-in-law. She wasn't in those days. Now then: suppose she had been, might it not have eased things up a little, that Adam had not been quite so first in the family racket a sort of divided-the-blame-condition and thereby lessened the curse that was placed upon us all? This is a matter for greater scholars than I am, and opens a line of inquiry whether or not the translators and early fathers had in some manner permitted Eve's mother to escape only to appear so much later in the battle of life. Besides, if "mother-in-law" had but been in her proper place, standing up for her daughter, we would

have had a ruling on our standing in the family from high authority all these years gone by, that might have saved lots of trouble and family "busts."

I have always had a tender feeling for women, and there are but few mothers toward whom I've felt half so tender, as poor Eva. There she stood with but few garments on. Although she had everything, yet she had nothing. There were no ladies' outfitters; no department stores, nor instalment agents. She had no companions of her own sex, nor any other, except Adam. When "things" happened, her mother was not there. There was none to take her home to her folks, none to pity, none to advise, no one to go and see Howe and Hummel about a divorce and alimony. How handy it would have been for her to have had a mother. How interesting for Adam to have had to deal with two such women instead of but one. To have or not to have a mother-in-law, is largely a matter of choice. It is said one might marry an orphan. Another authority says a woman who wants to be a mother-in-law, never dies until she "gets there." In some families there are two mothers-in-law. That's certainly gayer than where there is but one. It's something of a three-ring circus and a sideshow attachment. If you are not the sideshow, maybe, if you are "real good," you can be the boy who carries the water for the animals.

I, too, dear friends and brethren, have a mother-in-law. I still live; I'm getting bald; I limp with a leg; I can't hear; I'm meek and humble; I may die most any time—even on the street I dodge things. Yes, I too, have a mother-in-law. My Lovenia's only mother, the widow of her deceased father. Gentlemen of the human family, don't tell anybody, but I don't want another. Gently don't shout—silence. As I told before, I do not want another, * * * unless I am compelled to have another; then I want-of-the-same-kind-as-I-have now. I could

say a whole lot of things about mothers-in-law, but I wont. I want this book to bring peace in the house, not discord.

I know one fellow who made peace in his house. He married his mother-in-law and threw her daughter out. Then they took the daughter in as a star boarder. With the admirable life of that couple before her, the daughter and ex-wife had by the time her sainted mother died prepared herself to take her place once more, as wife, and all went merry as could be "forever afterward."

Our wife went away to the mountains. She never before trusted her mother alone with her husband and his boys. Her mother is a giddy thing, about 75 years of age; knows how to bake corn bread and sew on buttons, fix up lunches twenty-four hours during the day. In short is everything a mother-in-law ought to be. Never is sick a day. Don't kick about tobacco, etc., etc., etc., and more. The first week went off smooth. The next week, things progressing, although mother-in-law got a little note "commiserating with her for the "terrible ordeal," and it said, "Mother, I'll be home soon." The daughter at once received a special delivery letter by telegraph, "repeat," pre-paid, to "stay just a little longer and let mother get her work in." After it was all over and she, our Lovenia, came back. She (that is that mother-in-law), said Lovenia, that man of yours is a bang-up, jim dandy of a fellow; just the kind of fellow we girls were looking for 60 years ago and since." Lovenia has several time referred to how I had "fooled mother," that "she did not know me as she ought to—" And then a kind of reflectively adds, "Charlie, do you really think mother meant what she said of you?" I said, "Lovenia, I never knew your mother to tell a lie when she told the truth." Thereupon Lovenia said, "you mean Dutchman, you know mother never lies." Next to her mother I don't know a finer woman for a mother-in-law than is, Lovenia herself.

"THE MIRTHFUL MAN."

It may have been my old friend, Mr. John F. Sadington, Esq., who wrote the following lines. I don't know. I do not care, but I do wish I could hear old "Sad's" mirthful laugh once more. The lines are from one of the Chicago daily papers. I have forgotten which, so cannot credit it. I'm no po'et, no more am I a goa-et. I'm a "Peach." When you read poetry it's hardly ever mine.

The man whose laugh keeps ringing loud
May never stand sublime
Upon the height toward which the crowd
Keeps striving all the time;
He may not have the wish or will
To lead at work or play,
He may be weak or foolish
Still
We like him anyway.

The man whose laugh keeps ringing clear
When others sadly sigh
May leave no work behind him here
That men may know him by;
He may be satisfied to get
His meals from day to day,
Instead of toiling nobly,
Yet
We like him anyway.

The man whose laugh keeps ringing out
May lack the sense to see
That jokes which make him loudly shout
Are old to you and me;

The doors of wisdom may be shut
To him, poor fool, for aye,
He may arouse derision
But
We like him anyway.

For him whose hearty laugh is heard
The Lord be praised! His mirth
Is greater than the sage's word
For spreading peace on earth;
The day that opens dark with woe
May brighten and be gay
Because some fool comes laughing
So
We like him anyway.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

I frequently have to be helped out in seeking information about people, owing to my deafness. Mere sight doesn't go always. I mistake an Irishman for a Dutchman often, and speak my best Irish to the Dutchman, and Dutch to the Irishman. The deaf have lots of trouble.

I spent a couple of days looking up a woman with whom I had heard the word "business" connected so much, and who so looked it that I thought she was just the woman I needed. I finally cornered an old acquaintance whom I could trust and who knew her well. I asked him whether she was specially qualified, and what business she was interested in. He told me her qualifications were most excellent, but he knocked the combination for me when he answered that she "was in everybody's business."

IMPRESSING KING EDWARD.

Since to the coronation some
Impressive persons we must send;
Since England bids us quickly come
To prove that we are still her friend,
Why choose such lightweights for our need
As Captain Clark and Whitelaw Reid?

If we desire to impress
Upon the British monarch's mind
A concept of our mightiness
(Avoirdupois, with wealth combined).
Why don't we take him unawares
And send a bunch of millionaires?
St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Did you never feel so utterly small and mean, that it was about all you could do to keep from going and getting dead drunk? Well, I have, once, once anyhow, and it was when we through our powers at Washington were made to appear a nation of snobs at the King of England's coronation. We call ourself a nation of kings. Oh—Rory O'Moore—we played fool, and the English won't forget it.

IMPRESSING KING EDWARD VII.



WHAT AN ACRE WILL DO.

I can't tell you the limit of what an acre will do. The agents of the Astors might tell you something, as regards their holdings in New York City. Within my own brief life I saw acres sold to members of my own family for \$300 and sold again for \$15,000 per acre.

Colonel Jim Guffey has had some experience in **many** places. Perhaps the most notable was at "Spindle Top, Beaumont, Texas, oil fields, where oil spouted from an eight or ten-inch pipe at the rate of thousands of barrels daily. And then there are the mines. As regards farming, I have seen toward the Gulf from the city of Houston, a fellow from Illinois grow almost "everything that grows" in the temperate zone, and some of the things of the tropics thrown in, on his acres; while across the fence, on the same sort of land, but handled by a different sort of a farmer, there was little else than some poor corn, blackberries, "mustard greens," razor-backed hogs, two-headed children and h— generally. In the cultivation of the soil much depends on the sort of a fellow who handles the hoe. No one fellow gets all the good land, and the sun shines and the rain falls to the benefit of all. Help your acre along to the best you know how, and "sing songs."

HALF CIVILIZED SHEEP.

Half Civilized Sheep—Mexican sheep bred to high bred bucks.

A NEEDED SERMON.

An honest preacher to say, now, "I shall tell you all about, what I do not know."

PUBLIC HOSPITAL RULES.

Most of the people who enter a hospital have no knowledge in advance of its rules and regulations. I would consider it a great improvement, a promoter of smooth working of the administration to hand to the patient at first early convenient opportunity a set of simple printed rules, to every one able to read, whose condition permitted of it, upon his or her entering the institution. One of the first things that makes trouble is, that, an unexperienced person cannot understand why his regular clothing is taken from him. This is especially true in emergency cases—where the patient often has important papers, bearing on business under process of immediate settlement, cash and other valuables, his own or that of others. He wants his mind at ease on these matters, and the custody of this property as demand the exigencies of the case connected, arranged without unnecessary delay. A man suddenly injured is more conscientious than he generally is, and his mind dwells on unfinished business. Hospitals as a rule are kept up at the expense of the taxpayer. No man ought to feel that he is an intruder or as a charity beneficiary, when he is using his own property. The term charity patient is a misnomer and an insult. But for the appropriation of large sums by the various commonwealths of the public wealth most hospitals would not exist. It is well for the patient to as far as possible, to comply to the minutest with the rules, and keep the good will of the attendants.

Another pointer is, one of warning: Be on the alert in case you are a surgical case, and your injury is due to an accident upon the public streets, or conveyances, or in the services of large employers of labor. Be meek and humble; insist on being sent into a "charity" ward. In nearly every instance where unusual attention is shown

you by any one else than your immediate kin or fellow-laborer, or the "regular staff" physicians, or nurses, it is to your prejudice for damages as compensation for your injuries sustained. It is to compromise for payment of your hospital bill, or release for a trifle and waver of damage suit. In cities where you are a voter you generally have no hospital bill. At most, your board, only a reasonable sum. Remember, to make friends with the attendants and do not hesitate to have the services of the best surgeon in town in advisement called in to see you; it may save your life or limb from being half "cured" of dislocations and wounds that will give you trouble in years to come.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

My experience has convinced me that to the man who is unsettled about the desirability of a woman as a companion for life, that nothing will settle him in deciding the matter as quickly and finally as a couple of months spent in a well-regulated hospital. I once heard a rough fellow say that the nurses were "immense." He meant about the same thing as the Arkansas Cracker, who, speaking of the woman whom he had chosen for life, as, "can't be beat; she has sense like a mule."

To commence with, a hospital nurse must possess intelligence, good eyesight, hearing and vitality. That is a good deal to commence with in any woman. She is drilled and subjected to rigid rules. She must be neat, clean, silent, firm, sympathetic, but not of the maudling sort. She knows about the preparation of foods, making breads, and learns mankind as few other women have a chance to learn. It is not easy for a man to fool her. Nor does she hold her virtue cheap. To gain her good opinion

you have to be a pretty tolerable fellow. As a rule to gain her love you must be a man among men. To capture her in marriage is a ten-strike, and a man has, to my mind, a useful, sensible, intelligent, sound-bodied companion, who can bear him children and take care of them and a home properly.

THE ONION.

The average great man is about as great as the fellow who "kicks on the onion." It would be interesting to know the private life of the man who is onion proof and always has his little say about onions, as despicable and filthy, and who would not defile himself eating them. I know something about the man who eats onions that isn't to be kept in secrecy. The onion is of ancient lineage. He has a grandfather. Why, the onion is so old that man seems as but a by-product. It is said he was almost an object of worship in Egypt two thousand years before the Christian era, and that before that time his habitat was India. Humboldt, the great scientist and explorer, sighed and hunted for the onion once upon a time in his travels. Mungo Park done likewise, and General Grant said he would not take command of an army without a liberal supply of them. They ward off colds and play the devil with the scurvy, but there are lots of scurvy people who have no use for them.

LUCK.

The luckiest kind of luck is to strike it in your matrimonial venture.

SOCIAL LIFE AS IT SEEMS TO ME.

HUMANITY TO-DAY.

I, in all sincerity, believe mankind to be but poorly put together to begin with, and but half baked in the finish. As society is constituted so little thought of importance is given to the advent in the world of a mortal, that the very fact of being born brings us up against a series of increasing ills, instead of increasing happiness, as we pass through life. The breeding of humanity is truly an infant industry, that requires protection, and study. It has been engaged in with but little forethought, knowledge, heart or feeling of responsibility. For a primary lesson in wisdom we could well attend the chicken shows, the dog shows, cattle, horse and hog shows. There we can learn to some understanding the infinite care, devotion and study through which improvements are brought about in animals useful to man. Thus to primarily admit the value, through seeing the works, and that human benefit accrues from the improvement of the lower animals, there may result therefrom in time the stimulation of desire to improve humanity itself and, too, practical knowledge on how to go about it.

Volumes, nay libraries, have been devoted to these matters as regards domestic animals. Many associations working harmoniously and profitably exist to improve the grade of strength, health, proportions, beauty and utility of animals useful to man. The matter of food, climate, mating, etc., are an everlasting matter of study, and people are largely measured according to their knowledge and results thereof in the appearance, care, blood and value of their beasts. There are three professions in life which either have done all they could do, or have done very little

indeed in the line of improving humanity. If the preachers want to do good; if the doctors want to do good; if the teachers want to do good, let them study to learn and apply the one great religion, the one great cure, the one great matter of education—MANKIND. To know what it is, as it is, how to make it and how to save it for this world, said to be its inheritance. That is THE thing.

All other things are little systems and creeds and isms, but trifles; although all or so many things other than IT, have monopolized man's time and study. Clothes, money and what not are something. The divine right of kings—the multifarious inventions in mechanics, the knowledge of geology, ocean currents and the heavenly luminaries are all something. The world wherein we are to live or not to live when dead to this world, all, yes, all, are something. Yet after all what are all of them as a matter of profound study, the application of our best brains, as compared with the study of humanity, its perfection and happiness as a primary object, as the basic thing of society?

