



THE CIGARETTE FOOL.

His fingers are yaller,
His thinker is shaller,
And there is a pallor
Upon his cheek;
His eyes are mattered,
His nerves are shattered,
His wits are scattered,
His mind is weak.

His flesh is flabby,
His memory's shabby,
And though he is gabby,
He's got no sense;
His folly is leaking
Through all his speaking;
His breath is reeking
With stink intense.

His pants he scratches
With parlor matches
Until big patches
Adorn his seat;
Through all the nation
He holds the station
Of degradation
And sad defeat.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

JACK LONDON ON SOLDIERS.

Young men: The lowest aim in your life is to be a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizens, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street where the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and he sees the gray hairs of age stained with red, and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment oath. His mind, his conscience, aye, his very soul are in the keeping of his officer.

GONE A BUG-HUNTING.

New York, June 5.—William Benton Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History, will leave this week on a four-months' expedition into the Black Mountains of North Carolina in search of new bugs for the museum's collection. The expedition is financed by Samuel V. Hoffman, president of the New York Historical Society. Research in the Southern field was started by Mr. Hoffman's father, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary.—News Item.

I am sure tickled about that. Through all the dark and gloomy days of my miserable existence I have been waiting for this glad day to arrive. I have shed enough salty tears to float a battleship over the sad fact that nobody had come to hunt our bugs. I have not had time to hunt them myself, and it fairly broke my heart to see, this great work so sadly neglected. The harvest of bugs is great and the laborers are few. People are so strange about this bug-hunting business, anyhow. I have actually known men to waste their valuable time by working on the farm, in the shop or other business, when they might have been serving their country better and making themselves a great name by hunting bugs. I have often rambled through the woods and talked to the bugs about it. One poor old bug that I met was standing on a log and waving a red leaf to attract attention. He said he was just dying for somebody to come and hunt him. And they nearly all feel that way about it. So I am glad that Mr. Miller has come to North Carolina to look after this long-neglected work. When he gets done hunting bugs in the Black Mountains I can give him a job in my Irish potato patch. I have about twelve bushels of potato bugs that I would like to have hunted on the shares. I will give half the potatoes and all the bugs to anybody who wants the job.

I got a letter from a fellow, and he said if I didn't quit talking so sassy he would come and ride me a bug-hunting. I don't think he knows much about the business, because all the most successful bug-hunters do their hunting on foot. The man who goes out riding to hunt bugs is not wise. He will have to dismount every time he sees a bug,

and while he is doing that the bug might get away.

And again, when you go out to harvest bugs for a museum you don't want to run any risk of having them stepped on by a horse. I have noticed that it mars a bug's features somewhat for a horse to step on it, and of course that would destroy its bugological value.

HERE IS YOUR FORTUNE.

I have just graduated in Astrology and am ready to tell your fortune on short notice. I can tell nearly as big a lie as the Gypsy fortune-tellers, and when I get a little more practice I can beat 'em. Just to introduce my work and to convince you of its high quality, I will give you a sample free of charge.

If you were born anywhere between December and twelve o'clock your horoscope would read like this:

Your Significator in the eighth house being sextile to the double transit of the devil's hind leg, two degrees up and cross-ways to a three-cornered hole in the sky; second house for a bee-line through the ascending arch half way up and back through Bill Smith's tater patch, connecting with your granddaddy's funny-bone two feet and nine inches northwest of sundown. All of which proves that you are either a man or a woman or some other sort of a beast, and that if you don't die young you will live to a good old age.

The wandering aspect of your Woggle Star indicates that you will have a mouth, and that it may be necessary for you to eat in order to live.

Taurus climbing a rope ladder into the second story of your whereabouts proves that you will have a bone in your leg, and that you may have some hair on your head, provided this awful information don't scare you bald-headed.

A man with a cigar in his mouth will rebuke a boy for smoking cigarettes. That's sorter like a polecat telling a dead fish that it stinks.

Quite a number of subscriptions expired with last issue. A good many of these have renewed, and some have not. Come along, boys; I don't want to cut you off, but I'm bound to do it unless you renew.

THEY WANT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

Law sakes, honey, I have done discovered another low-down trick that the pot-gutted plutes are trying to pull off.

You know some of the big magazines have been printing some pretty straight talk about the rotten rich rascallions—holding them up by the tail, so to speak, in order that the world might see their rottenness.

Well, the big dishonest rascals didn't like it nary bit, and they invented the word "muck-raking" to express their notion of what the magazines were doing.

And it came to pass, as time went galloping on, that J. Poodledog Morgan and some of the other billionaire boodlebugs organized a magazine trust and began to buy up all the magazines that could be bought. Wanted to own 'em—don't you see?—so they could dictate their editorial policy and keep out the "muck-raking" articles, as they called them.

Well, honey, I suppose you know that Old Man Dollar can do most anything these days, and so the Morganized magazine trust got its fish-hooks hung in the financial gills of several of the leading magazines. But there were others that had a little too much backbone to sell out to the trust, and the war between the two factions has been going on hot and heavy.

Not being able to yank the teeth out of the "muck-rake" in any other way, the plutazine press has decided to try to side-track the muck-rake by getting powerful good all at once and starting a great wave of "magazine religion."

I noticed just the other day that one of the biggest plutes on the list had touched the button and started the great magazine revival. They are going to fill their pages so full of preacher-talk and make such a thunderation fuss about "serving God" that they hope to get the country hypnotized with religious excitement, thus enabling them to slip out while the people are at prayer and just play the devil in big style.

Now if that ain't about the poorest come-off that I ever saw! If I had a blind hoss that couldn't see through that trick on a dark night and him asleep, hanged if I wouldn't take him out and shoot him with a club-ended fence rail.