

But isn't it becoming pretty darned expensive to this nation to support the Rockefeller fortune in its war on men, women and children?

If some governor were to put the reverse English on the militia ball and turn the state soldiers loose to clean those gunmen out it might help some.

One standing army is enough for one country, and Uncle Sam might better put the private Rockefeller standing army out of business. Old John D. or young John D. might lose his temper some day and march on Washington with his army of gunmen. You never can tell.

SHORT ONES

Romance in war is dead. The French have provided the troops in the trenches with alarm clocks.

A Chicago man wants \$25,000 damages from his father-in-law because his wife has a wooden leg, which is the first hint we ever heard that heredity is responsible for wooden legs.

An eastern automobile company paid \$8,000 for an automobile in order to tear it to pieces and examine the parts. That's what the rest of us do, only we don't know it till later.

A Muscatine, Iowa, farmer dodged an aerolite, which qualifies him to be classed with some of our millionaire tax dodgers.

A real summer resort is a place where the women may wear out their last year's clothes without fearing to be talked about.

TODAY'S ODDEST STORY

St. Paul, Minn., July 26.—When the city council was contemplating license for dogs, a woman wrote asking that cats be also placed under the ban. The reason she assigned was that cats in her neighborhood were so numerous that they ate up all the birds who could not in turn eat up all the worms which were eating up all the leaves of the beautiful trees. The council declined to listen to her plea.

THE PUBLIC FORUM

LONGING OF HOTEL CLERK

By Roswell F. Connor

I long to be a farmer
And page the cows at eve.
And sit beneath their udders,
And milk like Bill and Steve.

I would like to be a farmer
And help to room the stock.
I would like to see that they were registered.
And check out at 5 o'clock.

If I could be a farmer
I'd have my hens all lay
The bricks for a warm henhouse
Then have eggs to give away.

YOUR FUTURE INTENDED.—

The man who wishes to know all about his future intended had better not be to exacting. Some day I believe science and medicine will sufficiently understand the nervous make-up of each sex, the endurance of each, the quality and quantity of the various body organs, that matrimony will not be the gamble it is today.

Meantime the males had better not insist upon too high requirements from their sweethearts because if women asked the same chance of men, we men would not get the chance to marry and the human race would become extinct.

The only way the average man can obtain a wife is by fraud. As to shape, most men look like 6 o'clock in bathing suits. Hence the high percentage of bachelors among men bathers. Women do not marry us for our shapes, but the frauds we put up. What with bald heads, wigs, glasses, bad teeth, store teeth, corns, bunions, and other defects, to say nothing of that shady past, we manage to secure a wife. What with cloves, sen sen and perfumery we hide our drinking and cigarette habits.

There is more fullness and richness of life in sacrificing for an in-