A woman perchance (generally a disagreeable accident), finds she is to become a mother. It generally causes a family racket to commence with. However, she will spend some time preparing clothes for its advent, often when she has been afraid or has not succeeded in getting rid of it. The clothes are a most important thing to her mind and all of this but a mere reflex of the condition of society; not of her heart. Under other conditions the first thing to engage her would be as to whether she and her consort were fit to beget children of a standard beneficial to humanity. Another important thing would be, not to have "accidents," but to want children, if fit to beget them. Then to so train themselves, to have the best, that within legal bonds they could beget. She looks to the doctor to pull her through. She cultivates an intimate knowledge of baby foods, paregoric, etc. She knows where to buy these

and to see her offspring probably just a little worse equipped than herself for life and favor. If it is half finished, famished for want of natural food and inherent stamina, dies in infancy or lives a blockhead—she has been taught that it's the "Lord's good will." It is swaddled in bandages, handled as a doll, then dressed to kill, and starts as a hot house plant on its miserable existence. Before it can speak plainly it is hustled off to school, and at from twelve to twenty years of age hustled out into the world equipped as poorly as can well be for the fight of life that commenced before it saw the light of day.

The children of those who are well-to-do, (and who does not ape them, differing only in degree of ability), are dressed up anaemic puppets; little half alive clothes forms on parade. They but half live. Of that half life, one half of it is for their clothes and a splutter for position in what is called society. It would never do for them to splash around in the mud, roll in the sand or engage in rough and tumble scrambles to make breath, muscle and joy for the now, and fitness for a keen snappy and healthy manhood—why, they would "spoil their clothes" and make themselves common. They go decorously to Sunday school and get tickets. Tickets begetting bigger tickets. Bigger tickets bring illuminated cards, rewards of merit, standing in the community. I want to commend the old fashioned Sunday school—I learned to read in it. They are crowded at an early, tender age in musty, air-tight school rooms, breathing death. They are taught by teachers whose aim in life is to "marry well," but avoid child-bearing. Of children they have learned enough, to not want any of their own. The children are supposed to learn for usefulness in life while they are expected to grow in stature and strength at the same time, all or more than their fathers learned or now know, or ever were able to learn under any known system. The fact that their fathers learned about the same

as they are learning and have long since forgotten most of the same because not applicable to the uses of their after life, cuts no ice in the matter. The fact that under the conditions of society their parents suffer from all manner of physical disorders and have merely become pawns in the world's affairs for the captains of industry and religion, all cut no figure. The education of the horse, for instance, commences with his grandsire and granddam. Anyhow, it is not saying too much that it cuts a big figure in the desirability of the horse.

The dam of the horse of value is treated and regarded with gentle solicitude. She is bred and fed for results. Her colt when foaled runs by her side and knows no nurse girl. He is not sent off to a kindergarten school to get rid of him, and his education is not seriously taken up until he has been physically built and in growth matured. In short, if mankind is to gain its inheritance of the earth and be fit to maintain and enjoy it, we require a basic change in the breed on the present conditions and of needs can learn a lot of how to go about it from the care, study and thought that has been given to the improvement of chickens, dogs, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. If not, why not?

A COMPARISON.

I have seen a sheep-faced duffer carrying a license to preach in his clothes, a basket on his arm, a shawl around his shoulders, travel the greatest state of this union over without cost to him, other than his habitual sanctimonious snivel, his grace at the table and holding family worship and occasionally preaching at a meeting house. An honest man out of work would meet with scant courtesy in stating

his position, mayhap a chance to sleep in a barn, a hand-out at the back door, or a hand over to the police, where he travels over the country on "his face." At any rate persons would impertinently pry into his antecedents and hold in doubt, perhaps, truths true as truth can be. If there is any other explanation of this than the superstition that clings around the cloth as an emissary of our needs in close communion with God, from and through whom we would receive benefit, we should not otherwise obtain, I do not know of it.

A fellow mortal in hard luck, a mere layman, has no bouquets thrown at him. He is but common clay; but with the gentleman of the cloth it is different. There are persons who are working the religious graft, actually rotten at the core and of criminal instincts, yet such consummate actors, whose piety is so approved of by men, that the question of their real character never enters into question. They often become inveigled in the affairs of a community so as to learn enough of its foolishly erring ones, that they are in a position to levy blackmail, and thus safely to themselves remain as leeches obtaining sustenance until they need no more, for this earth.

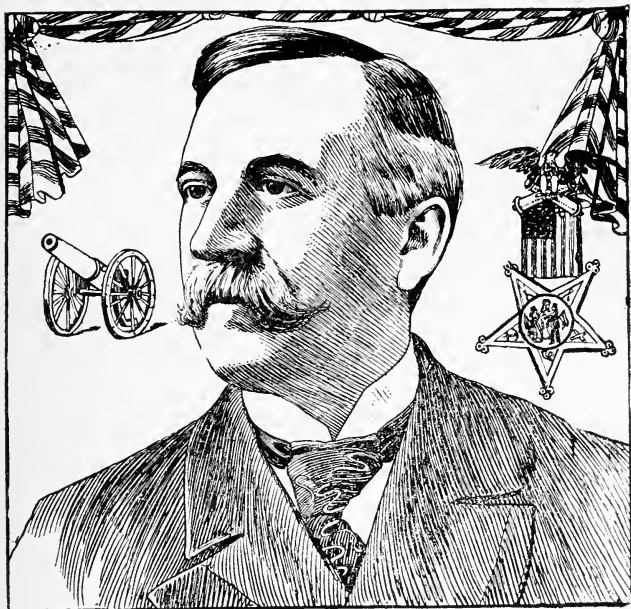
THE "COMMON PEOPLE."

HOW MANY HOURS LABOR? ETC.

"How many hours should be spent in labor" is one of the questions of the day. Should the biblical standard "eat your bread by the sweat of your brow" (which undoubtedly was intended as a rebuke to those who lived in luxury at the expense of the sweaters) ever prevail, we would all sweat a little, BUT NOT FOR MANY HOURS A DAY.

The last few years has caused something to buzz in the heads of many who in the past had hoped that they, too, would become the employers of labor, and take the profit of the sweaters. These same people are now in doubt about their chances. Now that the "Captains" are invading all the fields of endeavor that hold out any prospects for catching the almighty dollar, it is coming home to nearly everybody, that, we us and company are the common people, and something more that the coming people are but few in number. Great public pageants, half holidays, parks, public libraries, "mum" shows, Hip, Hip! hurrahs, etc., on the Fourth of July, and a free turkey by the boss on Thanksgiving Day are mere diversions, as a handful of dust to a balky horse. All these things stand for nothing in bringing about the emancipation of those who drudge that others may be gay and happy, the whole year around. I have often felt possessed of all sorts of sarcasms on Labor Day, seeing the folly of it all. Yes, in the self-glorification, so much like a fellow dancing gleefully around in manacles, shaking hands with himself. Or the monkey kissing himself in the looking glass.

I was in Pittsburg, Pa., on last Labor Day. It was while the great anthracite coal strike was at its height. I did not see a single expression significant of the rightful demands of man from his fellow man in all the banners and emblems of the vast procession. I saw but one thing—a vast tremendous outlay of money from which there could be no adequate return. I will venture to say, the outlay for the parades, all in all, and the loss of pay of that one days' labor, and too perhaps for one-half of another day's labor of those who were directly affected throughout the United States, would have furnished a sum of money that would have been equivalent to at least the purchasing amount necessary to buy half the anthracite collieries of Pennsylvania, and to have paid down one-



GEN. THOMAS J. STEWART.

COMMANDER OF G. A. R.

General Thomas J. Stewart is a native of Ireland and is about fifty-five years old. He has been adjutant general of the Pennsylvania National Guard since 1895. Were he disposed to suggest that the government do something for the Confederate veterans it would carry weight.

fourth in cash. I remember well on that day a talk I had with a man engaged in labor moves. He did most of the talking—I listened to the same old, never-ending platitudes and his defense of the parade and methods of organized labor as against my proposition—about all I had to say was: “Oh! s—t! Oh, hell! Oh, Rory O'Moore!” Some time labor will become smart and instead of expending these great amounts on vain glory, parading, lazing and carousing, the equivalent will be used as the nucleus of a fund for the real and lasting benefit of organized labor, and creating a new and better life for the masses. I realize the labor must combine or the people and justice will never rule. But I also realize that no army can successfully fight without weapons, and no siege succeed without a full comiserat.

With abundant means at hand labor should own in every state of the Union a body or several large bodies of land, in fee simple, sufficient that the product of it were ever ready to supply labor in any emergency. There is no strike winner like a full belly. Own the land on which to grow all you need for at least one year, and you can defy the Anaconda—the trusts. The hours of labor—well, should permit: Sometime for self improvement. Let them not be forced to grind their bones out from their arms for bread, but have some space to think and feel like moral, immortal creatures.

“ONLY A PAUPER.”

Having spent many years of my life in a city where great wealth and poverty brush elbows in glaring contrast, I have often had my sympathy aroused at the indifference displayed toward the misery of the poor, by those who especially have waxed fat from their labor.

The colossal fortunes of those who control the iron, steel and coal business is due to the labor of the common herd. The common herd is most generally poor and common from no other cause than the unfair distribution of the results of their own labor. To see a man after the labor of years, bent of body, wrinkled brow, serated features and stiff in his limbs, with caloused hands, lie down and die, with less comfort around him, than a dog or horse of the wealthy is to my view most deplorable and unjust, and reflects upon us, as a people which professes a Democracy and Christianity as its dominant feature of superiority over less favored lands. Does our claim stand the light of day? Answer for yourselves.

There is a volume in "Rattle his bones over the stones; He's only a pauper whom nobody owns." And to which one can well add Hood's lines, "Oh, God, that bread should be so dear. And flesh and blood so cheap."

ANCESTRY AND POSTERITY.

Burke is authority for: "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestry. I never gain much satisfaction or enthusiasm by taking a look back at my ancestry. 'Tis true, I never found that any were hung for committing rape, or placed in jail for hog stealing, but, it has not struck me as joyful and congratulatory in my estimate when I view the map of France to find that for the sake of what they called "their religion," that they surrendered a principality of that fair land; became exiles to Holland; then settlers in the American colonies, where none of them ever cut a much greater figure than as servitors to the Dutch and their descendants. I remember when I was married, the minister who per-

formed the ceremony suggested visiting us when in the town where we intended to establish a home. To this proposal I answered: "Certainly, glad to see you at any time as a friend and acquaintance, but not as a ecclesiastic." With a little arch in his brow, and an inquisitorial look, he said: "Why, how is it that you who come from valiant Huguenot stock, who maintained the struggle at the loss of vast possessions, and who later and even now are prominent in the church (he meant his own, the Methodist church) speak thus? "I cannot reconcile your attitude to THE CHURCH with your ancestry. Aint you a religious man?" he continued. "Of course I am a religious man. My religion is not intolerance or blind idealism. My religion is an heirloom, about all that was left us, and even at your own estimate of its immensity, their big lot of religion spreads out well enough to this day to satisfy me." I will conclude, talk about ancestry, oh pshaw: The mill will never grind with the water that's passed. I elsewhere tell I was shifted onto the world when a paralytic with small children, and exiled away from where, in health, I would have successfully fought for my patrimony, and would have studied lots of ancestry business. Is it any wonder that sometimes, some people think of Tom Payne, whose religion was the "world is my country, to do good is my religion," as against the pride of ancestry and a subscription to narrow creeds which too often encourage greed and self worship?

SOCIALISM.

Socialism is gaining ground. It has taken many years for the average citizen to surrender his prejudices, and honestly admit that Socialism is not anarchism. That

anarchism belongs to the consciousnessless rich, of whom there are unfortunately many, and the most ignorant and often vicious of the poor.

Socialism is the outcome of a feeling of brotherhood. To understand it you are required to use your "best brains" and prompting of the heart. Socialism is never seen in a drove of hogs, no difference how plentiful is their supply of food. The honest promptings of childhood often give us the best examples of that which is the foundation of Socialism. Watch "decent" children at play; or the boys and girls of the poor at an outing day on the water or among the trees in the country, and you'll endorse the spirit of the thing—called Socialism.

LIFE AS I'VE FOUND IT.

LIFE AS I'VE FOUND IT.

I just wish you could hear the little yodle I sang, and the afterpiece I whistled before I started to write this. To commence with I am just now wrestling with a sore throat (yesterday was election day) and the rheumatism in my legs, and it's drizzling more rheumatism outside.

Yet, after all, "Life as I've found it." Well! Well! Not so bad, my boy. Maybe I can tell you better to-morrow. Really we live from day to day. Some say we never live until we die. That I consider a durn lie, son. However, I know lots of people who have been "saved"—real genuine saved, and a whole church full of people said so. Yet after all, they're saved but from minute to minute. So then we live from minute to minute. What we think of it all is 'another horse.' To some of us life is a continuous show; others more or less of a show; still others, no show at all.

I can say that I have managed to get a good deal of pleasure out of life, despite all the efforts of some others, who are supposed to hog everything in sight be it substance or shadow. I am going to be real truthful. I had to be kicked, tramped on, chawed up, spit out and tramped on again, again and again, before I really began to get my greatest pleasure out of life, and so the man or woman who says they have nothing but trouble in life and none of its joys, I am lead to believe, may not yet have had quite enough trouble as yet to have reached the turning point.

A few years ago I published a little magazine called

"Man and the Deaf." I tried in it to jolly humanity a little. I will quote one of the many notices I received at the hands of the press.

"Man and the Deaf" continues to labor in the cause of humanity in general and the deaf in particular. Editor Charles M. Depew thinks the world is better off with "a little nonsense, horse-sense and humanity." The observation is trite and true, and we trust that Chauncey M. Depew will not appropriate it to himself. He is not the same Depew.—The Courier, Connellsville, Pa., Nov. 29th, 1900.

I acknowledged the notice something like this: Now, friend Snyder, do not rub the bloom off that "Peach" Cousin, Chauncey M. It kind of hurts family feelings to see him exposed, or aspersions slung at him. It was the same in the Noah family just after it landed.

