MY STORY of MY LIFE BY gas of Graffines HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION THE WORLD

else counts. That's why I've never given out before a few private details of the Jeffries family history that I'm going to set down here.

I've always been a great book reader. When I was a youngster I used to hide a candle under my bed in my own room and light it as soon as I was left alone, and melt the bottom end and stick it on my bedpost. Then I'd lie in bed reading until the birds began stirring in the branches outside my window in the early morning. In those days I never thought of writing a book myself. For that reason I never made a nots of the things I've read about the Jeffries family in my father's old books, or of the stories I've heard him tell. But the most interesting things, I think, still stick in my memory.

think, still stick in my memory.

The original stock of the Jeffries family was Scandinavian or Norse Vik-ing. It has been traced back to Nor-mandy in the year 900, or just about mandy in the year 200, or just about there. In 1666 my ancestors went to England on a fighting trip with William the Conqueror. The family name was spelled according to the owner's taste in those days. At first it was Godfridus, then Godfrey, Godefrey, and Goeffrey. Later it went through new changes, Gaefferoy, Jeffrey, Jeffreys, Jeffray, Jeffris and Jeffries, with a few other variations.

There is a tradition that a certain

There is a tradition that a certain Geoffrey fought in the Crusades, and once saved the life of Richard Coeur once saved the life of Richard Coeur
de Lion, when he was attacked by a
bear in the hills near the city of Jaffa,
killing the bear with his sword. I
never heard much about bear hunting
In Palestine, but there must have been
bears there in early days, or where did
the bears come from that bothered the prophet Elljah? And if there was a bear in that country you could depend upon anybody connected with the Jeftries family to find it.

This old Goeffrey may or may not have been an ancestor of mine, and I'll



not try to fill these pages with records extending back a thousand years. I'll start with the first of my family who came to America. He was Robert Jef-fries, named after some Norman Eng-lish ancestor away back in the year 1108. whose name was spelled Rolf Godefroy. This Robert Jeffries was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1656. His father was John Jeffries of Wiltshire, England, a country gentleman and landed proprietor, whose family traced its descent directly back to the tenth century, and a cousin of Judge George Jeffreys (or Jeffereys or Jeffries), Baron of Wem, Chief Justice of England under View Charles II. land under King Charles II., and Lord Chancellor under James II., who died a prisoner in the Tower of London in 1689. He was a terror and took delight in condemning people to death or ture in batches of a dozen at a time. Robert Jeffries came to America in the year 1681 and settled at Uplands, now Chester, Pa., where he died in 1739, leaving a large family. Several of his sons afterward moved to Virginia, where they became large plantation-owners and slave-holders and took part in the aristoratic pleasures of the times. They tocratic pleasures of the times, fought bravely through the Revolution and the War of 1812, and when things were dull did a little Indian fighting and

lot of hunting in the wilds.

It has always been the pride of the Jeffries family that no Jeffries has ever been known to break his word. My great occasions. Crowds came in from the grandfather. William Jeffries, sacrificed country all around and everybody celebrated brated. One of the usual events was a s whole fortune to save his honor. He as a planter, living on a splendid planting the Shenaudosh times the fighters were just surrounded times the fighters were just surrounded by a ring of men. Sometimes a regular rope ring was erected and they fought rope ring was erected and they fought the field. After a little while the sun would get up and the sand would be asked in the quariers. He was set of a sporting turn himself, but most the young bloods, who condered it rather a point of pride to dered it rather a point of pride to make the fighters were just surrounded by a ring of men. Sometimes a regular rope ring was erected and they fought the field. After a little while the sun would get up and the sand would be any first deer. But there's no use in boasting about that, for many boys in the western country shoot deer as soon through the thickets. The two does through the thill. I could hear him crashing the did it. Then I'd get out my shotgun and stuff about as thrilling a stunt as any of Kit disappointed boy in the world. I had was a planter, living on a splendid plan-tation at the head of the Shenandeah Valley. He had several handred broad acres of the finest land in Virginia and 20 slaves lived in the quarters. He was not of a sporting turn himself, but most

CHAPTER I.

