Little Lessons from the School of Experience.

Some Cold Pickle Facts

BY JIM NASIUM.

When a fellow dies, his friends come in
To the darkened house that day,
And with weeping hearts they speak of him
In the kindest sort of way.
And never a one but has a loving word,
That's been bottled for many a year.
'Twould have pleased the man when he could have heard.
But the corpse—it cannot hear.

Then they bring in flowers rich and rare,
And filled with sweet perfume,
And wreaths of roses everywhere
Make glad the darkened room.
Perhaps his life in sorrow hid
Would have filled with joy if he
Could have owned those wreaths on his coffin-lid.
But the corpse—it cannot see.

Then here's a tip for neighbors, dear.
Who would praise me gone, no doubt;
If you have joys to see and hear,
Why don't you trot 'em out?
All these post-mortem carryings on
Are proper-like and nice,
But with the one that's dead and gone
They never cut any ice.

YOU have probably noticed this to some extent. It seems to be a common practice in this old dump of a world to bottle up the kind and loving words and keep the bouquets to chuck at a man after he is dead. Attending funerals isn't exactly my favorite means of deriving recreation and amusement, but I have been at a few in my time, and I have usually picked up a few crumbs of food for thought during the post-mortem love feast.

Perhaps on these sad occasions I am never busy enough with my own tear ducts, and fail to concentrate my powerful mind sufficiently on the subject before the house; perhaps I give too much attention to the audience and not enough to the poor fellow who has been compelled to fold his icy limbs and cross the River Jordon in order to get away from the knockers and bring out a few kind expressions of regard concerning him. I'll confess I've never been very long at the grief job, at any rate it never keeps me too busy to daily with the thought that if these weeping friends had turned loose some of these nice things and carted in their bouquets while the poor fellow was pugging along through the cruel world it would have done him a blamed sight more good.

I am not speaking from my own experience, as I have never died, and hence my own funeral has not yet been pulled off. But when it does come off I know exactly what is going to happen. I have the whole programme made out and the advance sheets printed ready for distribution, so that there will be a unison of effort and everything will go off smoothly and nothing happen contrary to the established custom. I know that a lot of pikers who are at present standing idly by while my sensitive soul is starving itself in a desert land where kind words and flowers bloom not, are going to send around bouquets and pillows of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley, and that they will say a lot of beautiful things about me and make my family feel bad by telling them how much they have lost. I know this, because they always do it. The custom has been established too long to be set aside for even as great a man and as grand a character as I.

But I want to hereby advertise to the world that if my wishes in the matter are to be consulted I would a blamed sight rather have a funeral without a eulogy or even so much as a little bug-eaten rosebud, than a life without a kind word or an expression of appreciation. If I am pulling off anything worthy of comment as I plug along through life, I don't want them to save up their comments till the grim reaper has got in his work. I want them to spit 'em out now when they will do me some good, or keep their mouths shut when it is too late. If I have any floral wreaths or bunches of mignonette or bouquets of sweet, loving words coming to me, I'd like to use them as I go along.

It's the one best bet that I'm not alone in that feeling, either. You won't find many in this world who prefer their bouquets and applause served up with their insurance money. It makes them feel better and benefits the world a lot more if they get them while they have an opportunity to pull off an encore or two.

My own personal opinion is that the world would be a lot better place to live in and conditions wouldn't present such a violent contrast to those which exist around the loafing places on the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, if people formed the habit of using the information which they hand to the minister for use in the funeral sermon, and which they send to the papers to print in the obituary, to hand around before the subject under discussion has grabbed a harp and climbed the golden stairs. I have no hesitation in saying that if a lot more of the language that floats around flower-draped rooms at funeral sermons were used up in referring to living beings, there wouldn't have to be so much of it used on dead ones. And I really believe there would be fewer dead ones to use it on. One little rosebud or one kind word to the living is worth a dozen wreaths and eulogies to the dead.

