



The Boss of Mexico.

Some people call him Hurty,
While others call him Wiry,
An' al' his deeds are dirty,
An' all his motives low;
For all the world's complainin',
He don't do no explainin';
He just keeps on remainin'
The Boss of Mexico.

Rebellion keeps a-spreadin',
An' lots of blood's a-sheddin',
But Uncle Sam's a-dreadin',
An' sorter wants to wait.
Of course he's bound to hate 'em,
But facts are like I state 'em,
An' Wilson's "ultimatum"
Has failed to "ulti-mate."

The Rebs are crowdin' closer,
An' askin', "Won't you go, sir?"
But still he answers, "No, sir,
I don't intend to go!"
But he's an old fool bluffer,
And for his deeds will suffer
When someone even rougher
Is Boss of Mexico.

James Larkin Pearson.

Raise Your Head, Mister!

Two Irishmen were honorary pall-bearers at a funeral. They started out with heads down, as they should. After going a considerable distance one says:

"Such a devil of a stink! I can hardly keep me head down."

The other Irishmen says:

"Don't spoil the occasion by raising your head."

Another block, and No. 2 says: "The stink is awful. Let's both raise our heads."

And they did, and behold the funeral had turned a corner and they were following a garbage wagon.

So it is with the old party voters. They started out with the principles of Lincoln and Jefferson, but they have turned a corner and are following the political garbage wagon. But the stink is causing a great many to raise their heads and discover where the stink comes from.

Whistling is a very cheap grade of music, and is composed of pucker and wind.

Run Here With a Hoss-Blanket!

O-my-o!

Surely it would tax the imagination of Rider Haggard or Jules Verne to keep up with the cantankerous capers of the swell sawsiety set.

Everybody is familiar with the bracelet, which is an article of jewelry worn on the wrist. Usually these bracelets are 18-karat brass, guaranteed not to turn gold. They range in size from the head hoop of a kraut tub to the hind wheel of a log wagon. And they slide up and down the bare arms of the ladies like a leather collar on an old mare's neck.

These bracelet things are supposed to be for ornaments. But my notion is that if a girl has pretty arms they are pretty enough without any ornaments. While, on the other hand, if a girl has ugly arms all the ornaments in the world won't make 'em pretty.

But, as I was just going to say, the bracelet—or wristlet, as it is sometimes called—has about had its day. It is entirely too tame and modest for this day and time. Society is looking for thrillers and won't be satisfied with anything else.

I have it straight from somebody who got it straight from somebody else that the wristlet has been giving way to the anklet for several seasons. That is, the big yellow bands have been transferred from the arm to the ankle.

Well, the anklet furnished entertainment for the rubbernecks for awhile, but now the excitement must be intensified by moving the jewelry up a buttonhole or two. At least, that is the idea conveyed in the following item from the Memphis News-Scimitar:

"The latest is the kneelet, to be worn with the slit skirt. The anklet has grown monotonous. The next thing will be something else."

Um-h'm. Did that idea find lodgment under your hat-band?

Yes, I am pretty certain the next thing will be something else, but the Lord only knows what. You will have to excuse me right here. I am too modest to even think about such things.

A Sermon on Giving.

You will find my text for this sermon in the tenth verse of the forty-leventh chapter of Sanford's Second Epistle to the School Children, which reads as follows:

"If Sambo Spraddledink gives Patsy Plugugly three pounds of striped candy, and Patsy Plugugly gives Sambo Spraddledink three pounds of striped candy, how much are either of the fools benefitted?"

Now, brethren and sisterin, I hope you realize the solemnity of this occasion. We have under consideration a very important question, and I hope you will all give me your very best attention while I try in my humble manner to thrash the very stuffin' out of it.

This business of giving something to somebody for a Christmas present was all right when it was first hatched out, but it has been so abused and mistreated that it don't look a bit like itself.

Sure Mike, there's just oodlins of people in the world who need things—at Christmas and all the rest of the time—but, if you will notice, they are the very folks who never get a doggon thing. You see they are not supposed to be able to give anything in return, and so they are politely left out of it altogether.

And that's what makes this "giving" business such a drotted humbug. These finey-shiney sort of flower-pot folks who cut such capers over "Christmas presents" are always mighty careful to give their purties to somebody that don't need 'em—somebody that can give other purties in exchange. And there is always the selfish hope present with each one that he will get a little more in value than he gives.

The Hermit of Pigeon Roost.

The State of Indiana, during the last half century, has given the country a great many shining literary lights. But none of them have got anything on Bruce Calvert, the Hermit of Pigeon Roost.

Old Bruce ain't got no wimmen folks ner nothin' like that' to bother him, an' he don't lose no sleep over the fashions. He lives by himself in a cabin in the woods, goes barefooted and in his shirt-tail whenever he gets ready, and eats blackberries, raw "rosen-years" and turnip greens.

Bruce Calvert is also the editor of a little magazine called The Open Road, which is doggon good readin', I can tell you, even if he does write it with his old ragged shirt standing open in front, his breeches rolled up to his knees, and the mud squirting up between his bare toes.

Then sometimes Bruce gets on the train and goes to Chicago, New York, and other big places, and delivers lectures. Oh, yes, he can talk, all right, and he don't care two straws what he says ner who hears it, either.

Does Bruce "dress up" when he goes out on these lecturing trips? Well, I should reckon not. He goes to New York in the same garb that he wears at Piegion Roost, and he attracts more attention than a box car full of clowns.

Bruce Calvert is as well known all over the country as Elbert Hubbard, and a heap more respected. In his own original way, Bruce is doing a good work. He is trying to teach the world that all this mad rushing around after money and fashion ain't worth what it costs. He wants us to get back to the simple life, and he is willing to set the example.

Let one of your New Year resolutions be to send in at least one club to The Fool-Killer each month during 1914. Better still—make it one every week.