



PAUPERISM.

THE SHADOW CAST BY MONOPOLY.

## NOT TO BE SAT ON.

"DON'T believe that the Single Tax  
Can ever accomplish much improvement,  
Incentive to action I fear it lacks.  
And I take no stock in the so-called movement.

"It ought to be sat on right away,"  
So he seated himself with a pompous air,  
But sprang up again in wild dismay  
And rent the welkin with yell and swear.

The practical joker whispered low,  
"The movement energy hardly lacks;  
The point is obvious—never go  
And sit down hard upon single tacks."

## ORIGIN OF MODERN POPULAR PHRASES.

"IT IS A COLD DAY WHEN I GET LEFT."

USED by Napoleon in the Russian campaign. Napoleon spoke literally, for the weather out there was inclined to be chilly, and our hero appears to have got left in several places. Modern usage of the phrase is, however, at once of less restricted and more metaphysical character. You can apply it to almost any event in the large and neatly printed catalogue of human woes. When a man misses any thing it is right to remark that he has got left. This, of course, may not apply to the train, for in that instance the train may get left, if the walking is good and the man in a hurry.

"PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

More mystery exists about the authorship of this catchy little expression than we have time or room to explain. Good authority dates its birth about the Middle Ages, shortly after grass was discovered. Others again affirm that it preceded this period and was contemporaneous with the syllogism, "Come off the roof!" However this may be, it is morally certain that the sentient injunction was coined at a time when people were in the habit of walking about, either on the grass or on some other analogous production. What its primary object was can only be surmised, or words to that effect. Nothing, either in profane or milder history, reveals it. We can only hope it bears no sinister significance, because we respect it and love it for its beauty and purity and utility. Whatever reference it may bear to human action we may all hope it will be enforced as to cows on our cherished boulevards, and as to those who go about in the dewy morn and whose untanned shoes we have to pay for.

"NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE."

Faust started his first newspaper with this as a party shibboleth. He had at first thought of securing the older and more suggestive motto, "The subject who is truly loyal, etc., etc." But the other village paper spoiled that one in large irregular type, and would not sell out to the Professor. Faust, however, had no reason to regret his choice, for the phrase under his skilful and devoted management became exceedingly popular, so much so that when his patent had lapsed it became availed of by most well-regulated newspapers, and is to this very day a standard and solid journalistic maxim, second only in interest and business significance to that other old-established and cheerful legend: "Bills printed while you wait."

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE."

This elegant and neatly arranged combination originated with Julius Caesar, who is known to have invented many other pet phrases and things at odd moments between conquests. He used to carry a reporter's note-book and jot down particular little ideas and sayings occurring to him in the course of his business career. The discovery of one of these note-books the other day, in a very select portion of Roman ruins, which had for a considerable time been held for speculation, revealed the interesting and important scientific truth as to the coinage of this brilliant motto. It may possibly detract somewhat from the merit of the motto to have it known that the genial Julius was in a beer saloon at the time he got onto the phrase, and that several other of the boys were there too, having a little time. At that time they really were "the people," although since then it has fallen to the lot of some others of us to fill the position off and on, and most generally when off. It is to be hoped that this little truism will not be allowed to fall into desuetude, but will be retained in its pristine purity and self-evident realism for quite a while yet.

T. T.

## A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

THE foe came in the still night,  
My lamp was burning dim,  
I nerved myself for bitterest fight  
And swiftly went for him.  
He through my open window came,  
With soft and noiseless tread,  
I dashed at him with eyes of flame,  
And strove to lay him dead.

He spoke me not, but seemed to hum  
Some weird, blood-thirsty song,  
Full ten times worse than beat of drum.  
Or sound of savage gong.  
I struck, he slipped aside, and then  
My weapon beat the air,  
I struck again, I fell; no pen  
Can write my fierce despair!

I rose again, he waited near,  
I thought I saw him smile,  
I bade farewell to every fear,  
For he roused my deadly bile.  
The thought of blood was in my mind,  
Revenge thrilled every vein,  
But I battled with a fate unkind,  
And I ground my teeth in pain.

Avant! I cried; begone, foul fiend!  
Depart! come here no more!  
But he came upon me like the wind,  
And smote me hard and sore;  
I well nigh wept with angry pain,  
I swore deep in my woe,  
When away went my enemy again,  
He was a mos-qui-to!