

# PERSONAL PURITY PROTECTION LEAGUE

New Portland Organization  
Composed of Prominent  
Politicians and Business Men  
Banded Against  
Women Adventurers

**C**ERTAIN prominent political and business men of this city have recently banded themselves together and are organizing what will be known as the Personal Purity Protection League.

It is a project that has been long simmering in the minds of some of our great and near-great citizens, who realize that the time has come when stringent measures must be adopted to preserve their reputations for morality against the vicious, if alluring and delightful onslaughts of the female adventurers.

These human vampires, with horrible cunning, play on the tender sensibilities of their victims; they lead them artfully on, step by step; squeeze by squeeze, they wind the shining strands of their hateful nets around the man, and the baleful end is accomplished, all in the twinkling of his ravished eye.

The league is in the nature of an insurance lodge—that is, it insures reputations in consideration of payment of all fees and dues. Applicants with no reputations may have them made to order. There will be three classes of these made-to-order reputations: "Spotless," "Slightly blemished" and "Badly damaged."

It is not claimed that the Purity Personal Protection League can kill a man's past and make him white as snow, but it will do the best it can, and no matter what his record, he will be entitled to its utmost care and consideration.

The motto of the league will be entirely appropriate: "Semper paratus!" In other words, "always ready," and on the league banners will be blazoned the swastika, the most watchful of all animals.

Mayor Lane is to be chief counsel of the advisory board, a body that is all-powerful in this organization. The office of president is not yet filled. John Manning will be keeper of the Royal Records of Pertinent Suggestions; Tom Kay, Detective Extraordinary; Chief Gritzmacher, Grand Protean Patriarch;



THE VICIOUS, IF ALLURING AND DELIGHTFUL ONSLAUGHTS OF THESE HUMAN VAMPIRES

with offices of lesser importance to be supplied later.

There will be weekly meetings held, in which personal experiences relating to bawdy games and panel workers will be related by the members. When the experiences are too painful to be offered as personal, it is permissible to hand them in under the head of some-

thing happening to "a friend back East." All incidents presented at these meetings will be discussed thoroughly and the Keeper of the Royal Records, etc., will draft a moral from each incident cited, all morals to be duly recorded in the minutes of the league meetings.

One member, in discussing the meth-

ods and object of the new league, said: "None of us prominent characters in the public eye, except the Czar of Russia, understands how to protect himself against the often dangerous familiarity of the masses. For example, no woman caller is allowed to get near enough to Nicholas to hand him an orange, as the slang goes—a lemon

would be an utter impossibility. The Czar fears bombs. We unprotected, but prominent citizens, live in mortal terror of these fascinating women who know we are lovers of the beautiful, who prey on our great-heartedness, who chuck us under the chin to our undoing.

"Our scheme for protection against

female wiles is simple but effective. In every office there will be a lookout, and when a woman is seen approaching an electric signal will be given to the gentleman in his private office. At the same time a rush call will be turned in to the Detective Extraordinary of the P. P. League. Another call will be sent to the regular city police force for

two officers. Meantime, the caller is detained in the outer office, by main force if necessary.

"At this time the Purity Personal Protection League has not been idle. With a simple, but effective invention he clamps his coat-sleeves securely to his wrist. Then he hastily dons a strong suit of armor, including visor and greaves, and is quite ready when the detective and police officers let themselves in by a secret door. It is then time to press the electric button, which is the signal for the office force without to marshal itself into a squad of offense, and between a double line of secretaries, stenographers, office boys, etc., the visitor is escorted into the presence of her would-be victim.

"The Detective Extraordinary acts as spokesman and conversation is carried on between him and the visitor, the intended victim being consulted when necessary. The stenographers take down every word spoken, the report is read and sworn to by a notary, before the audience is over and the woman is escorted to the street by detectives and officers.

"Isn't it great? The Purity Personal Protection League intends to copyright its ideas and establish branch leagues all over the country."

Dr. Lane, always a vigorous thinker, has made several most valuable suggestions in regard to the work. His idea is to introduce a photograph at all interviews. Added to this, he would have a photographer present to prepare moving picture slides. Stenographic report, photograph record and moving picture slides to be preserved in safe deposit vaults for future reference if necessary. But with our Mayor's characteristic modesty, when approached over the phone he refused to talk on the subject of the Purity Personal Protection League. It was only through proxy that he could be reached at all.