The Fighting That the Jeffries Family Did Before My Time.

ERE at the start I want to say that I am an American all the way through. I was born in bridge and so were all of my foreign for two full centuries ahead of terms for two full centuries ahead of the amount good, although he left and an American, I don't care a rapitite or heraldry. A man is just the makes of himself, and nothing the makes of himself, and a lifet quite and asked William Jeffries to go his start for a bunt. To walk 15 or 20 miles surely for \$30,000, which was an enors of the boys in my class who have could visit superior to the boys in my class who have could visit superior to the boys in my class who have could visit superior to the boys in my class who had all I had done vas to raise the bits uperior to the boys in my class Before My Time.

ERE at the start I want to say that I am an American all the way through. I was born in America, and so were all of my fore-fathers for two full centuries ahead of me.

Being an American, I don't care a rap for titles or heraldry. A man is just what he makes of himself, and nothing else counts. That's why I've never the start I want to say mous sum in those days. My great grandfather gave his word to do so. The young Virginian could not pay, and my ancestor felt himself bound in honor to make the amount good, although he could easily have slipped out of it. With the resolution of an o'd Roman he sold his great plantation, put his slaves up at auction, paid the other man's debt and started life over again. His wife, brokenhearted at the disaster and crushed at parting with the old slaves crushed at parting with the old slaves that had long been in the family, died. "All is lost save honor," said my great



EVE ALWAYS BEEN A GREAT DOON_RELADER

grandfather grimly. He got a big wagon and six horses, and with little else but his rifle, trekked out into what was then the wilderness with his mothwas then the wilderness with his motherless children. After terrible hardships he settled in Fairfield County, Ohio. It was a wild country then. He cleared away the virgin forest to make his farm. He married again, after a time, and reared many children out there on the frontier. His oldest son, who had acquired a little education in Virginia in the prosperous days, was regarded with awe by the frontlersmen.

for whom I was named, was one of the children who made the journey from Virginia in the six-horse prairie schooner. He was born across the street from old Culpeper Court House at Culpeper, Virginia, and was eight years old when the family went to Ohio. He wasn't a scholar like his older brother, but even among the husky bordermen of his day he was renowned for his prodigious strength. When he was six years old strength. When he was six years old profession."
he could drive a four-horse team. When he grew up he was six feet and two inches tall and weighed 220 pounds, and no one in all that country could equal of Los An of Los Andrews here. no one in all that country count equal his feats of lifting. He was noted, too, for the fact that he never drank, smoked, swore or lied in his life. He was in great demand for setting the heavy logs when the settlers met to build cabins for each other in the build cabins for each other in the friendly way of that day. His favorite sport was wrestling, and no man in his part of the country could throw him-He was the acknowledged champion. Father says that his fists were much

My father was a devout churchgoer for many years, but finally turned evanfor many years, but finally turned evangelist and preached in the open air, deciaring that churches were a useless expense, and that the money spent on them should be devoted to the poor instead.

I was born in the old log cabin on the Ohio farm, like my brothers and sisters. So I suppose, if I hadn't taken up fighting as a profession I might have had as good a chance to become President of the United States as Abe Lincoln, James Garfield and other log-cabin men.

On my mother's side I descend from the earliest Holland Dutch settlers in this country. My mother's home was in

this country. My mother's home was in Boyertown, Pennsylvania, and her name

was Rebecca Boyer. Her father was Christopher Boyer, and he was a strapping big fellow, too. He was a natural fighter, and they say that when he died, over 50 years ago, he car-ried the scars of many a hard ring battle fought with bare fists. He was the champion of his part of Pennsylvania and fought for the fun of it. He was a member of the militia. His home was at the foot of the Blue Mountains, in the the annual musters in Schuylkill

there were few who could stand up against him he always won his point.