And then that Chauncey M. should not catch the point of a joke! Why, he is as handy at it almost as capturing a dollar. He came by that naturally, taking after old Ike, his father. My father (by the way Moses by name) used to tell of teaching a school in a Dutch settlement back in York State about the obtuseness of some of his scholars. One of them, an overgrown hulk of a fellow, he was trying to teach the alphabet from the lesson card on the wall. The young man gazed long and hard at the letter A, and finally exclaimed: "Great Caesar, teacher, is that really a A?" It is impossible for us to view the world all from the same standpoint, or define any course of life for anyone to follow in detail to produce the greatest individual happiness. I remember when I was about eight years old, I was selected to deliver a little Christmas present to the teacher of our school, and, of course, to make an appropriate speech. It was embarrassing to me, especially, as I was one of the small children, some being near manhood. However, I struggled through. That speech always

has made me stuck on myself. So when one of our boys was to deliver a Christmas gift to his boss, I fixed him up, or thought I had, with a speech to go with it.

He seemed slow to catch on. I told him every word was a bud of wisdom, and the whole of it a bouquet of eloquence. To this he replied, "popie, how much do you want for one little buddie?" To this I answered, "My son, these buddies are free, but darned if they grow and bloom transplanted in poor soil. So what is the use of my trying to lay bare my life, and to expect others to get fun out of my laying out the skeleton plan, unless they are willing to accept and fill out the play to suit the opportunities presented to them. I have said elsewhere that I grew fat on trouble. Now then, does that mean that I want you to grow fat on trouble? I, too, have said, that some people who are not willing to grow fat on trouble, may get mighty thin hunting too long for something else.

There was another Depew who said to me several years ago, just after he had listened to one of my after-dinner bucket speeches:

"Look here, Charles; you're deaf as a rock; you can scarcely hear, you are crippled and often, between that and the rheumatic gout, you can scarcely walk.

"You are busted financially and still you laugh, God—gee whir, whir."

I said, old man, look-a-here: "You are not deaf, if you were you'd have no job. And under any and all circumstances it makes me happy that you are not deaf. You are not crippled, if you were at all, you'd be in a bad way. You'll never bust financially while they—family—has a dollar, and still you don't laugh, except as a sort of a stage performance, God help you." He allowed that he was but joking. But I could not hear. When written, my eyes were so suffused by tears, to think any one of our family was in such an awful box, that I could not read.

But at last when he fairly bellowed that he was the jester of the family, I says, "Old man, you be, if you recognize a little bud die of a joke when face to face," and before he got apoplexy (our family get apoplexy) I pulled from my waistcoat pocket what the women carry in their "ridiculous" with salts and the etceteras, one of them 'ere little glasses, so useful to look for Pittsburg soot, freckles and the like, and poked it up to his benign mug and said there then, you see the joke of the 19th Century—"School is dismissed," as the whistle blows for Deaf Depew.

Sometimes it is hard to laugh, but I assure you there is no better medicine. When I was in bed suffering from the effects of paralysis, to my other misfortunes was added blindness, and my mouth distorted so speech was difficult and indistinct. A woman called. My condition especially appealed to her to get in her word. She was concerned about my soul. She told me that I looked like her son John just before he died. I asked her whether he "had been saved?" To this she replied: "To be sure." To this I answered: "My good woman, you can go home now feeling happy; I guess then, I know now,— that I'm all right." What else could I have answered her? The nature of the "brute" often comes out when he is most miserable. I owed that woman much. I began to pick up some from that time on; there was still fun in life. I remember one time in one of the great southern cities making the acquaintance of a man, a native of California, who was stranded in the town. He had managed to send his wife and child back to the old home, and was looking for the letter that "never came," with funds to take him there as well. I suggested that he should fake Christmas week selling goods an Canal street. To this scheme he replied, "I'd sooner die."

I told him were it not for my deafness, I would sell myself, and get both money and fun out of the venture.

I became somewhat sarcastic, and felt I had hurt his feelings. This made me feel sad and by somewhat redoubling my energy in helping to get out a Christmas paper, I had a little more money than I needed and felt happy when I found him on Christmas day to share good cheer with me. This was another case of the difference of view of life of people. He considered it beneath his dignity to sell goods on the street. I never thought of that point only the fun and money. I have lived on the fat of the land and lean of it.

I remember one time having my arm in a sling from a wound. I was engaged taking care of a bunch of sheep on the plains. There were perhaps one thousand ewes. They were Mexican crossed to Merino bucks. Their principal value was in anticipating their progeny. They were a sad lot, scabby, wild; one of the previous owners having died from exposure and the other taken to an insane asylum. They had run almost wild for some time and their number had been decreased from the ravages of the wolves which were plentiful in the locality. I considered myself fortunate in being able to live under a roof. I was a boarder in the house of a former Piny Woods Cracker. The situation was such that I was compelled, however, to spend most of the night outside keeping up fires and lights around the miserable corral to keep away the wolves.

The sheep were dropping their wool, and when lambing time came so often discarded their young that I was in a fever of trouble. To add to this the grub was bad. Bacon so tainted that you could best try to eat it with a clothespin on your nose. Cornbread baked with alkali water, and the coffee was slops. The only garnishment outside of a little mustard greens was the grace the fellow said. God, we thank thee for this bountiful repast, and that we "may ever have the same." I changed my place by and by at the table, observing strategy, as I was but half a man with

one arm in a sling. One morning I amended the grace by, "Yes, Oh Lord! I pray thee that we never may have the same and ask thee, Oh Lord, to bring the sinner who is master of this house, to learn if the grub is not changed within twenty-four hours, there will be hell let loose." The grub changed. There were light cakes, baked by a woman, a Yankee ham with a yellow kiver, molasses and real cow butter.

Talk about happiness; next to one's own happiness is the happiness of others. Sometimes the greatest happiness that confronts one (one's own happiness in reality) is the happiness of others. I remember a boy once eating his first honey. How he ate and asked for "more poppie." After he had licked everything, he actually licked the lick. Now, on the other hand, I remember a fellow named Depew (Deaf Depew) when quite small; he too, ate honey. I feel it yet; He wretched eighteen times during the night, and fared worse than on a trip across the Atlantic, as he nearly died. Yes, it is often better to make other people happy than it is to try to be happy the same way yourself.

I will conclude by saying, taking it all in all, my life has been as much an oasis in the desert, as a desert in an oasis. I'm willing to continue to try it on until the world has worn out its axis and loses itself in endless space.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE WHEN ONE'S ON THE SEAT.



Porto Rico: "Hadn't you better whip behind, uncle?"

—Minneapolis Journal.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE WHEN ONE'S ON THE SEAT.

This country must treat Cuba as well or better than it does our own possession or the common people will show their wrath by denouncing the faithless servants of the nation by defeat at the polls. The man who ill-treats a ward of the court over whom he is guardian, is not to be trusted by his own children. Let Cuba be thus treated, and "you will hear from us."

THE GARDEN IN TOWN.

Most any one who has ordinary gumption can have a lot of fun, good healthy exercise and add not a little to the wholesomeness of home-cooking by cultivating a small piece of ground, that is, twenty-five by sixty feet, about the average remaining ground not occupied by buildings in the ordinary town lot. Of course, in many places, vil-
large lots are very much larger, so much the better.

The first essential is to have no chickens running around, either of your own or neighbors. A garden and chickens don't agree; they can't dwell together in harmony. The first move is to provide for proper surface drainage. How to do this and other essential advice about what to plant and when to plant, and other pointers you can obtain from anyone in the neighborhood who has had success in the garden.

You should get at enough manure to cover it all, at least six inches in depth. It is preferable to get horse manure, but that of cattle will do very well. Thoroughly spade it under. Let it lay lumpy, except keeping down the weeds, until when you are ready to plant break up the lumps with the back of the hoe or forked spade. Hoe and rake off the lumps.

The changes of the moon and like, is all superstition. The main point is good seed and favorable weather. There is nothing gained from very early planting. Frost or chilly weather offsets the little temporary advantage of very early planting. It is foolish to plant cucumbers, squashes and the like in a large city, as they will not produce, unless where bumble bees and honey bees are plentiful enough to fertilize the blossoms. You can grow along sixty feet of fence line enough of Lima beans to last a family several months. They will continue to bear until frost time. The way to do it is to put up a frame, hori-

zontal strips, fastened by uprights to fence. Plant your beans at least two feet from the fence, and when well started, six inches or more high, thin out to about ten inches apart. You will have to use twine for them to run on to the top of frame. See that the ground is moist at least twice a week, as the ground is sure to be dryer close to the fence than in more open space.

You can have a succession of stuff in the same ground. I will instance my own experience a little of this past season.

I planted a small strip in early radishes. As soon as these were well up, I transplanted lettuce from the lettuce bed, between the rows of radishes, for head lettuce. After the lettuce was well rooted, I planted beets from the beet-seed bed, to occupy the space where had been the radishes. By and by the lettuce was all pulled up, eaten and given away, and in its place I planted wax-beans. The radishes were tolerable; my ground is not sandy enough to grow them of the best. Of lettuce I had the finest you ever saw—heads like cabbage. The beets done well; they were a quick maturing summer variety. The beans produced until frost time. It is but telling the truth when I say we not alone had all the lettuce we could possibly eat, but we gave away bushels of it to our friends. In addition to the ordinary garden vegetables we had on our little place of ground a wealth of old-fashioned flowers. About the back porch morning glories, that spread up onto the roof and along the stay rod to the top of a neighbor's chimney. Along the side of an outside kitchen, "Mexican vine" ran up to the roof and all over the top of a dead tree adjoining, making a very pleasant appearance as well as shade. I had a few castor oil beans given to me, and planted them in a specially prepared mound. They grew to be fully ten feet in height.

I will add, however, that a portion of my life has been spent as a gardener and fruit culturist, and some of the success I attain of course is due to experience.

As to the financial part. We had to buy the grosser necessities, cabbage, corn, tomatoes and potatoes, of course. But we had lima beans of our own before they were to be obtained in the grocery stores of our cities, and had them when they sold at 50 cents for the full of a strawberry box. When I say we had them, I mean we had all we could eat of them. Besides I noticed at times they come into the city market sprouted and unfit to eat. I had lettuce, to which there was none to compare for excellence in the stores. The profit was more than equivalent for the labor expended.

A "REFORMED JEW."

A Jew came into my office when I was engaged in trying to close a difficult deal. He was peddling lead pencils. He stood doggedly and compelled me to get up. I bought some of his wares, and rather roughly told him to not bother me again when busy, and that if he should, I'd push him down the elevator shaft.

A week later he came again. I told him, "Didn't I tell you that if you bothered me again when busy, I'd push you down the elevator shaft?" He said, "No. That was another Jew, a low-down Jew. I know him." Amused at his repartee, I said: "Well, if that is the truth, what the devil are you?" "I, sir am a new Jew, a reformed Jew, a liberal Jew." That fellow was a regular Jewsharp.

THE RETRIBUTION.

There is such a thing as retribution. The "book" says so. So does an injured woman. That settles it. If it does not, I shall.

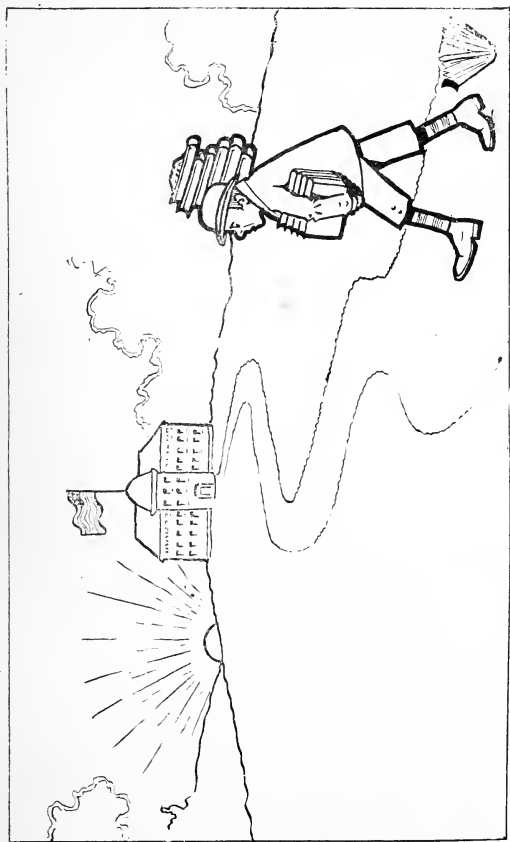
Late in 1877 while on the frontier, I could hear like an Indian, and as for the whites, they were not "in it" with me, at all. Later on I was wounded. Through neglect and exposure, contracted blood poisoning. To save my life needed surgical aid. Traveled fifty miles to find doctor and walked twenty-five of the fifty suffering excruciating pain and fatigue.

I was so "done up" that it escaped my observation that Doctor McDonald,—a stranger to me—was very deaf. I admonished him to have care that he did not inadvertently sever muscles while cutting into me. Of course his infirmity caused me to receive no reply. I struck the doctor in a frenzy. Yes, I STRUCK A DEAF MAN! But he was a soldier, a credit as well to the medical profession, so he did not return the blow, but kept on cutting and he knew his business. Result, I did not die of blood poisoning, but shortly afterward I BECAME DEAF SUDDENLY, and to this day have been so deaf as to prevent me hearing a clock tick. Now, neither the doctors or anybody to date has fathomed the cause of my deafness. You all know now. Don't strike a deaf man; do him no dirty trick of any sort, it is dangerous.

I think you are
doing a noble work,
in your efforts
to aid the
unfortunate and
wish you every
success.

Ellen Wheeler Wilson

NOTE.—This is a portion of a letter sent to me by the writer when I inaugurated the publication "MAN AND THE DEAF," containing matter similar to what is in this book in advocacy of physical training in the schools, the examination of the eyes and ears of school children and curtailing the studies (see cartoon) of young children.