Sentiment is the grandest thing that was ever invented, but practical sentiment is the kind that counts. If your wife is such a blamed good woman as you will probably tell the minister she was after she is gone, why in thunder don't you tell her all about it now? It may go a long way toward preventing the necessity of your telling the minister anything at all. If her pancakes and flapjacks are good, and if she spikes the patches on the quarter deck of your office trousers in an artistic style and keeps the kids from acquiring green mould, tell her about it as you go along and don't save the information for the obituary. There's a lot of nice sentiment going to waste on the grave stones up in the cemetery that might have done a lot of good if the ones who are sleeping their last sleep underneath could have got hold of it while they lived.

That's the way I feel about it anyway. It has always seemed to me that there are too blamed many flowers and too much good will and loving language used up at weddings and funerals and not enough scattered in between.

At your wedding, a gang of your friends get together and fill the air with congratulations and fire old shoes after you for good luck. After that if they chuck any old shoes at you there is always a foot inside of it, and it is aimed at a section of your anatomy that renders it hard for you to accept it as a token of good luck.

Perhaps I had grown cynical from intimate association with the editorial writer and the Spring poet, but I recall when I stood up before the altar and promised to protect and feed the little woman who is now decorating my socks with large and uncomfortable darnings which bring excruciating pain to my pet corns, and went down into my jeans for my last simolean to hand over to the minister, as I stood there dead broke but happy with the future stretching a yawning abyss at my feet and the young bride I had basely deceived with glowing tales of wealth and bright prospects hanging onto my wing, when the friends gathered around to wish us all kinds of success and hand us the jolly, I recall how the thought kept filtering through my mind that if some of these people would refrain from slopping over quite so much on this particular occasion and would save some of these lovely things to splatter along our future pathway of life and kind of give us a boost as we plugged along the trail, it would be much more to the point and do us a blamed sight more good.

As I sit here today running my fingers through the rapidly disappearing foliage on my classic dome and grinding out the glittering gems of thought which the world has come to expect from my gifted pen, how pleasant and stimulating and uplifting it would be to have some of these people drift into the office with their bouquets of forget-me-nots and a little present of a silver set or a suit of parlor furniture or something that I could pawn, and fill my gloomy little office with kind words and well wishes for the future. How encouraging and intoxicating it would be to have the boys come in with a bunch of fragrant blossoms for my dingy little desk and a bedroom suit for my squalid little home, and to have him slap me on the back and wish me all kinds of success. He did it when I was married, why not now?

But no. All this would not be according to the established precedent. The only thing I get now is the hook. I remember several distinct occasions when the donors of these wedding presents have skinned me out of the price of them twice over. They have now fully-enough surplus cash of mine over and above their expenditures to purchase a beautiful floral offering for my funeral. They will all be on the job again on that occasion, you can bet your life on that. The thought of this makes me feel gloomy and sad, which is naturally somewhat of a handicap to a young man from whom the world expects so much.

Now, I am not a pessimist, as one might suspect from reading some of my gifted lines, but I believe in "turning on the light no matter what it reveals." Mr. Roosevelt copied that idea from me. I don't want to take any credit away from Roosevelt, because he is certainly a great man, but when it comes to "turning on the light," I've got him faded, as the public recognizes the fact that I am absolutely non-partisan in my views. Mr. Roosevelt and I are both great men, but I have succeeded in keeping it a profound secret better than he has.

As I said before, I am not a pessimist. Not by a long shot. I'm dead on to the fact that the optimist has a lot of fun, as he plugs along through life, that never costs him a cent. And I also firmly believe that 90 per cent of the trouble in this world never happens, and that's the share of the pessimist. But it is up to the brainy men of the world, we intellectual giants with the gift of discernment, whatever that is, to erect the signposts along the pathway of life so that the public will not grope along the trail in total ignorance of what is before them.

It is all well enough to gather roses and take no thought of the thorns but after a thorn or two has crawled so far under your thumb nail that it protrudes at the elbow joint, it requires considerable faith to keep from thinking about it. The experience is mighty apt to make you fight shy of the roses, too.

