

THE THINGS SHE NOSE



Man Behind the Button.
We have heard the thrilling story
Of the man behind the button.
We've applauded him and marveled
At the wonders he has done;
But the fact is, he's a fellow
Who's forgotten—put away—
And the man behind the button
Is in evidence today.

Let us candidly acknowledge
The merits of his work;
To that patient, plodding fellow,
The good man behind the button;
Let us give due praise and credit
To the man behind the button.
But the fact is, he's a fellow
Who's forgotten—put away—
And the man behind the button
Is in evidence today.

UNITED STATES INVADIED

**Nomenclature of New England's
Lakes, Rivers and Towns Wipes
Out a Foreign Root.**

Before a Turkish town
The Russians came,
And with huge cannon
Did bombard the same.
They got up close
And rained fat bombs down,
And blew out every
Vowel in the town.

And then the Turks,
Becoming somewhat sad,
Surrendered every
Consonant they had.

They had been reading the war news—
He, the youth from the East; she, the
girl graduate. Her pretty mouth was
puckered and her face was skewed as
though she had the toothache.

"And do you really think the Chinese
will capture Taino Chin, Tene Sin, or
whatever T-4-n-t-4-n is called?" she
gapped. "Oh, those horrid foreign names!
Why don't they have their wars in some
civilized country, so we can talk about them."

"In this country, for instance," he
asked.

"Why, yes, even here. Wars are bad
enough anywhere, but surely they would
be robbed of part of their horrors if the
words were speakable."

"If you don't mind," the young man
said, "I'll tell you a little story about a
war that the historians missed—purposely,
I'm afraid; for, like you, perhaps they
like the simple words."

"Once upon a time a wicked German
who came from a town with 10 syllables
raised an army to invade the United
States. He had for his Generals, an Eng-
lishman, a Frenchman, a Turk, a Rus-
sian, a Pole, and great soldiers from all
over the world, including a Fiji Islander
or two. The German was a cunning man,
and he held his plans well, knowing that
the Yankees were a smart people. His
army more than outnumbered all the peo-
ple in the United States, and each soldier
was armed with a saber 10 feet long.

Fleet Sets Sail.
"The German chartered all the ships in
the world, and stocked them with enough
provisions to last for a century. Then,
with a cruel leer that all great warriors
wear, he gave the order to sail."

"Across the Atlantic the great fleet
came, and yet there was no commotion
in Washington. Not a citizen was called
to arms, and the men with army beef to
eat pleased in vain with the President to
prepare for the invasion. But the Pres-
ident did smile approvingly, and said he
guessed it would come out all right."

"One morning the great war fleet, with
its millions of men, reached the Maine
shore, and there, to the great surprise
and rejoicing when the invaders found that
no army was on hand to meet them. They
had expected to fight their way to Wash-
ington, and now found that it would only
be a triumphal parade. The men were
bundled off the transports, and before
night all the army had taken up the
march to the interior."

"The first night the army pitched its
camp on the banks of Pamlico Lake, and
on succeeding nights it camped by
Lakes Pamlico, Schodick, Schodick's,
Squawpan and Umbagog. At Lake Um-
bagog many of the men were killed, but
not one of the 10,000 great doctors who
accompanied the invading hosts could tell
what was the matter. But, undaunted,
the army marched on."

"On the seventh day the army forded
Capemore and Pamlico Rivers, and
many of the men were killed, but not one
of the 10,000 great doctors who accom-
panied the invading hosts could tell
what was the matter. But, undaunted,
the army pushed on and forded the Pis-
cataquis and Passadumcook Rivers, and
more men died. The doctors went to the
wicked German and implored him to call
a halt. Five per cent of the men were
already dead, and not a shot had been
fired."

Army Is Divided.
"The halt was called, and the army was
divided into 10 sections of 10,000 men
each. Each division was ordered to go
its way and search for a beautiful clime
where the army could assemble and re-
cuperate."

"The first division camped by Lake Al-
lagash, the second by Lake Baskahagan,
the third by Lake Chesuncook, the
fourth by Lake Mattawamkeag, the
fifth by Lake Medisemba, the sixth by
Lake Jo Mary, the seventh by Lake Mil-
linokeet, the eighth by Lake Mookom-
gumic, the ninth by Lake Molechunke-
munk, and the tenth by Lake Nickatous.
Hospitals were hastily thrown up and by
night they were full, but by the next day
another 10 per cent of the army had
died."

