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The LaFollette campaigners are busy in this state.

"DONTCHA KNEOW!"

We were wishing for information so that we might publish something about the life of John W. Davis, the democratic nominee for President, more than that he has been successful as a financier. We received the following:

In John W. Davis, the democratic party of the Old South comes back into its own. He is not only an aristocrat of the aristocrats, but he looks and lives the part. The profile is a reminder of some fine daguerreotype of the "Fifties". The hands are beautifully molded; the nails long and slender, as one whose ancestors have been of the professional or leisured classes. His voice has the well restrained tone of one accustomed to the society of gentlefolk; to the courts of Europe. To these externals may be added an ease of manner found only among those born to beautiful homes and accustomed to the comforts given by many well trained servants.

In England, where he represented Mr. Wilson as Ambassador, he was and is regarded as one of their "own sort" in the sense of being fully trained and at home in all that goes to make up the British ideal of a "scholar and a gentleman". Mr. Davis, while Ambassador made many friends among royalty and according to cable dispatches his nomination is most pleasing to England.

Mr. Davis has a beautiful country home in Locust Valley, near Glen Cove, Long Island, New York, where he has lived for a number of years. It is one of the most imposing homes in New York state and is situated in the heart of a region of estates of very wealthy men.

The house is provided with all the comforts that money can buy and is completely equipped in every sense even to the most extensive quarters for the many servants.


That was all it said—just that. Didn't say he ever mauls rails, or plowed corn, or helped in a harvest field, or mined, or fired a locomotive engine, or clerked in a store, or served as "devil" in a print shop—just a gentleman who has met with the approval of English lords.

No wonder many democrats have decided to vote for Mr Coolidge!

AN AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN

Washington, D. C., July 29, 1924.—The Republican party is going to conduct an aggressive campaign in all parts of the nation. The party is going to present to the people a list of the many achievements beneficial to the people that have been brought about since 1920. The Republicans are determined that the people of the nation shall have a full opportunity to become acquainted with the many good things the party has done for the people since March 4, 1921. The party


managers feel that the people have a right to be presented with all, not part, of the facts. The Republicans are going to point to the fact that the program of Calvin Coolidge has been one of economy, of tax reduction, of efficiency: that he has steadily pursued an honest, direct course tending to bring about a better condition through every part of the United States. Not alone will the appeal be made to Republicans but to every thinking man and woman throughout the nation. The party realizes that the American people have already achieved their own understanding of President Coolidge; that he is the choice of the people and is not the choice of any set of politicians. The primary elections showed that Coolidge was the choice of the people. Chairman Butler, in his statement issued here, said: "We have a party platform and a presidential ticket that will make it possible to conduct the campaign everywhere in the open as energetically in one part of the country as in another, and to present our cause with the utmost frankness." Mr. Butler stated that he was particularly pleased to have received a large number of communications from men and women who admit that their interest in previous campaigns had only been incidental, but that they are now extremely anxious to actively participate in the present campaign. Coolidge's clean record will gain for him the support of many who, this year, for the first time, will vote the Republican ticket.



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SMILES

"Smile--and the World Smiles With You; Weep and You Weep Alone."

Customer: "Do you serve lobsters here?"
 Waiter: "We serve anybody; sit down."

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I'm deaf."
 "That may be," said the judge, "but you'll get your hearing in the morning."

Wife: "I think sheep are the dumbest animals, don't you, dear?"
 Hubby: "Yes, my Lamb."
 —Ex.

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instruments."
 "I think you have struck my back collar button," moaned the victim.—Ex.

A man entered a florist's and said he wished to buy some flowers for a sick lady. "What shall it be?" asked the florist—some carnations —
 "Nothing doing!" almost shouted the customer. "She has hay fever and she's my mother-in-law. Send her a big bouquet of goldenrod."

The Missus: "Mary, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night?"
 Maid: "Sure, I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless you were lookin' through the keyhole."

An exchange gives the following formula as a way to learn a lady's age without embarrassing her: Ask her to multiply the number of the month in which she was born by two, add five, multiply by fifty, add her age to this sum, subtract 250—and the first two figures in the answer will be the month in which she was born and the last two will be her age.

It was lunch hour at the lime works, and Pat's two buddies, deciding to play a little joke on him during his absence, drew the features of a donkey upon the back of his coat, which he had left behind. In due time Pat returned, and presently hove in sight bearing the lime-decorated coat.
 "What's the trouble, Pat?" asked one, trying to appear indifferent.
 "Nothing much," replied Pat, equally indifferent, "only I'd like to know which one of yez wiped your face on me coat."

"Why were you late to school this morning, Tom?" asked the teacher.
 "Why, the bell rang before I got here," the little fellow explained.

"Always mind your own business," says a writer. "It doesn't pay to get mixed up in other people's quarrels."
 "Nonsense! That's how the lawyer makes his living."

A man entered a Des Moines (Iowa) grocery store and asked for a sack of flour, saying that his family was without food and he had no work. He was given the flour and as he was leaving with it, a clerk said:
 "Suppose you are saving up for the circus next week?"
 "O, we've had that saved up for a month," was the reply.

Mr. Brown's wife died and he was heartbroken. He had a monument erected on which he had inscribed the words: "My light has gone out."
 Soon after, he left on a trip to Europe and after a few months remarried. Before returning to America with his bride, he thought of the inscription and, fearing his new wife might not approve, he wrote to the monument dealer asking him to change it. The monument man replied to leave it to him and he would fix it up all right.
 The bride and groom arrived at home and soon afterward visited the cemetery. Imagine Mr. Brown's indignation when he discovered the original inscription was there and underneath it had been placed the words, "I have struck another match."

An Englishman who knew no language but his own had lost his way in Rome. In his perplexity it occurred to him to write the name of his hotel in large letters on his card, and hand it to the first benign-looking individual he met.
 The Italian thus accosted turned and, with the charming manner of his race, accompanied the perturbed Englishman for about twenty minutes in solemn silence, until they reached the hotel disigned.
 In a transport of joy at finding himself once more on known ground the tourist poured out voluble thanks in the only language at his command.
 At this the Italian looked at him in amazement and remarked in perfect English: "I thought you were deaf and dumb."