"If a man can't see the sense of a plain argument," he used to say, "there's no use in wasting words on him."

I haven't any doubt that this obstinacy runs in the family, and I have my share of it. It is a handy thing to have in a long battle.

I suppose fighting is in my blood and I come by the fighting instinct naturally. At any rate having a few fighting ancestors has always furnished me with a good argument and a good excuse at home.

CHAPTER II.

I Make a Good Start. WHEN I was born in the old log cabin at Carroll, Ohio, on the 15th of April, 1875, my fighting weight at the time was just 14 pounds. My parents were farming people, and they never suspected at the time that they

never suspected at the time that they were bringing up a future world's champion of the ring.

During the first year of my existence I developed a habit of swinging my fists, and all my farmer relatives took this as a good sign and predicted that I'd be a wonder with a scythe when I grew up. My father, who had a leaning toward religion, agreed that it was more the motion of pounding a pulpit, and that the early samples of my lung power indicated a brilliant future as an exhorter. My mother always hoped that I'd be a good preacher like my father. To develop me gradually they started

by making a strong, healthy farmer bo regarded with awe by the frontiersmen.
He could keep books, and it was told as a sort of legend around that country that he could write a whole volume without making a single blot.

My own grandfather, James Jeffries, for whom I was named, was one of the could who was a single blot.

The arraid that my parents appreciate this a little less than I do. On the night when I beat Tom Sharkey in San for whom I was named, was one of the geles paper hired a horse and galloped this course of the country from out to our ranch. It was after midnight when I beat Tom Sharkey in San Francisco, a reporter for a Los Angeles paper hired a horse and galloped out to our ranch. It was after midnight when he reached the house, Ringing the bell, he aroused my mother, who went to a window to see what all the racket was about. Very much excited, the reporter told of my victory.

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose my Jim will keep on fighting until he is beaten, but he's a good boy, and I know by that time he'll find a better profession."

profession."

It was in 1881 that my father took his family to California, where we settled on a ranch just outside the city of Los Angeles. Father built a fine 14-room house and laid out 27 acres of fruit trees. Our place was at Arroyo Secco Canyon. Arroyo Secco means Dry River. Old Spanish names are used all through Southern California, even now that the last traces of the old all through Southern California, even now that the last traces of the old Spanish settlements are disappearing.

This was a grand home for us. There were were my two older sisters and one younger, Lizzie, Alameda and Lillie, and my brothers Cal, John, Tom and Charlie (afterward known as "Jack.")

We all lived in the big house, and great

Father says that his note which larger than mine.

My grandfather stayed on his father's firm until he was 24 when he married he and his word and the first think schooling was the most important thing in the world, although it is a good help for any boy. He used to say the men 120 miles away from the old folks to a home of their own, on a half cleared farm of 160 acres, not far from Carroll, Ohio. There they built a log cabin of two stories.

Charlie (afterward known as "Jack.")

We all lived in the big house, and great times we used to have.

We all fived in the big house, and great times we used to have.

We all fived in the big house, and great times we used to have.

We all fived in the big house, and great times we used to have.

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We all fived in the big house, and great times we used to have.

We all fived in the big house, and great times we used to have.

We all fived in the big house, and great times we used find in his voice. For a moment my mother was flustered. Then she he said:

"Yes, I think my oldest boy doesometimes—but'—

"I—thought—I—saw—one—smoking

"I—the other—day." said Paraon Cobb, all of the other—day." said Paraon Cobb, all of the other—day." said Paraon Cobb, all of the other—day. said Paraon Cobb, and solemn, like a judge condemning a prisoner. Then he stopped and this when we went out hunting and came be went 20 moment my mother was flustered. Then some times—we went such as mounting of a mounting and such as mounting soles. For a mount my mother was flustered. Then the such such said:

"Yes, I had

I don't think any of us stunted our growth working on the ranch. When father went away to town in the morning



"No, sir. It got too hot."
"Was it too hot to go hunting?"
"No, sir-not in the shade."
"A-hum," he'd say. "And did you get anything?"
"Then I'd so out to the kitchen and

Then I'd go out to the kitchen and bring in the game. He'd frown a little



to show he hadn't forgotten telling me to work in the field, but then he'd smile, for he was a man very fond of game, and he couldn't resist the charm of a brace

for he was a man very fond of game, and he couldn't resist the charm of a brace of plump quali.

