

THE COLOGNIZ'NG OF KANSAS.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]
fore the fight, and they took home cologne to gladden the dull hours after our departure. Every night Mike issued a challenge to meet and box all comers, but of course nobody ever took him up, except once. We had drifted through Kansas like a hint of sweet spring, disseminating music, magic and pseudonyms filtered drinking water till we had colognized the whole state like Bill Penn back



"It hit him abreast of the lower maxillaries."

east, when one day we landed in a little place called Powder. It seemed like I noticed a good many familiar faces in the audience that night, and I remarked about it to Mike.
"It looks like some of our former customers has drow over from the last village. I wonder do they like the show or have they become so addicted to the cologne that they want more?"
"Our entertainment went off bully that night, every line a scream and the house as warm as an August camp meeting. Moreover, everybody clinched with them four ounce bottles egregiously, so they could stay and see the fight. Me and Mike does our customary stunts; then he steps to the front of the stage and issues his challenge to spar any man present for any sum. Well, sir, I was near strangled at the sight of a farmer about six feet long who uplifts himself from the bosom of the populace. From the noise of the merry villagers I sort of detected a sub rosy feeling as though he was some local celebrity. The outline map of this David was ridiculous, however. He had a kind of long lead pipe symmetry to him except at his joints, where he bulged and looked like the main had been mended—just an animated job of plumbing. 'Meb he's like consomme,' thinks I, 'thin, but good.'

"He was thickened up and turned over at both ends with the turriest looking hands and feet soldered on that I ever see, and he displayed his bashfulness by cracking his knuckles. He'd aggregate them digits up into a parcel and wring them out with the rattle of musketry or the sound of a man splitting kindling. Then to cover his coyness he'd pull each one separate and make it pop. It reminded me of breaking an armful of chair legs.
"He was open and simple to gaze at, though, and appeared to be incapable of deceit, for you could look plumb into and through him by his nasal passages. He was a double bar! looking youth from the front, and meeting him in the room I'd have felt like he had me covered with a breechloader, for his nose ran'd back and stared you right in the eye. Yes, that was a strange probossy of his'n, and you felt that by flashing a dark lantern down its dim and distant vistas you could see plumb back to his secret soul, and I think to myself:
"Plainly this poor, bucheolic party is too slow in wit and movement to hit Mike with a handful of shot. It's really a pity to wallow him." But I senses a sort of thrill through the audience and can hear 'em shifting their feet. We had to split the gloves to get them over the protuberances this youth called hands.
"The Fowler Opera House ain't built for no Parsifal productions, and what with the organ, the sleight of hand fixtures and cologne boxes we are pinched for room on the stage. However, I place two chairs in opposite corners and call the men out to the center to shake hands. Mike is in red tights, while the stranger has took off his shoes and is in sock feet, with his sleeves rolled up like he is out to beat a carpet.
"Gentlemen," says I in my Mexikin simulations, 'you fights t'ree min' and rests one. Shaka han' Time!
"Say, this world is a place of sad surprises. There's only one thing so successful as appearances, and that's other appearances. Mike comes forth, chin down, shoulder up, left foot straight, all in perfect position and aggressive as a grizzly, while the home product hangs his arms loose and aways back and forrad, looking at Mike's feet like it is miking time and

he is afraid of being kicked. Then of a sudden he makes a motion of one glove like he is flagging a train. Mike parries and turns loose an upper cut for the farmer's kitchen that would have broke every dish in his pantry, but somehow the man happens to be out when it arrives and can't receive it in person. He shifts his feet at the right instant and is an inch out of range. Mike drives up with another assortment of wallops, but the Rube isn't there to sign for 'em. The lamp-light grew muddy with Mike's blows, when all at once Mr. By Heck reached down, picked up his right hand, plied his knuckles up in a heap on it and threw it at Mojave.
"It hit him abreast of the lower maxillaries and sounded like a butcher beating steak with a cleaver. When Mike struck the floor he bounced, and you'd 'a' thought it was a Seminole corn dance from the howl that rose from that audience. I didn't count him out. He wouldn't have understood, and them obseques would have been an extravagance. I steps to the front of the stage, lifting my voice. I am a good loser, and a smile is always on my face in adversity.
"Lady and gent," says I, 'Senor Hiram Oates winna de fight. Congratulash.' Then I stops, for Hiram taps me on the shoulder.
"You're next, Papriky."
"Me what?" says I.
"You're next."
"No sabe," says I, shrugging my shoulders.
"Yes, ye dew. Get into them mittens, for I'm going to clean up the whole boondie of you, white, yellor and black."
"I appealed to the Roman populace with all the chill con carne accents in my vocabulary, but their thumbs is down." A gray bearded goat in the rear of the hall hops up and cries:
"Hiram, kill the dago. The perfume ain't no good."
"Dago!" says I, getting sore. "I ain't a dago, I'm as white as you, you old dill pickle."
"Do him up, Hiram," says a motherly lady in the front row, shaking her bonnet. "He ain't no more of a Frenchman than I be."
"Well, sir, I'm getting pretty mad by this time. And yet I don't hanker none for Hiram and the pillows. No; I ain't cast in the heroic mold of a Roman gladiolus, and the sands of the areeny sets my teeth on edge, but I'm fairly forced into them bozzag gloves, and we go at it like we was killing snakes. Thinks I: 'I've got to rush this Kansas thistle off his feet. Mike was too gentle with him.' So I chop up the air around him and remove it to get more room. I swing and jab and counter and cross, but I am unlucky in hitting the pieces he had just left. That boy is too shifty to hit with a shotgun, which is surely a pity, and somehow I don't connect up with him none whatever. Likewise he don't hit me, just keeps a glove in my eye or brushes my hair with it till I have suspicions that he is playing with me and that I'm being put through my paces like a horse. I'm getting tired and wabby in the legs, and in one of my rushes I run into the organ, leaving a kneecap and create certain discords on it which don't sound like the 'Maiden's Prayer.' Sweat is running into my eyes, my lungs feel like they had on tight shoes, while, like the rose that was born to blush unseen, I have wasted all my efforts upon the desert air.
"We have fought mebbe five minutes, with never a single blow landed, when I grow desperate and make a last appeal to the audience.
"Ladies and gents, I pants, 'for heaven's sake, stop this brutality! But the old man yells:
"Nothing but rainwater, Hiram!" And then Hiram commenced to go over me like a cooper hooping a bar! He sounded me all around to see if I had any holler spots; then he played a xylophone solo on my short ribs, boxed the compass with short arm jabs and hit me from four directions at once, so that I fell forward toward him. He stepped back, shot one into my sink, then crossed to my butler's pantry, and at last I saw the pretty, pretty fireworks.
"Late that night me and Mike caught the local at the water tank, and when we was involved amongst the straw he says, feeling the bumps on his head tender and gingery:
"Them minstrels had just one weak point, Kink."
"What was it?" I groans.
"We ought to have kept Balaam."

