



WHO IS WOMAN?

I need seven-hundred and fifty thousand new "cuss" words, fresh coined and sizzling hot, to say what ought to be said of those muton-hearted policemen of Washington City, who lacked the physical courage, or moral decency, to stand up like men and show the people of this nation that women would be protected in the Capitol City of the United States, and allowed to march, in spite of the white-livered hellions and monkey-faced beasts.

The chief of police must be a buzzard-hatched paltrone, and his force a band of burnt-out demi-johns, unable to stop a rooster fight, or the suffragettes would not have received the abusive treatment they did on March the third.

Has it come to such a pass in this Republic of ours, that a mob of degenerate, Heaven-denied spawns, can trample and spit upon women because they ask to be recognized? If such is the case, we are a nation of degenerate cravens, and need some progressive to hawl down the yellow flag of cowardice which floats from the pinnacle of our country, and turn back the wave of savagery and outrage, threatening the land.

We cannot afford to lose our reverence for woman; she who was the last and best gift from God, the choice handiwork of all His splendid creation. Let vulgar tongues lash their fury upon other things! Our pride, our glory, our strength, is the womanhood of America.

While we have never advised woman suffrage, we do condemn the brutal devils who made the suffragettes' visit to the Capitol of our nation intolerable.

What if American manhood should be as ready to show the white feather of cowardice and irreverence as those Washington policemen?

It must be in the mad race for gold, always on up there, that those Washingtonians are stripped of everything but the desire of dollar-making.

Wherever Old Glory waves and a band of women can't march in the street without being spat upon and shamefully insulted for expressing their views, the flag staff is standing in rotten muck and will soon decay.

God help a city of half a million inhabitants, with officers so devoid of strength and respectability, as to play the puppy before the world and let a band of women be trampled and spat upon in its streets at high noon!

If such damnable pusillanimity existed throughout the nation, as were shown those women, then we would be forced to surrender the rights, wrest

ed from King George on the battle field of Yorktown, and submit to the incarnate representatives of brutal viciousness, as they'd walk lustful over the arch angels of Peace and Virtue, as a jungle tiger treads the breast of its helpless and dying victim.

Now I am no advocate of giving women the ballot, altho the states that have done so show most reform statutes. But I do favor their protection, and when I hear a lousy skunk offer to defend the acts of those featherless, be-buzzards at Washington, whose mothers ofcourse, were not women, it makes me want to roll an elephant cannon up to his front teeth and discharge a fifty-gallon kettle of red-hot soap-grease right in his face.

Let the Rubicon of political differences forever roll between men and parties; let woman be given the ballot, or let her be refused; I shall advocate her protection. She who is first at the cradle and last at the grave. And I know I voice the sentiment of the manhood and womanhood of this nation. And not till the bright and morning star comes down out of the heavens and blends its glory with a nigger's eighteen-inch mouth, will I surrender my respect for women, fair women.

DEAR OLD FARMER, SOME MORE.

Dear old Farmer:

How's your pulse bein' on farming since I emptied out to you oodlins of information last month?

How does agriculture and all its folks come on? I believe Agriculture was first discovered by Cain, and has since then been discovered to be an honest way to get a hard living.

Pumpkins owe all their success to agriculture, and so does onions and blade-fodder.

Pumpkin pie was discovered sometime after the Mayflower rammed its nose into the sandy shore of America, and that conglomeration of baked dough and biled pumpkin was recognized as the boss pie for over a hundred years.

Sometime since I was a boy the last time, this pie was lost. Large sums have been offered for its recovery by the governorn of several states, but it refuses to come back.

Some poor imitations of the blessed old original are loafing around but pumpkin pie as it was is no more.

For getting rich quick I would recommend raising oats and dealing in hoos laughs.

Oats are worth from 40 to 75 cents per bushel, accordin' to their price, and are bully to tickle a hoos with. They amuse the stomachs of the

critter with their sharp ends, and then the hoos laughs.

All you've got to do to raise some oats, is to plow the land deep, and measure it well, then sprinkle some oats all over the ground, one in a place, then worry the ground with a harrow, then set up nights to keep the chickens and rabbits out of them, then pray for some rain, then reap hook 'em, then bind them up with a band, then stack them in a stack, then thrash them out with a flail, then clean them up with a fan mill, then sharpen both ends of them with a knife, then store them in the granery, then spend wet days and Sundays trapping for rats and mice.

One way to raise a crop of oats and get a good price for the crop is to feed four quarts of them to an old domernecked rooster and murder the rooster and sell him for 25 cents a pound, crop and all.

GOD PITY THE RICH.

Well, Mr. Rich Man, excuse me, but you make a blamed big show with your pomp and splendor, and so does a balloon—nothin' in either one.

You haven't any real wealth.

Gold, silver and riches are but fruit of the Dead sea.

Often men without a dollar in the world are wealthier than emperors.

Real wealth is contentment.

The simple owner of a cottage who divides his crust with his little family, who can sing: "Home Sweet Home" who has health and strength and can look the whole world square in the face is rich, and rich enough.

What will gold purchase but food and raiment, lip-service and vain show?

It can't buy health or happiness.

It can't put brains into the head of a fool.

It can't assure length of days.

It can't bring back the loved and lost.

It has no purchasing power at the Throne of Grace, for other coin is current there.

A man clothed in rags, eating corn pone and sow bosom, with the cold earth his only bed, may be richer far, than John Rockefeller with all the wealth that Standard Oil can bring to him.

Wealth is contentment.

"From the abundance of the heart the tongue waggeth" so said old Solomon. Then some men's heart must be a hoos-stable, judging from the flap of their gab-rag.