It is only a proof of the eternal fitness of things that it is given to the present age to have a gifted writer like myself to point out the deception that lies in some of these old maxims of past ages. And I say lies advisedly, too. Because some of them certainly do lie worse than a show bill. They may have been all right away back in the mellow past, when you could go out and club your breakfast off the trees, but they are mere relics of a past age in latterday life, and should be treated as such.

Some of these days, when I have more space and the managing editor has gone away on his vacation, I am going to show up some of these literary masters of the past. The managing editor's absence will give me a chance to cut loose in my chaste and cheerful style and make use of the wonderful descriptive powers and versatile profanity which his jealousy of my increasing fame and renown does not permit to reach others' eyes than his own.

Solving Perplexing Problem of Aerial Flight

Wright Bros. Want $1,000,000 for Their Secret—Details of Their Device as Gleaned From Interviews.

THE problem of flight through the human beings. In France, Henri air seems to be nearing solution by Farman, a few weeks ago, made a successful flight of a circular kilometer, with a "heavier-than-air" machine. But his exploit, it seems evident from recent magazine accounts, is far surpassed by the flights of the American brothers Wright, with a machine the simplicity of whose operations has made it necessary to conduct all trials with extreme secrecy, to prevent the design from becoming known before it has been marketed; which may not occur for some time, owing to the fact that the inventors have placed the price of their patent at $1,000,000, and demand great concessions in addition. The result is that information about the exact working plans is meager. However, pictures have been drawn from a model of the machine which has been patented in England. In addition to this, Carl Dienstbach, the American representative of the Berlin Aeronautical Association, in The American Aeronaut, reconstructs the Wright "Flyer" from a carefully-gleaned collection of the testimony of eye-witnesses, and in McClure's Magazine the brothers themselves tell their story through the pen of George Kibbe Turner.

"It is impossible, under these circumstances, for us to discuss the exact secrets of control and management which are our only asset in our machine. We have not even drawn working plans of our machine, for fear they might fall into other hands. But there are general principles of operating our aeroplane of which we make no secret.

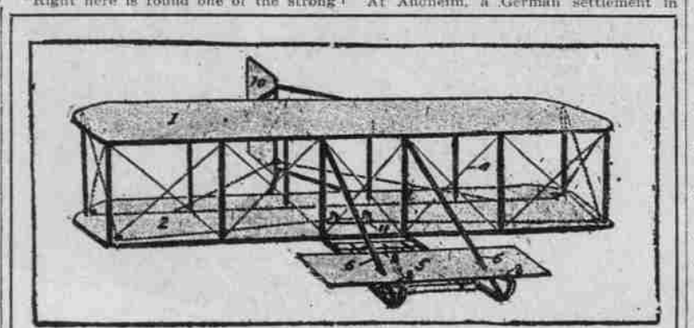
"It has been a common aim of experimenters with the aeroplane to solve the problem of equilibrium by some automatic system of balancing. We believe that the control should be left in the possession of the operator. The sense of equilibrium is very delicate and certain. If you lie upon a bed three-quarters of an inch out of true, you know it at once. And this sense of equilibrium is just as reliable a mile above the earth as it is upon it. The management of our aeroplane, like that of the bicycle, is based upon the sense of equilibrium of the operator. The apparatus for preserving the balance of the machine consists of levers operated by simple, uniform movements, which readjust the flying surfaces of the machine to the air. The movement of these levers very soon becomes automatic with the aviator, as does the balancing of a bicycle-rider. In fact, the aeroplane is easier to learn and simpler to operate than the bicycle. In all our experiments with gliding and flying machines we have not even sprained a limb; we have scarcely scratched our flesh.

"The only danger in our aeroplane is of turning over. We have purposely made our machine many times heavier than necessary, so that it cannot break. There is absolutely no danger—as might appear at first thought—from the stopping of the engine. The aeroplane is supported by its motion through the air, it is true; but, however high it is flying, gravity furnishes it all the potential energy it needs to get safely to the ground. When the power is shut off, it merely sails through the air to its landing. Theoretically, it is safer at a mile above the earth than at 200 feet, because it has a wider choice of places in which to land; you can choose your landing from 256 square miles from a mile above the surface in descending 1 in 16. As a matter of fact, we always shut off the power when we start to alight, and come down by the force of gravity."