CLIMBING THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

This is the school boy burdened with books, for whose physical training the school authorities have yet to provide. The elimination of half of his load is the beginning of the inauguration of needed education, a better body and mind.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The annexed poem was written for me by Mrs. Wilcox. This talented lady expends her time in endeavoring to benefit the condition of the plain people, than which there is no nobler cause:

The Depths.

I hear the sorrow of complaining seas
I watch the pent up tears of rain clouds fall
And list the sad winds story; while the bold
Rebellious peal of thunder, tells the strife
That stirs at times the troubled soul of space.
But in the still white anguish of the moon,
Forever conscious of a lost delight,
Behold the keen refinement of all woe.
Oh! there is balm in tears, relief in sound,
And through the wail of grief its solace comes.
Not in the sorrow that can cry aloud,
And ease its passion, lies Gethsemane;
But in the awful silence of a love,
That dares not speak, or voice its own despair.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

When I was one of several loafers, I'll call us loafers, although most of them met in the inspector's office to engage in a sort of a mutual religious tickle services, I often was set on by some of the main buzzers, because I made no professions in common with them on their tickle.

One day they went for me heftily, because I would not agree with them, that the use of tobacco was in direct conflict with Christ's commands. When all had tired of me except an Englishman who traveled all the way from Christ to Jeremiah, and caused me to say when he was reading from Jeremiah "Oh Lord, why didn't you say something about tobacco," and then gave them a good tongue trouncing for belittling the really admirable things of the Book, and they were wroth. Things had quieted down when in came a fellow selling the "War Cry." As to a man they bought each a copy in order to either compel me to also purchase one, or to make an opening for a further raking of me in case of my refusal. The salesman looked real alecky-like, and owing to my deafness, they, I think, too, expected him to give me a good send off on the road to hell without thought of which they could not be really happy. So I determined to not buy. When the vendor came my way I said: "Look here, my man, would you take a man's last nickle for your paper and feel no prick of conscience?" He hesitated a bit and said then with emphasis: "I would for the good that's in it to my buyer," and then besides that it tended to material luck, which he would illustrate by a little story.

"One day," he continued, "I was on me rounds selling me poiper, and Oi met a woman with hur little lass 'oo wus a reglar boyer of me paiper and she of coorse wanted ut. Jest as she ad paid me, a sudden-like gust of rain come up, and them was going on an errand from 'ome an no um-

brel, with me 'aving their last nickle. Them lived near the barrux and Oi hofferred to take the wee lass 'ome under me umbrel, but would no leave her mum. So outs Oi with a dime, and them could take the cars together."

I said, "that's all right, you may have my last nickle; here take it, give me your dime, take back your paper and give 'um to the leddy with my compliments." This was one of the sort of fellows who had the religious graft of bread upon the waters down fine, on the peanut scale, at any rate.

THAT GREATEST BABY.

'If you've never been a dad, Father above, how short you are on the completeness of your manhood. If you have never been dry nurse and willing slave to "that greatest baby," you have a lot to learn.

You have missed fun; gobs of fun.

You have slept like a male porker while the band should have played for you, and while the circus was loose and free tickets to spare.

You're short on songs, marchings, counter-marchings, apothecary shop business, cooking, coaxing, damning and repenting.

The fellow who has not been father to "that greatest baby," who has never held, "high, low, jack and the game," is, well—get there, and you'll know. But meanwhile I'll let J. M. L. loose.

There are other joys, may be, but brand new pink-eared baby, be it boy or little lady, it's a peach! They are so plum full of giggle; full of twistiness and wiggle; and are so inclined to wriggle out of reach.

And so full of little fancies; full of Elfland necromancies, and they wear such funny panties. Ain't they great?

They're so gigglesome and smiling; their pink fists are so beguiling; and their squall is also riling—we should state.

Such a funny little sucker when a pin has somehow stuck her, and with features all a-pucker how she squeals! And their fists are so mischievous, that the whiskers that they leave us are so ragged as to grieve us; grief that's real!

But it's yours and you're so happy, that when'er the kid gets scrappy, you describe its fists as "snappy" and are glad; and you fidget much and fumble lest the kid should get a tumble. It's so toothless, bald and humble—like its dad."

THE MEANEST MAN.

Mean in our American sense of understanding the term as applied to men, needs no definition from the dictionary. The dictionaries by the way scarcely do full justice to him.

However, the "meanest man in a neighborhood," is much like a mean dog,—you know, "give a dog a bad name, etc." The meanest man is so illy handled that he has to be mean often in self defense.

A man bought a small farm in a neighborhood, and shortly thereafter learned that one of the farm owners adjoining him was the "meanest man in the neighborhood," and that he would acknowledge it as soon as he came in contact with him on any matter of business. That everybody had trouble with him.

He thanked his informant and lodged it in his memory for future needs. The fence dividing the two properties was badly dilapidated. The newcomer was willing to build a new one at his own expense, but anxious to have

assistance in speedily fixing the right location of the division line, and he went to Mr. McC. and stated the matter and said: "You know where the line is, or ought to be, better than anybody, please let me know?"

To this he answered, "Oh, build it anywhere, so it is over on me enough."

He finally insisted on paying for the survey, running the line himself, and on paying half the cost of a new fence, and they never had any difficulty at any time.

HE WAS BEAT OUT OF A CENT.

A friend wanted me to view his land. He said I would have to go to a certain fellow named Jensen, to have him point it out to me, and that he was about as mean a cuss as you could find anywhere. I called. The Jensens were picking peas in the field hard by the house, and it was near dinner time. I told him a story of a dirty trick that had been played on me, and it formed the opening for his telling me how the United States government had buncoed him out of a cent on a letter, and asked of me how he could recover it.

I told him I would have to see the letter. We went to the house and he had to have his wife come to help find the letter. I worked around with the greatest deliberation and finally managed to get the woman to get me something to eat amid the groans and sighs of Jensen, which he attributed entirely to the government's squeeze of a cent from him. The letter was overweight and one cent was due on it. It bore printed on the corner of the envelope "Gold Bonds."—fake advertisement. Of course he had to have them bonds enclosed.

"Where was them bonds? Who stole my cent? If not the government, who?"

A FEW GROANS AND ALL IS OVER.

People sometimes grow into meanness, reversing the earlier portions of their lives. An acquaintance of mine with his family seemed to enjoy the world's good things thoroughly up to the time his wife died. By that time he had grown old. He had an unmarried son almost passing middle age. I hunted them up, not having seen anything of them for several years. I found while they did not live in actual squallor, that poverty appeared to hold them for its very own. The next Sunday I called to see them with one of my boys and carried with me some such food as is easily prepared, and as they were batching would cover any scruples they might have that I intended charity.

Before the noon hour, by putting this and that together, I found that they possessed unencumbered realty and had several thousand dollars banked. In fact that they could almost live without any work at all. I noticed the old man make only a faint at the butter on the table, etc. He told me that he had quit the use of tobacco on account of his health and he had several stories to tell of how people eat themselves to death, etc. It was after the noon meal that I noticed several trees close to the house under which were nice-looking red Astricans. I thought I'd have some for little Hank whom we had left at home, so asked my boy to gather up a small basket. Directly our old friend said he would gather them, developing as he did so a sad attack of rheumatics, that brought few apples, and those worm eaten. The rain, which right along had threatened, now suddenly came on, and the old man audibly thanked God (so did I), and broke for shelter, and I for the basket. The next thunder bolt emptied his wormy

apples from the basket, and I managed to fill it amid the groans and moans of the old man, encored by thunder and lightning, while I said to him:

"Old man, this life is, indeed, sad, but a few more groans and all is over."

IT WAS NICE TO BE DEAF.

There are other more satisfying possessions than that of deafness, yet it was nice to be deaf.

There was a man whom my dad thoroughly hated—little Mister Major Billy A—. As a dutiful son, his hate was shared by me. One day old Captain Abraham W—, slightly under the influence of liquor, more obstinate and pugnacious than he was wont when normal, and myself occupied a seat in a passenger coach jointly. Immediately back of us sat little Major Billy A—. Old Captain W— began by "Damn little A—." I said, "Captain, do not rob God of his greatest pleasure; besides, such talk might come to the little major's ears." Then he added, with a roar: "I wish to God the little nincompoop were here; I'd read him his doxology, etc." The people of the car who knew us all were in a roar.. All I had to do was to follow the divine injunction of forgiveness of your enemies to draw old W— out, and it was a grand time and so nice to be deaf. Had I not been so deaf little Mister Major Billy A— would never have known how I loved him. I see him yet, crawling into his shell as much as his tough hide permitted him to, and finally vamoosing to the smoker.

LET US STUDY LITTLE DENMARK.

SOME REVELATIONS.

LET US STUDY LITTLE DENMARK.

"Life as I've Found It."—was not conceived and written in the spirit of "Joe Miller's Joke Book." While I don't mind telling a story, although I'd rather hear one, once in a while, I am truly concerned about the future of the country in which we live, and the material welfare of its young people, who will prosper or fail to prosper in proportion as we leave the condition of the country on their hands.

The Reverend Peter Dean, a minister of the town of Longborough, England, lately spent some time studying the Kingdom of Denmark, her institutions, its people and their condition.

On his return home he addressed his congregation, telling them what he had learned and know about the material welfare of the Danish people.

The following remarks were a part of the discourse:

"The people are devoting themselves to making the little they have the best possible. Nearly all the railways are now owned by the state. The whole of the land is mapped out in farms—chiefly small ones—which are owned by the farmers of them, about five-sixths of the land being owned by small freeholders and peasantry, and the laws are now such that there cannot be large landowners, as in England, or too much subdivision of the land, as is the evil in France. In Denmark big farms cannot be made to pay so well as little ones. So, wherever you go you see little farms well cultivated. And this makes the country

a pretty country. It is comparatively flat—no mountains and few hills—here and there lakes, the sea dividing it into three or four islands, but the well kept white farmhouses, surrounded by plenty of trees, and almost every acre of the land cultivated, make it a beautiful country to see. And these Danish farmers, unlike many of our English farmers, can make farming pay, and pay well. They are intelligent men. They study farming at the agricultural colleges, they co-operate with each other—every parish has its co-operative dairy, dealing with the milk from all the farms for six or seven miles around, carts being continuously employed going from farm to farm to gather milk—and so they have built up the great Danish butter industry, which has grown to such magnificence during the last 30 or 40 years.

“I landed and departed at and from the port of Esbjerg, the port nearest to England; 30 years ago Esbjerg was not to be found on any map of Denmark. Where it now stands there was only a barren, heathery slope. Now there is a town and 13,000 inhabitants, with good streets and fine buildings, and several ships departing from or coming to it every day. And Esbjerg has thus been made by the enterprise of the Danish farmers. Twenty-five years ago there were only 1,000,000 pounds of butter yearly being shipped from Esbjerg, now there are 20,000,000 pounds a year being shipped. The exports of pork in the same time have risen from half a million to 160,000,000 pounds, of fish from 750 pounds to 3,000,000 pounds, and of eggs from 4,000,000 to 20,000,000. Nearly all this trade is with England. You see the Danes have not needed to conquer England to get trade with England. They have made and offered good and cheap butter and other farm produce, and not troubled their heads with delusions like ‘trade following the flag.’

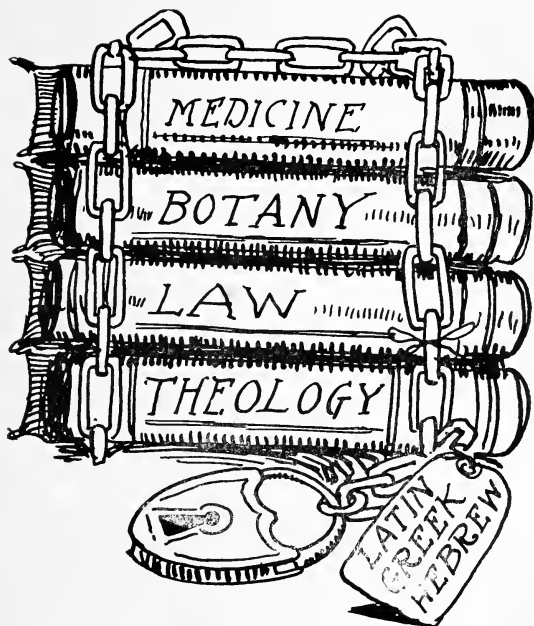
"In England we are troubled with the way in which the workers are leaving the country places and flocking into the towns. In Denmark they have such a good state of things in the country places that of recent years there has been a reverse current from the towns to the country. Notwithstanding Germany took away part of Denmark some years ago, she has now more inhabitants than ever before, and as regards wealth per head Denmark is only second to Great Britain—and the people are better off because there the wealth is not in a few hands as it is with us. Within the past few years she has reclaimed some 2,000 square miles of previously waste land, which had been regarded as almost valueless. Not only as regards their milk, but as regards many other things, the farmers co-operate together. They do so for the sale and export of their produce, and the purchase of the things they need. They have about 400 banks in the country chiefly under their own management. They have cattle breeding societies about the country; they have free lectures and evening lessons for the working classes, committees for promoting popular amusements, cheap concerts, and cheap literature, and also offices for free legal advice. In almost every village there is a public hall for popular recreation and social gatherings, and almost every little town in Denmark has its own little daily newspaper.

