

Uncle Walt

CHILDREN, HUSH! for father's resting; he is sitting, tired and sore, with his feet upon the table and his hat upon the floor. He is wearied and exhausted by the labors of the day; he has talked about the tariff since the dawn was cold and gray; he has lost eight games of checkers, for his luck today was mean, and that luck was still against him when he bucked the slot machine; so his nerves are under tension, and his brow is dark with care, and the burdens laid upon him seem too great for him to bear. Stop the clock, for it annoys him; throttle that canary bird; take the baby to the cellar, where its howling won't be heard; you must speak in whispers, children, for your father's tired and sore, and he seems to think the ceiling is some kind of cuspidor. Oh, he's broken down and beaten by the long and busy day; he's been sitting in the feedstore on a bale of prairie hay, telling how the hungry grafters have the country by the throat, how the tariff on dried apples robs the poor man of his coat, how this nasty polar rumpus might be settled once for all—and his feet are on the table, and his back's against the wall; let him find his home a quiet and a heart-consoling nest, for the father's worn and weary, and his spirit longs for rest.

*Poor
Father*