



HE FIXED IT.

A friend of mine had a big mud-hole
Right plum in front of his house;
And the wagoners passed and got
hung up,
And cursed to beat the douse.

My friend was a good old Christian
man,
And he hated to hear such talk,
And so he decided to fix that hole
So the horses would not balk.

He went out there with shovel and ax
And fell to work with a vim,
And pretty soon a man came along
And stopped to talk with him.

"I see you're workin' the road," he
said;
Then answered the good old soul:
"I got tired of hearing the drivers
cuss,
And I thought I'd fix this hole."

The fellow took his pipe from his
mouth,
(I'm sure the pipe was a cob.)
And smiled and said, as he passed
along,
"Well, you're doin' a dam good job."

A LOVE STORY.

Sam Short saw Sally Spriggins.
Sally Spriggins saw Sam Short. Sam
seemed sorely smitten. Sally sorter
smiled. Some strange, sweet sensa-
tion seemed silently set soulward.
Sam signified such sensation, so Sally
soon saw something serious seemed
sure. Sam said Sally's smiles shed
sweetness. Sally said Sam's speech
sounded sorter silly.

Several Sundays saw Sam sporting
Sally. Saying some sentimental sen-
tence, Sam sorter sighed. Sally sat
silent.

Suddenly Sam, seeming strangely
stirred, spoke saying: "Say, Sally,
suppose somebody sought spouse,
should somebody succeed?"

Sally simply said: "Seek sire, Sam,
seek sire." So Sam sought Sire
Spriggins. Sire Spriggins said,
"Sartin."

Fletcherism, the new health fad,
urges people to chew their food more
carefully. Good advice, no doubt,
but the problem of chewing isn't
bothering me half as much as the
problem of getting something to chew.

**A SERMON BY THE PASTOR OF
THE FLOCK.**

TEXT:—"And the little bird sat on
the roof of the cow-shed and scratch-
ed its neck. And it sadly said, "I
scratch because it itches."

Now, my good idiots, do you know
we are like the little bird? We do
things because—because we can't help
doing them. Most of us are not what
we are from personal choice. Our lots
were cast among certain environ-
ments, and we can't get out. Our on-
ly prerogative is to stay where we are
and make the most of our surround-
ings.

If the great Conductor of the uni-
verse had loaded us all onto a special
Pullman palace car and sent us into
this world richly dowered with wis-
dom and all other good things and
told us to choose for ourselves, how
many of us would have chosen the
place we now occupy? Not many.
We would have all taken a suite of
rooms in the finest hotel in town. We
would all have been fine people, with
nothing to do but visit all the other
fine people, and if our neck itched we
would have hired a nigger to scratch
it.

But I am indulging in dreams. We
don't happen to find ourselves rolling
in such opulence. Most of us are just
common folks, and if our shoulder
blade itches we have to scrub it a-
gainst a tree. Maybe the little bird
wouldn't be roosting on the desolate
old cow-shed if it had a cozy home
under some warm south bank, with a
sweet little rivulet babbling near and
a few bright flowers glinting and
smiling in the sun. But some other
bird got there first. I guess it was
the "early bird" that we have heard
so much about. Here we're about to
discover that the early bird catches
other things besides the worm. Oh,
that we could all be early birds. But
we can't. If some of us get there
first, others are bound to get there
last.

It seems like the fates have worked
off a huge joke on us poor idiots.
Why compel us to wait for the second
table, only to find it empty and bare?
Why not let us all eat first and all
get the best victuals? That's the
question I want answered. I've wait-
ed long for the answer, and still wait.
And in the meantime, figuratively
speaking, I have to stand on the roof
of the cow-shed and scratch my neck.
And I scratch because it itches.

Wonder if we could enjoy life better
if we didn't have to scratch so hard
for a living. Seems like we could.
And again it seems like we couldn't.
The molasses is always sweeter be-
cause we dug hard in the cane-patch,
and the candy of life has for us a bet-
ter flavor if we stir it with our own
old wooden spoon.

Here is the lesson we have learned
from the text: It is better that we
scratch for ourselves. And it is also
better that we have not a gold-plated
mantel-piece to scratch against. A
black-jack bush is better. So we will
go on scratching as usual. We will
not break our necks to get rid of
scratching them. That would be kill-
ing the goose, and so forth.

Goodby. At another time I will tell
you what became of the little bird.
For the present he has tucked his
head under his wing and gone to
sleep.

IS UNCLE SAM A FOOL?

Is Uncle Sam a fool, I say? And I
answer, it looks a devil of a sight like
it sometimes. It's a well-known fact
that the old star-studded rascal can
spend more money foolishly than any
other man or set of men, corporation
or institution, that ever tried to do
business.

I have already had my say on the
battleship question, and now I want
to call your attention to that thun-
deration, tarnal-nation howling hum-
bug known as the Government Print-
ing Office. It's a big establishment,
and it costs millions of dollars to run
it. I've been there and seen it—been
all through the blamed thing. They
boast of its being the largest printing
office in the world, and maybe it is.
I'm not disputing about its size, for
goodness knows it's a whopper. But
what good is it? What do they print
there that is worth a dried-apple cuss
to anybody?

They print the Congressional Re-
cord when Congress is in session. The
Record is the official cemetery where
they bury the lifeless utterances of
our clawhammer-coated Congression-
al kangaroos. It is also useful for
Congressmen to slop over in when
there is not room at the Capitol. Ev-
ery word that is uttered in Congress,
as well as a lot of words that are not
uttered, gets itself printed in the
Record. If the nigger boy that runs
the elevator happens to sneeze, you
can read that sneeze in the Record

next day. But nobody ever reads the
Record, and it isn't worth half the
white paper it is printed on.

What else do they print at the G. P.
O?

Oh, they print Reports, Reports,
Reports. Great big heavy, ponderous
volumes of Reports about this, that
and the other—Reports that nobody
on earth is interested in. They use
the finest grade of heavy book paper
for these Reports, and put them in
expensive cloth bindings and send
them broadcast over the country. No-
body was ever known to read one of
these Government Reports. They are
dumped into the cellar with other
rubbish and trash, and there they lie
till they rot. I have about a wagon-
load of them in my own cellar, and
they are just now getting good and
mellow. If a man had a great secret
that must be kept hid from all the
world, the safest place to put it would
be in a Government Report.

Expensive? Yes, golly, I reckon it
is expensive. I haven't seen any ex-
act figures on the subject, but it must
cost millions of dollars to print and
send out all that rubbish. And nearly
every bit of it is entirely wasted.
Just as well take that much money
and throw it in the river.

But Uncle Sam don't give a doggon.
He just dives down into his jeans and
and digs up the long green and says:
"Here, boys, take this. Go and buy
more paper and ink and hire more
hands and print more Reports to send
out to people who wouldn't give three
cents a ton for them."

Mighty thunderation rich Sam is.
But just the other day the news went
forth that he was not able to buy new
flags and was going to darn the old
ones. Mighty thunderation poor Sam
is.

Work out the problem, boys. I give
it up.

NEW PRESS NEEDED.

Boys, I've got to buy me a larger
and faster printing press. My circula-
tion has grown so large that I can't
handle it much longer on the press I
now have. The new press will cost
a whole lot of money, and I must de-
pend on you to help me get it. You
roll in the subs, and I'll do the rest.

Boys, if you will just keep rolling
in the subs like you are doing now,
we will soon show the world what the
word "circulation" means.