

Flash-Lights

By Bean Esprita

Dog-in-the-Manger

You probably know the story of the dog in the manger. He did not want to eat the hay, and he did not care how much some animal might want to eat it, so he lay in it and contaminated it, spoiling it for all of the other beasts.

There are many dogs-in-the-manger among men—men who do not particularly want this or that good thing in life, and who do not care how much some one else may want it; men who deliberately, perhaps—thoughtlessly, we hope—do some thing or other to spoil the good things for all those about them, merely because they do not satisfy their own tastes.

A dog-in-the-manger is a supremely ridiculous figure, when considered apart from the evil effects which he may produce. Can you conceive of anything more out of place, more laughably unnatural, more ridiculous than his disposition? Or can you conceive of anything more vicious in its effects?

Twenty years ago a nation roared its mirth at the spectacle of a Kansas woman chopping up beer bottles with a hatchet because she didn't like liquor and didn't want anyone else to have any. Her actions were essentially those of the dog-in-the-manger, whatever her motives, and we laughed at them because they were so ridiculous, so unreasonable, so superbly unnatural, if I may couple the two words.

Carrie Nation is not dead. She never will die. In a thousand personalities she is with us today, though it is true she has often mislaid the high ideal which dominated her Kansas days, and appears now more often in trousers than in skirts. She has broadened the sphere of her ideas, too, no longer confining her crusade to action against the saloon. In fact, she is becoming more of a pot hunter than a crusader, going about spoiling the good things as well as the bad; the real pleasures fall victim to her hatchet as frequently as, if not more frequently than the ephemeral.

We have our Carrie Nations here in prison, our dogs-in-the-manger. They go to meet opportunity at the door, hatchet in hand. They sit in the hay and snap and snarl, forgetful or not caring that others might like to get a chance at it, however little they like it themselves.

There is another side to this question: It has been stated on reliable authority that for every bar put out of commission by hatchet methods, the liquor interests equipped two more. We cannot prove this contention; but we do know that the dog-in-the-manger tactics in everyday life is to multiply the evils of the individual and to subtract from the advantages of the many.

We do not believe that "what is, is right," always; but we do believe that there is a better, a quicker, a more effective way of making what is better, than by making it worse first. A little taint may spoil a large mass of good material. A few hatchet strokes will smash a lot of the ornamental glassware of life. Maybe you will not miss it, but there are others who will.

A Pipe

A poet once wrote him a lay,
Which was sadly in need of a theme;
He knew he had nothing to say,
So he said it on half of a ream.

An editor looked at the poem—
In truth it was terrible rot—
Poor fellow, it quite turned his dome,
He bought it for cash on the spot!

MORAL

The way to sell poetry, friend,
Is to make it so bad that the Ed.
Goes daffy e'er reaching the end
And pays while he's out of his head.

Balance on the corners! Not too heavy on the other end there, friend 'o mine, or you'll keep me in the air all the time.

We wish somebody would start a "buy a bale of poetry" movement. We need a new pair of "kicks" somethin' fierce.

Our supply of blue ribbon is rather short at present, but will always have a piece to pin on the local orchestra. Count Gren Ella and his assistants are giving us the best music we have been privileged to enjoy for several years.

Pass It Along

Talk may be cheap,
But bless my soul!
Not this, "Send up
A ton of coal."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Talk may be cheap,
But let me say
Not when the dress-
Maker says "Pay." —Denver Post.

Talk may be cheap,
But hully chee!
Not when She says,
"Champagne for me." —Esprita.

It is not what you say that makes for good conversation, but what you omit.

When a man starts telling you what a good friend of yours he is, hide the handle of your griststone.

Some people there are who agitate for the legalization of capital punishment. If you want to hang a man or electrocute him, why not be a sport and take your chances like the rest of us did?

GLEANINGS

From our Exchanges

Thomas Edison once set out to invent a perfect coffee machine suitable to use in camps or on hunting trips. Asking the advice of a former guide as to the requirements of such a thing, the man, who was a Swede, gave him this recipe:

"Der ban only von vay to cook coffee. Tak von trip into woods up on Flambeau River; build fire vid pitchpine knots; put von quart vater and two haudful coffee in coffee pot and sit on cover so she can't boil over. Ven cover get too hot for pants coffee she done."

A matter of etiquette will often puzzle people, like the young lady who at a breakfast party sat next to Mr. Joseph Choate. She had the misfortune to spill an egg on the floor, and was greatly embarrassed. "Oh, Mr. Choate," she whispered, appealing to his greater experience in social matters, "what shall I do? I've dropped an egg on the floor."

"Well, if I were you," said the irrepressible Mr. Choate, who could not resist the opportunity. "If I were you, I think I'd cackle."

