

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

"Can a fellow marry comfortably on a salary of \$500 a year?" asked the young man. "Sure he can," replied the sage of Sageville, "that is, providing he has saved his last year's salary and can get his employer to pay the next year's in advance."—Chicago News.

Youngly—Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a belle and you give your name to a maid.—Cynicus—Yes, and then you're taken in.—Boston Transcript.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye. Promising Youth—You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WILLIS WOOD THEATRE
Kansas City.

Best of All Light Operas Coming.

Walter Rothwell, the noted German conductor, who occupied the director's chair with Henry W. Savage's production in English of Puccini's operatic masterpiece, "Madam Butterfly," recently returned from Europe, where he has seen Franz Lehár's operetta, "The Merry Widow," produced in five different countries in as many different languages.

In discussing the sensational vogue attained by "The Merry Widow," Mr. Rothwell said:

"Lehar and the librettists of 'The Merry Widow' deserve the success they have achieved, for the operetta is undoubtedly far better than anything of its class in years. It takes one back to the best days of Herman Strauss. It is in a class with 'The Bat,' 'Prince Methusalem,' 'The Queen's Handkerchief,' and 'A Night in Venice.' It reminds one of Karl Millecker's best work and may be favorably compared with 'The Beggar Student,' 'Merry War,' and 'Poor Jonathan.' Indeed, Audran's 'Girofle-girofla' is not superior to 'The Merry Widow' and, personally, I consider it better than anything Gilbert and Sullivan ever did. Of course, I realize that such a statement may be met by a storm of disapproval in a country where Gilbert and Sullivan pieces are idolized—and rightly so—but all will agree with me after hearing 'The Merry Widow.'"

Stella—Jack stole a kiss from me last night. Mabel—Poor fellow! Stella—Why do you say that? Mabel—Had he been wealthy there would have been no occasion for him to steal it.—Chicago News.

"Why do you wear that ridiculous hat?" he growled. "Do you really think it ridiculous?" she replied, graciously. "How lovely of you! I was afraid it wasn't quite the style!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

It isn't fair to talk about a man behind his back. It is better to be perfectly frank and kick him there.

Kansas City Directory.

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Peck's Bad Boy in an Airship BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

PREPARES TO INVADE AFRICA

Pa has had the hardest time of his life in Paris, and if I ever pitied a man it was Pa.

You see, that last fly in the airship pretty near caused him to cash in his chips, and go over the long road to the hereafter, 'cause he got blood poison from the thorns that run into him where he landed in the top limbs of the thornapple tree, and he sprained his arm and one hind leg while being taken down with a derick, and then before we left the country town for Paris he drank some goat's milk, which gave him ptomaine poison in his inside works, and a peasant woman who sewed up his pants where they were torn on the tree pricked him with a needle, and he swelled up so he was unable to sit in a car seat, and his face was scratched by the thorns of the tree and there were blotches all over him, so when we got to Paris the health officers thought he had smallpox and sent him to a pest house, and they wouldn't let him in, but vaccinated me and turned me loose, and I went to the hotel and told about where Pa was, and all about it, and they put our baggage in a sort of oven filled with sulphur and disinfected it, and stole some of it, and they made me sleep in a dog kennel, and for weeks I had to keep out of sight, until Pa was discharged from the hospital, and the friends of Pa out at the airship club in the country got Pa's airship that he bought for a government out of the tree and took it to the club and presented a bill for \$200, and I only had \$7, so they held it for ransom.

Gee, but I worried about Pa!

Well, one day Pa showed up at the hotel looking like he had been in a railroad wreck, and he was so thin his clothes had to be pinned up with safety pins, and he had spent all his money, and was bursted.

The man who hired Pa in Washing-

ton to go abroad and buy airships for the government told Pa to use his own money for a month or two and then draw on the secretary of the treasury for all he needed, so before Pa went to the hospital he drew on his government for \$10,000, and when he came back there was a letter for him from the American consul in Paris telling him to call at the office, so Pa went there and they arrested him on the charge of skull digging. They said he had no right to draw for any money on the government at Washington. Pa showed his papers with the big seal on, and the consul laughed in Pa's face, and Pa was hot under the collar and wanted to fight, but they showed him that the papers he had were no good, and that he had been buncoed by some fakir in Washington who got \$500 from Pa for securing him a job as

government agent, and all his papers authorized him to do was to travel at his own expense, and to buy all the airships he wanted to with his own money, and Pa had a fit. All the money he had spent was a dead loss, and all he had to show for it was a punctured airship, which he was afraid to ride in.

Pa swore at the government, at the consul, and at the man who buncoed him, and they released him from arrest, when he promised that he would not pose any more as a government agent, and we went back to the hotel. "Well, this is a fine scrape you have got me in," says Pa, as we went to our room.

"What in thunder did I have to do about it?" says I; just like that. "I wasn't with you when you framed up this job and let a man in Washington skin you out of your money by giving you a soft snap snap which has exploded in your hands. Gee, Pa, what you need is a maid or a valet, or something that will hold on to your wad." Pa said he didn't need anybody to act as a guardian to him, 'cause he had all the money he needed in his letter of credit to the American Express Company in Paris, and he knew how to spend his money freely, but he did hate to be buncoed and made the laughing stock of two continents.