At the worst I could always depend upon my mother. She could never see anything wrong in what her boys did.

And that makes me think that there was a preacher named Cobb living near us. I suppose he was a good enough sort of a man in his own way, but he surely did have it in for me. If he'd been an out-of-door, man, top, and had taken a shotgun and gone out for a hunt with us boys now or then, or had played ball with us like some preachers I've seen, we would have had more respect for him. But instead of hobnobbing with us he was always preachnobbing with us he was always preach-ing and telling us what we were com-ing to-and it wasn't anything very

complimentary to the boys of the Jef-fries family either.

It seemed as if that preacher had not anything to do but to make trouble for me. He was always around when I got into mischief, and he was always the first to tell the first to tell.

One day he caught me smoking a cigarette. I was just experimenting—I didn't have the habit. The preacher looked at me and moved away, side-wise, like a crab, in the direction of my house. I had a hunch that some-thing was going to happen, so I ran through the orchard and got there

When he came in where my mother was there I stood, seaning on our old square piano with my elhow.

The preacher looked straight at me for a moment. Then he turned and said solemnly: "Does any of your boys smoke, Mrs. Jeffries"

You'd have thought he was seking if

You'd have thought he was asking if any of us were burglars—he had such a mournful sound in his voice. For a

about without your sneaking in here and telling tales?" I asked him.

That settled the parson's case. He couldn't tell my mother that her boys weren't exactly right. So he waited for a chance to try it on father.

Leaving the house he met father

Leaving the house he met father coming down the path.
"Mr. Jeffries," he said in that same mournful tone, "do you know what kind of boys you have?"

Here Parson Cobb gave me a long store again for J was right havide.

stare again, for I was right beside I have good boys," said my father.

"Good boys!" echoed the parson.
"I'm afraid James" (drawling the
words out long) "is—a—pretty—bad boy."
"Why," said my dad, laughing, "I think Jim is the best boy I've got." So the enemy of my youth was dis-comfited, and went away with a sour look on his face. But I'm afraid I was

a pretty bad boy after all, for I fol-lowed after and when he turned to scowl I threw two cats at him. One cat may not be very effective, but two cat may not be very electric, but two
cats, especially with their talls tied
together, and landing one on each
shoulder, can make an awful fuss. Parson Cobb departed with more haste
than dignity, and for a while your
friend Jim lived in peace.

at a jack rabbit running away from me across the sand and the whirling built took him end on. All I found was his hide and his ears and hind legs. As for gate posts, that gun would have driven a chunk of lead through a dozen or two of them stood up in line. I was very anxious to try it on big game. There were deer all around in the hills in these days. You could find their trails everywhere along the ridges and leading down to the water in the valleys. One morning I started out with the big rife. morning I started out with the big rifle over my shoulder, intending to bring in a deer and surprise everybody. It was a fine day. Funny how details

stand out in a man's mind after so many years! There wasn't a cloud in the sky and it was just cool enough to be comfortable. Every now and then a jack rabbit jumped out of the brush and went flying along in great leaps and bounds nying along in great leaps and bounds, or a cotton tail scurried under the grease wood and disappeared in an instant. There were birds here and there and little lizards that ran over rocks in the sunshine and stood bebbing their heads up and down as long as I was in sight. A road-runner went along the smooth rall ahead of me like a sprinter until he licappeared, and I looked around to see f he had built in a rattleenake anywhere. Often in the desert or the mountain valleys I have found traces of a rosd-runner's work. A road-runner is a long-legged bird. He likes smooth ground where he can take a long running start, and the way he can make those bony