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked him his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John."

John smiled all over, and asked, "What your namee?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville London."

"Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savvy Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy."

"Mother," asked Tommy, "is it correct to say that you 'water a horse' when he is thirsty?"

"Yes, my dear," said his mother.

"Well, then," said Tommy, "picking up a saucer, 'I'm going to milk the cat.'"

Teacher (to new scholar)—Now, Mary, I'll give you a sum. Supposing that your father owed the baker \$13.17, 22.26 to the butcher, \$27.09 to the coal man, \$25.50 to the landlord—

Mary (decidedly) We should move.

Mrs. Heavyswell—"I hear that German butler you like so much has left."

Mrs. Eppycure—"Yes; he complained that the cook was not observing strict neutrality when she served Irish stew."

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cakes tonight. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach."

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

The kind father took little Isadore to Coney Island. Little Issy was a very cross kid on the way down. The father tried to keep him quiet with an offer of pennies and one thing or another, but Issy yelled louder and louder. His father hit upon a new scheme.

"Look, Isadore, I will take my hat and throw it out der window und ven you vistle it will come back."

The father kept putting the hat out and bringing it back with an air of mystery every time little Issy whistled. It worked wonders with Isadore's conduct, for he soon stopped crying, and was in a gay mood in a jiffy.

Finally, when the father wasn't looking, Isadore took the hat, held it out the window, and let it drop. The hat went sailing down into the dirt along the tracks. Isadore poked a scared face out after it, and then yelled:

"Fadder, der hat is gone—VISTLE! VISTLE!"

A city girl was taking a course in agricultural college, after a lecture on "How to Increase the Milk Flow," she rose for a question.

"How long," she blushing inquired, "must one beat a cow before she will give whipped cream?"

"I Seek For Thee In Every Flower," a tenor solo, had been selected by this visitor from the city who was to sing at the village concert. Being asked what he was going to sing, he wrote that he had chosen "I Seek For Thee" (in a flat). In the program it accordingly appeared as "Song—I Seek For Thee in a Flat."

Hewitt—"I have been pinched for money lately."

Jewitt—"Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any."

SALMAGUNDI

By Uncle Goshdingit '4658

Commonsense is a quality that some well-meaning and charitable persons lack, in their desire to relieve. In readmitting the out-going inmate of a correctional or penal institution into society, it is the sentimental kind of charity that hampers rather than helps. The aid that society owes to the released delinquent—presuming that the delinquent is entitled to it—is the aid that is directed with commonsense. No inmate of fair intelligence prefers the sentimental brand of charity that holds ever before him an attitude of pity, or the reminder that he has sinned and that there is no hope for him, unless his conduct is that of immaculacy. The greatest sinner has no less propensities for good than the most virtuous, if the good traits can be trained to dominate, but pity toward the punished transgressor that is lacking in commonsense will only retard, not help.

The commonsense-charity that provides him with employment at an impartial wage, and then releases him from an attitude of grave concern and a too evident doubt of his qualities to "make good", toward him, or a possible relapse, are far more preferable. Any well-meant, the misdirected aid that may undermine a spirit of self reliance should, in justice to him, be avoided. Meeting him with a pat on the back and a handshake that loudly proclaims: "yes, we know you are a wicked sinner, but we're sorry we can't trust you to 'make good' without you give up your spirit of independence, and accept our constant show of pity and reminders of your weaknesses" is far less sensible than meeting him with the words: "here's a job for you, at the same wages I give any applicant for it be he 'ex-' or otherwise. Now it's 'up to you' on the same footing as any man in the shop, and no pity enters into the contract; it is an opportunity. Now 'go to it!'"

"Glittering generalities" come in for a large share of criticism, but we must admit that it takes an artist to devise them.

It is rumored that Uncle Sam is to establish an auxiliary corps to the U. S. Marine service—If provided with diving suits they can be used as sub-marines!

If you are shewn an error in spelling balloon; will it make an error-plain?

It is so much easier to shed a tear at misfortune than to shed a dollar

If, in passing along the street, we see two men fighting, and stay to witness the fray, and not lift a finger for, or against, we observe neutrality. On the other hand, if one of the brawlers through doubtful advantage comes within reach of us and grabs a club from our hands with which he proceeds to batter his enemy, we again observe neutrality. Yea, "consistency, thou art a jewel!"—of magic elasticity!

