

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Cold Reception Received by the Obituary Reporter from a Very Much Alive President.

Percolating Miss Jackson's Remembrance—St. Louis Tactics by the Yard.

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A BUSINESS CASE.

A well dressed, smooth faced young man, whose card bore the name of a prominent newspaper, was shown in, and he took out a notebook and pencil and said:

"You are J. D. Blank, president of the Q. and V. R. R. Full name, please."

"Young man, have you any business with me?" sharply demanded the official.

"I have, sir. I am the obituary-editor of The Star. You will die within the next few years, and we want your obituary so that all we will have to do is to go to the pigeonhole marked 'B' and take it out when the news comes. I want your photo, of course. Please give me full name, age, birthplace, a brief history of your career, struggles, marriages, name of wife and so forth and so forth."

The official turned red and white and gasped for breath, and the young man coldly continued:

"We want about a quarter of a column, including out, which I guarantee to do you full justice. Which cemetery are you likely to be buried in? What's your religion? Have you made your will? Do you own a vault or only a lot? Going to have a monument or only a common headstone? Troubled with any disease likely to carry you off suddenly? Strictly temperate or only so? Belong to any societies, and what church do you attend? How many children?"

The president pointed to the door.

"Yes—um! But business is business. Likely to have a big funeral? What shall I say you were worth, clear of all debts? Honest, upright and beloved by all, of course. Self made man, kind husband and fond father. Our loss is his gain. Got a passable photo of yourself lying around the shanty?"

"Young man, go out!" shouted the president—"Go out or I'll have you put out!"

"You won't give me no advance obit?"

"No, sir!"

"No, sir!"

"No, sir!"

"Don't want no enlo when you shuffle off?"

"No, sir!"

"Porry you feel that way, but I'm fixed for it. In case of your demise we'll use a photograph of the ticket agent down stairs and work over the history of the freight conductor who was killed a month ago! Got to have these things, you know, and The Star never gets left on a pigeonhole obit. Good day, sir!"

HE WAS MISROCK.

"Miss Jackson," he began as he removed his hat and scraped his foot as they met on the street, "I dun hab de der night to meet up wid yo' de order night at de cake walk."

"Yes, sah," she softly replied.

"What just distracted my attention to yo' was yo' purtiness," he continued.

"It was de general opinion dat yo' was de handsomest gal in de hall. In fact, yo' outshone de shiniest of dat vast aggregation of shiners."

She bowed her thanks.

"What next distracted my attention to yo' clothes an' style. One glance prognosticated de fact dat yo' was a bona fide lady. I felt dat me an' yo' was two eagles among a lot of crows. Does yo' anticipate de suit of clothes I had on dat night?"

Made to order an coat me eben dollars. Costails had de reglar New York droop, an dat celluloid collar jest froved all de waders down. Mo' dan 100 pusses called me a sava cake walk."

She bowed again.

"Perhaps yo' percolate de remembrance dat I squeeze yo' hand, Miss Jackson, an' yo' must have observed dat it was my intention to ambulate a few remarks when interrupted by dat very common an undistinguished pussen known as 'My husband, sah!' she icily interrupted.

"De Lawd, Miss Jackson, but yo' haint dun married to Mosses Phillips?"

"Two weeks ago, sah!"

"An' yo' haint Miss Jackson no mo'?"

"No mo', sah!"

"Hui! Scuse me, please. Reckon I dun made a mistake. I see now whar it was. I got yo' mixed up wid Evangeline Thompson, dat purty, stylish young lady dat was de belle de de occasion an called fo' de undignified admiration of de gigantic assemblage. Yes, I reckon yo' yo' was walkin' around on de elbow of Mosses Phillips, an' people was sayin dat