"But I think it is in the matter of education that the people of Denmark largely outstrip us. Speaking myself as one who formerly for 12 years was a member of the school board, I must say that I think there is much we may learn from them as to elementary education. While as to higher education we are woefully behind them. I spent a morning in being taken with a party through the Girls' High School, of Copenhagen. In that school there are about 1,000 girls and young women and 150 teachers, and as we were taken from room to room to see the classes at

work I was astonished and amazed. Botany, electricity, physiology and anatomy, French, German, English, cookery, history, gymnastics, religion—almost all sorts of subjects were taught. The consequence is the girls of that school are sent away not only knowing general subjects, but able to converse in four languages—Danish, French, German and English. And even in the common board schools languages are being taught. Nor are they neglecting the more immediate things. Their cookery centers are in advance of ours; every board school has not only a gymnasium, but shower and feet baths, and once a fortnight every scholar has to have these baths, while their technical schools were famous even before we began to have such in this country at all. I see in all this education the secret of the superiority of the Danes. Lord Bacon said, 'Knowledge is power.' The Danes are a powerful people because they are an educated people."

The preacher who is capable of, and who does, thoroughly investigate the material affairs of men, then expresses himself in such plain English, as has Mr. Dean, in the above, is doing good work, and it is acceptable on high. If not, why not? Echo answers: "Why not?" What do you say?

GRAVE AND OTHERWISE.



PATERNAL CARE FOR USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

"But then they are the roots!" Never mind, with a good head of cabbage darn the roots; English is THE THING.



SMART AND BRAINS.

What is the difference between smart and brains? Of course the line of demarkation is established by no fixed rules and never can be. The every-day use of the expression, "He has brains," is perhaps inelegant and vulgar. In a way it is incorrect and decidedly uncharitable, as everybody has brains, more or less. I'm not writing with a dictionary before or behind me, that I know of, unless it is a good ways behind preferably before I should let it interfere with what I want to say. So look up the dictionary part yourself, if you want to.

Every fellow knows more or less what he means when he says, "Now, that's brains," or "This is smart." But let me pretty nearly define brains and smart—a good sample of each, and in the same fellow at that. To commence with I can pretty safely say this man had never been seriously accused of much smartness, and I'm morally sure no one to date had accused him of having "brains." Yet he had both (and for this let us ever pray). I had known him in a casual way, but of late had lost sight of him altogether. One day I was walking along a thoroughfare of a considerable town, in the portion where many people find it most convenient to go to the postoffice, where crowds lag a bit and the newsboys profitably ply their business. This man hailed me. He had erected a shelter between two buildings and was selling lemonade and the like and told me in the winter time he would sell wieners and hot chestnuts. He explained to me at length his occupation. He then pointed out his glasses. "Do you see those little glasses

there? They are but a cent. They are for the newsboys. Those big glasses, old man, are a nickel, they are for fellows like you. Then with his finger, along the side of his nose, he exclaimed, "Yes, Depew, that is smart." Then with his finger tapping his forehead, he exclaimed, "But a five year lease on this hole in the wall, before God and us, is brains."

He told the truth. In less than three years he sold his lease for \$5,000, as the space was needed in order to build a new block in place of the antiquated houses where he was located. Ther is indeed a difference, same as between fact and truth.

WHAT DID THE LETTER SAY?

I often wondered what the letter said that started off with "Dear Papa." There was a man in our town who was not alone reputed wealthy, but in truth he was wealthy. His was largely the sort of wealth that is the creation of everybody else's labor. Lands he had inherited and held onto. The improvements around about him continually increased its value. Being a large employer of labor in a manufacturing business, his votes (the votes he controlled) kept down the assessed value of his property, by favor of the political bosses. He would neither sell nor improve his land. Nor would he join in improvements of the streets, which without his aid could not be had. He drove an old dilapidated rig and the horse was almost as ancient. His clothes cost little money and he never took pleasure trips. He was a close old screw and the world would have lost little had he died at an early date.

The first time I met this man, I intended to procure some information about a concern in which he was a prominent stockholder. By the way of an introduction I handed

him a weekly paper of which I then was the publisher. His eye caught a cut on the front page of a historical old house in his part of the city. He jumped up with quite some animation to show it to the bookkeeper. It seemed that he had played about the neighborhood when a boy. His temporary absence from the desk caused me to hastily view office, personnel, and then the desk, where I was awaiting his pleasure to return. On it there was a pile of letters, only one of which was opened. All that I could see of it (it was written in feminine hand) started off, "Dear Papa." I would have given two bits to have known the rest of the letter, and to have known the real reason why this man so full of miserly selfishness and anxious of his interests and possibilities of gain, opened this letter first.

Did she really love dear papa? Had this austere, miserly man a soft spot which might be used to the world's benefit? Or was it a dun, smoothed in honey, for expenses, a disagreeable thing to get out of the road before engaging in more congenial work of the day? The fact that some of the juice of youth still remained to interest him, as in the picture of the ancient vine-covered cottage of his boyhood, led me to believe that the old curmudgeon possibly had some unrecognized good in him worthy of further investigation.

I turned off my visit with a little pleasantry and left, keeping my real business for another time. What does the letter contain that starts off "Dear Papa," "Dear Wife," etc.?

THE RELIGION OF SOME.

For small souls is needed, a small creed, a small god and a great big hell for everybody else. Otherwise they could not feel happy.

THE "PICK-ME-UPS."

I have noticed of late what to me at least is a new plan of the female children of some few of the poor to start on the sliding board that leads to infamy. She is dressed as other working girls, who are employed in department stores, by dressmakers, milliners and other employers of labor. She leaves home with a "noon lunch," tied up in paper. She takes, as soon as she feels safe on leaving home, a little detour from the immediate neighborhood of her home to reach the business part of the city. She is diplomatic or nothing. She may take the car. If so, she sizes up the car. No doubt listens to the conversation of the men passengers in her endeavor to measure opportunities. When she thinks she is "right" she gets off the car about the same time as does the person upon whom she has picked. If she has struck the "right" man they either go to a saloon that has a "ladies dining" room, or make an appointment to meet at a similar place out of the beaten line of travel to lunch later in the day. What this sort of a play ends in is not hard to surmise. Undoubtedly parents may be fooled quite a while by a shrewd girl before they detect her duplicity. In the first place she may actually have obtained work, and after the fact is known at home, fortifies her position further by saying it would interfere with her job were her folks to call at the place of business. By wearing only such clothing as is generally worn by girls in her family's position, and judiciously turning over the amount of money her employer is supposed to pay her mother, she further fortifies herself.

Woe to her if she gets drunk, however, or gets "caught up." The men picked up in this way are out of her set, and feel no compunction of conscience to see her set straight before her folks and friends. In fact the

armours of this sort are not of a lasting nature, and are shifting, as are the one-night plays of the drama. This may catch the eye of parents, or the friends of parents, who have girls in their teens, whose life away from home is possibly as a closed book to them, and place them on their guard. I am sorry there are so many "pick-me-ups." It is not necessary. There is a Jack for every Jill, and married life is the real thing for every girl fitted mentally, physically and in common household duties, for the exercising of her passions and the placing of her affections, and the honest employment of her labors.

A MISTAKE—ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

We are always making mistakes, that is, in doing the "right thing," it turns out to "be the wrong thing." One day while in a restaurant I noticed a man who once had written me "flat" for accident insurance. That is, he threw off his commission from the first year's premium. I felt a little drawn toward him. The insurance had expired, and I twice started across the room to ask him to write me again for \$5,000, and of course expected to pay him full rates. However, I decided not to, but to use the money to send to my family, which at the time was more than a thousand miles away. I had but little money for any purpose, and concluded they needed it rather more than I needed accident insurance. The reasoning was not so bad one way, but fate decreed that within a week or so, I met with an accident that put me in the hospital for several months, on crutches for more months, and to this day I am crippled. I have no doubt that the company would have been satisfied to have settled with me for probably \$1,000 lump sum. My wisdom was not far reaching enough. Yes, accident insurance is no mistake.

GREAT, BUT A "CROOKED STICK."

There are lots of "crooked sticks in this world of ours." A little crookedness in order to keep from starvation for a limited period, or to cover up an unfortunate and infrequent "drunk," is not what I mean to talk about. No; these are mere picadillos as it were, by the wayside of life of really good, acceptable people—quite likely so at least.

The crooked stick I have in mind is the fellow who can't or won't take the straight way of doing things in general. I have in mind a certain ex-judge as an instance. He was either Scotch, or one removed from Scotland. He had a bushel of brains placed on top of a short, stout body, and was not bad in appearance to look upon. His education had not been neglected, but do what he would he pursued crooked ways. He had managed to keep out of the pen, and would probably continue to keep out, but no man of my acquaintance would keep closer to the outside. My acquaintance with him began in the inability of an employee of mine, to collect an advertising bill. At the time this "crooked stick" had been but shortly located in our town. He had out his sign as an attorney. The bill which he demurred paying was an announcement of his profession in a special issue of the paper designed to promote emmigration, and it was widely distributed. I went to see him and found him interesting and suave. He said that the way his name was spelled by us failed to fix his identity. I good naturedly told him that the matter was not serious, that his location was definitely established by the ad. I quickly told him he did not owe us anything. I smelt poverty in his case, but at the time never guessed at the real nature of the fellow, although he suggested that we apologize in the next issue and set him straight. What he was driving at was a sort of an

editorial introduction to the people of the town. This, of course, he could not have received under any circumstances. I noticed while in his office a letter of recommendation from a great iron concern of the South, showing its regrets that he desired to leave its services as chief counsel. It was in the usual shape, but of fullsome praise. Later I read that letter between the lines, they had to get rid of him, but he knew too much and they did not dare to punish him, so bought his silence and dumped him on a defenseless public. He had been a territorial judge under the Cleveland administration, but the salary did not conform with his stomach demands, and when the office expired he found himself in an uncongenial place, to try his way along at law. They sometimes shot good people in that territory. We established a sort of acquaintance, however, right along. So one day when I came into his office he said: "Did you notice a car accident in to-day's paper up town?" I said, "Yes; I also witnessed it, having been on the colliding car." He quickly let me know that he would like to have a suit from the person injured as prosecutor against the electric line. He placed me in an awkward position, inasmuch as he wished me to introduce him to the injured person. The attorney of the car line, a big-hearted, manly fellow, was my especial friend; a friend when I needed a friend, who had never failed me. This alone would not have embarrassed me, but from my knowledge of the accident, and as explained to the ex-judge, I saw he would have to do some tricky business to make out a winning case. And this was just what he wanted. I had some trouble to extricate myself, and was glad that he did not get in on it.

His next scheme was a big one. He first got me to introduce him to the editor of the leading paper of the city, and one of the most influential in the entire Southwest. Of course I could not refuse him this courtesy. He then

had me look over some interesting correspondence from Japan and San Francisco relative to orange growing in general, but more particularly relating to the Japanese orange that was to be frost proof in our State and might lead to a great industry were it but properly introduced. He showed me a few specimens from Japan in the original shipping package. While going over the typewritten matter I got hold of a sheet closely written, detailing a gigantic scheme to foist simultaneously upon the State at many points these orange, or stock that purported to be the same; take good paper, have it discounted and clear out. He had confederates variously located. I'm deaf, but not slow; that paper went into my pocket, and of course, if he knew or suspected that it had, he did not dare to mention it to me. I saw him and the great editor eat those oranges, and on the strength of for the "good it would do our great State," he had arranged for all the space he needed without cost. They started it, when I told the editor what I knew about it. But in order to not appear a fool before the public, the matter was just "dropped," and before harm was done.

His next scheme has held my admiration to this day. It was a man, wife, sons and cousins, who between them controlled a newspaper plant. No one could make head or tail as to the real ownership, and arrange with them in a contract for business that would hold them jointly and severally for its fulfillment, or in lieu damages for failure. The head of this family was debarred from practice in the county and district court, because of his unprofessional conduct. I had business in view with these people, and went to the judge as the one man who would draw up a drag net, enticing and skilful enough to beat the "trickiest lawyer in the State." He drew the paper all right, but I never was able to get them to sign it. The most I could

do was to leave them a copy, over which I have no doubt the trickiest lawyer spent midnight oil in study.

My whilom acquaintance left the town in disgust, but not before he had several letters from leading citizens, recommending him in new fields. The last I heard of him was a lawsuit against directory publishers, claiming damages for spelling the terminating syllable of his name, "lough" instead of "loch." When he was in the dumps he could write the most satirical verse against the wicked-wealthy rich, and in favor of the proletariat I ever read anywhere; but he wasn't manly and honest enough to put it in print. I read some verses of his on "Paresis" that should have brought him a \$100 check from the Harpers by the next mail. Nothing would induce him to speak his heart in print. Among other desires he wanted a wife. He was particular. He did not know how to go about it in a straight-forward way, and he said he wasn't satisfied in taking a woman by "roping her in;" that he would be "afraid of his life with her." The judge was a darling. I believe he'll work the "habeas" corpus all right in hell, for a contingent fee, if such a thing is possible. The judge often expressed himself as realizing he was a failure. I have still belief in him, in a last emergency. My friendship stands for the belief expressed, and hope it is reciprocated by him.

Here is to you, my old resourceful friend—the Ex-Judge.

YOU ARE RIGHT.

"If I were to die to-night, you would never, while you lived, get another wife like me." "Let's shake on that; you told the truth for once in your life. I never would."

THE HAPPY HOME.

Time is short and space is fleeting, so I'll have to boil it down.

DON'T BUY OR TAKE AS PRESENTS.

"BUM"

Furniture,
Curtains,
Carpets,
Clothing,
Bedding,
Dishes.

OTHER BUM PLANS.

Don't board.
Don't live in two rooms.
Don't emulate millionaires.
Don't keep rooms dark.
Don't serve different gods.
Don't live away from home.

There are other don't's. When you select one or the other, you should bear in mind the scheme is for life. People to get on should be something like near right physically and of nearly equal brain development.