Everyday Philosophy.
The man with last year's automobile is more likely to feel out of date than the man with last year's horse and buggy.
Among the greatest fools on earth are the miser who saves all of his money and the spendthrift who doesn't save any.
Some men who drop nickels into the contribution box at church carry away more religion than some others who drop dollars.
A profit is not without honor in this country.—Lippincott's

Others Barred Out.
"She is his second wife, isn't she?"
"No; I think she is his fifth. Why did you think she was the second?"
"For no particular reason, except that he has a picture of another woman over his desk in his den."
"That is a picture of his third wife. She happened to die."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Her Abode.
"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."
"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

D. Webster Grim, is the Only Democratic Nominee
(From the Philadelphia Record, Oct. 17, 1913.)

While four candidates, Messrs. Henderson, Alcorn, Kephart and Grim, have been nominated for the two places to be filled on the superior court bench at the coming election, the attorney general has decided that voters can cast a ballot for only one of these, under the new non-partisan law. The evident purpose of this legislation is to give representation to the minority.
Of the four candidates named Mr. Grim is the only Democrat. Judge Henderson, now ending his term of office, has been especially favored by the Republican organization of the state. Ex-City Solicitor Alcorn and John W. Kephart are also Republicans.

For the Democrats of Pennsylvania there should be but one candidate to consider, ex-Senator D. Webster Grim, of Bucks county, who won his nomination fairly in a large field of aspirants. While a member of the state senate he earned a high reputation as a consistent supporter of good measures and a vigorous opponent of vicious legislation favored by the Republican machine. He stands well at the bar, and as the only candidate of his party is entitled to its full support.

An additional argument in Mr. Grim's favor is the fact that the Democrats have at present but one member, Judge Head, on the superior court bench. This is surely very inadequate representation, in view of the numerical strength of the party in this state, and in all fairness they can claim that they should have a greater proportion of the judges. Of course, partisanship ought not to be carried to the bench, but that does not mean that everything must make way for the wishes of the Republican bosses. The Democrats of

Unrequited Genius.
The world has never learned the name of the genius who conceived the idea of spreading butter upon his bread, a combination of food elements more palatable, more wholesome and more universally popular than any that the combined wisdom of all the professors who have ever lived has been able to devise.

A Fatal Disease.
A celebrated general once inquired of one of his soldiers the cause of his brother's death.
"My brother died, sir," replied the soldier earnestly, "because he had nothing to get more room. I swing and jab and counter and cross, but I am unlucky in hitting the pieces he had just left. That boy is too shifty to hit with a shotgun, which is surely a pity, and somehow I don't connect up with him none whatever. Likewise he don't hit me, just keeps a glove in my eye or brushes my hair with it till I have suspicions that he is playing with me and that I'm being put through my paces like a horse. I'm getting tired and wabby in the legs, and in one of my rushes I run into the organ, leaving a kneecap and create certain discords on it which don't sound like the 'Maiden's Prayer.' Sweat is running into my eyes, my lungs feel like they had on tight shoes, while, like the rose that was born to blush unseen, I have wasted all my efforts upon the desert air.

Stands For Many.
Boy—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, third person singular and stands for Mary.
"Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment.
"Yes, sir," responded the urchin, with a grin. "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary how could Mary milk the cow?"—London Express.

His Hint.
"Don't you want some needles, dear?" queried Brown as he picked up his shirt and glanced at the places where the buttons should have been.
"Why, no," replied Mrs. Brown.
"Why do you ask?"
"Oh, I thought," said Brown a trifle nervously, "that probably your old ones had become worn by much use."—Exchange.

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57-26 THE REGISTRAR, State College, Pennsylvania.

In the Tower of London are yet preserved some of the relics of the past, when men used "the thumb-screw and the rack for the glory of the Lord." Some of these instruments of torture are dyed deep with the blood of the unfortunates who suffered from them, and many of these sufferers were women. We shudder at the thought, and yet women today, are undergoing a slow torture, incomparably more severe than the torments of the torture chamber. When the nerves are racked ceaselessly, when the day is joyless and the night is sleepless, many a woman sees the gaunt, wild-eyed phantom of insanity clutching at her in the darkness. Even insanity, when caused by disease of the womanly organs, has been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a medicine remarkable for its direct action upon the delicate female organs, and its wonderful healing power. It heals ulceration and inflammation, cures female weakness, soothes pain and tones up the nervous system. It contains no alcohol, and is altogether free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

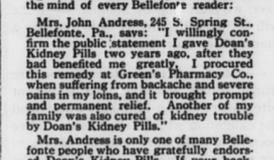
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