I didn't feel very optimistic myself, legs fly is a sight. A road-runner's chief business is killing rattiesnakes. When he finds one asleep he gathers a lot of cactus thorne. Then he builts a circle of thorns all around the snake lying there asleep in the coil, turns all the points carefully in toward the center, steps. back a little and begins to make racket. The snake wakes up, sees



a clear patch of sand. The snake had Just awakened, I guess, for he was twisting and crawling slowly around and around inside the hedge. Now and then he'd lift his head high and start. to slide across, but as soon as his neck touched the thorns he'd draw back quickly and go squirming around again. There weren't any openings in the

To hurry matters a little I picked up a switch and tapped the rattler over the head with it. He got into a great rage, and in a minute or two he turned deliberately and stuck his fangs into his own body down near the tail. He pulled the fangs free and struck again and again, slowly and heavily. I didn't waste any more time waiting to see him die. He was practically a dead rattler then. I didn't want his rattles because they always said it was bad luck to cut off the rattles of a rattler that had time to strike himself before he died. His blood is full of poison, and if you happen to get it on your knife blade and cut yourself afterward

there may be trouble. I was up in Big Tahunga Canyon now, keeping my eyes open for deer, and sure enough, not long before sunset, I ran into two doe and a fine buck. They were standing in a group in easy range, right in a little gully.

I said gloomily.
"Are you sure you missed?"
I told him all about it.



buck. We'll go out in the morning and

but early next morning my brother and I started up the canyon. When we got near the place where I had seen the deer there were two or three vulthorns all around the snake lying there asleep in the coil, turns all the points acrefully in toward the center, steps, back a little and begins to make a racket. The snake wakes up, sees the

Sure enough we followed up his trail and found him without much trouble. He was hit a little way back of the

Since that day I've often been sur-prised by the vitality of wild things A man—an ordinary man—hit like that wouldn't have moved far enough to step out of his tracks. Just the shock of a bullet is heavier than any knock-down blow ever delivered in the ring. Many a time I've seen a bear struck by a bullet go down and roll over and as if he had been hit by a rail

CHAPTER IV.

I Have My First Big Schoolboy Fight. My father used to tell stories about our fighting ancestors every now and then, but not often enough to excite too much interest. "The Jeffries family was heard of in the Revolutionary War and in the Indian wars," he used to say,
"and let me tell you, though they were
a quiet and peace loving people, they
never allowed themselves to be
whipped." That was the principle I tried to fol-

low. I never picked any rights, but if one started in spite of me, I took great joy in not allowing myself to be whipped. The surest way to prevent that was to pound the other fellow us til he gave in.

til he gave in.

When I was a small boy in the Arroyo
Seco school, near our home ranch, there
was a bigger boy in the school named
Fred Hamilton. Fred and I had some
rivalry, although at that time I hand't
grown very tall. He was 19 years
old and weighed about 195 pounds. I weighed about 140, but I was stocky and broad and strong even then. One day Hamilton and I got into an

argument. After a few words he father used to say, "If an enemy smite thee, turn the other cheek." I thought that was all right, but if he hit other cheek, too, whatever followed

was his own fault.

Remembering the Bible lessons at home and these precepts always laid



TOGO FINDS HOBBY-HORSE RIDING FAVOR-

Of course there was an investigation

on the spot. "Did you do all this damage?" asked the teacher, after taking a good look

at Fred. "I did," said I. The teacher looked at the big fellow and laughed. The difference in our sizes made it seem ridiculous, I guess. At any rate, teacher wouldn't believe that little Jimmy was the guilty party and refused to punish me.

Hamilton and I had many a good laugh over it years afterward when I had grown up to a man's size, and he didn't mind the idea of having been better by me.

beaten by me.
On another day a teacher threw a

On another day a teacher threw a ball at me and hit me on the head. I picked it up and threw it back and hit him on the head, but much harder. I wasn't punished for that, for it was just tit for tat and no favors.

