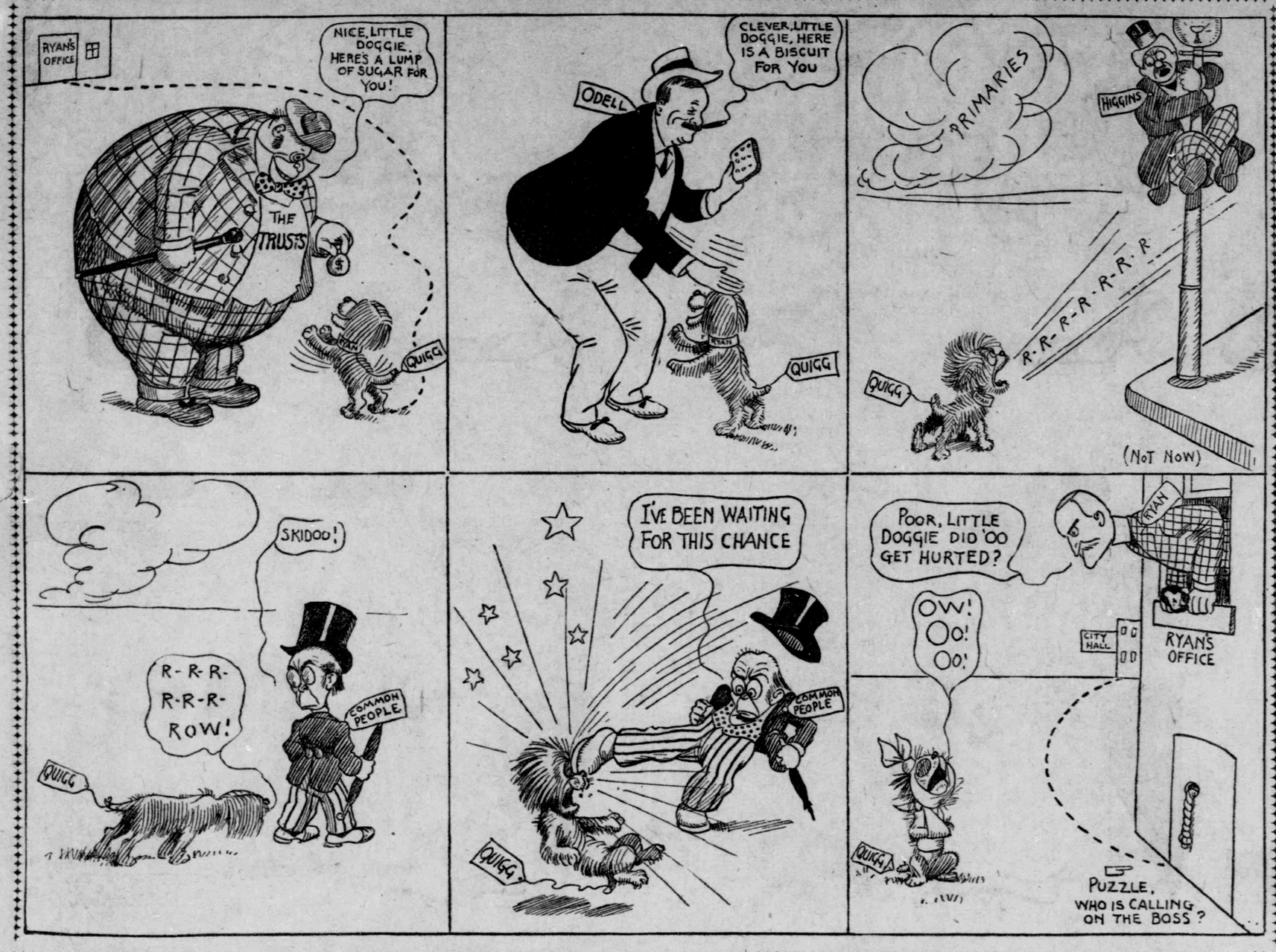
COPYRIGHT 1906, BY AMERICAN-JOURNAL-EXAMINER.

Poor Little Doggie! By T. E. Powers.

Copyright, 1906, by American-Journal-Examiner.



Teacher Plum of Goozleum.

By WEX JONES.

WANTED—Tender teachers to instruct the young idea of Goozleum. Apply to H. R. Highness, the Jam of Goozleum.

LUCINDA PLUM read this ad. in her morning paper.

"I must go to Goozleum," she said. "It's our duty to enlighten those poor uncivilized people that don't know where the Kaw rises, and have never eaten a pie, and have no fashions to speak of."

So Lucinda Plum set out for Goozleum, much to the chagrin of Hiram Hoplite, a promising young drummer, who often jestingly remarked that Lucinda was less of a plum than a peach.