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It was a failure. When the mayor of St. Louis was here the other day, he kindly gave us some pointers as to how he ran the common council meetings in his town. We doubted that his ideas would be a success here. Parliamentary tactics are all right out this way up to a certain point. If you go beyond that, Smith & Wesson's tactics take the cake. We are just trembling on the edge of the wave of civilization, as it were. Some of us are anxious to try Cushing's Manual, and others insist that there is nothing like the sight of a gun to bring undivided business of the table or to indefinitely postpone action on a certain matter. We promised his honor from St. Louis that we would try his way at the next meeting of our council, and our opportunity came last Tuesday evening. We had the two guns removed from the shelf under our desk and set down to business with a St. Louis expression beaming on our faces. As mayor of this town we have felt it our duty to veto about half the ordinances passed by the aldermen. The desire to override our vetoes has always been held in check by what we could bring to bear over the top of our desk. On this occasion the boys seemed to divine our helpless situation. We gave them St. Louis tactics by the yard, and we waved Cushing to and fro before their eyes, but they downed us at every turn. They not only passed a dozen ordinances over our vetoes, but as we rose up and talked to 'em in St. Louis fashion we were set upon and flung out of the window and half killed. It was taken all around, a most dismal failure. At the next meeting our guns will be restored to the old position, and we shall steer clear of the St. Louis tactics, but we feel that we have lost our grip, and it will take us long weeks to get back to where we were a week ago. We may even be compelled to pull trigger to do it. We have a black eye, a scalp wound, a bitten thumb and a broken rib as the reward of attempting to force the twentieth century upon a lot of nineteenth century aldermen. It is too soon. We shall come to it by and by, but we must have time to think it over. The mayor of St. Louis is a nice man,

and we believe he had our interests at heart, but he was in too much of a hurry. He didn't take into account that wild exuberance of spirit produced by the climate nor that personal independence born of depending on your own right arm.

It must come—Let every editor in this broad territory, from the bubbling spring which forms the headwaters of the San Pedro in the south to the shadows of the great White Mesa mountains lying broad across the Utah line in the north, write it down in red hot ink and publish it in letters of fire, "Arizona must be admitted as a state, and don't you forget it!"

Let every cowboy and miner and prospector and teamster and tenderfoot in this grand domain, from the line of New Mexico on the west to the grim Black Mountains in the west, rise up at sunrise and swing his hat and crack his heels and yell, "Admission to this glorious Union or bar's of blood!"

Let each one of the half dozen great rivers which rush down to the gulf, each one of the hundreds of creeks which babble their waters into the rivers, each cascade which rushes down the side of a mountain like molten silver, ready to be coined into dollars—let each one foam and dash and gurgle and babble the legend, "We want to be taken in and done for!"

Let the great, grim mountain peaks of the Mesa, the Colorado, the Black, the Mogollon, the Gila and the San Pedro ranges—peaks which looked down into the smiling valleys 10,000 years before Adam kissed Eve's poshy cheek—the garden of Eden—let them away and rock in their beds till the vibrations shall rattle the shingles over the heads of congress assembled and the president of the senate shall rise up with pale face and hair on end and cry out, "Gentlemen, the next thing in order is to admit that this territory of Arizona as a state, and you can't be too P. D. Q. about it either!"

As the minutes fly up the mountain side sends his pick into the earth let him strike one for ore and another for statehood. Down in the towns, as we range up to the bar to imbibe our favorite decoctions—as we seat ourselves to open a jackpot and bluff the wayward tenderfoot in his remaining shakles—as the night comes down and we buckle on our guns to hunt for the man who rode away on somebody's mule—let us take for our watchword and guide, "The beef of Arizona has made the brain of the Union!"

Everything and everybody within the confines of this glorious territory, from the respected governor down to the half-breed—from the baldheaded eagle which soars in the canopy of heaven down to the coyote which howls around our private graveyard—is in favor of statehood.

everything and everybody except the miserable critter whom editorial courtesy obliges us to call our esteemed contemporary, but of course he doesn't count. Statehood must come. Arizona must have tails on her coat. The flag of the free must bear her stars, and the Goddess of Liberty must hitch along on the bench and make room for our mountain maid to sit down and feel at home.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Cold Reception Received by the Obituary Reporter from a Very Much Alive President.

Percolating Miss Jackson's Remembrance—St. Louis Tactics by the Yard.

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