

**An Epitaph.**  
Beneath these stones recline the bones  
Of 'Pologetic Brown,  
Most pathetic, 'pologetic  
Feller in this town.  
Asked to be forgiven, sir,  
Minute he was born;  
'Pologized fer livin', sir,  
Reg'lar, night and morn.  
'Pologized fer eatin',  
An' when he went to meetin'  
Prayed the Lord, "Excuse me, please,  
fer askin' so an' so!"  
When he courted Susan  
He went right on excusin'—  
'Pologized fer askin' her as soon's  
she'd answered, "No!"  
Everyone picked on 'im,  
Cur dogs was "sicked" on 'im.  
Brown he took 'is martyrdom with  
pious, humble pride;  
Finally, jest to spite us,  
He got 'pendicitus.  
'Pologized fer troublin' us, then went  
away and died.

Here lies Brown, and let us speak  
With due respect fer such;  
Heaven loves the mild and meek,  
But we don't need 'em much.  
—Wallace Irwin in "Success Magazine."

### MUCH CHUCK.

All day long and every day while I was at the agency he sat upon the trader's stoop or lounged upon his counters. I often wondered at Bonhomme's tolerance, and set it down to the easy-going ways of the French-American. Of all the Gros Ventres at Yellow Water, Much Chuck seemed to me the nearest to a useless vagabond.

Then one evening, for a silver quarter, the trader sent him to the camp of the agency's "boss" farmer, six miles away. Much Chuck carried fifty pounds of side pork on a shoulder, and the rate at which he loped across the prairie was surprising. Bonhomme laughed as he saw me looking after the awakened Gros Ventre.

"Didn't think there was so much action there, heh?" he said. "Much Chuck is like the rest of our Indians—pay one for doing what he knows how to do, and away he goes. That fellow was on the police force here twenty-five years ago, and did a service to this agency that no white soldier could have done."

"After Sitting Bull had been run off to Canada the troops were withdrawn from this neighborhood, and soon we began to have trouble. First a Gros Ventre stole a pony from the Crows; then a young Crow shot a Gros Ventre in the hand. After that there was stealing and skirmishing back and forth, till at last the Gros Ventres made a grand coup, and came in with two hundred Crow ponies."

"Worse than all, the rascals ran their booty into the government corral. McCall, the agent, sent ten of his Indian police out to turn the herd loose. His men came back presently without their guns, revolvers and ammunition belts."

"Much Chuck, then a young fellow, was the only policeman to retain his arms. He had been kept on duty at the office. As there were only a half-dozen old needleguns left in the armory, McCall found himself in a poor way to enforce authority. He hadn't even telegraph communication with the posts five hundred miles away."

"The Gros Ventres herded those stolen ponies, and kept a lookout in daytime, and at night shut them in the big corral under guard. The agent then occupied the vacated barracks opposite what is now the Gray Sisters' School, and the government corral was in a loop of the river below, where a deep channel, cut into the rocks, protected it on all sides except that facing the agency. The fort, or barracks, was a log quadrangle built upon a little height overlooking the corral and the flats below. My store stood outside, next to the left wing of this quadrangle. The Gros Ventre lodges, for the most part, were strung along a fringe of timber below the loop."

"As I stood in the doorway of my store, taking in that angry crowd, I admit that I was scared."

"I looked toward the Gros Ventres village, and saw the inhabitants scurrying, men, women, and children, to the cover of the breaks just above their tepees. From the broken coulees they could command the horse corral with their rifles."

"The Crows had relied upon their numbers and the justice of their claim to gain the return of their ponies. They had not expected they would have to fight."

"But now they wheeled, scattered, and rode, with guns at a ready, straight toward the corral. On they went till a volley from the Gros Ventres halted them."

"They wheeled about, retreated out of range, and opened fire on the agency. Luckily, everybody who was looking out of an opening had time to dodge. They fired only a single shot or so to the man, but every door and window on that face of the barracks was riddled. Only my store was untouched."

"When their firing was checked, the Crow chiefs rode back and forth in front of their men, flourishing their guns and whooping threats."