Mr. Dienstbach gives a more detailed account of the perfected device as it appears to him:

"The Wright Flyer consists, principally, of two superposed surfaces 40 feet from tip to tip, and 6½ feet from front to rear, the top surface being 6 feet above the lower one, and the total area 510 square feet. The wing-tips are about 10 inches lower than the center of the surfaces. The framework is made of a very high-grade spruce, braced by steel wires and covered with canvas, in which most of the framing is embedded, the exposed parts being especially sharpened and the head resistance kept low. The trussing is flexible, making it possible to twist the whole frame, to some extent, in such a way as to impart to the left tip a negative, and to the right tip a positive, angle of incidence to the path of flight, or vice versa—the whole surface assuming then somewhat the shape of a screw propeller of very low pitch. This action is under the control of the operator by means of cords and pulleys. The cords run back to a vertical, movable rudder in the rear, which is made to move in rapport with the twisting.

"Right here is found one of the strong points of the Wrights' invention: dealing with the disturbances collectively. If the machine is struck by a side gust, the rear rudder first tends to swing it around sufficiently to decrease the disturbing effect, whereas, if immovable, it would at once make things worse by causing the machine to continue spinning around, through excess of the momentum initially acquired. Whichever way the rudder moves, the side regulation, by the aforesaid twisting, acts upon it in a manner that decreases the initial effect and neutralizes the subsequent one. The method appears rather 'rough and ready,' and was later refined, but shows, from the beginning, a characteristic degree of efficiency.



A Perspective View of the Wright Aeroplane: 1 and 2, Wings; 3, Upright Standards; 4, Stay Wires on Pulleys; 5, Forward Rudder; 6, Inclined Struts; 7, 8 and 9, Steering Mechanism; 10 Vertical Rear Rudder or Tail; 11, Cradle for Hips.

"But to return to the machine's description: Eight or nine feet in front of the lower surface is the horizontal front rudder, larger and more powerful than that on the gliding-machines and more sensitive to the slightest motion of the controlling lever. This rudder has an area of about 20 square feet, while the vertical rear rudder is about 12 feet square and placed not quite 6 feet behind the main surfaces, making the total fore-and-aft dimensions of the 'Flyer' about 20 feet.

"The main element in changing the appearance of the 'Flyer' from that of the glider was the propellers. There are two of them (not shown in our pictures, which portray the gliding mechanism), close to but not directly behind the rear surface; each has two very narrow, sharp blades of slightly increasing pitch, forming of each blade a sort of especially efficient aerocurve—the propellers being figured, in fact, on the theory of the aeroplane; with less than 75 per cent efficiency of the screws no flight would have been possible with the available power."

In closing their interview with Mr. Turner the inventors say:

"We know that we have made the aeroplane a practical machine, but we are not over-sanguine about its revolutionizing the transportation of the future. It will scarcely displace the railroad or the steamboat; necessarily, its expenditure of fuel will be too great. In a steamship it is calculated that the heat from the burning of a sheet of letter-paper will carry a ton a mile; you could scarcely expect such results in an airship. The airship, so far as we can see at present, will have its chief value for warfare, and for reaching inaccessible places—for such uses as expeditions into the Klondike, or to Peking during its siege a few years ago. The value of an airship, moving faster than a railroad train, for reconnoitering or dropping explosives upon an enemy in time of war, is now obvious to the entire civilized world. The aeroplane may also be of great value in the near future for service like the carrying of mail. When properly developed it will be quicker than any means of locomotion now in use for direct journeys between two places—unless against hurricanes. There will be no switches, no stops whatever; and the journey can be made in an air-line."

Odd Animals in Harness.