So Pa and I went down to the Express office, and Pa gave the man in charge a paper and the grand hailing sign of distress, and he handed out bags of gold and bales of bills, and Pa hid a lot in his leather belt and put some in his pockets, and said: "Come on, Henry, and we will see this town, and buy it if we like it."

Well, we went out after dark and took in the concert halls and things, and Pa drank wine and I drank nothing but ginger ale, and women who waited on us patted his old bald head, and tried to feel his pockets, but Pa

by the collar and the pants and made him walk turkey towards the fountain, and he held on to the girl, and the Frenchmen threw Pa and the girl into the brink with a flock of ducks, and they went under water, and Pa came up first yelling murder, and then the girl came up hanging to Pa's neck, and she gave a French yell of agony.

"Our friends knocked the Frenchmer galley west, and pulled Pa out of the water and let him drain off, and they said: 'Hello, old man, how did you happen to let them drown you?' and Pa saw who the boys were and he hugged them, and invited them to all take something and then go to his hotel.

When Pa paid the check for the drinks they charged in two ducks they said Pa killed in the tank by falling on them. But Pa paid it and was tickled to meet the old circus boys that he gave the girl he went swimming with a 20-franc note, and after staying until along towards morning we all got into and on top of a hack and went to the hotel and sat up till daylight talking things over.

We found the circus boys were on the way to Germany to go with the Hagenbach outfit to South Africa to capture wild animals for circuses, and when Pa told the boss, who was one of the Hagenbach's managers, about his airship and what a dandy thing it would be to sail around where the lions and tigers live in the jungle, and lasso them, from up in the air, out of danger, he engaged Pa and me to go along, and I guess we will know all about Africa pretty soon.

The next day we went out to the club where Pa keeps his airship, with the boss of the Hagenbach's outfit and a cowboy that used to be with Pa's circus, to practice lassoing things. They got out the machine and Pa steered it, and the boss and I were passengers, and the cowboy was on the railing in front with his lariat rope, and we sailed along about 50 feet high over the farms, until we saw a big goat. The cowboy motioned for Pa to steer towards the goat, and when we got near enough the cowboy threw the rope over the goat's horns and tightened it up, and Mr. Goat came right along with us, bleating and fighting. We led the goat about half a mile over some fences, and finally came down to the ground to examine our catch, and we landed all right, and Hagenbach's boss said it was the greatest scheme that ever was for catching wild animals, and he doubled Pa's salary, and said we would pack up the next day and go to the Hagenbach farm in Germany and take a steamer for South Africa in a week.

They were talking it over, and the cowboy had released the goat, when that animal made a charge with his head on our party. He struck Pa below the belt, butted the boss in the trousers until he laid down and begged for mercy, stabbed the cowboy with his horns, and then made a hop, skip and jump for the gas bag, burst a hole in it, and when the gas began to escape the goat's horns got caught in the gas bag and the goat died from the effects of the gas, and we were all glad until about 50 peasant women came across the fields with agricultural implements, and were going to kill us all.

Pa said: "Well, what do you know about that?" but the women were fierce and wanted blood. The boss could talk French and he offered to give them the goat to settle it, but they said it was their goat anyway, and they wanted blood or damages.

Pa said it was easier to give damages than blood, and just as they were going to cut up the gas bag the boss settled with them for about \$20, and hired them to haul the airship to the nearest station, and we shipped it to Berlin, and got ready to follow the next day.

Pa says we will have a high old time in Africa. He says he wants to ride up to a lion's den in his airship and dare the fiercest lion to come out and fight, and that he wouldn't like any better fun than to ride over a royal Bengal tiger in the jungle, and reach down and grab his tail and make him snarl like a tom cat on a fence in the alley.

He talks about riding down a herd of elephants, and picking out the biggest ones and roping them; and the way Pa is going to scare rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses and make them bleat like calves is a wonder.

I think Pa is the bravest man I ever saw, when he tells it, but I noticed when he had that goat by the horns and he was caught in a barbed wire fence, so the airship had to slow down until he came loose, Pa turned as pale as a sheet, and when the goat bucked him in the stomach Pa's lips moved as though he was praying. Well, anyway, this trip to Africa to catch wild animals is going to show what kind of sand there is in all of us.

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IT DID.



Mr. Holesale—So old Pepperpot had a kick coming on that last bill of goods, eh? Wouldn't that make you sore?

Mr. Litewate (the salesman)—It did me, sir. He kicked me out.

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Her Experience.

Letty was a little colored girl whose chief occupation was the bringing of water from a distant spring. This was very much to her discomfort, for the summers to fill the empty water bucket called her often from her play.

One day her young mistress was giving her a lesson in Bible history, the subject being Noah and the flood. "Letty," she said, "what did Noah do when he found that the water was all gone?"

Letty, who had been giving scant attention to the story, replied with a sigh:

"I spec' he sent after mo'."

Her Qualifications.

A prominent educator tells of a unique recommendation made by the board of examination with reference to certain questions put to a primary school in an Indiana town.

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When men are friends there is no need of justice.—Aristotle.



After Pa Had Been Ducked in the Fountain They Charged for Two Ducks He Killed by Falling on Them.