"It was plain that they held the agency responsible for the taking of their horses, and in a measure they were right."

"What was to be done? McCall came hastily into my store to seek advice. But the matter had already gone beyond my wisdom in Indian affairs."

"Then a single figure appeared on our right—a policeman who had ridden round from the stables in the rear. It was young Much Chuck, dressed in his blue uniform, riding a white cavalry horse, with his ride swung across the saddle in front."

"He was trim and soldierly, not so fat as now, and he made a fine show, at which we looked for a second in astonishment."

war-bonnet off, threw it on the ground and stamped on it."

"You say you are a Gros Ventre," he shouted, "and I say you are a liar!" and he stepped back and cocked his gun. He would have shot Much Chuck then and there, but I jumped at Blue Face, flung him in a heap, and wrenched his gun from his hands. Then I stepped in front of Much Chuck, and the words came hot and fast. I suppose I never was so furious.

"You miserable cowards!" I said. "I will shoot the first one who lays a hand on this brave soldier. How many of you, this morning, expected to see another sun? This man has turned aside the vengeance of the Crows and the anger also of your Great Father. You are fools. You could not have saved a horse of the stolen herd. Some of your own are driven away. Very well, I will pay you for them myself—ten dollars in goods for each Gros Ventre pony killed or taken."

"Well it happened I jumped in at the right moment, and the promise of pay for their ponies saved Much Chuck. Very likely that's the reason, since the police force was reduced, that he sits round in my store so much."—Youth's Companion.

**ISOLATE DEGENERATES.**  
Benefits to Society From Segregation of All Defectives.

There is no reason why society should not relieve itself of the burden of mental and physical degenerates in two or three generations according to Alexander Johnson, secretary of the National Conference of Charity and Correction. This can be accomplished very easily, Mr. Johnson told the School of Philanthropy, simply by segregating these individuals.

"They should be educated to the fullest extent possible," he said, "and it is astonishing what can be done with a feeble minded child if it is taught young. They should be made useful and happy and provided with every possible amusement, from 'Puss in the Corner' to grand opera, but they should not be permitted to share the joys and sorrows of married life."

"This is not a great deprivation, and the only happiness possible to defectives is in an environment specially adapted to their condition. In the right environment it is very easy to make them happy. They should be taken into the care of the mother state from childhood until death, and thereby the state will be serving not only its own best interests, but those of the defective individuals. I don't like paternalism in government, but we can't have too much maternalism."

"The state is the greater parent and has rights paramount to those of the natural parent. For hundreds of years the state has stepped in to protect a child's property against its natural guardian. Later we came to see that the state should protect a child's person against the violence of parents, and now it is beginning to interfere in behalf of the child's intellect and character."

Mr. Johnson added that this segregation of defectives was merely the beginning of a science of stiticulture. "The time is coming," he said, "when we will take just as much care in reproducing the human species as we do now in feeding animals."



**With the Funny Fellows**  
BULLY TIMES.  
These be happy moments,  
These be golden hours,  
When the summer solstice  
Lazies all our powers,  
And everybody's careless,  
Laggard on his feet,  
Since nobody wants to  
Make both ends meet.

Now in life worth living  
And improvidence  
Grows into a virtue  
Of much excellence.  
What's the good of worry?  
Care is in retreat,  
Since nobody wants to  
Make both ends meet.  
—W. J. Lampton in the New York World.

**AN AWFUL RISK.**  
Mr. Mosquito—These meat disclosures are startling.  
Mrs. Mosquito—Yes; do be careful what kind of man you bite.—New York Sun.

**THE LONG WAIT.**  
Wife—I have been waiting for you to come home.  
Husband—Well, I was just waiting for you to stop waiting.—New York Sun.

**GOOD EVIDENCE.**  
"Do you think the auto will eventually be the means of doing away with horses?"  
"I know it. I've seen two killed right in my own street."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**OH, WHY?**  
"We visited the slums yesterday."  
"Isn't it awful the way people live?"  
"Indeed, it is. Why will people persist in living in such sections?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**AMBITION.**  
She—Now that you have an automobile that will break records, are you not satisfied?  
He—No. I want one that will break trees and telegraph poles.—Life.