UNION WAR SOLDIERS.

The war between the States called into the conflict on the Union side 2,800,000 soldiers during the four years of its continuance. Fully 750,000 of these were re-enlistments, or about 2,000,000 men were under arms in that war on the Union side. On the Confederate side, while the records are not exact, it is within the range of facts to say that 1,250,000 men were under arms on that side. To-day there remains of these two vast armies, on the Union side fully 1,000,000 and on the Confederate side 500,000. The government has now on the pension rolls nearly 1,000,000 persons, but of this number fully a third are widows, and under present laws get \$8 to \$12 per month, except in cases of officers' widows. This class are pensioned according to the rank of the officer—an un-American method. In this year 1902 we can look back and

contemplate the greatness of the re-united United States, and in its greatness and affluence it might not be out of the way for Uncle Sam to help the ex-Confederate in his old days, as has been done for the Federal soldier. This would cement the Union forever.

"WITH THAT YOU SHOULD BE FOXY."

It was night. We, George and I, were doing the "Samaritan." We kept to an office in one of the big buildings, instead of hunting pleasure. 'Twas due to "little Tommy," the electrician. He was drunk. We did not want the police to pull him in. On waking up the inebriate espied me, and said: "Depew, I am sorry you are deaf. Do not despair. Why, with THAT (deafness) you can be foxy." I straightway tried to believe that maybe I had not been foxy enough. But a cooler second thought convinced me with "that" I never could be foxy, as "that" always caused other people to be foxy with me. Hear, and with that (hearing) you can be foxy.

AN APT ANSWER.

An apt answer was that I once heard. in my hearing days, from a boy, on the occasion of his mother breaking him in "etiquettically" for his first party. "And now, darling, what is a greedy boy?' to which darling answered: "A boy who wants everything I want."

THE OLDEST SMOKER.

The City of Pittsburg is the oldest and hardest smoker in the land. The harder she smokes, the better she is, and feels.

PARESIS.

My observation of paresis has convinced me that I can pick my man years before it is fully developed to everybody. I never knew a paretic but who had been constitutionally an egotist. That is all egotists are not paretics or going to be paretics, but all paretics were born egotists. I have observed at least 50 of them. It is untrue that most paretics are people who have lead a dissipated life. Most of those whom I have known, or at least more than 50 per cent., were those careful of their habits.

NOBODY WAS KILLED.

This morning I saw a wild rush on a leading thoroughfare. Consternation was depicted in the faces of those closest by me, such as one sees when a building has collapsed, a boiler has let itself lose, or dynamite or gun powder created havoc, and carried with it death and wounded. I hurried with the crowd to the point where the crush was greatest, and saw a smile an acre or more in area. A fellow of my acquaintance poked me in the ribs, jabbered and all the while "laughing to bust," said: "Why don't you laugh?" I said, "I'm no brute. How many are killed?" He answered, "You damn fool, a water pipe burst and some of the 'big 'uns look like drowned rats." Then we both "smiled," just around the corner.

WHEN IS A MAN OLD.

A man is never old as long as he is young. When the machinery is in full working order as designed by nature, the man is young. I've seen some people born old-like. It is often in casual conversation that I learn a whole lot about life. I have before me the notes made by a man, in

writing in answer to my queries. It looks like copper plate. Of course he is 85 years young (not old)—sturdy as an oak he looked; had most of his natural teeth; only partly bald; face ruddy as a mountain lassie's; eyes clear as a falcon and only carried a cane to please the folks. He told me his health was excellent, enjoyed the open air daily, winter and summer, had retired from business at 76 owing to the death of his wife, "having no one to work for any longer." He had been in various lines of business. Among other lines had been a hotel keeper for a number of years, and at the time when he retired was in the iron business.

He said about all "the business I have now is 'eating, drinking, sleeping and telling other people what to do.' I asked him what were his habits as to the use of liquor. He replied: "I used none until about 50 years of age, and I have continued to use it daily since, and want to give you a recipe of my own make of bitters." Omitting the proportionate parts here it is: "To old rye whiskey add peruvian bark, genitian rot and caraway seed, let soak, but not too long, as to use regularly means health and you need health every day." Of his seven children living—they all live—the eldest is 63 and all are healthy. When I left him he gave me a hand shake like a blacksmith's.

Jimmy O—Who does not know Jimmy Owens is 77; has all his natural teeth; looks to be 55 to 60 years of age. Sleeps like a rock, and could work like a Trogan, but it pays better to boss his men of whom he employes several as a contractor. He has a farm near the mountains and goes home on Saturday to stay with the folks, and is back bright and early Monday morning. Jimmy eats sparingly. His dinner is generally roast beef, potatoes, preferably baked, bread and coffee. He has never tasted liquor or tobacco. He does not belong to any church, nor does he intend to bother about the future after another 30 years or so of this life.

Oliver P. quit using tobacco on account of his health at 83. He worked daily as an expert mechanic and model maker. He was a firm believer in Ayers Sarsaparilla. He did not have to work, but worked because he "did not know what to do with himself if not busy." His wife lived to old age as well as himself, and their daughter was the mother of several pair of twins. Mr. Briggs is a Yankee on springs, a boy at 75, collector for one of our big dailies. Briggs is an inveterate smoker of tobies; Sheffler is 82 and likes to navigate around among his tenants, mostly small trades people and he gives them many pointers on how to make a turn. He chews plug tobacco and disdains cutting it with a knife. He says people maybe ought to quit using plug when they lose their teeth. He thinks a little old Rye is good to open the day's labor with. Henry Lavelly, the poet and high-grade bookseller, is 75 years old, looks to be 50—dapper, suave, busy, brown as a berry from summer suns and wintry blasts. His only rules are work, eat plain food, sleep lots. He uses neither tobacco nor liquor. I might continue to enumerate for fifty pages or so, the people above 60 who were advance subscribers for this book—all active, full of life and red blood.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

I knew a good mother, but she did not fancy new fangled things. When they did away with the old dash churn, the ease of working the new caused her to spoil the boys' fun, and screw it up so tight that it was labor to turn the dasher crank. She would not convince herself that good butter and all the butter could be brought out by an easy process.

There was a newspaper proprietor who kicked up "high jinks" when your humble narrator brought about a

change in the market column of the big daily. All I had done was to throw in a little country-side talk—greens, garlands and posies in the “introductory talk and comments.” He said, there was too much poetry in the markets. He is dead. The paper still lives, and the innovation instead of a detriment, to this day is a feature of the paper.

Louie and I were stopping over night at a house in Texas. The folks put us in a room at 7:30 and said: “Good night.” The bed was a four-poster. We had to stand on a chair to get into it. It was built from wood taken from the Mayflower. Before going to bed, we wanted to read. We had candles and Texas moonlight. The thing was, the books. We finally found two. One was “A History of the United States.” It told the story up to 1850. The other was “Die Geschichte des Deutsch-Französischen Krieges,” (The Story of the French and German War.) We both wanted the latter, as it was but twenty years or so ancient. We tossed a coin from the ruins of Solomon’s Temple to settle as to whom it should go. Before we went to bed, Louie said: “Depew, these people, I’ll bet, will give us coffee in the morning boiled in a sock—it will take them twenty years more to learn that they are footware.”

Oh, yes, some people are slow and sure. I knew a good old woman years ago whom I often told that I would do thus and so before she could say Jack-Robison. She would try it on “Herr Ja-co-bus Ro-bin-sohn, wenn es Ihnen gefellig ist, hoere mich einmahl, ahn, rasch.”

WORK AND WORRY.

Some people don’t need to join the “Don’t worry club.” They are too busy doing field work, creating material for the clubs.

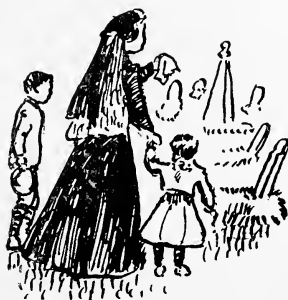
POLICE NEWS—WHISKEY.

I deplore the fact that the newspapers give so much space to depicting the doings of the police courts. Many a good man is made worse by having an unfortunate drunk place him in the category of bums and criminals through a cheap John reporter who does the police court work.

The press can well afford to aid in lessening drunkenness by all means within their power, and it is no little power that it possesses.

The barkeepers can keep many a man from a protracted spree. I still bless one or several of them who several years ago used to dose my drinks with pepper sauce until they nauseated me and I got my bearings.

The greatest cause of drunkenness is due to the robbery of men's earnings through the present unfair distribution of the same. The next is that we do not substitute wine, cider and light beer for stronger liquors. There is a rational thing that is to inaugurate temperance. Prohibition is neither rational, American or effective.



With the substitution of native wine for whiskey there will be less crime.—Page 201.

WHAT ABOUT DRUNKENNESS?

I cannot tell you much about it. The man who "drinks" never knows about it to the extent of the man who does not. You must know that this is true, or why is it that the Prohibitionists know it all?

It is too vast a subject and my book is too small, and is not the all-absorbing question of "Life as I've seen it" to burden its pages with my views of the "drink question." To my mind the sensible way to go about it is to thin down the drinks. Persons familiar with the wine making sections of Europe assure us that drunkenness there is most notable for its absence, and that the people are noted for their sobriety, industry and thrift. Many sections of Europe, where grapes are grown, labor under great disadvantages. The first consideration is the price of land, averaging probably not less than \$300 per acre. Then, too, the area of the individual holdings, average so small that machinery cannot be successfully employed in cultivation, yet the industry thrives.

In the United States we have hundreds of thousands of acres of far cheaper land which is well adapted for growing several varieties of excellent native wine-making grapes. What is needed is a crusade, first showing the desirability of this healthful drink as against stronger and impure liquors. Next to show how widely disseminated is the land suitable for its **SUCCESSFUL AND PROFITABLE PRODUCTION**. Then educate the taste for wine. Educate the wine taste, and the result will be sobriety.

The tobacco question is being solved. You know this. We are dispensing with the cigarette by teaching the youth. Most objectors to the cigar and pipe are now called cranks. There is drink and drink—just as there is tobacco and tobacco.

"YOU, TOO, HAD A SON?" "YES, MEM."

The "crusaders" were in the gutter. The good women were in front of a drinking place. They sang and harangued against liquor and those of the "big church." It was the noon hour, and they had motley assembly. Some were in full accord with them, more curious and indifferent, others cynical and derisive.

One lady made quite a little talk. She said: "Mine is a home of luxury and refinement, and in spite of all the teaching, prayers and admonition I had a son who proved wayward. He frequented society. Society prevailed over my teaching in causing him to learn to drink wine. From a wine taster he became a bibber. Then a beer drinker; then whiskey and drunkenness became his master. Our circumstances were such that we kept him from the workhouse, but not from becoming a physical wreck, and to-day he fills a drunkard's grave." She wound up her discourse in the regular fashion, and with no little emphasis dictated by feelings quite natural to mothers' hearts under the circumstances related. However, she added, triumphantly, "we, we women have stopped the Sunday beer gardens in this town." She looked around and near to her was an old German, who was wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his blouse. She addressed him, "My friend, perhaps you, too, had a son who now fills a drunkard's grave? Please tell us about it, and you may bring light to your class of whom I see so many around us, and help the cause for which we woman leave our beautiful and luxurious homes."

He took his cap in his hand and said: "Mem, it was true that I had a son. He went with them beer Sunday gardens; he drunk steins ven alone, and little vons ven he treated his frends. He spented a whole thaler every Sunday. He went not longer on the beer Sunday gardens ven

you wimmens made them closed up. He mooped many times on the house. Sometimes he vent mit a beer Christnings of German childrens on der Sondag. He dried many things, but he vas like one lost sheeps. One time he went on the Sondag skift ride on the Monongahela river, and now he fills a drownder's grave." The crusaders then sang, "There is nothing so good for the youthful blood as pure and sparkling water."

CONSUMPTION.

The consumptives should be isolated. There is no longer a question but that it is distributed around from bacteria. The States and nation owe it to us to establish sanitariums. These are cures of it. I'll instance one. A man from the East went to San Antonio, Texas. His case was such that the life insurance company who had him for \$5,000 gladly canceled their risk for \$3,500 cash. When I knew him he had established a home by aid of this money, and was and had been for years cashier of a bank in that city. He saved the other lung, and is in good health. Another case was one of the minor partners in the Carnegie Steel Company. He lived for 25 years in California and until 62 years of age, after having been given up by the doctors in the East. I could cite many cases of climatic help. However, it is not beyond belief to look for radical medicinal means to cure or mitigate this great scourge. There are many able, self-sacrificing members of the medical profession, and they should receive a portion of the needless wealth of our milionaires, so they could devote their time and research for the benefit of humanity at large in the study of not alone this disease, but others likely to affect any of us at any time.

RENEWING THE LAND.