A man was seen to halt in front of a pawnshop; he had a suspicious looking bulge under his coat, and after furtively glancing up and down the street, hastily dodged into the shop. The proprietor of the shop approached from behind the counter with rubbing hands and an enticing, ocheric smile asked him what he wanted. The man thereupon took from under his concealing coat, a large package, artfully adorned with ribbon-rosettes and tied with tinsel cord. The proprietor, upon seeing the beautiful wrappings, visioned beautiful contents, and asking the man what he had in the package, and if he wanted to make a sale or negotiate a loan. The man thereupon said he wanted to make a sale, as he could never be tempted to redeem its contents.

"Well, what is in the package?" asked the proprietor.

"I have in this package, the finest assortment of ego you ever saw; having discovered I can get along without it I want to dispose of it."

"An ego eh?" Let's see what I can do with an ego; muttered the proprietor glancing back to his well-stocked shelves.

"No," said the proprietor. "I'm sure I'll never be able to sell an ego as easily as an overcoat, you better give your ego to an undertaker and have him inter it."

And the man with the bulge under his coat left the shop with sad and dejected mean, wending his wobbling steps toward the dump.

Moral—It is easier to dispose of a frayed overcoat than a handsome ego.

Some folks work harder looking for luck than they do looking for work.

Filling Space

By A. NOBODY

High Brow Stuff

Today I heard the music for a soul,
The magic wrought by one who tilled the sod;
And I had thought upon my rightful goal,
For I had crept a little close to God;
I have been used—so used to curse and rod,
A world that jeers and talks but of my sin;
What miracle is this, a country elod
To set me dreaming, through a violin.

No avenging angel with a flaming sword
Were in the notes he struck. Divine joy,
The gentle, pleading Christ in every chord;
No trace of woe, no bitterness to cloy;
Complete forgiveness, gold without alloy—
They lade one think on prayers that mother said,
To Him who is all mercy, for her boy—
Healing and balm to hearts that long has bled.

I have known sorrow, felt the Judas kiss;
Was beat with blown unto my very knee,
But all forgot, for music such as this
Banish all pain and fit my eyes to see
Only the path ahead, filled now with melody,
Put in the soul of one by God above,
To use as mother's prayer; played soft and tenderly,
To those who doubt that God's best name is Love.

L'ENVOI

O, queen of instruments, how great your part
To touch a soul and cleanse it of its sin;
What potency to make us pure in heart,
The wistful notes from out a violin.

Modernity may jostle Primitiveness from the worldly path of Success, but heaven becomes suddenly quiet when Primitiveness falls upon its knees.

Some of us may have the bad qualities that go to the making of a good, still God has been mighty good to us, for He didn't give us any of the charms (?) that go to the making of a co-respondent.

A man that has the least to forgive is the first to cry, "Crucify him!" The woman who has the most to forgive is the first to cry, "Save him!"

Some men remind us of a blank envelope, which never amounts to a row of pins until it is addressed and something put inside of it. Still, they answer a purpose—they are good to have around when a real man wants some one to "second a motion"; even then a case of arrested development gets up to speak.

"A woman convinced against her will
Is of the same opinion—still."

Who ever heard tell of a woman that was still on any opinion?

The world dare not claim for you a doubtful future if you face quietly the things in front of you, and hold on, as best you can, to the best that is in you.

In youth we skip our prayers because of the joys ahead of us. In old age we skip our joys because of the prayers we skipped behind.

Who writes for money or for earthly fame
May have an honored place in this world's game—
But he who writes through love of writing things
Makes God smile, and his good angel sings.

Wanted: Songs for Clubs

To assist the farmers' clubs of Minnesota in securing proper club songs, the University of Minnesota is conducting a prize contest, which will close April 1.

The songs must be set to music and should contain three or four verses of not more than fifty words each. All MSS. should be sent to the Extension Division, University Farm, St. Paul. Cash prizes, amounting to \$25, will be divided as follows:

First, \$10; second, \$5; third, \$3; fourth, \$2; fifth to tenth, \$1 each.

Club yells are also desired and all suitable ones will be printed for general distributing.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Hark! ye prison poets! Now is the chance for writing for the kale. Get one of your "high think" ideas, give it a short course in verseology, scatter a few bars of music among it and send it to St. Paul.

Why shouldn't all the "neighborhood yells"
Have birch in the brain of we in cells?
Diversified farming, punkins and squash,
Will we enter? Yes, by gosh!

We await a little more light upon the subject before we throw the saddle upon Pegasus.

"I try not to be an apostle of the 'doctrine of free will,'" writes a mere man to Laura Jean Libby. Laura Jean should advise him to marry a suffragette—and he won't be an apostle.

A woman may change her mind quicker than she can change her dress, but it's an even break between her changing her husbands and changing her hair.

If you can tell of a scandal in an amusing sort of a way, you have an open sesame to many of the best houses.

We are going to start a new religion. We shall name it "Harmony"—and those who do not wish to join, may go to the d—!