IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS

Four-Double-O-One.

The night before I arrived at the prison to begin serving my sentence, a rather heavy snow had fallen and when we arrived in this city we found the ground covered shoe-top deep. It was comparatively early in the morning and as the deputy sheriff and myself wended our way slowly prisonward, we noticed a man and small boy a short distance ahead going in the same direction. The sidewalks had not yet been swept, nor was there a beaten path formed, so that walking was somewhat difficult, and the little fellow walking behind his father was doing his best to keep up with him.

Just as we came up behind them, the father looked over his shoulder and asked encouragingly: "Are you coming, son? I thought maybe you got lost in the snow."

"Yes, I'm comin' papa" panted the boy. "I'm walkin' in your footsteps."

The deputy looked at me and smiled; neither of us spoke a word as we passed them, but I could tell by his expression that the same thought was uppermost in both our minds.

"Following in your footsteps;" how it stung--and what a lesson for us all—we who have little ones of our own. Would we have them follow in our footsteps of the past? God forbid! But the lesson is not to late to take home, and cause us to resolve to make our future lives such that our loved ones waiting for us to return may yet be proud of us, and not ashamed then to follow in papa's footsteps.

COUP de SOLEIL.

By The Baron.

Has it ever struck you that when it is about ninty in the shade that something could be done to remedy the matter? Take for instance the architectural knowledge of America's foremost architects; the wonderful buildings and houses that are erected in the United States merely for comfort and to keep out the cold, but nothing is actually done as to keeping out the extreme heat which visits us during the summer months.

It is obvious that something must and will have to be done, for the sun is a powerful thing to contend with. Take an average of deaths from heat and cold and you will find that old Sol destroys more human beings, as well as foodstuffs, than the much dreaded frost and snow which we have to face during the winter.

In many of my travels in India I can conscientiously say that I never felt the heat so much as I have done in America; the humidity also seems to be more penetrating in this country than it is there. In fact, taking it on the whole, it is very uncomfortable during the summer months in the United States. Men of science warn us not to eat too much and especially not to drink too much ice water, but we have to both eat and drink to keep away the hypochondriacal feeling that would surely attack us were we to neglect our food, so we simply ignore their logical advice and the consequences are sad stories in the papers, such as the coroner bringing in a verdict of Felo de se or found on the highway in a state o utter collapse, etc.

I might venture to say that we should take an example from the people of India. There are fewer deaths from sunstroke in that country than in this; that is, according to statistics. The bungalows in India are built mostly in an octagonel shape, the verandas being much broader and covered with a kind of lattice work which keeps out the deadly mosquito; the floors are mostly of stone. Should there be no wind a punkah is used to keep a cool steady draught running through the entire house. Now as to the matter of cold water, scarcely any ice is used, as that is almost unnecessary. An earthenware jar, which has a small hole punctured at the bottom, is filled with water, thus allowing the water to drip. The wind strikes the water and sends a draught right through leaving it ice cold, which one can sip at leisure.

Although the climate is very hot the people always seem ready for their four meals a day which consist of chota azra (small breakfast) breakfast, tiffin and kona (dinner) and India is one of the cheapest countries in the world as regard food. The cost of living is very cheap when compared with the United States. As an example, a first class hotel, which is always provided with an excellent cuisine, would cost you about three rupees a day; about ninty-six cents in American money, which includes a luxurious room and four meals a day. The chief meals are tiffin and dinner, where something like fourteen courses are disposed of at both meals. Eggs you may purchase at three for one anna, which is about one cent; chicken at three cents each; beef, mutton, fish, etc., are about two cents per pound, while hosts of other etables are sold at a similar rate. Curry powder, which is used to a great extent, helps to form one of the best meals that the people eat. Although it is rather hot to the taste, being similar to cayenne pepper in flavor. It keeps the blood in a cool state, making an alleviation to the human system and counteracting all diseases incident to humanity, which are so prevalent in that country.