"The wicked German tore his hair in
despair and ordered 10 of the doctors ex-
ecuted. But even killing the doctors
didn't seem to improve the health of the
army, so he directed his men to break
camp and take up the march. On the in-
vaders went, through Androscoggin, Ken-
nebec, Penobscot, Hecataquis and Sago-
dahoc Counties, and each day more men

died, till 90 per cent of the army had per-
ished.

"Then the army came to and forded
Kennebec, Magalloway and Narraganset
Rivers. More men gave despairing
cries and bit the earth that soldiers taste
but once. Half of the army was gone and
the enemy had not been sighted."

"The Chinquasabamook River barred
the progress of the terror-stricken sur-
vivors, but having no alternative they
plunged boldly in and swam to the other
shore. At the toll call that night 1,000,000
more men failed to answer."

"By this time the army had made its
way out of the wilderness and in its haste
to reach some life-giving clime passed
quickly through the towns of Macwahoc,
Mattacumuck, Montswag, Muncongus,
Ossine, Pin Hook, Presumpscott, Purga-
tory Mills, Sheep Nuddle and Wytoplock
without firing a shot. Men were dying
such an alarming rate that only one-
quarter of the army was left."

Take to Balloons.
"The wicked German ordered out the
balloons and all the men boarded them.
High in the air they went, and when they
came down they found themselves on the
bank of Jobbiss River, Massachusetts.
Men continued to perish the same as be-
fore, so as a last resort, the German or-
dered that skills be built and that the
men take to the inland water."

"Chu'unagungamaus, Asswompset,
Assyconch and other ponds were trav-
ersed, and there the frantic soldiers vis-
ited such islands as Chappaquidick, Pa-
nikese, Nomameset, Nantuckit and
Tucknuck. A week was spent on the
water, and the seventh day saw every
man dead except the wicked German who
came from a town of ten syllables."

"When the army beef men heard that
the German had left for home in one of
his balloons they asked the President how
it all happened. The President smiled
contentedly and said:

"They fell into our trap. They're ac-
customed to simple words, you know, and
they choked to death on our names."

"So, you see, we're quite as impre-
gnable as the heathen Chin- with all his
wails and barbarism."—Chicago Tribune.

KNEW A THING OR TWO.

**Religious Editor Gives a Lesson to
a Youthful Confere.**

The religious editor was inveigled into
attending his first baseball game in many
months one day last week. His host was
the fourth assistant sporting editor, who,
in his verdant youthfulness, had taken
compassion on his venerable associate,
whom he thought, by coaxing him away
from the monotonous grind of his chosen
path, to show a bit of life. The religious
editor wasn't exactly rusty on the Na-
tional game, for he was not always a
churchman, so to speak, but the fourth
assistant had not been long in the busi-
ness and he simply took it for granted
that the religious editor was as foreign
to sports as high balls are to a prohibi-
tionist.

"The particular game the religious
editor had been invited to witness was that
of Tuesday last between the New Yorks
and Brooklyn, 'because,' said the
fourth assistant, 'those two outfits al-
ways put up a warm argument.'"

Arrived at the grounds, the fourth
assistant conducted his superior, with all
honors to the reporters' box and placed
him next to the baseball reporter, with
the whispered aside: "I'm bringing the

old guy out for an airing today; just
jolly him along, will you?"

The religious editor knew the game, but
he didn't know the players, and the
fourth assistant was only too glad to
vaunt his superiority in this respect,
and introduced them in turn at a dis-
tance, of course.

"See that big guy over there? The
one who looks like Tim Woodruff on
stilts. That's Duke Farrell, the Duke of
Marlboro, you know."

He was "On."

"Quite a titled personage," remarked
the religious editor, with a wink to the
baseball reporter.

"Oh, yes. He lives at Marlboro, Mass.,
and the similarity of the name with the
English dukedom won him the title," re-
sponded the fourth assistant, suavely.

"Money Up."
By this time the Brooklyn had added

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