



**Bryan's Chaw-Talk-Way Speech.**

Here I am.  
 I guess you all know me.  
 I look a good deal like the cartoons of me in the papers.  
 Drot the cartoonists, anyhow!  
 My name is Bryan.  
 Some folks call me Bill.  
 Others call me Kernel.  
 But it all amounts to the same.  
 I am your honorable Secretary of State.  
 Me and Woodrow Wilson are running this government.  
 A big fellow by the name of Taft had the job before we got it.  
 Taft believed in high tariff, and the high tariff made everything else high.  
 The cost of living went up so high that nobody only millionaires could stand it.  
 Me and Woodrow said that was wrong.  
 We believed in low tariff, and we promised to bring the price of grub down within reach of the poor.  
 It was on the strength of these promises that you elected Woodrow, and then he appointed me to tell him what to do.  
 The first thing I told him was to knock the stilts from under the tariff.  
 He knocked 'em.  
 That is, he knocked at 'em.  
 But the job ain't as easy as it looked.  
 We are still wrestling with the tariff, and the end is not in sight.  
 You suckers are paying me \$12,000 a year to do a certain job of work.  
 That's about forty dollars a day.  
 Or four dollars an hour.  
 Maybe I ought to stay on the job for that much money.  
 But here's how it is:  
 My Jeffersonian simplicity is so strict, and the cost of living has come down so much, that I simply can't live on \$12,000 a year dur-

**Let's Cut Him Open and See.**

Doctor Think, he thought the patient had a dislocated hip;  
 Doctor Smart was very certain he was suffering with grip;  
 Doctor Guess then diagnosed it as a swimming in the head;  
 Doctor Stuff said nothing ailed him, only he'd been underfed.  
 Doctor Gash said: "Well, by grannies, seeing that we can't agree,  
 Let's cut him open and see."  
 Doctor Plug announced it measles, pointing to the patient's tongue;  
 Doctor Quack, he said consumption had destroyed the fellow's lung;  
 Doctor Puff had every reason to believe it was the gout;  
 Doctor Blow declared his stomach simply needed cleaning out;  
 Doctor Gash rolled up his sleeves, and with authority spake he:  
 "Let's cut him open and see."  
 Doctor Pill believed the patient had a "humor" in his blood;  
 Doctor Squill said it was hookworm, caught by wading in the mud;  
 Doctor Doubt said fits or fever, and he weren't quite certain which;  
 Doctor Claw said it was nothing but the plain, old-fashioned itch;  
 Doctor Gash said: "You 'uns hold 'im! Hand that carving-knife to me!  
 Let's cut him open and see."  
 JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

**THE THAW DOPE.**

My-y-y-o! Did you ever stop and think of the time and money that has been wasted by the American people in reading about Harry Thaw?  
 And here I go, adding some more to the collection of Thaw literature! Doggoned if it don't look like the rest of us are about as crazy as Thaw is, or we would not waste our time writing and reading about the onnery cuss.  
 You remember how it was when the Thaw businesss started several years ago. Let's figger on it just a little. We will say that probably 1,000 daily papers devoted four columns each to the Thaw case every day for about six months. Each of these 1,000 daily papers probably averaged 50,000 circulation, which would give a total circulation of 50,000,000.  
 Now we will suppose that an average of half those who got the papers spent an hour each day reading the Thaw dope. There we have 25,000,000 people employed for one hour each day. Figuring their time at ten cents an hour we get \$2,500,000 as the cost of reading about Thaw for one day. Multiplying that by the number of days in six months we get \$455,000,000, which is a reasonable estimate of what it cost the American people to read about Thaw while he was in the limelight before. And now we are starting in again. Where will it end?  
 If the plutes of the Benighted States want somebody to go down and defend their property interests in Mexico, why in the gee-whiz don't they go themselves?  
 Many a Rastus whose voice was made to drive a team of muley bulls with, has got it hemmed up in one corner of a two-story collar trying to make it preach.

ing these prosperous Democratic times.  
 And hence it is necessary for you suckers to pay me \$1,000 a night to neglect the work which you have hired me to do, and strut before the footlights as a Chaw-talk-way star.  
 I am getting double pay for my time, and then using it as my own.  
 Can anybody beat that?  
 Say, you feller that works in a shop for \$1.50 a day!  
 Suppose you walk off from your work tomorrow morning and put in the day giving a Chaw-talk-way lecture to the man who pays you to work in the shop.  
 Will you get double pay and an invitation to do it again?  
 Not on your life, buddy!  
 You'll get fired quicker than howdy, and on top of that you'll get the doggondest cussin' that ever you got.  
 Gee, but you fellers are easy!  
 You are a great gang of Henry Dubbs, all right.  
 And so endeth this Chaw-talk-way lecture.  
 Good-night, suckers!

**How to Use Patent Medicines.**  
**SICK HEADACHE**—Place a paper of Killum's Headache Powders in the slop bucket, then go to bed and rest till your head gets easy.  
**PAIN OR CRAMPS**—Put a bottle of Painkiller in the ice-box and go without dinner.  
**COLD IN THE HEAD**—Put a bottle of Dr. Sting's New Dope on the top shelf of the cupboard and go to work as usual.  
**FRETFUL CHILDREN**—Empty a bottle of Mrs. Sally Swiggins's Soothing Syrup on the sole of an old shoe, rub in well, and apply to the child until the symptoms disappear.  
**COLD FEET**—Pour one-half pint of any reliable tonic over behind the back-stick, and then sit down and poke your feet to the fire.  
**LOSS OF APPETITE**—Get a box of Dr. Poysener's Liver Pills. Roll each pill around the house three times with a golf club. Eat a hearty dinner.  
 Speaking of "coming back," what's the matter with Harry?