The success of the "Beef Barons" to fix the price of the meat for the people of this country to suit themselves set me to thinking out the real causes contributing most largely to their success, other than those observed and admitted by everybody. The real condition and greatest contributing cause is due to the neglect of the lands, and in many cases abandonment in the Eastern States and Middle West of so much of the farming lands. The remedy outside of legislation which will reach and trim the "trusts" undoubtedly before many years, is that the opportunities for farming be taken up by people of enterprise and be pushed along under modern methods. This is no chimerical project; it is a sure proposition, based on law of supply and demand and local conditions most inviting for a profitable, permanent business. Before the construction of the transcontinental railroads, the East found no difficulty to supply her people with wheat. Ohio and New York States, were then the great wheat States. In Pennsylvania a great deal of wheat was grown. With the building of the railroad it naturally followed that its projectors needed population to make freight and passenger business. There being no population other than a few trappers, miners, lumbermen, cattlemen and the aborigines, the railroads set about to create an industry. The exceedingly cheap and virgin soil, and its adaptability for wheat growing caused men from many sections of the East, but more especially from Western New York than elsewhere, who were "up-to-date," to go into the business on an extensive scale, as witnessed by the Dalrymple and other wheat farms. These extensive operations at greatly cheapened cost of production in growing the wheat, added to it water power and "new process milling" at Minneapolis, gave the New York and Ohio wheat farmer a back-

set to be sure. The new country was assisted greatly by the strict commercialism of the system. Men who possessed bank accounts and the nerve to purchase up-to-date farm implements, the great areas in cultivation, with no impeding fences, and the farm or wheat-growing operation cut down to a six-months' campaign, and a "clean-up" for cash, all counted in favor of the new section for wheat. Now, as to the cattle business. The present cattle area, from whence the country draws its large supplies, and where it seems the Beef Barons have their Baronies, is the country where, within my own memory, the Buffalo roamed, and not an age ago at that. Despite the fact that the prairies were covered with natural grass, and free grass, yet it took years to bring up the standard of their flocks before the meat supply successfully cut into the Eastern stock farmers' business.

It took the co-operation of the Western merchants, the Eastern bankers, his Western allies and the sentiment of local pride of Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha to establish the success of the great slaughtering firms of those centers. For the sake of argument, let me assume that the same spirit of co-operation between the country and town had prevailed in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York States, does anybody believe the cattle growing industry of those States would be as dead as to-day? Certainly not. The banker places his money where it is required. He is ready to furnish the sinews of trade to anybody who has a sufficiently attractive proposition, as regards safety and profit. There were other reasons producing this state of affairs. The Middle States and the South Central States, having turned their attention so largely to the development of mineral and manufacturing interests, and the purchase of coal, oil, gas rights and timber having made so many neighborhoods rich, there was a lack of incentive for extensive and busi-

ness-like farming. Their business was to expend their newly acquired wealth. Many of the best people of farming communities drifted to the cities and engaged in other occupations. Farming followed in other cases after the newly acquired wealth was dissipated, was in slipshod style. All of these matters hastened the decedence of successful stock growing in the East. There are hundreds of thousands of acres in these states that are scarcely cultivated at all. There is land in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee for sale at prices as low as the lands of Nebraska and Kansas, and which, acre for acre, are just as good, and as regards the certainty of rainfall, better for grass than those States.

It is not a great exaggeration to say that compared with the distant Western States these Eastern points are almost within sight of the great consumption of meat. "The question of railroad carriage enters into the price of the finished product." Yes, that we can easily meet. It is a question of tonnage. Now then, if these Eastern State communities will contract to furnish carloads and trainloads, there is no longer a question about getting to market at fair rates, and the short-haul is no detriment, as railroad people are willing to build branch lines wherever they can obtain tonnage to warrant their entrance. The cynic will talk "corn." If these States cannot grow enough of corn, and cheap enough to enter competition with the West, with land just as cheap or cheaper, and the meat consumer within sight, it is not because their soil is not adapted for the product, but as much because they will not employ the proper methods of cultivation and harvesting the crop. I assert, and defy contradiction, that if it pays to grow a heifer calf and keep her for three or four years, and sell her to the dairyman, it will pay equally well to grow and sell it at the same age and price to the butcher. The price of a cow and steer have been

identical, and rather a little in favor of the beef. It is far easier to depend on a uniformity of value in the beef stock than that of the milk cattle. Within fifty to one hundred miles of almost any of the cities of the States mentioned, you will find hundreds of acres, rather thousands of acres of land that are almost entirely neglected, much of it in sight of the railroads, with trains speeding by on good roadbeds, between great cities, ready to carry farm products. Markets everywhere, but no home-grown supplies. It is perhaps news to most of you that the condensed milk business originated at the little town of Harrisburg, Texas, south by a few miles from the city of Houston. It was established by Gail Borden. I only make mention of the fact in connection with this article to draw your attention to the fact that there is no condensed milk made there now, but the great centers of supply are in the East, most notably New York State, and the supply of milk is drawn from cows fed upon high-priced lands. But the consumer is close at hand. There was plenty of land in Gail Borden's time near Harrisburg, Texas, to be had at \$1.00 to \$2.00 per acre. I will repeat, it costs no more to bring a steer to maturity than it does a milch cow, and the East has its market at the farm gate, and the meat consumer almost within sight.

The time is ripe for the revival of the cattle industry, and the monopoly (?) of the Beef Barons cannot prevent the success of business like co-operations of the Eastern monied men and land owners, where they will engage in this industry. If I am chargeable with warmth and enthusiasm on this subject "blame" it to the fact that I am a descendant of a long line of successful farmers, who have petered out—growing too grand for the engagement in this most noble occupation of man. Also because I have viewed with contempt and disgust the shiftless kind of farming to be seen at all hands throughout the States of

New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia and Ohio. Of course there are some notable exceptions, but I have not exaggerated in estimating the general existing conditions as shiftless and profitless.

Do away with cattle and sheep farming and you rapidly impoverish the soil and degrade the business of farming. I will also add that the French largely depend upon themselves in supplying their meat needs, and France is not a corn growing country. Also that I have seen as large crops of corn grown in the States enumerated in the East, as are the average crops of the great corn growing States of the West. Moreover, that the cultivated grasses in the East are worth more acre for acre than the average two acres, yes often five acres, of the natural grasses of the Western States, and that the range fellows are learning the value of housing stock against inclement weather, and systematical feeding. I know of no better proposition than to look into the cattle-growing business in the old States of Virginia, West Virginia, portions of Pennsylvania and adjoining States. You can buy the land at from \$5.00 to \$75.00 per acre, and have THE MARKET FOR YOUR MEAT ON THE HOOF AT YOUR DOOR.

THE PRESENT DAY BOY CAN'T.

Can't climb a shell-bark hickory. First, because they are nearly all gone. Second, because, if he could climb, but he usually can't, he'd spoil his pants.

THE "TYPIST."

She can type you off a letter all right, the type running smooth and same, but * * * * she can hardly ever spell.

BE BROTHERLY.

There is many a little thing we can do for each other. There is no finer trait than that of being brotherly and willing to help each other out. Here is an instance:

Two beggars were soliciting alms at the entrance to the Westinghouse Electric works at East Pittsburg yesterday afternoon. One had lost an arm, while the other had lost both. The one-armed man smoked a toby, which occasionally he placed in the mouth of his companion. The fellow with both arms off could read and had a paper, while the other could not read a word. Nevertheless, he was indispensable, as he held the paper while the armless one read the news.

HIS AMBITION.

It used to be, before opportunities were corralled in the hands of the few for distribution, that nearly every one in America had set his heart on some particular achievement and sometimes got there. For instance, Chauncey M. Depew aspired, among other things when quite a young man, to go to the United States Senate when he became old. I knew an Englishman who at middle age had had a most variegated life. Among other things had been a soldier in the British army in India. When I learned to know him he was endeavoring to dispose of a patent oven for coking coal. He speculated some and seemed to jog along in life. One day during a lull in a card game he told me: "Now this is the whiskey B. F. J. (an iron master) keeps in his cellar and drinks regularly. It it said to be thirty years aged." After a little pause he continued: "Depew, I have two ambitions, one is to have this same whiskey that B. F. J. has in my cellar for myself and friends, and the

other is to make my pile in the iron and steel business or in some other business I'm familiar with, and return to Wolverhampton and stand for parliament." I lost sight of him for several years, but heard that he had had especially bad luck and after having engaged at the lowly occupation of weighing pig iron at a great iron works, had disappeared to all his former acquaintances. One day I was walking a Pittsburg, Pa., street, and accompanying a slap on the back I heard a familiar voice. It was my old acquaintance. He was well dressed, buoyant and jolly. Said he was down to Pittsburg to buy some coal as a strike was on at home. He then related: "Old man, I've made a start on carrying out my ambitions. I've got hold of an iron works in the up-country; live in a stone castle-like building in the mountains and keep a good supply of the same whiskey that B. F. J. does for myself and friends. Come and see me soon or you may have to come to Wolverhampton to do so." I feel almost certain that he will yet stand, if he has not already stood, for Wolverhampton, and get there. With any sort of a show, we are continually answering our prayers ourselves.

THE OLD PREACHER SAID.

The preacher, the old preacher, was a substitute for the day. His home was out on the western prairie, and he had come East only with the view of endeavoring to have his wife also move westward, and to help make a home for both. The sunshine of an early spring Sunday morning through the stained glass windows danced all around us, and all in all the old man's mind reverted toward the setting sun. He started off with: "The voice of the turte dove was heard through the land. It was a pleasant sound. The bumblebee brummed around among

bright flowers and I thought me of locusts and wild honey of the Scriptures. Now is the time to sow seed oats in Iowa, yet I am here. Dear Lord hold the season open long, as there are those of your people who cannot yet sow. Brethren and sisters, as 'you sow so you shall reap.' I see God's work in an uninterrupted view in my western station for miles around, but to see one dearest to my heart I had to go me hence." He continued: "Let us pray."

HIS QUIET INFLUENCE.

I told a man: "Sir: you have always exercised a quiet influence over me." That tickled him. It would not have tickled him much, however, had I told him, how very quiet that influence was. Try to leave a sweet taste in a fellow's mouth. It costs nothing, and is often as bread cast upon the waters.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Judged without bias, what is prayer anyhow? What is the phenomena of prayer? Do we answer our own prayers? Or, if they are answered, is it through a favorable correlation of events, or actually due to divine causes? Now, everybody, more or less, prays. The chicken thief will say a little prayer. If he is successful in getting his chicken; can anyone blame him if he gives the Lord thanks and credit for his success?

There may be a great deal in the idea that we are constantly, with the help of course of things naturally happening toward our aspirations, answering, our own prayers. The mind bent toward the attainment of an ob-

ject, is strengthened undoubtedly, and directing itself, by the formal act of prayer, as we cast other things aside when in prayer, thus making more indelible impression on the brain than ordinary impress, due to passing thought. The entire subject is speculative, but there is one thing I'm set on, that there are lots of people, if prayer is answered, who, because of their inordinate selfishness I'd rather trust praying from the housetop than in the "secret of their closet."

"THE LAND IS WORTH THE PRICE."

I have had many things out of the usual occur to me while engaged in selling real estate, especially country property. I will instance one case. A man well up in years employed me to sell his farm. He had worked hard to make that home place, yet in his old age he wanted to sell it. I advised him, because of his age, to keep it. He said, he was "compelled to sell," but would not tell me why. I could discover no liens against him, and as my advice was not welcome, I set to work to sell it without any further compunction of conscience. During my efforts to sell, I was detained one evening at his house so late that I accepted his invitation to remain over night at the farm. I knew little of the family, but while after dark, sitting on the porch with the old folks, I learned that they were some concerned about a son getting home all right, who had "gone to town" with the team and wagon. I told them without thought that "perhaps he had stopped at some tavern." This, they said, was impossible for him, that he did not indulge, but might have stopped at a sick friend's. That they only were concerned because of a piece of bad road along a bluff which he was compelled to drive.

By and by he came home all right. Although it was near midnight, these good simple people had prayers, etc., before we retired. The next morning at the breakfast table, the son said a prayer, and the old man read from the "Scriptures." The latter, in a loud voice, "read and repeated the land is 'worth the price.'" Thereafter we ate just as at any other place. During the meal, and while I remained there, I cogitated over, "the land is worth the price" and felt convinced that there was something out of the usual back of the old man's anxiety to sell his home, and that either in despair or with a hope of attracting both the Lord's and my own especial attention he distorted the "book" to the extent of getting off what he had. However, when I got away from there, around the bend of the road, I had fun with myself that resounded through the woods, laughing and saying, the "servant is worthy of his hire." I nevertheless made it my especial business to endeavor to learn more of the old man's affairs than he was willing to give out. I succeeded in my endeavors at the village, learning that an "other" son was charged by a neighbor with having committed forgery, and at this time was a fugitive from justice. Further, that the old man was aware of his hiding place, and that he was probably selling out to keep the boy from going to State prison. Also that in applying the proceeds from the sale of the farm, would leave him almost penniless. This appealed to me, although privately I then thought I would not, had I a son thus charged, bankrupt myself to save him from punishment. I had a contract giving me a commission above a net price, and had been asking a price without success, offering it for sale at the nominal advance of five per cent. As I have said, I had been unable to sell it at this price. Later I sold it, and this, too, at several hundred dollars more than the price I first had asked. I divided with the old man as my contribution toward rehabil-

itating him. Now the curious part to me was how I was enabled to get more than I wanted, than the price. Next what part the old man's distortion of Scripture cut, for do "they" not say, "neither add nor detract one jot or tittle from it?" And last but not least, with this in view, that I had shared my profit with him? I believe the son escaped the penitentiary, and heard the old man had died before his means were quite exhausted.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

When I say "A soft answer turneth away wrath" I do not say it is always true; I know a "wrath" that is far safer to run away from. Even a soft pucker, at that, "wrath," is dangerous.

THERE IS A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

Maybe the above is true, but not so for me. I can't get "time" on anything. The fellow who originally got that off must have been "doing time," most of the time.

USE MY HEAD FOR A FOOT BALL.

I once told a fellow who ran a society paper, that if he mentioned me again in his sheet I'd use his body to wipe up the floor of the smoking car: But my son, I've never used my head for foot ball. Go, thou; yes, go thou to the jack-ass. He uses his head to use his—for foot ball, or any other sort of kicking. Oh, yes, foot ball is very intellectual.



MAJOR R. W. A. SIMMONS.

Founder of the Toy Mission, Pittsburgh, Pa.—See article.

WHY, THEY PLAY, BROTHER!