"Who is this?" roared the proxy. "Want to talk to the Mayor?" A pause. "The Mayor wants to know what's your sex."

No amount of persuasion could induce Dr. Lane to relax his vigilance and express himself with his accustomed frankness.

Not the least important part of the league's work will be the compilation of a comprehensive list of "don'ts," to be printed in bold, clear type, and tacked up in every waiter's office, "Dear Sir," "Gentle Sir," "Little woman," "fatherly caresses," "undue sympathy" and "demonstrative interest" are things prohibited as dangerous and not to be trifled with in any circumstances.

## Little Lessons from the School of Experience.

**BY JIM NASTIM.**

ISN'T it an awful sensation to have something your own that is being run over your cranium on like a bay window on a third-story flat in an effort to get out and cut itself loose? And the worst of it is that these ideas that are peeling the epidermis of their shin-bones trying to jump your brain coral are usually the wild, untamed plugs of thought that you will do better to larriat with your self-control and tie up to the scrubbing post, than to turn loose in the open to run over your neighbor's turnip patch and cause him to rise up in his wrath and brand you as a disturber of the peace and put a mushroom ear on you and be as ungentlemanly and impolite as he can be with your physical beauty.

I suppose about the first streak of purple, adolescent light that flashes the horizon of the infantile thought garden at the dawning of the intelligence is the inclination to have your little say. Some of these childish inclinations have a crimp put in them before they have worked up to the point of transition into the mother tongue. This is usually done by fond mothers with an old belt, or a slipper, or a stick out of the window, or the method is to reverse the child in order to get a closer application and plenty of sea room for aforesaid article to sing through the atmosphere. Those who do not acquire this crimp as early in the game usually get it later in life from some worldling possessed with a righteous wrath and an over abundant supply of good health.

However, when this particular branch of the education is left till so late in the career it is much more difficult and painful and less productive of results, and an instructor not connected with your immediate family is apt to be more or less careless about the effect upon your personal appearance and the injury to your feelings. My education in this respect was begun at a very early age, but it was found necessary to put me through several post-graduate courses after I had finished the system of home instruction before my education was considered sufficiently complete to pass the inspection of the critical world.

This wasn't because my elementary instruction was lax in the discipline or inattentive to details, because I distinctly remember the numerous occasions on which my paternal parent doubled up a hitching strap three or four times and put a compound fracture in my inclination to speak my mind. The treatment was never applied to the same portion of my anatomy in which the trouble resided, but the effect was electrical just the same, and while the impressions on that section of my anatomy which came into immediate juxtaposition with the hitching strap usually healed up sufficiently so that I could quit eating my meals from the mantelpiece in the course of a few days, the impressions on my memory are stamped in an indelible hand which time cannot efface. After numerous exceedingly thorough applications of this treatment I thenceforth resolved that the home circle could plug along through life without knowing my innermost feelings.

I took up the practice then of laying bare my mental impressions and secret opinions to my playmates, in order to enlighten them to the true status of affairs as conceived by the clear and perceptive brain of an infant prodigy in intimate association with the same. I did not want them to grope along in utter ignorance of their true standing in the community, and so long as it lay within my power to enlighten them on this subject I felt that it was my duty to society and the world at large to do so. If my unusually acute mental machinery perceived the fact that one of my playmates was growing up into manhood deeply imbued with the impression that he was the whole show with a good slice of the side attractions and the street parade thrown in, I considered it my duty to show him where he was wrong and in-

form him that he was only a pig-headed imbecile both from heredity and general practice. If I felt that any of them were usurping the prerogative of the politician and the newspaper man by giving vent to a base misrepresentation of facts, I usually took infinite pains to show him that he was a descendant of Baron Munchausen, who was only allowed to live in order to perpetuate the race of liars from which he was descended. With my usual enthusiasm and general disregard of personal welfare when there is a duty to perform, I threw my whole soul into this work. But after on numerous occasions being compelled to recline with my scapula across a piece of volcanic rock while my audience sat on my wistful and drilled my face down into the sands, my enthusiasm abated somewhat. I then decided to retain these impressions of my mind for my own edification alone and allow my youthful companions to grow up in ignorance of the wide gap which yawned between them and decent society.

