



**KITTY**  
 will tell the solemn truth  
 About a sentimental youth  
 Who loved to decorate his outer man  
 He wore a slouching hat  
 With a feather stuck in that,  
 And a beard a la Cæsar de BAZAN  
 He assumed such graceful pose  
 In his med-i-eval clo's.  
 That he won the heart of every pretty maid;  
 He used to go at night  
 By the moon's bewitching light,  
 And charm them with a trancing serenade.

One night he went by car,  
 Taking with him his guitar  
 To a house without the limits of the city,  
 For he'd got a straighten'd tip,  
 Which is why he took the trip  
 That there, there lived a damsel christen'd Kitty  
 He was told she was so proud  
 That she never yet allowed  
 Any gentleman to breathe a tender sigh,  
 So he swore he'd go and sing  
 An extatic little thing  
 That should fetch her, or he'd know the reason why.

For an hour or two this gent  
 Tuned his voice and instrument.  
 (It was raining & he got most dreadful wet)  
 When at last he chanced to spy  
 In a window up on high  
 A ticket, with these mystic words, **TO LET**  
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 So this serenading man  
 Shaved his beard and changed his plan  
 And became a hardy, horny handed peasant.  
 Every songster will agree  
 I am sure, with him and me  
 That to sing to empty houses isn't pleasant

come to pass in the ordinary course of nature, so they begin to reason about it in this way: "Now, this is tough on us, because we were much better off when we were allowed to hold big blocks of land at county rates within the city limits and let them get enhanced in value by the improvements made around them; and as no man does himself an injury, if he can help it, it follows that this change in the assessment cannot have been brought about by our own asking. Now, if we are not the parties to blame for it, who is? It can't be our representatives in the council, for heretofore they haven't taken any more interest in the ward, one way or another, than just enough to keep them safe with the ratepayers. No, they can't have done it. They haven't got the sand to do anything of the sort. And, besides, whoever has done it has evidently had not only the interests of the ward but also of the whole city in view. It can't, therefore, have been our aldermen. Now, there's just one other party that could possibly have done it; and, come to think of it, it looks just like his work. It's that crank, E—A—MacD—, that's who's done it. Confound that fellow, he's always doing something. How can we get even with him? Let's see! I have it. We'll get the commissioner to charge him with taking water from the city hydrants illegally. I'll go and tell the officer that I suspect he has done so, and then we'll get it put in the papers, and we'll put off arresting or trying him for the offence, on the ground that we are waiting for evidence. That'll settle this crank." That is the way they argue things out, and the conclusion is always the same—E. A. M. Now, I guess I can stand this some longer. It hasn't done me much real harm, so far. I keep getting a little nearer all the time to what I'm driving at—namely, to make St. Matthew's Ward what nature intended her to be—the queen ward of the city. She's been Cinderella a good while, but I'm studying up the Witch business, and before long I guess I can transform her into a princess with store clothes on and nicer little slippers than any of the other girls have got. I don't know as I'll have her ride in a pumpkin, but I'm bound to have street cars, and good, level bridges, and a straight Don, and a few other things, and when I get into the council I'll have these improvements or know the reason why. And I'm going in this year, crank or no crank, you can just mark that down. But I wonder what they call me a crank for! Do cranks have influence enough to make the Revision Court come to time on crooked assessments? Mayor Manning is another party who believes that I'm alive. That fact has cost him some money in the shape of taxes, and it's going to cost him more. Do cranks build rows of houses and pay out thousands of dollars to workmen, as a general thing? Well, that is the kind of crank I am, as you can see by taking a walk through the ward. When I get into the council I'm going to find out another thing, too—I want to know how it is that St. Matthew's Ward doesn't get her proper share of city improvements in proportion to what she pays into the treasury? There are several other things I am after with a sharp stick and

(Here the manuscript breaks off suddenly. It is surmised that the writer just at this point thought of important business he had at the Revision Court or before the county judge.)

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GREAT MAN.**  
 (Picked up in St. Matthew's Ward and identified as the handwriting of Ernest Albert M——d.)

I was born about thirty-five years ago. I can prove this beyond question to anybody who will come down to the City Hall—no, I mean to my house, and see the big Bible. I know it will not be believed otherwise, just because I say it. In fact I don't suppose many people can be convinced by my own statement that I was born at all. They call me a crank, and whenever I say anything that is true—and I frequently do once in a while—they sort of look at me incredulously and say aside,

"Oh, he's a crank—you can't depend on anything he says." This is very nice for me, of course; I naturally like it very much; rather prefer it to decent treatment—a man would, you know. But yet I am glad to say there are a few who do believe that I was born, and that I have been around pretty considerably ever since, especially within the last few years. Some of the cormorants of St. Matthew's Ward are quite convinced of this much, not so much because I say it, but because their formerly ridiculous assessment for city taxes has been raised to a figure more proportionate to what their poor neighbors have to pay. They can't understand how this has

A bill of rites—the undertaker's account.  
 "There is nothing like leather for tanning," said the pedagogue.  
 "Good morning," said the milkman to the pump, "how do you feel this morning?"  
 "Oh, as well as I can expect; how are you?"  
 "Oh, pretty strong, but—oh dear, I feel weaker; good day; see you again."