A Fiery Colonel.

A good story is told of a Colonel who had seen about forty years service in India. It was his wish, instead of being buried, that he should be cremated. When he died he was taken to the creamatory and placed in a steel casket and shoved in the oven. After he had been burning for about two hours the attendant opened the door to take out the remains, and imagine that worthy man's surprise when he found the Colonel sitting upright in the casket and shouting at the top of his voice: "Hi say, old fellow, close that bally door. There's an awful draught coming in here, don't yer know."

He'd Forgot To Make A Door.

Farmer Dillpickle, who is building a hencoop: "Well, I swan! I can't understand how them Turks couldn't get out of Constantinople; can you?

Farmer Pie Plant: "Gosh darn it, how are you going to get out of that coop, now you finished it?"

Farmer Dillpickle: "What the blankety blank—"

Rather Unfortunate, Wasn't It?

"Ca-ca-can—you—you—te—"

"What's your trouble," said a kind hearted looking cop.

"Can- yo—you- -you—"

"Oh, you tell that to the Sarg. Why, yer drunk, so come along and anything you sez will be used as evidence against youse."

"But—bu—bu—"

"Why yes, you'll get better all right, all right," fairly beamed the Cop to his victim.

"Can—ca—"

"No," snapped the Cop, "no canned—fresh goods, sonny."

"What have you got here," murmered the Sergeant.

"I found it helpless and speechless four blocks away," replied the officer.

"What's your name, Mister?" asked the Sergeant.

"I ca—ca-ca—ca—ca—ca—"

"Put him inside," bawled the protector of the blotter.

After being locked up for some time the unfortunate managed to get a line to his brother, who immediately went to the police officer, where he was asked his business; he replied: Wha—wha—wha—wha—"

The Sergeant looked up with astonishment and told him to whistle it.

"Co—co—co—co—"

"Pu—Pu—Pu—him inside to keep the other one co—co—company. Wow! but he's got me doing it now."

He Misses The Tips.

A waiter in Paris is so thin that if you glance at him sideways you cannot seet him.

"SOME MERRY QUIPS"

And By Request A Jest-er 2.

Elijah

B. B. B.—(not, Base Ball, "Bobbles"), but befor beggining this 'phunnie' stuff, we wish to announce on behalf of the management of The Mirror, that any bewsbaber, bublished in the united Kingdom, Solomon islands or Mukilteo, wishing to quadruple its circulation, may do so by getting on the X-change list of The Mirror and printing any of O'C's, Paddy's, H. A. E's or Sherlox jokes, found therein, as we have no copy-Right for, 2, or on them, but we may have a copy left or 2 of back numbers of the 'B. P. O. E.' (best paper on earth)—to-wit:—The Mirror,

"Flies"

Fly time is here. Fielders are catching flys. Time flize, if you don't believe us ask any fellow in shop M— O. P., leaving sune', that thinks gold is a drug on the money markets of the World, has our Royal consent to go into any bank asking for the loan of a million or 2, X dollar gold pieces, provided he sends the answer he gets from the cashier to The Mirror. Money flyz, "Dan Patch" fliis betwixt O. P. and N. P.

P. S. B. s. does not mean Oxoline as some suppose, ask any Rose O'Killarney and she will say: "away with your Blarney Stone chatter;" no matter what others may think we know all. That is Good and Some that's True. Jokes that's Old and a few that's Nu may be found in The Mirror, the paper everyone LIX.

The Famine

Of finance is now beginning to pinch. U. S. Gold is becoming scarcer every month, even golden oranges are higher because Martin sed Luther Burbank was a scamp for grafting the orange too the tall Redwoods of Cal. Receivers were recently appointed for a large R. R. corporation owing to inability too meet payments on a few million dollars worth of bonds which had matured; another eastern road did not declare the usual quarterly dividend at its last meeting and the same was done by a large industrial corporation. These are merely straws showing which way the wind is blowing. Within a year, neither R. R. or industrial corporations will be able to pay dividends on their stock because London, Paris and Berlin are still selling Am. securities.