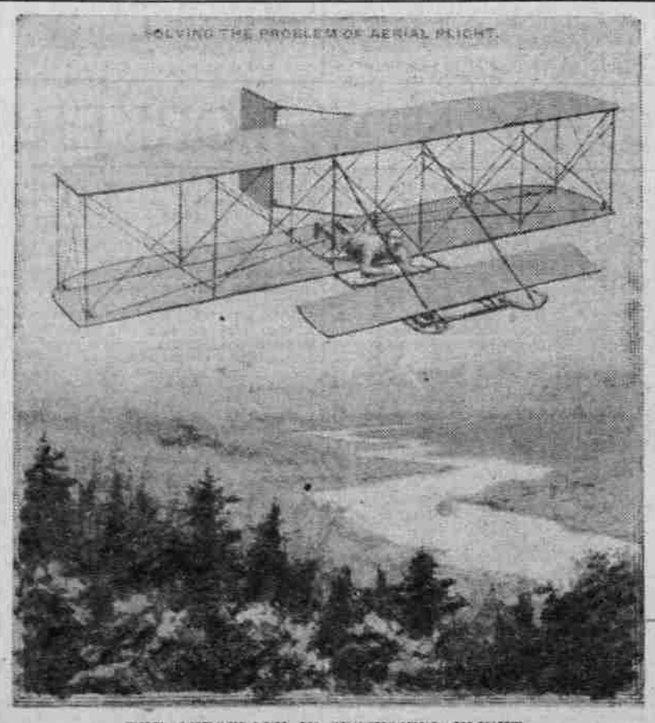
London Answers.

The horse must look to his laurels, as a number of odd competitors for his place as the friend of man are springing up.

At Andheim, a German settlement in Southern California, ostriches have been trained to draw light four-wheeled traps. One of these birds so harnessed has traveled a mile in 2 minutes, or at a rate of 29 miles an hour.

The African zebra was formerly regarded as being too wild and vicious to be of use in harness. But time has changed this, and now in British East Africa any number of zebras can be purchased ready trained to bit and bridle. The zebra will be found most useful in Africa and India, as it is exceedingly strong, a fast trotter and immune from many diseases which attack horses.

Perhaps the oddest animal in harness is the wild boar, which is driven by a French peasant at Montlucon. It is now 3 years old and able to draw a small two-wheeled cart. As a bit is of no use the reins are attached to the animal's eye teeth.



THE AEROPLANE IN SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT.

SPRING: AN IRREPRESSIBLE POEM.

By A. B. Childers.

The coming of Spring? It is here, by jing!
The winds and the song birds show it;
And deep in my soul hath the poet-fire stole—
Though few of my friends seem to know it.

My wife, poor thing, will strong epithets fling,
Says I'd better cut wood for the kitchen,
Or be pailing the cow or chasing the plow,
Or out in the meadows be ditchin'.

She says if I'd work and not try to shirk
The duties that come to each human,
That at some distant day my debts I could pay—
Now isn't that just like a woman?

Deep down in her heart she knows I am smart,
But she tries her best not to show it;
She sits on my muse in a way to confuse,
And to blight all the dreams of a poet.

But sometime, I wean, when these lines are seen
On the page of some Sunday paper,
She will have to admit her hubby is it,
And then she will cut a wild caper—

Jump high in the air, or stand on a chair,
Or do some such fool thing as that;
Or stand by my side, as she did when a bride,
And give my old bald head a pat.

Ah, sweet is the gleam I catch in my dream,
Of a scroll, and within it a name,
By the world to be read long after I'm dead,
On the perishless tablets of fame.

This is why I can sing of the coming of Spring,
Of its dewdrops and daisies and leaves;
The balmy days long, all fit in my song
Like the straws in a bundle of sheaves.

You can't crush desire. The deep-hidden fire
Lives for aye in the soul of the poet;
And strive as he may, there cometh a day
When he'll bust if the world doesn't know it.

Willie Small's Ambition.

By Sadie Pell.

"When I grow up," said Willie Small,
"I think I'll join the band,
And toot the biggest horn of all
And look so fine and grand;
Because nobody then can say
(The way folks say to boys
Who make a racket when they play),
'You'll have to make less noise.'"

Incidents in the Life History of the Elephant

One of the Greatest of Globe Trotters; How His Immense Trunk Was Developed.

