

OUR EDITOR VS. ROGERS.

The work of home talent upon the play of Julius Caesar, would no doubt have been a little more successful had the distinguished manager carried out his point by sending to our editor, a complimentary ticket as he intended, but faultlessly and with little regard to our writer, was even placed in such a position he could not do anything, and the consequences was we have lost one of the best criticisms, which no doubt would have been well approved by our worthy public by the writing of an unknown hand that was not there to give a write up in the Glenside. Mr. Rogers was seen by our Editor a few days ago at the doors of the Berkly Hotel and while Mr. Rogers stood braced up against its doors, Mr. Editor gave him a talking over which were not heard of, for many a day.

The songs were brief and to the point that were made to Mr. Rogers in person, but yet he seems very loyal in his estimation upon his acts to the world at large. Yet it will be well for him not to intrude upon younger men who are in a position a little lower than himself, who do not do the monkey as he does, nor to think no man can be as good as he whom he is such a prominent man in the eyes of Julius Caesar, but he must learn one thing, not to trifle with Editors for they are men who have a great deal to contend with in the eyes of the world to such an extent that the public look upon as brain power and keen intellect, more than upon him who is a business manager of the slurs upon Editors and forgetting to send a complimentary ticket to that high and noble part of home talent of Julius Caesar.

My business is an extensive one, which is growing gradually with the probability in time to rank higher in itself than any high profession of its line. Not that we take any exception to any other line of professional work, nor do I claim to know all kinds of business, for this is needless for me to state. But I do say, never let Mr. Rogers trample on an noble brain above his own, nor even to pretend to send a ticket to Editors of any kind and then dont do it, for it is worse than a dose of medicine.

AT THE DEPOT.

The train is coming around the bend,
All loaded with hosts of men,
How we gather to see the end
When at the depot is at the other end.
Passengers, conductors, engineers,
Hustling about for time of years,
And what greeting and bidding of
leaves,
When at the depot for good many
years;
Our train (I thought is coming now
But as to when? or how? or how?
We look with joy, or sorrow or care,
If at the depot we are not there,
Jumping from the table with hat and
coat on,
Watch in our hand that some one has
come,
Or if by telegram or by death
Like a rush of the wind as it gently

blows
We are hurled in whirlwind in door
and close.

For the next generation of life as in
those.

We are carried out in death
Which no depot knows.
Our Father in heaven
Has taken us home
Where we rest secure
From all depots alone.

Let us not rush to life of time
For surely we will be there in time
As the depot is a place to roam
It will not be called a home of our own
So to the depot leave it alone
For surely in time
We will be called home.

We are sorry we did not get left.
The depot is an exciting place
As if there was no other place.
But trains won't wait
And people must go.
As their lives depend upon it
Or they are left in world of woe.

So at the depot is a sight
Of kisses and love and men out all
night.

While tickets and baggage at a stare
The hackmen are waiting and wait-
ing there.

To the depot is a sight
In seeing the people out of sight.
While train is waiting, all aboard!
The engine stands with long breath
And cars attached to be loaded to
death.

Baggage, boxes, tanks of all sizes
Are pulled out and jammed right in
our eyes.

Platforms are crowded a hundred feet
At the stepping of passenger with
such cheek.

But at last, at last! the depot we leave
And are soon bounded off at a great
speed.

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We sometimes love safety and feel

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Unnecessary Advice.

"Has that young George Holdington de-
clared himself yet?" demanded Mrs. Pick-
ering of her daughter.
"No, not exactly, mother, but"—
"Has he ever asked you to marry him?"
"Not exactly, but I'm sure he's going
to."
"H'm? Well, don't you let him know
whether you think anything of him until
he asks you in so many words to be his
wife."
"Why not, mother?"
"It isn't best for a young girl to let a
man know how much she cares for him
until he commits himself."
"Why not, mother?"
"Never mind why not! You take my
advice and keep George in the dark as
much as possible."
"Oh, I do, mother!" cried Lena, bright-
ening visibly. "We always turn out all
the lights whenever he calls."—S. & G.'s
Monthly.



Matilda McGinnis—Alexander O'Rourke,
you are a faithless wretch. Yesterday you
swore you loved me. Today I thwart you
in your attempt to enter a candy store
with that female and a cent. I will pro-
claim your perfidy to the whole world.—
New York World.

A Corrected Bill.

Householder—Did the master plumber
make the corrections in that bill I returned
to him?
Collector—Yes, sir, and he found an
overcharge of \$2.
"Aha! Just as I said."
"Yes, sir, but it took him about an hour
to look up the items, and he charges \$5 an
hour for his time. Three dollars more,
please."—New York Weekly.

Pill For the Medicine.

Physician (with ear to patient's chest)—
—There is a curious swelling over the re-
gion of the heart, sir, which must be re-
duced at once.
Patient (anxiously)—That swelling is
my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't re-
duce it too much.—London Tit-Bits.

The Reason Why.

"Miss Passay must have a tin de aloecle
powder puff."
"Why so?"
"It is evidently up to all the new wrin-
kles."—New York World.

Habit.

"There's a bonnet," said the editor's
wife, "that is a perfect poem."
"Yes," he replied absentmindedly, "but
we never pay for poetry."—Washington
Star.

Encouragement For Her.

Ethel—I wonder if he loves me as he
says. He has known me only a week.
Clarissa—He may, if that's all the time
he has known you.—New York Press.

Just the Thing.

Razzle—I'm learning to ride the bicycle.
What kind of a suit ought I to wear?
Dazzle—Why don't you get a diving
suit?—Clothier and Furnisher.

An Everyday Saying.

Byler—What size shoe do you wear?
Saylor—Oh, I wear a 6, but could easily
enough wear a 5.—Boston Courier.