

Fable of the Farm Man

Once there was a long-headed Schemer who picked up his Assets and moved East. By breaking into every Good Thing that came along and nailing each Opportunity to get a stand-in with the Gentlemen who own the Universe, he was enabled to stack up something like a Million.

It looked big to his relations who lived out West, but in New York he was a cheap Hiker. His steam yacht had only one Funnel and there were only seven Bathrooms in his House. In fact, he was a good deal of a Skate any way you looked at him.

The Second-Rater had a Cousin named Sep who lived in one of our Middle States. In his own Bailiwick this Sep was a very galus Proposition. He owned a General Store and a Stock Farm and had Rubber Tires on his Buggy and wore Gloves when driving.

After the Corn had been laid by and the Oats thrashed, Sep had a little time for Romancing around over the Country. He bought a paper-muslin Duster, had Lunch put up and bought an Excursion Ticket to Morgansville.

The struggling Millionaire said he was glad to see Sep. He did not shout it through a Megaphone or hang out any Bulletins. He simply said that he was glad to see Sep, and he should have been, for Sep had slept two nights in the Day Coach and had just bought a sack of Bananas.

"Bill, it seems to me you look kind of peaked," said Sep, as he sank into a Leather Chair and tackled Banna No. 8.

"Ah, yes, I have been under a great Strain," replied the unhappy Soul. "You see, just when we got that South African Business all straightened out and were ready for the Coronation, then came the Operation and it upset us dreadfully."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sep.

"The Anglo-Saxon Alliance," replied Cousin Bill. "We are now One People. They don't know it, but we are."

"The Alliance cuts a very few Lemons out around Peavey's Junction," replied Sep. "Our Idee of the Alliance is to stay Friendly with them as long as they buy our Beef Cattle and Grain."

"Not at all," said Bill. "Our present Policy is to skin them until they are overcome with Admiration and invite us to Dinner. You may not know it, Sep, but New York is the Home of the expensive Meal-Ticket. For instance, Why have I whip-sawed the Market all these years and boned like a Turk and worn my nerves to a blithering Prazzle in this unending Wrassle for the Almighty? Is it because I wish to endow a Presbyterian College or establish Ping-Pong Parlors for plain Working Girls? Not on your Breakfast Food! Right across the street from us there resides a large Lady who has original Knickerbocker Corpseuses moving up and down in her system. She has Blue Blood and lots of it. We are slathering our Currency and giving her the Office every day or two in the Hope that some Day she will ask us to come over and eat on her. When that glad-some Moment arrives, it's a 50 to 1 Shot that we'll all die of Joy."

"What seems to be your handicap?" asked Sep. "You were invited to all the Parties when you lived at Peavey's Junction."

"Any one who comes in from the Cockle-Burr District with a Bundle is known as a Newbo Reash," replied Bill. "I don't know what it means, never having studied the Dead Languages, but it's about the same as a Slob. In other words if you make you own money you're an Awful Thing, but if anyone slips it to you and you've never done anything with it except count it and sprinkle a little Florida Water on it, then you're a Nice Young Fellow. Now you see what I'm up against. I'm guilty of Work and every one is on to me. The best I can hope for is that some of my grandchildren will Doctor up my record and finally draw the Meal Ticket."

"What do you care?" asked Sep. "I wouldn't wear out a whole kit of Tools trying to break into a Refrigerator."

"Ah, Septimus, you do not understand," said the disconsolate Cousin. "It is the Boy who starts in Life on a Hay-Rack and opens his first Cold Bottle at the age of 35 who wants to take his whole Tribe into the Camp of the Elite and swap Visiting Cards with the Vans. Social Recognition has a high Rating because there are only a few Shares on the Market and not because it pays Dividends."

"It seems to me that a Slick Man who can beat almost any kind of a Money Game ought to learn in time how to handle a Combine that's in

the hands of a few Elderly Ladies," said Sep.