Stocks listed on the N. Y. stock xchange have declined several billion dollars in value since last fall and they haven't reached the bottom yet. Verily I say unto thee, the Panic of 1914 will be one never to be forgotten, for the time of trouble or tribulation as the bible has it, the like of which was never seen since the world began nor ever will be seen again, has already begun. And this is merely the prelude to the Prolgue of the Funniest Farce ever written, namely: "End O' The World." In it will be found Whittier witticisms than any ever propounded by Solomon or any of the Wise men of the East, West, North or South, for the author was Pegasus' Prize Pupil.

"End O' The World."

In XV Acts.—1915 Scenes and Prologue.

But before beginning this tremendous tale, (not of a kangaroo) but of the most Titanic Tragedy ever staged, before or since the Morning Stars first sang in harmony at the Dawn of Creation, we will state a few facts:

We are now nearing the 'kloz (as the Lady G— said near the end of her famous ride in Coventry) of the sorrows mentioned in a previous contribution to The Mirror.

The "Famine" (of finance) spoken of by Daniel, is now overspreading the world. All commercial nations have the "Yellow Fever," that is, they are crying for Gold the way kids cry for Mrs. "What's her names's" 'soodin' Syrup.

Argentina, Brazil and Chile in South America, want to borrow money to develop their resources. China has been trying for over a year to borrow 125 million dollars from the "Powers." The U. S. was to be in on the deal but got froze out by the bankers of Europe and England and this is the way it came about:

Oct. 1912, about the 10th, there was a Panic on the Paris stock xchange. Millions of dollars worth of Am. securties were thrown on the market: Wall Str. trembled! During the month of March 1913, millions of dollars worth of Am. securties were sold on the stock xchanges of London, Berlin and Vienna; Wall St. shook as tho it had the plague. Since the 1st of the year a "Flood" (another one of the desolations spoken of by Daniel) of gold has flown from U. S. to Europe to pay for the Am. securities sold there and the end is not yet. Within the last two months, agents of the money men of Germany have been in New York borrowing money and paying as high as 9 per cent. for same.

Read The Mirror and find out why the bankers of Europe are hoarding their gold.

"All The World's A Stage."

And the stage is now being set for the "Darndest Drama" ever enacted, since or before Adam and Eve first started light house-keeping in the Garden of Eden, with no washer-woman nearer than the Land O'Nod.

Gold is the sinews of War and for that reason the bankers of Europe are now hoarding their gold, besides getting all they can from U. S.

In the past six months, France, Germany and England have sold millions of dollars worth of Am. securities and will sell hundreds of millions more within the next year, all of which must be paid in gold by U. S., because of the war "Fever" (another desolation spoken of by Daniel) which is now overspreading the world.

The "Hard Times" of '94 was a pink tea affair compared with the "Panic" there will be in '14, in U. S., and other countries, because of the "Famine" (of finance) caused by the above mentioned War Fever.

Today, in every city of the U. S., there are banks and trust companies having safety deposit vaults in which are boxes containing stocks, bonds and other securities.

Read The Mirror and learn what the people, owning these securities, will do with them, after Europe has paid for all the Am. securities which they are going too sell, as before stated.

Jokers' Budget.

By Paddy

"Aise deah a fiah, or aise deah insulting the colahd gemen?" said the shine as he heard the guy yelling "smoke, smoke," when passing tobacco on the gallery.

The sign in the park should read, "Keep off the weeds."

A cigar store is not the only place where you can find lots of smokes.

A detective out west, who was running down a clew, was run over by a chug-chug wagon and was taken to the hospital.

A gent claims he will give one thousand dollars to get rid of his wife. I will give him a receipt of how I got rid of mine for ten dollars.

The dentist springs another one. This time it was me jaw.