**TOO SWIFT.**  
"Do you think the opportunity seeks the man?"  
"Yes, but some men go at such a rapid pace it can't catch up with them."—Detroit Free Press.

**FINANCIAL SUCCESS.**  
Miss Askitt—So you found marriage a failure, did you?  
Mrs. Exwed—No, indeed. The court granted me \$5,000 a year alimony.—Chicago News.

**FEMININE VIEWPOINT.**  
Mrs. Hyker—My husband's creditors ought to be happy because of his bargain failure.  
Mrs. Pyker—Bargain failure!  
Mrs. Hyker—Yes. He's going to pay them all forty-nine cents on the dollar.—Chicago News.

**WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.**  
"Do you think a woman can endure more than a man?" she asked.  
"No," he replied. "How long could any woman endure it if she had to sit and hear her husband do all the talking?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**AN EVEN BREAK.**  
"Yes," said the actor, "they rode us out of town on a rail; didn't give us a show."  
"And what was the reason?"  
"I believe they claimed that we did not give them a show."—Houston Post.

**ISOLATED.**  
It is fair to presume that the women's federation does not advocate uplifting a husband by the hair of his head.—Chicago Tribune.  
Certainly not. "I would be entirely too transitory. This would soon be come a mere detached effort."—Indianapolis News.

**SURE SIGN.**  
"Some new neighbors have moved in next door to Crotchet's."  
"Yes, and I guess Crotchet doesn't like them."  
"Why do you say that?"  
"I see he has finally agreed to buy for his daughter the piano she wanted."—Philadelphia Press.

**THE WORLD'S WAY.**  
"Who is the man on the hilltop?"  
"That's the fellow who climbed to fame and fortune."  
"And who are the fellows at the foot of the hill?"  
"Friends of his—waiting to see how undignified he'll look when he rolls down!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**WANTED A REAL ONE.**  
It was Cholly de Nitwit who spoke, nervously tugging at the mole on his upper lip the while.  
"I wish you to accept an apology, Miss Dolly," he began.  
But the proud beauty interrupted. "Not if it's yourself you're referring to," she said.  
He never finished.—Cleveland Leader.

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**GIRLISH FRIENDSHIPS.**  
The term "man's girl" usually means a girl who is all smiles and sweetness when in men's society and who is bored to death by the society of her own sex.  
The right kind of girl is usually popular with both sexes. The girl who thinks she can afford to dispense with the friendship of other girls makes a great mistake.  
The habit of striking up a heart-to-heart friendship with every new girl you meet is a bad one. There is nothing in such friendships; they usually end disastrously and the dear friends evolve into bitter enemies. That comes from being too confidential with each other.  
What a girl needs is two or three staunch friends on whom she can absolutely rely—friends who will stand by her in good report and ill, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.  
The girl who cares only for men will not take the trouble to be pleasant to other girls. She is not far sighted enough to realize that a girl can make no more dangerous enemies than those of her own sex.  
It stands to reason that girls will have no love for the girl who snubs them and openly shows that she prefers men's society to theirs.  
The girls you have grown up with are apt to prove the most true friends. They understand your ways and can best make allowances for any little frailties of temper, etc.; they know the best and the worst side of you.  
When you find the right kind of a friend, be true to her; don't let petty misunderstandings come between you. Remember that no girl can afford to be without friends of her own sex.

**STUNG.**  
In the cross-examination of a woman called to the witness stand in a recent trial at Pittsburg one of the first questions put to the lady was:  
"At what time in the night was it that you saw the prisoner in your room?"  
"About 2 o'clock," said the witness.  
"Was there a light in the room at that time?"  
"No; the room was quite dark."  
"Could you see your husband at your side?"  
"No, sir."  
"Then, madam," observed the attorney, his eye gleaming with triumph, "you will kindly explain to this intelligent jury how it was that you could see the prisoner and yet could not see your husband?"  
"Because my husband was at his club," quietly responded the lady.—Harper's Weekly.

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