When I went out to stab the world in the face I thought I was getting away from this restriction which was placed upon the publication of my thoughts during my childhood days, and that the great throbbing light that shined upon my bated breath waiting to hear what my mature mind thought of it. Then came my post-graduate course in the school of experience. I was a little bit timid at first, and when I saw some dub-plugging along in a rut with the wrong impressions tucked away in his garret I felt somewhat adventuring a limb on the breach and lending him the assistance of my enlightened mind. But I soon be-

gan to realize that it was selfish in me to thus bottle up my vast store of knowledge and withhold it from general circulation when it might be accomplishing so much good for mankind. I then began to step forward and in my chaste and cheerful way correct these erroneous impressions whenever I came in contact with them.

This first field I selected for my missionary work was the newspaper field, as I had often heard that newspapers were published without any regard for the truth or a general display of literary and artistic merit. I knew that this must be true, because I had met so many people who didn't know a lower case E from a shooting-stick who had told me that they could run a newspaper better themselves than a lot of these editors.

So when I first butted into the newspaper business, if I went into the art department and saw an artist drawing a picture who was totally at variance with my artistic taste I would amble cheerfully up to him and explain to him in my delightfully nonchalant manner where he was wrong and take his pencil out of his hand and show him how it ought to be done. If I read an article in the paper which my intellectual mind told me was putting the Queen's English on the bum and perpetrating a libel on the name of literature, I took great pains to hunt the writer up and with a sang froid

that was calculated to put him at his ease and not make him feel in the least embarrassed at coming into the full glow of my distinguished presence, I would explain to him why he ought to be shoveling coal under the boilers down in the cellar and studying his dictionary during his off hours until he got next to the English language.

Sometimes these fellows got mad and said nasty mean things to me and were just as impolite and ungentlemanly as they could be, but I overlooked this in my long-suffering and self-sacrificial manner, because I knew that it was their misfortune and not their fault that they had been born with less intellectuality than I. But when the artists took up the practice of bouncing a drawing board from my mediola oblongata and gouging out my eyes with a ruling pen while I lay helpless under a drawing table and when the reporters and special writers got to choking off my words of advice and intellectual discourse on their general literary ability by stopping the cation of my larynx with a 40-horse-power pressure, while they rocked my cerebellum into blissful sleep against a table leg, then I decided that if I wanted to retain the use of my mental faculties to any extent and be of any available use to my family as a means of support, I had probably better plug along through life with her secret impressions of mine locked up in the safe and let the rest of the world wallow in a mire of ignorance until they discovered their own mistakes.

I know that some one has said that "our best friends are those who tell us our mistakes," but you can take my tip that while he may be theoretically correct, his point of view isn't a practical one. Not by a long shot. "The world looks at it from an entirely different perspective. If you don't believe this, just try to be one of these 'good friends' by telling others all about their mistakes. I'll gamble that you won't be out of the hospital enough to wear out your clothes before they go out of style. While in theory you may be the best of friends to man by doing, you'll usually find that this sort of friendship is accompanied by too many shooting stars and pyrotechnical displays, and isn't at all healthy or conducive to personal beauty.

In the early part of my brilliant career, when the seeds of intellectual growth, which were later to spring up and bear fruit which would astound the civilized world and cause it to gasp with amazement, and a number of other sensations were being sown, I was extremely selfish with the impressions and ideas gems of thought which were born in my gifted mind and distributed them freely and with a lavish hand.

When my active intellect distinguished a fault in a man, I would glide up to his off elbow in my superior way and tell him about it. Later in life for reasons which I am trying to forget and of which it is unnecessary to speak here, I acquired the habit of giving these little gifts of intellect from a longer range. I always felt better afterwards, and could attend to my duties more regularly, and I felt that a young man from whom the world expected so much in the future could not afford to take any chances of being incapacitated.

In those days, in the mellow past, when I saw a man acting ungentlemanly and rude in society or business and being a consistent fool, I could not resist the inclination to fix him with the blinding glare of my intellectual lamps and tell him my innermost thoughts. If I heard a man giving a select coterie of friends the wrong impression concerning any particular subject, I felt obliged to correct him and explain to him and his hearers that either his early education had been sadly neglected or the predominating trait of his distinguished ancestor, Ananias,

had attained a remarkable growth in the present age of his descendants. In order to prevent him from feeling that I was withholding any small details of my secret impressions, I would usually add a few remarks concerning his general appearance, with my own opinion of laws which allowed certain individuals to contaminate decent society with their presence.