At Goozleum Lucinda met the American Consul, whose peaceful existence was interrupted only by the preparation of reports on the trade of Goozleum with the United States. As there was none, the Consul's task was comparatively light, and he welcomed the advent of Miss Plum.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that the Jam occasionally barbecues his teachers."

"I don't," said Miss Plum, "and, anyway, it's our duty to educate these poor, half-clad savages. Think of a country in which not one woman knows how to use the sewing machine or the pianola!"

"Very well," said the Consul. "Go ahead and teach them."

Three months later Lucinda Plum proudly exhibited the first pumpkin pie made by a Goozleum girl. The Consul took it for a war shield at first, and to soothe the teacher's feelings he had to eat half of it, after which he wrote a very pessimistic report on the prospects of an increased trade between Goozleum and the United States.

In four months all the high school girls could play "Waitin' at the Jungle" on the pianola, and half of them were so far advanced that they could make peekaboo palm leaf waists that were more hole than leaf. It was at this stage that the Jam sent a message to Lucinda Plum. He said that she was teaching the Goozleum girls too much uselessness; that already it took six wives, instead of three, as formerly, to support a man, in consequence of the time they wasted in clothes making and fashion gossip. He prohibited his postal authorities from accepting Paris fashion papers in the mails, and announced that the teacher would be potpied the following day.

Poor Lucinda Plum trembled next day as she played "I Stole That Pie to Feed My Starving Sister" on the pianola. But she need not tremble. Just as the warriors approach the schoolhouse, Hiram Hoplite appears.

"Stand back!" he cries.

"But we represent the Jam."

"Jam the Jam!" cries Hoplite. "I represent universal manhood, and the man who would strike a teacher with a spiked club is unworthy of the name!"

(Cheers from the palm tops.)

Slowly the baffled villains retreated.

"Oh Hiram," said Lucinda, "you swore!"

"No, my peach," said Hiram, "you are mistook."

"Such grammar, Hi!"

"Ownest!"

"Dearest—but I'll reform your grammar when we're married."

"Tell me, Lucinda, are there any carpet-sweepers in Goozleum?"

"Not one, Hi."

"What a chance for trade!"

Hiram broached the matter to the Consul.

The Consul's task was comparatively light.

"But there's not a carpet in the country," said the official.

"Never mind," said Hiram, "they'll be just the things for dusting the elephants with."

And they were. The consul's reports from Goozleum are now read by every manufacturer of carpet sweepers in the United States, and the balance of trade between the two countries is highly favorable to us.

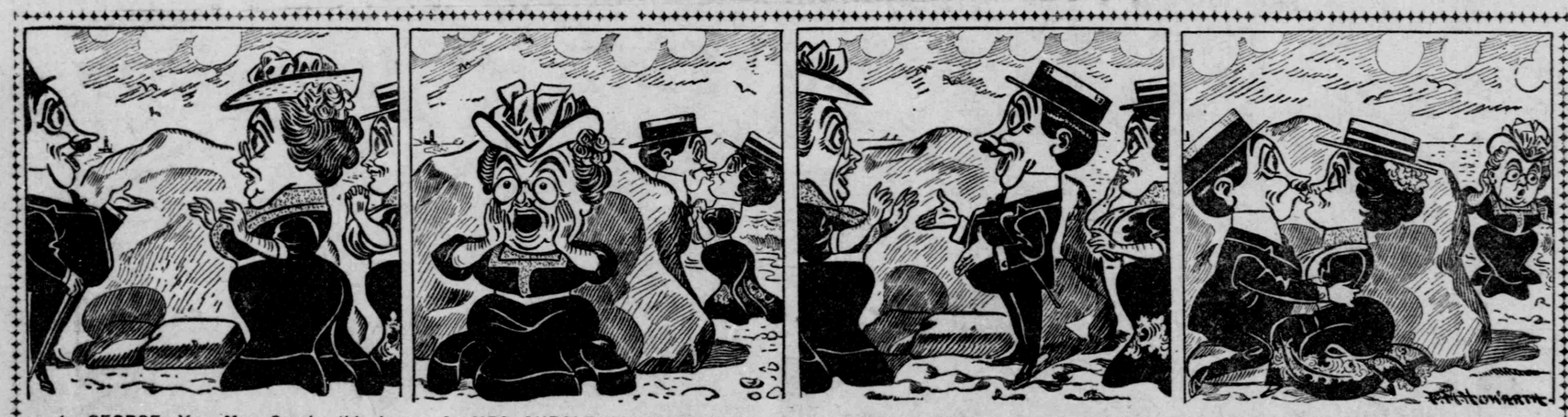
So Mr. and Mrs. Hoplite, as they clip their coupons, bless the Jam of Goozleum and his little ad.

♣ ♣ ♣

Grain to Bread in Three Hours.