I told him that in Texas "under ordinary circumstances you cannot sell out the household effects of the tenant for non-payment of his rent." Then my friend wanted to know how you were enabled to get your rent. "Well, they play brother between rent collection days"—they often, yes often, see to it that their tenant is employed.

THE TOY MISSION OF PITTSBURG.

I am the last man who endorses so-called public charity. Justice would leave the world's people with plenty. However, while we cannot as yet have the reign of justice, some forms of philanthropy appeal to me in such a way that I should be glad to spread them abroad, so that they are copied through the land. The one I have especially in mind is that of the Toy Mission of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. It was inaugurated in 1894 by Major R. W. A. Simmons, one of the members of the firm that printed this book. My friend (we have known each other for many years), noticed the barrenness in the lives of so many children of the poor, which especially emphasizes itself about Christmas time. He commenced this thing by making presents of toys and books to a few children. Later he interested a number of people and new and second-hand toys and books are distributed at Christmas time to at least 12,000 children through the growth of his scheme. The business is systematized, and has become an institution of this city.

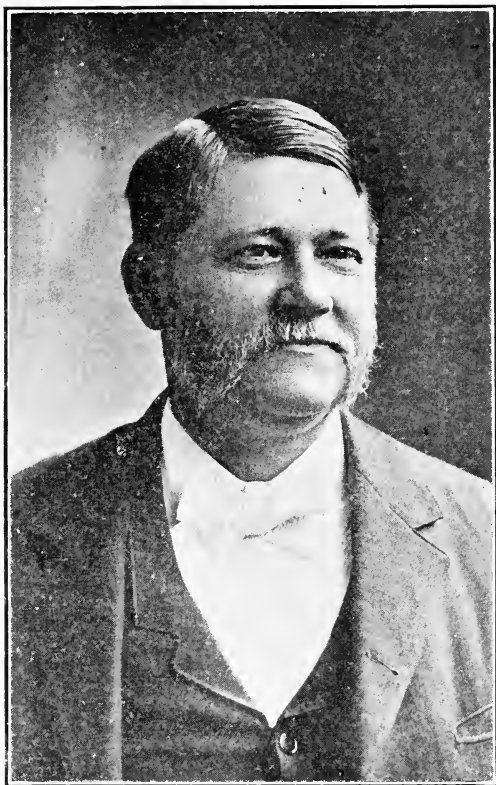
I have no doubt he would be pleased to post anyone, or set of people contemplating the like, how to go about it elsewhere, as gladly as he has donated his services in this city for years to this joy-making philanthropy for children. Therefore write to him and learn the *modus operandi*.

GENTLEMEN, "HAVE A CARE."

I sometimes think a lot on the general political situation. On one especial matter, I always agree with myself as regards previous conclusions. That is, ye dominant rich, you plutocrats at heart and in practice, who so largely control politics—well, gentlemen, it will not work much longer. You will have to give way. Your day will have run some day—waving "the flag" with one hand and the other robbing the masses. The people want that flag back. That flag is theirs. They also want to march to their own music. They did so in 1776, and you know the result. There is, thank God, some of the "old stock" left, and they now as then are minded to be free and themselves ride the horse of state for themselves, where and how suits them, not to suit and serve masters. Yes, gentlemen, a friendly word of warning: "Have a care."

A LESSON IN PATIENCE.

When a boy I once received a lesson in patience which I have never forgotten: Some of you perhaps know how boys hate to weed the onion patch grown from seed? You know how hard it is to differentiate between the onion sprouts and that of grass; also how the chick-weed twines around? Well, my task that day was to weed the onion patch. I was to do it that day—tired, or not cut no figure. A drizzling rain came on and my attention was drawn by two cats. One chased the other under the house. The hole was too small for the chaser to follow under the building. You know how cats hate rain? But there and thereabout he hovered, thoroughly wet to the skin. Yes, I never forgot his patience and his—strategy. Many things



N. S. Gragg

The first subscriber for "LIFE AS I'VE FOUND IT."

around about us, were we to observe them would harden our will for success to overcome obstacles which beset our pathway. Among others, see how tiny seeds shoot out, circumventing rocks, roots, baked soil that obstructs them. Watch the tumblebug at the road side, and the struggling ant with his burden. Once when tramping twenty-five miles to a doctor, with an arm for lancing, swollen about three sizes, and sick from blood poisoning, these things, remembrances of my youth, helped to spur me on to make my tramp. At the end of the route there awaited me relief—success.

ELECTION DAY.

This is the one “sure enough” day when it seems that some of us are nearly “free and equal.”

MY HALF AND HIS HALF.

“George” and I slept together. That is more or less together, as I generally sat up to read after midnight, when he, on the contrary, retired early. He often kicked, claiming that the light I needed kept him from sleeping. That he would have licked me, had he been quite certain of being able to do so, I verily believe. However, one morning he jumped out of bed and said: “Here, Depew, this light business is not fair.” To this I said: “George, maybe you are right. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll settle it as fair as could old Solomon. I’ll turn off your half of the gas and keep my own”—and yet he kicked.

1

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER-IN-LAW?

I knew a place, in fact I used to eat there, where there was a motto over the dining room door: "What Is Home Without a Mother-in-Law." Nothing more fitting, she had taken in a half dozen married sons and daughters with their brood.

PLUTOCRACY IS UNITED.

Yes, plutocracy is united on at least one thing sure: "To us belong these United States."

A STRENUOUS LIFE.

It is a strenuous life—that of the man who works rain, shine, snow and winds, at laborious toil, at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day, and compelled with this to support a wife and from three to ten children.

GOOD LUCK ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

An acquaintance of mine one day was interrupted by a "pestiferous" accident insurance agent. He had somewhat crossly turned him off. Ashamed, he called him back, and after a little parley took a \$5,000 policy. Within six months he was glad he had done so: He, in the night, owing to a glare of light on his "glasses," while endeavoring to go hurriedly down the stairs from a steamboat making a landing, his destination, made a misstep, so injuring a leg as to knock him out of following active life for three months. He drew his \$25 per week with regularity and thankfulness, that he had permitted the pestiferous agent to bother him successfully.

MAKING THE BOOK.

This book, or the idea of my writing a book, came through the suggestion of Frederick W. Haas. Don't know Fred? No matter. "He is all right." He said to me: "Depew, the newspapers keep the deaf employee on the anxious. Write a book." "What about?" "Anything. No, about yourself and observations of the people."

A few months later I thought I would. It struck me, however, that success is what you're after, not to merely write. Knowing that the average books sell but to the extent of a few hundred copies, I drew up a little diagram of what it would touch on and a pledge for subscriptions. I determined to not invest a cent for a printed prospectus. Nor did I. Also that I would get 500 subscriptions before any type would be set. I got them, and a hundred besides. I received most of them within a few blocks of the postoffice of Pittsburg, and within thirty-eight working days, short hours, as I did the chores about home at the same time.

The first subscription I received was from Wesley I. Craig, an attorney of Pittsburg. He is a good lawyer, as lawyers run, but a jolly good fellow and well read man besides. His picture is in the book. The five hundredth subscription was that of W. F. P. Vance. Vance is the fellow who made the cover design. He does work for all kinds of people, and no doubt it is his design that is on the bottle labels of the big rye whiskey distilleries and menus of many of the leading hotels and clubs of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

But about the five hundredth and first man. When I started for but five hundred. It was this way. My friend Whalon, who keeps a restaurant, an Irishman and good fellow, had been sick. I saw him back and went unto him to tell him what I had been doing. He finally said. "When

in the old country there was a rich woman in our neighborhood, an invalid from dyspepsia. Some neighbor each day for an hour was to read to her or tell her stories to cheer her up. My turn came. I told her a few. Bedad, the next day she was dead." I fined him a dollar for wilful and deliberate murder and turned in for another hundred subscriptions.

The printing of the book was by the Keystone Label Company, Limited, of which Major R. W. A. Simmons is Chairman and J. Adam Roesse Secretary and Treasurer.

You will see some pictures. Those that are inscribed Fallon you will know are by Fallon. He is of the Chronicle Telegraph newspaper of Pittsburg. He tried to make what I wanted from my crude designs, and I think he done pretty well.

The engraving is by the Barr and Anderson Engraving Companies, of Pittsburg. The city of Pittsburg and its trade limits furnishes enormous amounts of work for the printing and engraving concerns, and their work in various forms travels the world over as a necessity, going with the wide range of goods produced there.

The photographs were taken at the "Lease" photographing establishment. I am indebted to Mr. Geo. P. Quabach, ex-printer, for several courtesies, but especially to everybody I come in contact with in "talking THE BOOK" and making it.

Many incidents of interest and some funny ones attended my preliminary canvass for the book. I'll tell some of them, and others in my next book, "Two Years Travel and Observation." It will be published in the late fall of 1904 or winter of 1905, and I'll take my time to write it, and not as with "Life As I Found It," in racing ahead of the linotype machine. Yet, that's part of life as I've found it. Strenuous, strenuous, my friends.

This night is my
departing night,
For here no longer
must I stay,
There is neither friend
or foe of mine
But wishes me away. ☺

What I have done
Through lack of wit,
I never, never
Can recall
I hope you're all
my friends as yet,
Good night and joy,
be with you all. ☺

Book Announcement

FOR FALL OF 1904

Two Years' Travel and Observations

THE PEOPLE, TOWNS, COUNTRY DISTINGUISH-
ING FEATURES THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES AND
TERRITORIES

BY CHARLES DEPEW
(Deaf Depew)

It is given to but few of us to well learn the whole of OUR GREAT COUNTRY.

I thought I had seen much of it, but a fireside analysis, with comfort, ease, a good pipe and my family around, caused me to say, "Old man, you know but little, go and see it conscientiously, then talk."

I propose a panoramic view, and just a little peep beyond the "scenes," and to make you feel as though you had been there yourselves.

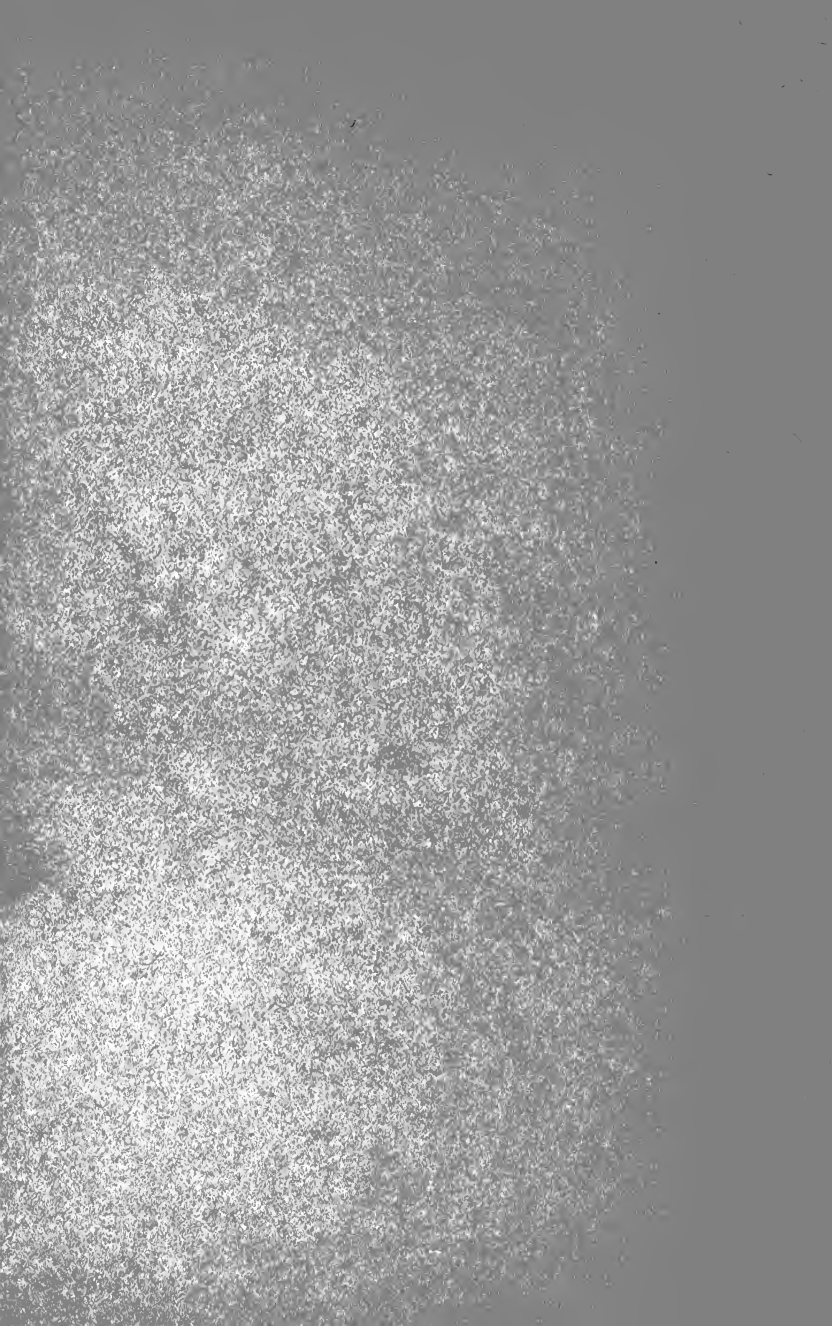
In short, you will have a two years' tour all for \$1.00, about 350 pages, well illustrated. Persons who feel they would like such a book send for advance sheets, for which you will be put on file, and receive part in about a year and some later, as this is a bona-fide inspection of our land; dates, routes of travel, the "big ones" and the human and inanimate show generally, faithfully depicted.

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CHARLES DEPEW, Publisher,
PITTSBURG, PA.



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