"I'm afraid that a Man with a tall grass Training will make Breaks all his Life," replied Bill. He's always doing what he wants to do, instead of playing Follow your Leader. I started to play Golf this year, and knowing that it was a Dead Card with the 400. As for riding a Wheel, they take a Shot at any one who does that. The Panama Hat is scratched because it is worn by the Common Set who have to engage in Thought during the Heated Season. Rule No. 1 of the Smart Set is to chop any Diversion that has caught on with the Working Classes. As soon as \$3 will pay for a Motor Car Real Blue Fish will give their Machines to the Servants and fall to the Air-Ship. Any one with an old-fashioned Hankering for the Base Ball and Family Rigs and Drug Store Sody Water and all such Prairie Luxuries has about one Chance in a Million. Even if my Plebe Tastes didn't queer me I suppose I would be disqualified under the Pedigree Clause. I have been trying to classify our Ancestral Tree and I feel that it is a Shell-Bark Hickory that has been struck by Lightning several times. It appears that one morning about 200 years ago a Ship was ready to set Sail for the New World. A large number of Foreigners who figured that they couldn't be any worse off, even among the Indians, had booked Passage. One of our Ancestors had made arrangements to sail on that Boat. The Night before the Departure he dropped into the Tavern to say Good-By. He became all hiked up and overslept himself. When he arrived at the Dock he saw the Ship, loaded down with First Families pulling out of the Harbor. That one Jag is what put our whole Family to the Bad. I figure that if he had not missed that Boat, I would be sitting under an Awning at Newport at this very Minute, with some one fanning me. The grand Mistake our Folks made was to come in with the Bunch. Any one living anywhere on the Other Side at present is strictly in it, and those who came over in time to qualify for the Colonial Societies are now regarded as It by their distant Relations, but those who hate come in during the last Century are simply unplaced."

"I can't see it in that Light at all," said Sep. "I have been reading Ridpath's History of the United States, and it says we are all Free and Equal."

"I don't believe it circulates in our Set," said Bill. "It might, if some one in London would get out a De Luxe Edition."

"Bill," said Sep. "I think you've got the whole Works down pat. It's too bad you can't guess the Combination."

MORAL: The Betwixt and Between Families know what genuine Grief is.

Dooley Gives the News.

"What's goin' on this week in th' pa-pers?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Iv'rything," said Mr. Dooley. "It's been a turbylint week. I can hardly sleep iv' nights thinkin' iv' th' dooin' iv' people. Th' campinly at Venice has fallen down. 'Twas built in 1604 be the Bezanitums and raystored in 1402 be th' Dogs. It fell down because th' foundations was weak, because th' wind blew, because th' beautiful figure iv' th' goolden angel on top iv' it was fifteen feet high. It will be rebuilt or maybe not. Th' king iv' Italy has given thirty-three billion liars to put it up again an' siv'ral ladin' American archyets have offered to do th' job, makin' an office buildin' iv' it. Th' campinly was wan iv' th' proudest monymints iv' Italy an' was used as a bell tower at times, an' at other times as a gazabo where anny American cud take a peek at th' gran' canal an' compare it with th' Erie, th' Pannyma an' th' phrainage iv' th' same name."

"Th' King iv' England is better. He's off in his yacht. So ar-re Lak-ing, Treves, Smith, Barlow, Jones, Casey, Lister, thank hiven! A hard life is science. He will go on with th' cawrenation as soon as th' bast-in' threads is taken out. Th' Hon'r-able Joseph Choate is raycoverin' more slowly. He still sols occasionally in his sleep an' has ordered all th' unnder secreties to have their verryform appendixes raymoved as a token iv' rayspect fr' th' stricken nation. Th' Hon'rable Whitelaw Reid is havin' a cast iv' his knee breeches made, which will be exhibited in New York durin' th' comin' winter."

"Me frind, J. Pierpont Morgan has been takin' dinner with th' Improv-William. It is undherstund he will presint him to th' Methropolitan

Museum iv' Art. There are said to be worse there."

"Lord Salisbury has thrun up his job. Lord Salisbury was wan iv' th' grandest an' mos' successful statesmen iv' modhern times. He niver did anything. He is succeeded be his nevew, Misther Balfour, if I get th' name right, who has done less. It is expicted that Misther Balfour will have a good time. On rayceivin' th' congrathylations iv' his collague, Misther Chamberlain, he bought himsilf a rayvolver an' took out a policy on his life."

"A lady down-east woke her husband up to tell him there was a burglar in th' house. Th' foolish woman. They're always burglars in th' house. That's what burglars are for an' houses. Instead iv' argyin' th' pint in a loud voice, coughin' an' givin' th' burglar a chance to lave with dignity, this man got up an' was kilt. Now th' pa-pers with th' assistance iv' th' lay has discovered that th' lady took a boat ride with a gentleman frind in th' summer iv' sixty-two, that she wanst quarreled with her husband about th' price iv' a hat, that wan iv' her lower teeth is plugged, that she wears a switch an' that she weeps whin she sees her childher. They're a moral in this. It's ayether don't wake a man up out iv' a sound sleep, or don't get out iv' bed till ye have to, or don't bother a burglar whin ye see he's busy. I don't know which it is."