THE gift recently received at Yale from the British Museum of skulls of the moeritherium and palaeomastodon, forefathers of the modern elephant, has brought out in the American Journal of Science a life history of the elephant, by Professor Richard S. Lull, Yale's paleontologist. Dr. Lull traced the history of the elephant from the little tapirlike creatures that stood less than three feet and a half high up to the present day Jumbos, illustrating each step in the development with casts and restorations, of which Yale now has a complete collection.

Those who happened to meet the moeritherium or the palaeomastodon a few million years ago would when they wandered through Egypt would fail to see any resemblance between them and the present-day elephant. In tracing the elephantine tree Dr. Lull describes some very queer relatives. Explorations have recently brought to light evidence that the Florida manatee is a near relative, first cousin perhaps to the elephant. To the uninitiated nothing could be more unlike the elephant and the fish-like manatee with broad swimming tail, front legs reduced to flippers and no hind legs at all.

Another realtive, which anatomists have already recognized as having certain similarities of structure with the elephant, is the conies, little furry, rabbit-like animals not more than 18 inches in length, with short ears, tailless and with hoof-like nails instead of claws. They are confined to Africa, the early home of the elephant.

While the earliest forms of the elephant family have been unearthed nowhere except in Egypt, and there only within the last four or five years, skeletons of later members of the family have been discovered in so many parts of the world that the scientists are agreed that next to man the elephant has been the greatest traveler of the animal kingdom. This may have been due, so one of the Yale professors says, to the elephant's having carried for centuries his trunk with him.

The early African elephants formerly ranged from the Cape of Good Hope to Spain. The moeritherium and the palaeomastodon are not known to have left Africa, but the tetrabelodon augustidens, the animal representing the third recorded stage in development of the elephant, was the first member of the family to start on an exploring tour of Europe.

These creatures made their exodus from Africa not by way of the northeast, but by the land-bridge connecting Tunis with Sicily and the latter with Italy and thence by way of Greece to Europe and Asia. Once in Asia the globe trotting instinct apparently was strong in that branch of the family, for the migration of this race continued across Siberia and the Bering Isthmus to the New World.

The remains of the American species have been found from Alaska to California, east to Prince Edward's Island and from Hudson Bay to Florida. As far as the paleontologists have been able to judge these early elephants were content to roam about North America until a good dry walking place was provided by which to reach the Southern hemisphere via Central America.

"Two South American species are known," says Professor Lull, "one following the chain of the Andes as far south as Chile. This type is often found at great altitudes, a specimen from the Quito Valley in Ecuador now in the Yale collection, having been found 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

"The African species has a vertical distribution from sea level to a height of 13,000 feet in the Kilimanjaro region. Mountain ranges on the whole do not impede elephant migration, except such mightly uplifts as the Himalayas.

"Hannibal took a number of African elephants across the little St. Bernard Pass, which has an altitude of 7176 feet, in his invasion of Italy in 218 B. C. The great ranges of mountains in the New World may have influenced somewhat the trend of migration but they were crossed at will."

The most noticeable physical changes in the development of the elephants, aside from the great increase in size are the development of the incisor teeth of the forefathers into the tusks of the present-day elephants and the elongation of the combined nose and upper lip into a trunk.

Evolutionary Changes of Elephants

The early species, Dr. Lull explains, probably fed on succulent vegetation, and the neck of these animals was of sufficient length to enable them to reach the ground. There was scarcely a suggestion of the trunk and tusks of the present-day specimens.

As the development is traced from period to period in geological history the trunk and tusks become longer and the neck becomes shorter, the head thereby receding. As the head, with the increase in size of the trunk and tusks, became heavier and heavier, and was lifted from the ground further and further, the neck muscles of necessity increased in size and strength, thus preventing the head from dropping off by sheer overweight.

In the matter of teeth the elephant, in his development through thousands of years, instead of holding on to his normal set of 24 teeth, with which it is believed that he started life, has apparently lost all but six. Dr. Lull holds that he raises his teeth on the instalment plan.