Sherlock has got it again. Oh! just that little smile. It is claimed he puts it in cold storage before he shows up in the ware house though.

Officer Glennon has charge of the grand jury, evenings, going from dinning hall to cell block.

The way Washington, D. C., is shipping out its crepe, makes it appear as though she intends going out of mourning. Yep, and Minnesota must be going in.

If you can sing, make application to get in the choir, as it is badly in need of a few good singers; but if you can't sing, for the love of Moike stay out of it.

An exchange states that some people try to make a mountain out of a mole hill. Yep, the other morning an employment agent hung out a sign and a few minutes later a crowd began to hold down the pavement in front of his office, and in two hours the steet was jammed for blocks. The cop beginning to think that there was something doing sent in a hurry-up call to headquarters for help and about twenty-five blue coats responded to the distress signal. After they had the mob moving they went to see what caused all the trouble and were surprised to learn that it was only a sign that read: "Wanted, at once. Ten men or twenty Sweedes."

The Deputy says that Dan Patch aint such a bad old fellow to drive after all.

Old Dan springs another one this time. It is the lock on the oat bin.

When it comes to handing out the prize for tossing biscuits in the bread line in the dinning hall, Tim, of Army fame, certainly holds the banner.

Just because a gent is seen going into a saloon at 5 a. m., with his hand over his optics, is no sign that his lamp has gone out. He may be a deaf and dumb mute asking for an eye opener.

We aint much on the strong drink wagon just now, but a couple of cold bottles would not go bad this hot weather.

The weather got too hot for Sherlock, so he went into cold storage for a few days.

The cell hall Capt. is some carpenter, alright.

Abe B. springs another one, says he: "I am built for speed like the houn' dorg."

When it comes to the strong arm business we will lay it down to the dentist every time.

The Big Chief was sent to pick strawberries, the other day, and when he returned the Supt. of the farm asked him how much he picked and the Chief said: "Pickum heap much." But as he only had a pint in the pail the Supt. couldn't see it that way at first, until after the Chief, seeing a set of scales near the barn got on. As he weighed 27 pounds more than what he did before he started out to pick the berries, the Supt. came to the conclusion he was telling the truth and "pickum heap much."

Anyone wishing to get an imitation of a live cat being ground up in a coffee-mill should visit the chapel during choir practice.

This weather is enough to make a person wish he could take off his flesh and sit around in his bones.

"There," said a gent to a friend of his while walking down the street, as he saw a lady going along dressed in the latest style. "That lady is either walking in her sleep or else she is awfully absent minded."

Shorty is getting humped backed since he started to raise his moustache. A pretty heavy crop of wire grass, Shorty.

Washington was well represented around the lemonade keg the Fourth. Looked like a swarm of flies around a sugar barrel.

A big can and a little dime started many a man doing time.

If they make that much howl over a cup of lemonade. What kind of a yelp would they let loose if they got a shot of hop.

The big chief sat down to milk Betty the other morning just after she had eaten her breakfast of malt. Everything went fine till the cow reached up with her hind paw and shook hands with the chief's face. After picking himself up and thinking it was the malt that she had eaten that made her so affectionate, said: "Fire water makum heap crazy, just likum squaw."

Exhibit Of Modern Prisoners

The moderen science of prison management is to be demonstrated by the British board of trade at its special display, which will be a feature of the Ghent International exposion this year.

Every side of prison life will be illustrated, and there is to be a series of life-size models of convicts engaged on prison tasks, and exact replicas of the cells for the various classes of prisoners.

A number of the models have been specially made in prison. One is a model of the old fashioned convict cells known as "iron cells," from the fact that they were constructed of corrugated iron. The last of these has recently been destroyed.

The last stage in the work of the prison authorities is the preventive detention of habitual criminals, and this will be shown by a model, 12 feet by 8 feet, of the new prison at Camp Hill, in the Isle of Wight, for this class of prisoner.—St. Louis Republic.