A record time for converting grain into bread has been established by a Canadian farmer. Wheat which was in the sheaf at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was made into scones before 6. When operations began a wagon stood in the barn with about half a load of grain in the sheaf. Beside it was a thresher; connected with this was a gasoline engine. The engine was started, the sheaves were fed into the thresher, and the grain was deposited in a bin. The power was then transferred to the cleaner, and the work of changing the newly threshed wheat into flour was quickly carried through. The rest of the task was easy.—Kansas City Journal.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.



1.—GEORGE—Yes, Mrs. Gurgle, this is known as the Silent Rock. A person sitting behind it here can call as loud as possible and he can't be heard ten feet away. You sit here and try it.

2.—MRS. GURGLE—Y-e-e h-o-o-h! H-e-l-l-o! W-H-O-O-P!

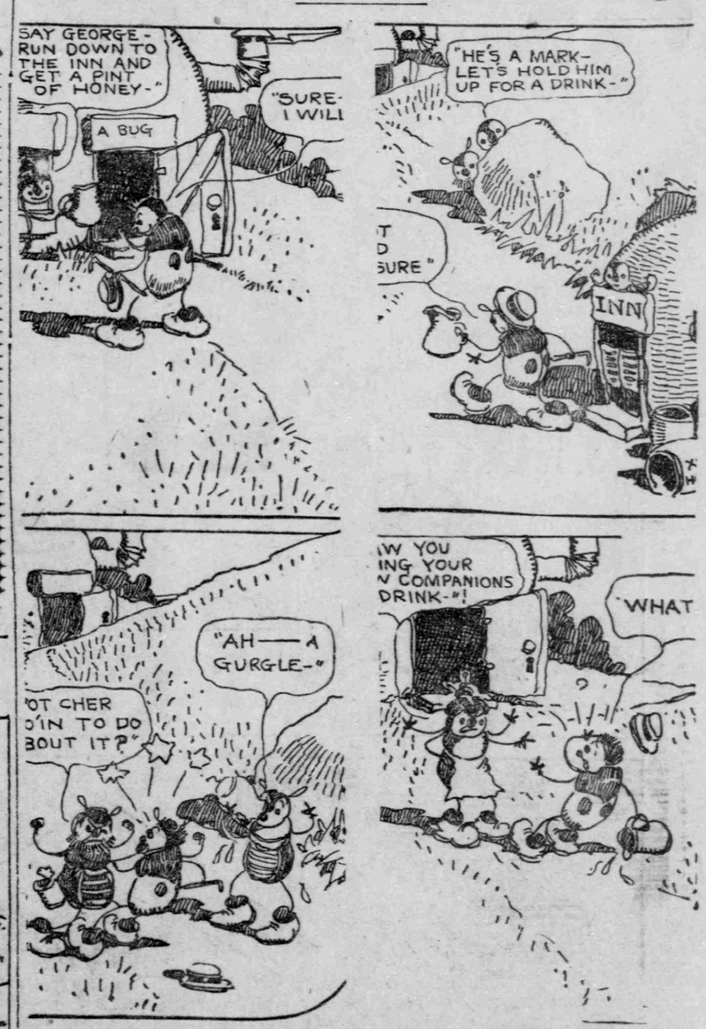
GEORGE—Are you calling, Mrs. Gurgle? We can't hear a sound.

3.—MRS. GURGLE—Well, that is certainly wonderful. I called with all my might.

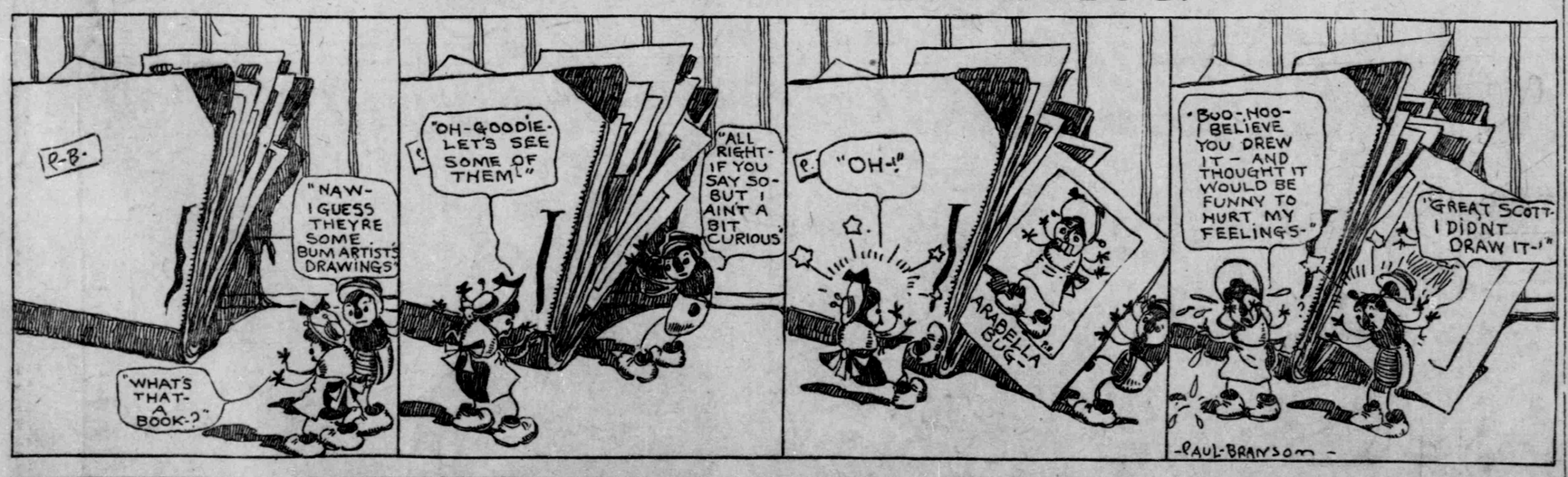
GEORGE—Now, to prove it to you, Mrs. Gurgle, Gertie and I will sit behind the rock and we both will call, and I'll wager you can't hear us.