"William Jennings Bryan is readin' me frind Grover Cleveland out iv' th' party. He's usin' th' 'Commoner' to read him out. That's a sure way."

"Mary McLane has been in town. I didn't see her, me place not bein' a raysort fr' th' young an' yearnin' an' especially me duckin' all lithry ladies iv' whatev'er sex. Mary McLane is th' author of a book called 'Whin I am older I'll know better.' Ye ought to read it, Hinnessy."

"Th' Newport season is opened with g-reat gayety an' th' aim iv' rayturnin' husbands is much more sure."

"Gin'ral Bragg, fr'm up in Wisconsin, has been gettin' into trouble with our haughty allies, th' Cubians, he writin' home to his wife that he might as well try to make a whistle out iv' a pig's tail as a dacin't man out iv' a Cuban. Gin'ral Bragg will be bounced an' he ought to be. He don't belong in pollytics. His place is iditor iv' a losin' newspaper."

"Gov'nor Taft has been in Rome showin' th' wuruld how successful, straightforward, downright, outspoken, manly, frank, fourteen ounces to th' pound American business dalings can be again th' wornout diplomacy iv' th' Papal court. Whin last heerd fr'm, this astoot an' able man, backed up be th' advice iv' Elihu Root iv' New York state, was makin' his way tow'rd Manila on foot an' siv'ral mimbres iv' th' collidge iv' cardinals was heerd to regret that American statesmen were so thin they cudden't find anything to fit thim in his thrunk."

"Cholera is ragin' in th' Philip-pens, vice Gin'ral Jake Smith, ray-moved."

"Th' stock market is boomin' and business has become so dull else-where that some iv' th' best-known outside operators ar-re obliged to increase th' depth iv' th' goold coatin' on th' brick to nearly an inch."

"Th' capital iv' th' nation has ray-moved to Eyesther Bay, a city on th' north shore iv' Long Island, with a popylation iv' three millyon clams an' a number iv' mosquitos with pianola attachments an' steel-rams. There day be day th' head iv' th' nation transacts th' nation's business as follows:

"4 a.m., a plunge into th' salt, salt sea an' a swim iv' twnty miles; 5 a.m., horseback ride, th' prisident instructin' his two sons, aged two an' four rayspectively, to jump th' first Methodist church without knockin' off th' shingles; 6 a.m., wrestles with trained grizzly bear; sivin a.m., breakfast; eight a.m., Indian clubs; nine a.m., boxes with Sharkey; tin a.m., bates th' tinnis

champeen; ilives a.m., rayceives a band iv' rough riders an' person'ly supervises th' sindin' iv' th' amby-lance to look after th' injured in th' village; noon, dinner with Sharkey, Oscar Featherstone, th' champeen roller-skater iv' Harvard '98, Pro-fissor McGilue, th' Archyologist, Lord Dum de Dum, Mike Kehoe, Im-manuel Kant Gumbo, th' naygro pote, Horrible Hank th' bad lands scout, Sinitor Lodge, Lucy Emerson Tick, th' writer on female suffrage, Mud-in-the-Eye, th' chief iv' th' Ogal-las, Gin'ral Powell Clayton, th' Mex-ican mine expert, four rough riders with their spurs on, th' Ambassadeur iv' France an' th' Cinquovasti fam'ly, jugglers. Th' conversation we larn fr'm wan iv' th' guests who's our spoortin' editor, was jined in be th' prisident an' dealt with art, boxin', lithrachoor, horse-breakin', science, shootin', pollytics, how to kill a mountain line, diplomacy, lobbying, pothry, th' pivot blow, rayform, an' th' campaign in Cuba. Whin our raysporther was driven off th' prem-ises be wan iv' th' rough riders, th' head iv' th' nation was teachin' Lord Dum de Dum an' Sierety Hay how to do a handspring an' th' other guests was scattered about th' lawn, boxin', rasslin', swingin' on th' trap-pe, ridin' th' buckin' bronco an' shootin' at th' naygro pote fr' th' thrinks-in short ejyin' an' ideel day in th' country."

