

The Actor Free Press.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1907.

Price 5 cents.

THE LITTLE WEATHER MAKER.

With my belly blown, as cross as a
little dog, I step on a tortoise
Droghy, like me down the stairs.
She said she shouldn't, she said,
"I'm old."
Out into the sun shone over all,
On the glistening grass, with its dew.
"She is old," said mother, "the rain
does fall,
But I am laughing from my little
girl."
An-shun-moing the clouds hung low;
Rain fell in torrents, the sky was dull;
But as Dorothy down the stair did go,
You could hear her laughter gay and
cheerful.
"Ah," said her mother, with heavy
cheer,
"I am such a happy child to see;
It makes me laugh, too, when you laugh
and dear,
You make my laughter, Dorothy
Joel."

UNCLE JOE'S PHILOSOPHY.

If you think you're now in other people's affairs, you have expect to wear a piece of cutplaster on it sooner or later.

"They would be a hell lot more 'uv' willin' in the world of the teeth crop was better."

When a stranger begins tellin' you his family history you make up your mind to talk with him in tow. And it takes few the talk a quare in no sign that you need to be one uv 'em."

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways—either on a boy's hand or the soot uv his pants."

You can't tell by the looks uv a tut how big he kin swell up of he hez occasion tew."

"You've got ter summer an' winter with a person before you know him, an' then he may surprise you in the spring."

Just becauz an infant doesn't like water is no sign he's goin' ter grow up to be an honest milkman."

The great trouble with a free thinker is that he's a little like other free thinkers; he thinks right, but he thinks just the way you think him."

"Rich people was only find for es'ecutives' the speed limit is fast livin' es they be in fast automobilin' the world would be hel'd down tow a party fair pace."

TWENTY REASONS FOR OPPOSING THE SALOON.

1. It never builds up manhood, but tears it down.

2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.

3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.

4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.

5. It never settles the tongue of slander, but loosens it.

6. It never promotes purity of thought and action.

7. It never empties almshouses and prisons, but fills them.

8. It never protects the ballot box, but pollutes it.

9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.

10. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.

11. It never prepares one for Heaven, but for Hell.

12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue,) but increases them.

13. It never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.

14. It never protects our property nor personal safety, but endangers them.

15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.

AN INDIAN BANQUET.

Some Indians are very imitative of white men's ways, and particularly of the white chief's social "style." A story of early days in New York state, lately brought to light—doubtless not for the first time—illustrates this pleasing disposition.

A certain gentleman who had done some trading with the Indians received word that one of the chiefs, accompanied by several of his most trusted warriors, was coming to dine with him. The white man, therefore, asked his wife to prepare a meal in the best possible form, with several courses, as the governor were coming to dine with them.

The dinner was carried out. The Indians came. Mails stood behind the chairs, and removed the plates after each course and brought on the next one. The Indians were duly impressed.

By and by the white gentleman received an invitation for himself and his squaw to dine with the Indian chief. They went. All the Indians who had participated in the former feast were squatting around a fine blanket in the middle of a wigwam. The white man and his wife took their places with the others. Squaws were holding their infants.

"Bring in first course!" yelled the chief. The squaws brought some rude dishes filled with succotash, and put them on the blanket. The company partook, and the squaws removed the plates again.

"Bring second course!" shouted the chief.

He who is always looking for a soft place finds one in the slough of despair.

The squaws returned with what appeared to be the same plates. The white pair were curious as to what they would contain now. Their curiosity was soon satisfied. They contained succotash. They took little more of it, and the dishes were again removed.

"Bring third course!" shouted the Indian, and once more the squaws came back—with more succotash.

Thus the feast went on until seven courses, all of succotash—the exact number of the courses that had been served at the white gentleman's banquethad been served.

It was all the Indian had to eat, but he had the satisfaction of having served it in proper style.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Johnstone & Co., Limited.

WHAT IS IN A BARREL OF WHISKY?

A barrel of headache, of heartache, of woe;

A barrel of curses, a barrel of blarney;

A barrel of tears from a world away,

Wife;

A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of trifles;

A barrel of care, and a barrel of duty;

A barrel of grief, and a barrel of pain;

A barrel of hope, ever blasted and vain;

A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of lies;

The last, if not the least, a barrel of death;

A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;

A barrel of poison—and this nearly full;

A barrel of liquid damnation that fires the brain of the fool who believes it;

A barrel of poverty, of pain and blight;

A barrel of horrors that grows with the night;

A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;

A barrel of pleasantries most pitiful indeed;

A barrel of serpent-like lies as they pass from the head of the barrel to the bottom of the glass;

One barrel of the Devil's own curse;

One barrel of the Devil's own curse;