"There are, all told, six grinders in each half of the jaw," he says, "the first appearing at the age of 2 weeks and being shed at the age of 2 years. The second is shed at the age of 6, the third at 9, the fourth from 20 to 25, the fifth at 60, while the sixth lasts for the remainder of the creature's life, up to the age of from 100 to 120 years."

Dr. Lull does not give the elephant credit for expanding intellectually in proportion to its physical development. He says:

"This change in the form of the skull, while it gives to the physiognomy of the animal that dignified intellectual look, does not imply a similar development of the brain, for the brain case has increased but little. The intelligence of the elephant has been exaggerated by some writers and greatly minimized by others.

"Elephants possess a remarkable memory of injuries, real or fancied; of misfortunes and of the time and place of the ripening of favorite fruits. They also learn to perform complex labors, as the carrying and piling of logs in the teak yeards in India without other directions than the initial order. They are said to be weather wise and to be able to foretell rain some days in advance.

"There is a possible parallelism between human mental development and that of the elephant. One of the most potent factors in the evolution of man's mind is his ability to handle various objects and thus bring them before the face for examination. This is also found in the elephant, although to a less extent, and undoubtedly has aided materially in its mental development as well."

Going Two Miles a Minute

THERE is a widespread belief, says a writer in Town and Country, that an ice yacht can be made to jump clean over huge cracks in the ice, rising to the leap like a huge greyhound and gauging the distance exactly. As a matter of fact, the pressure of the wind on the sails is constantly tending to overturn the boat and the instant the leeward runner leaves the supporting ice it is sure to drop into the water with startling suddenness.

The windward runner might rise into the air at the same instant, but only because the whole boat would turn with the backbone as an axis as soon as the ice runner left the ice. Given a wide crack or even an expanse of thin ice and the ice yachtsman attempting to do any fancy jumping is sure to get into trouble.

If the crack is wide enough the boat may shove her bow under the ice on the far side instead of landing on top. The writer knows, because he has had this very thing happen and had to crawl out on the boom to escape drowning.

Watching the sailing of an ice yacht for the first time is likely to furnish surprises for the sailor whose experience has all been on melted ice. For instance, the main sheet is never eased; the yacht always runs close hauled, regardless of the direction of the wind.

In running before the wind a zigzag course is taken, the boat tacking so as to keep the wind always on one quarter or the other. In this way the yacht can get from one point to another much quicker than by running a straight course with the wind, though the distance covered is actually a good deal greater. An ice yacht handles very differently from a water yacht, for the sharp runners grip the ice firmly, and the slightest movement of the helm is instantly followed by a corresponding movement of the boat, at high speeds a very slight movement of the tiller changes the course very quickly.

The up-to-date racing ice yacht is, in its broad principles, the essence of simplicity. Two wooden members form a cross and are held in position by steel wire rope stays; three runners at three extremities of the cross, one swivelling for steering, and a lateen or a jib and main sail of the simplest type, constitute the craft.

Actually, however, the construction is a delicate and complex matter. Some of the timbers are cut from certain parts of the log to produce just the proper curve. The balancing of the whole craft—the position of the sail plan with reference to the runners—must be carefully worked out. The materials used throughout, and especially the steel rigging, must be of the strongest, for the stresses to which they are subjected are enormous.

The latest models are expensive, and they look it. Woodwork is handsomely finished by varnishing and even polishing; fittings are nickel-plated, and sails are made by sailmakers whose names on bills stand for high prices. Everything is of the best, and everything should be of the best, for the boat is called upon to stand the pace, which may be as great as a mile in 30 seconds.

The Queer Querist.

What is the germ of a German band?
What causes the rook to caw?
Can a meadow lark abut on the land?
Who knows what the cross cut saw?

Does a window ever feel a pane
At the sight of a hard mill race?
While the fish hails out with might and main,
And the boot tongue wags apace.

Who does the tree bough down to, pray?
Is drilling an awful bore?
Can you mend with glue the break of day?
Does a railway sleeper snore?

Is cloth sold cheap at a cutter's sail
Can you drive a starboard tack?
Are bucket shop keepers always pale?
Can you call a pet boot Jack?

—Penny Magazine.