"An' that's all th' news," said Mr. Dooley. "There ye ar-re just as if ye cud read. That's all that's happen-ed. Ain't I a good newspaper? Not a dull line in me. Sind in ye're small ads."

"Sure, all that's no news," said Mr. Hennessy, discontentedly. "Hasn't there anything happened? Hasn't anny wan been—been kilt?"

"There ye ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "Be news ye mane misfortune. I suppose near iv'ry wan does. What's wan man's news is another man's troubles. In those hot days, I'd like to see a pa-pers with nawthin' in it but affectionate wives an' loyal husbands an' prosp'ous, smilin' people an' money in th' bank an' three a day. That's what I'm lookin' fr' in th' hot weather."

"Th' newspapers have got to print what happens," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "they've got to print what's different. Whin-iver they begin to put headlines on happiness, content, varchue an' char-ity, I'll know things is goin' as wrong with this country as I think they ar-re iv'ry naytional campaign."

To Visit America

London, Aug. 2.—American street railway methods have attracted so much attention in Great Britain that they are about to be studied by a deputation from the British Association of Municipal Tramway Managers which includes the heads of all the municipally managed street railways in the United Kingdom.

The present plan is that the deputation, which will be made up of about fifteen managers, will accompany the members of the London Chamber of Commerce who have accepted the invitation of the New York chamber to be present at the opening ceremony of their new premises. The tramway men will be headed by President John Young, manager of the Glasgow municipal trams, and Secretary J. M. McElroy, manager at Manchester. They propose to visit New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New Jersey.

The deputation proposes to acquire experimental, statistical and scientific knowledge relating to the construction, equipment and operation of American tramways with the view of diffusing information among the members of the association, on all matters affecting tramways generally, but more particularly those controlled by municipal bodies in Great Britain.

The visit of these British street railway men is largely the result of a lecture delivered before the Asso-

ciation of Municipal Tramway Man-agers the other day by J. B. Robinson, manager of the Leeds tramways, on the American tramway system. Mr. Robinson went to America on his own initiative and his experiences created such a favorable impression on his brother managers that they decided to pay a visit to the states and investigate the subject for themselves.

To Ill to be Seen.

London, Aug. 2.—Former President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, arrived at Southampton today, with his family, in the steamship Carisbrook Castle. He was met by Messrs. Fischer, Wessels and Des Bruyn, the former Boer delegates. He will go to The Hague, where former President Kruger will go from Utrecht to meet him on Monday.

Mr. Steyn was too ill to bear the journey to London, although a special saloon car had been attached to the regular boat train for him. His physician would not allow him to be interviewed by the press, but Mr. Steyn sent word that he wished to express his thanks for the kindness extended to him by the British authorities since the surrender, and for the care given him during the voyage. The former president was removed on a stretcher to the Dutch steamer Batavier III., which was moored close to the Carlsbrook Castle. He will be landed at the Hook of Holland and conveyed in an ambulance to the cottage reserved for him near The Hague.

Shut Out of Party.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 2.—At a meeting of the state Republican executive committee today, at which it was decided to call a state convention in Birmingham September 16 to nominate a full state ticket, a resolution was adopted which, it is claimed, will practically deprive the

negroes of representation in the party. The resolution follows:

"Resolved, That only those shall be recognized and be permitted to participate in the state and county conventions and be present at meetings who are duly qualified voters under the new constitution of Alabama."

The effect of this will be to make the Republican party in Alabama a white man's party, as under the new constitution of Alabama the negroes are practically all disfranchised. This action of the executive committee was in accordance with the program agreed on at a harmony meeting of the Republicans held here Friday.

The negro Republicans are much disgruntled at the action of the committee and say they will appeal to the national executive committee. One negro delegate stated that he would advise bloodshed, if necessary, to enforce the rights of his race.

Grave-Diggers Strike

Chicago, Aug. 2.—The grave-diggers are the latest of the wage earners of Chicago to go on strike, and as a result Concordia cemetery is closed and at the entrance to the burial grounds the superintendent has posted a notice which reads:

"There will be no more burials at the Concordia cemetery until further notice."

The twenty-five grave diggers employed at the cemetery are on strike for higher wages, and have succeeded in preventing the other laborers from taking their places. Three funeral processions which arrived at the cemetery gates yesterday were turned back because of the strike. It is stated that similar strikes will be inaugurated at two other cemeteries.

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