

# The Statesman

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**TERMS.**

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Phone us your news.

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The colored citizens are beginning to be reckoned with in various public endeavors. This is well brought out by the employment of Paul W. Walker by the G. A. R. Committee in preparing for the encampment. Our cooperation in such matters sooner or later brings an increased respect for our ability and helps to efface bitter feeling. Such citizens as Mr. Walker will bring credit upon us and we would do well to have that kind of men act for us on all such occasions.

**TRAMP READY WITH RETORT.**

Left Church After Venomous "Dig" at Preacher.

F. Augustus Heinze, the young copper magnate, was describing a somewhat unseemly quarrel that had waged between two copper men. "The thing reminded me," he said "of an incident that occurred in my boyhood in a little Brooklyn church. "There was a rough and ready, abrupt sort of a preacher, preaching in this church one winter evening, when the door opened and a drunken tramp thrust in his head. "Everybody turned and looked at the tramp. His unkempt head alone was visible. It wagged and leered. "'Come in,' said the preacher in his abrupt way. 'Come in and hear the gospel.' "The tramp grinned awkwardly, and in silence accepted the invitation. He lurched down the aisle between

the rows of clean and quiet people, and took a seat in the amen corner, beside the big, red hot, cast iron stove.

"There he sat, a picture of wretchedness and depravity, and the minister preached eloquently on.

"As bad luck would have it, the stove soon proved too much for the tramp. It made him ill. This illness outraged the preacher.

"'Put him out,' he shouted. 'Deacon Brodie, put that swine out at once.'

"The tramp did not wait to be put out. He rose at once and staggered to the door. In the doorway he paused, clapped on his hat, waved his hand to the congregation, and said:

"'Such preachin' as that is enough to make a dog sick.'"—Buffalo Enquirer.

**"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."**

Popular Rhyme That Has Its Origin in Folklore.

The Rev. John Howard, a Liverpool minister, recently explained the "Song of Sixpence" to his parishioners, and gave an interesting exposition of folklore, as follows: "Perhaps many who often repeat 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' have never heard this explanation of its meaning: The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the four-and-twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky which overreached it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king. The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting his money, is the

sun, while the gold pieces which slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine. The queen is the moon and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The industrious maid who is in the garden at work before the sun has risen is the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird who so tragically ends the song by 'nipping off her nose' is the hour of sunset."—Boston Transcript.

**Unconventional.**

"And you will wait for me, darling?" whispered the hero.

The heroine studied the floor for a moment, then looked up with a glance that conveyed the impression that she was undecided.

"You will wait for me?" the hero begged.

No, gentle reader. Don't get all stirred up and fancy that the hero was off for the wars to wrest fame and glory on the hotly contested field, or was about to plunge head first into the maelstrom of business to wrench wealth from the grasping hands of the world, and then after many years come back and lay his honors and his fortune at the feet of this fair young idol of his affections. Keep cool, and listen to her.

"I'll wait a little while, Percy," the heroine remarked, "but if you can't get here by 7 o'clock I'll go on down to the church social with pa and ma, and you can come up there to take me home. It's a shame you have to work after closing hours, isn't it?"

**Bear Tries to Lift Deer From Water.**

W. M. Kennedy, who has been in the lumbering business for a number of years past, tells of seeing a bear try to lift a live deer from the Malloway river.

When he discovered them, the bear had hold of the young buck's head with his teeth and was hanging on

hard with the aid of his claws. The deer swam for the shore, carrying the weight of the bear, but he swam directly into a trap in the crotch that was made by the boom.

The bear made frantic efforts to get onto the logs and pull the deer after him. But the weight was too much. The bear was dispatched by Mr. Kennedy.—Maine Woods.

**Spend Money to Save Timber.**

To save 70,000 acres of standing timber which is held under a twenty-year lease from Idaho the Weyerhaeuser syndicate, of Seattle and Minneapolis, is constructing a \$2,000,000 railroad from Palouse, Wash., into the heart of the Idaho timber district, a distance of seventy miles.

**Experiment in Labor.**

Five men have left England for South Africa to demonstrate whether white men can do the work of Chinese in the mines. Their journey is the outcome of a controversy between two members of Parliament.

**Nothing Left but the Bark.**

"He belongs to one of our oldest families, but he is a consumptive. He coughs dreadfully."

"Yes; he says all he ever got from the family tree was the bark."

**Pride in Work the Incentive.**

To feel within one's self the tendency toward a certain line of production, to learn the trade, i. e., submit the brain to the accumulated stimulus of that line of production—to feel the racial skill begin to flow through one's fingers—to do the thing well—better—best—and then, still unsatisfied, to relieve the pressure by new invention of ways even better than the best—that is the natural sensation of the producer.—Exchange.

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