

THE KICKER'S EDITOR.

He Takes an Esteemed Contemporary to Task For Slander.

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FOR more than two years past Jim Watkins, the owner and editor of a disrag of a weekly called the Lone Jack Recorder, has vilified and slandered us in almost every issue. A hundred times over our friends have asked why we paid no attention to his ebullitions, but we have gone our way and let him have full swing and been rather curious to see how far he would carry things.

Two weeks ago, determined to make us take notice of him, he devoted one full page to us, and we must admit that it was rather racy reading. The picture he published over our name was that of an Ohio murderer, and in the so called history he gave of us we counted up 240 lies, 184 slanders and 218 libels.

If we had had business at Lone Jack last week we should have visited the Recorder office and taken Brother Watkins by the nose and led him slowly up and down the main street of his town, but we had matters to see to at home and paid no attention to his attack. This probably encouraged him to believe that we were afraid to move in the case and that his chance had come to make a strike.

Notwithstanding that we were the insulted party, he sent us a challenge to fight a duel, and we understand that he made a bet of \$10 that we would refuse to accept the honor. He had our answer within ten minutes after his challenge had been received. The day was set for Wednesday last, and the place was at Johnson's Ford. We were on the spot with our second ten minutes before the hour named, and after we had been kept waiting a full hour a messenger brought word from Brother Watkins that as he had a boll on his leg the affair must be postponed for two weeks.

Our action in the case might not have been strictly up to the "code," but it was the best we could do under the circumstances. As a first move we took off our coat and gave the messenger a thumping he will remember to the end of the year and beyond. We did not wallop him because he bore a message, but because he grinned in a



TOOK HIM BY THE EARS AND LED HIM OUT DOORS.

malicious way as he delivered it. Having finished with him, we mounted our cayuse, and galloped into Lone Jack.

We hoped to find and surprise Brother Watkins and his boll, and we were not disappointed. He sat in his sanctum with a look of complacency on his face as he thought of us waiting at Johnson's Ford for him. We entered his presence unannounced, and as we stood before him that look of complacency faded away into one of terror. He turned white as flour, and his jaw dropped and his eyes rolled. The man he had so often characterized as villain, liar, cheat, swindler, robber, bunco steerer and a hundred other things stood before him. He couldn't make it out, but sat and stared and stared, and the Adam's apple in his throat moved up and down as if trying to find a way out.

We remarked that we presumed we had the honor of addressing Jim Watkins coworker in the field of literature, but he only gurgled in reply.

We observed that we had hoped to have the honor of meeting him at Johnson's Ford two hours earlier and had been considerably disappointed at his nonappearance, and he closed his eyes and groaned.

We made inquiry as to how he was getting along in a financial way and whether the circulation of the Recorder had yet included the south sea islands, but he didn't encourage us to pursue that particular vein of humor.

It being a hot day, we expressed a suspicion that Brother Watkins had been working his brain too much and was on the point of a collapse, and something like a faint smile chased itself across his face.

The foreman of the office, who appeared to be a very intelligent and fair minded man, entered the sanctum after awhile and expressed the hope that we wouldn't do any more shooting before he had received the \$14 back salary due him. We ascertained from him that Brother Watkins was a good husband and a fond father and that his favorite drink was lemonade with a blackberry floating around in it. He further informed us that Brother W. had set out to become a new humorist in the western field and that all he had said about us in the last two years was in the way of a joke. Brother W. neither corroborated nor denied this, but looked out

of the window in a longing way. He longed to be in New Mexico.

After an hour of rather solid enjoyment we took Brother W. by the nose and lifted him up, and then we took him by the ear and led him outdoors.

His wife and two children had appeared upon the scene, but they took our word for it that we didn't intend to deprive them of husband and father. We promenaded Brother W. the length of Kyote avenue and return, and we must do him the justice to say that he tried to keep step with us and that he never once sought to release his ear from our grasp. He had little or nothing to say during the promenade, but seemed to do a great deal of thinking.

His fellow townsmen naturally expressed considerable curiosity and interest in the affair, and we gratified them by giving them the particulars of the duel which didn't come off. Remarks of a redhot nature were addressed to Brother W. on all sides, but it wasn't his day for talking. The promenade was concluded and his ear released after three-quarters of an hour, and we left him at the office and in the bosom of his family as we rode away. He made no response to our goodbye, but at the same time seemed to be highly relieved to see us canter away.

We have nothing against Brother Watkins, and we wish him success in the editorial field. In a fatherly way, however, we would suggest that he cease to monkey with the buzz saw. In case he fails to do so we might repeat the performance of the other day and go no further, but on the other hand we might think it best to make a vacancy at the head of his editorial staff and convince his widow and orphans that we had only done our duty in the case. M. QUAD.

The Unquestioned Proof.
The multimillionaire frowned darkly as he strode to and fro in his luxurious office.

"I am tired, deadly tired, of all these petty ways of showing one's extravagance," he muttered. "What I want to do is to prove to everybody that I am a cheerful buyer and an eager spender, and that I've got the money that talks loud."

He suddenly paused and a smile irradiated his face.

Then he went out and bought a full pound of radium.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Economic.
Old Uncle Ben wanted to have his portrait painted, but he did not care to pay very much for it.

"Surely that is a very large sum," he said when the artist named the price. The artist protested and assured him that, as portraits went, that was very little to ask.

Uncle Ben hesitated. "Well," he said at length, "how much will it be if I furnish the paint?"—Lippincott's.

What He Got.
"Gracious! How the critics are tearing Pennington's new novel to pieces!" "Yes; it's very bad. He wrote it according to directions furnished by the critics who, in reviewing his former book, threw out hints as to how a story ought to be told."—Brooklyn Eagle.

What She Likes About It.
"What's the moral of that story?" asked the young man. "Oh," replied Mrs. Ka Flippe absent-mindedly, "I don't know as it has one, but the immoral of it is just too thrilling for anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Badly Frightened.
"How did I look when you proposed to me?" "You looked as if you were taking your first ride in an automobile."—Detroit Free Press.

A Call Down.



The Villain (as the plot thickens)—Now is the time to act!
Voice From the Gallery—Good, good! We've waited long enough for it!

When Mother Came.
I traveled to the village, Nell, and saw your mother, dear. Her arms were stained with jam and juice, her sleeves rolled up to here. The cockstove roared like it was mad, the room was full of heat. And apples butter sweet. A dozen pans were on the stove, their contents bubbling 'er. And there were apples on the beds and peaches on the floor. And when I walked into the house I slipped upon a pear. And, sitting down, I smashed a big tomato in the chair. She took an inventory, Nell: Two hundred jars of jam. One hundred cans of Bartlett pears and catchup (that's for Sam). Twelve dozen jars of marmalade of several different kinds. And twenty tubs of peach preserves and watermelon chine. And grapes and quinces, berries, plums and apples—tons or more. The pantry shelves are loaded down, the cellar sunning 'er. But go and get your cookbook, dear, for these are quick, 'er course. I want to get Nell's new recipe for making 'em better. —Lippincott's.

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