4.—MRS. GURGLE—Well, of all things! I have listened and listened, and I can't hear a single sound. That is well named the Silent Rock.

Troubles of a Lover Bug



TROUBLES OF THE LOVER BUG.



A RESULT

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

WHO lately loved to slug the trusts and
slap them in the slats?
And loudly spout for days about
The way he'd hurl the bosses out,
And mercilessly put to rout
The fleeing plutocrats?
Who scathed them all like Cicero scored
Catalin in Rome?
Who was the boss octopocide but WILLIAM T. JEROME?

WHO was it that the Wall Street crowd
considered just the man
To go and mix in politics
And teach the old campaigners tricks
And heave abroad his vocal bricks
The while he led the van?
A circus of loquacity, a verbal hippodrome?
Who was it that they thus sought out but William T. Jerome?

WHO was it noticed suddenly his boom
begin to wane?
And every day grow wan and gray
To premature decay a prey,
Until at last it passed away
Before the Fall campaign?
Who used to fume and fuss and fret with
feverish froth and foam,
About his small elusive boom but
William T. Jerome?

WHO was it got the little "Mayor" to
promise him support,
But shrank from view within a few
Short hours when at last he knew
The voters merely muttered "Shoo,"
And he was out of court?
There loomed conspicuously large the night
the votes came home
The vast invisibility of

An Important P. S.

"Dear Hubby: I write this in a great hurry, so that you may get it in time to start for home by the first train. Isn't it dreadful?

"The nasty fire company have ruined all my newest gowns which were not burned, and, to make matters worse, I am living with the Rushtons, who, as you know, have the worst children on earth. They worry the life out of me—as if it were not enough to suffer the loss of my lovely gowns! Isn't it dreadful? I suppose we'll have to live in a hotel for a while, but do come at once. Your distracted wife,

EDNA.

"P. S.—I forgot to mention that our house is burnt down, but I suppose you have guessed it from reading my letter.—E."—Tit Bits.

Notes By the Way.

IN making holes for doughnuts be careful to round off the edges.

You should speak kindly to dumb things. Therefore, when the dumbwaiter jams don't cuss.

It is distinctly bad form to run in a walking suit.

Spiked shoes are all very well in their place, but they should not be worn on bowling alleys.

It is not etiquette for the hostess to apologize for the holes in the Swiss cheese.

If locked out of your house at night be calm. Reflect that it might be worse; you might have been locked in.

Never get excited in an emergency. Keep cool, even if you fall into a vat of boiling lard. Do not lose your presence of mind—if you ever had it—but quietly await results. For instance, if knocked down by a street car, wait. Some one will pick you up off the tracks; otherwise traffic would be interrupted.

When travelling by steamship don't keep bothering the captain with questions about the country you are passing through. He knows no more about it than you do, and besides he has to keep all his attention fixed on the signals.

Do not laugh in the theatre, especially if the show is a farce. It encourages the actors too much. A little laughter at a tragical play is not out of place; it prevents the actors from feeling the misery of their roles.

Particular people enclose their souvenir postals in envelopes.

Remember that the only thing that wears jewelry where it can't be seen is the oyster. Don't be an oyster. Let your diamonds shine and your pearls glimmer until they give other women jealous spasms.

Remember that peekaboo cheese is made in other countries than Switzerland.

Fudge is an excellent substitute for beefsteak, and is less troublesome to cook. Serve with mashed potatoes and imitation linoleum.

Burlap makes an excellent lining for the bathtub.

Bee stings are said to be good for rheumatism.

Bulldogs are good for slowness.

An up-ended tack is good for that tired feeling.