While lying in the hospital I always improved each shining hour in silent contemplation and thought, and after pulling off this stunt a few times with the usual result, my ardor somewhat decreased. I began to foster a grave suspicion that the great throbbing world didn't care a brass-rouned continental what my opinion of other people was and that the person addressed in particular didn't take kindly to having his faults described in my chaste and intellectual style. I began to lose interest in the matter so that I did not enter upon the undertaking with my usual impetuosity and throw my whole

soul into the work, as I had formerly done. I would retire to a convenient distance when I had a duty of this sort to perform, and usually contented myself with having the principal subject of the conversation receive the information second-handed. Even then I discovered that this makeshift way of doing business was frequently attended with embarrassing situations and often entailed much discomfort and inconvenience in dodging up back alleys and seeking obscure routes of travel, as I have finally decided that the world can plug along and find out these things for itself or remain in ignorance. I will, henceforth, retain this information for home consumption alone.

The invention of the telephone has proved a great boon for those who cannot resist the temptation to speak their minds. It has removed great many of the embarrassing and uncomfortable situations resultant upon the performance of this act, and has rendered it possible for a man to gratify his just for his pleasant pastime without stint and in comparative safety, providing he uses proper judgment and care in keeping under cover. A man can now retire to a distant portion of the city or over into the next county, when he feels an overpowering impulse to relieve his mind of the weighty matter

which has been accumulating therein, until the steam gauge jumps up to the danger point, and he can call up some husky fellow who could tie him into a Gordian knot with one hand tied behind his back, and turn loose a string of vituperation into his ear, which will cause him to grow red hot and sizzle the atmosphere, while he is reclining in comparative safety and comfort in a leather rocker. This is the method I always adopt now, and I find that it always leaves the telephone booth feeling very much relieved (I mean myself, not the telephone booth), and the danger of spontaneous combustion in my own physical being has been temporarily passed.

The telephone has also increased the number of brave men in the country. There are no more men who are not afraid to tell others what they think of them, and inform them what a bum lot of pikers their ancestors were, than existed before the invention of the telephone. I talk to these men every day over the telephone, and I know this statement is true. I can also notice the influence of the telephone upon my own personal heroism.

### The Bidding of Their Bosses.

T. B. Murdock in the Eldorado Republic.

When I look over the Copeland County lobby and see dozens of Federal and state officers and corporation attorneys, practically all of them sensible men, working, planning, scheming, pleading, bulldozing to prevent the passage of a primary election law, which would give the people of this Nation an self-governing. These men must know, they do know, that a perpetration of boss rule, machine rule, which is given its force and power in Wall Street and which is backed by every corporate interest in the county, means a machine-owned, steel-behind oligarchy to govern, not of the people, but of the money interests. But these otherwise square men are on salaries and are obeying the orders of their Washington and Wall Street bosses. In the meantime, may the Lord have mercy on the country and may he put it into the hearts of all the people to more faithfully perform all their political duties from now on!

### The Miner.

Translated from the Norwegian of Henrik Valdemar Blad.

Mountain, split with crack and crack  
For my heavy hammer, I swear!  
Work I must far under ground,  
Till I hear the quartz resound.

Treasure in the rocky depths  
From eternity did sleep,  
Golden veins in some far bow,  
Beckon me from far below.

There, beyond the realm of light,  
Greets me the eternal night;  
Heavy hammer—blow for blow—  
Gains me the riches of the deep.

Once, a happy country lad,  
Underneath the stars I sat,  
Bar with heart and soul at ease,  
Owning childhood's blessed peace.

But I lost my Spring day's bloom  
In the grotto's midnight gloom;  
Left a child's world morning sound  
For my workings underground.

Young I was and innocent  
When first time herein I went;  
Thought: Life's mystery doth sleep  
With the spirits of the deep.

Yet no ghost has e'er made clear  
What then seemed to me so queer,  
Never have I found a ray  
That can lighten up till day!

Have I failed? Means it that  
Not to clearness leads this path?  
Ah, the light doth blind my eye  
If I search it in the sky!

No—I must beyond the light,  
Down to the eternal night;  
Heavy hammer—blow for blow—  
Gains me the riches of the deep.

Miner, delve and delve away,  
Till I spent your working day;  
Never morning star will brighten,  
Never sun of hope will lighten!



WOULD GLIDE UP TO HIM IN MY SUPERIOR WAY AND TELL HIM ALL ABOUT HIS FAULTS



MY PATERNAL PARENT DOUBLED UP A HITCHING STRAP AND PUT A COMPOUND FRACTURE IN MY INCLINATION TO SPEAK MY MIND