All through my school days I had little scraps, like other boys, but none of them serious. My brother Charles (or Jack) did more real fighting. On one occasion he fought a big boy for a (or Jack) did more real fighting. On one occasion he fought a big boy for a full hour and fairly massacred him. It was a fair fight, all arranged before it began. The other boy had a second and I seconded Jack. He was a game kid. At first the fight went against him, but he stuck it out until he beat the other boy to a pulp, as the sporting writers always say in the newspapers. I quit school when I was 14 years old

I quit school when I was 14 years old and went to the Los Angeles Business College for a year. But that was too light work to suit me. I wanted to do something that would take strength. So I went to work as an apprentice for the Lacey Manufacturing Company, fromworkers, to learn the trade.

Here my strength came in very good. I mastered the work in no time, and in five months I could headle working that I quit school when I was 14 years old

five months I could handle anything that any man in the shop could work on, so that I was earning, piece work, from \$5 to \$12 a day, as much as any man there except the boss himself.

reept the boss himself. Those were rough days, full of fun, for



the roughest work was all play to me then. Even outside of working hours I followed the strenuous life. We used to get together at night and play cards. Sometimes Pd play all night without a wink of sleep and go on the job ngain when the whistle blow. I'd ask the boss to give me the hardest work he had, so that I could keep awake over it. And often, just for a joke, he'd put me on some soft job and laugh at me when I fell asleep doing it. There didn't seem to be any limit to my endurance then Sometimes I'd go home after a night and day like that, determined to roll in and sleep 12 hours. And there would be the boys and the cards, and I'd get into an-other all-night game with a day's work

to pile on top of it.

There were some great men in the milis. My best pai was a fellow called Speedy. We were chums because we were both strong. Speedy was the strongest man I ever knew or ever met anywhere. Today he's superintendent of a mine down in Mexico with my brother Jack and is making mor money than he did in the iron. But doubt that he enjoys it any more than

the old days.

Speedy could fight like a demon. He was built for it from the ground up. He had enormously broad shoulders and long arms and big hands, with a grip the start of the start o like steel. He was short-bodied and long-legged. Often we called him "The Gorilla" because of a favorite trick of his. During the noon hour or after work he'd climb into a tree, running right up like a monkey, and swing from branch to branch with his hands. I've seen him go away up into a tall tree and drop 10 or 13 feet from branch to branch on the way down. Sometimes he'd take a big swing and let go and catch a branch so far off to one side that the feat seemed impossible.

There were other strong men in the crowd, but Speedy and I seemed to hit it off well together. We were never far apart when fun or trouble was

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THE JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY IN WASHINGTON

To Editor The Oregonian who knows how peculiar it is to act natural.

National Press Club of America, famous reporting organization located in this cation, took a recent night off from their literary energy and gave a Hobby-Horse Party. Hon. Jo-Uncle Cannon was invited and I wasn't. This made

the party an insured success. Howeverly, me & Cousin Nogi was enabled to debut in secretly behind the ice-cream freezer; so we was unavoidably there and seen what was Hobby Horse Game is played in follow-

ing excited manner: Some famous gentleman who is there is given two or three drinks of stimulus, then he is told, "Arise upward, please, and tell us what Hobby-Horse is most pleasant for your mind to ride on." So Hon. Great Man arouses to his feet and talks about himself for 33 minutes. What Politician could be unhappy while doing Roosevelt Stables.

Hon. Jo-Uncle uprose without a coax.

"Two owned poor Pat since '63; I've stood Pat and Pat's stood me. And when I am gone, if a statue fair You build to me on some public square, Picture me then as the Cast Iron Boss Still sitting pat on the Same Old Hoss."

Hon. Giff Pinchot, a bright young man interested in the forestry business, nextly uprose and made some words.

"My Hobby Horse," he report, "is a thoroughbred manmal of very highstrung temperature. I got him from the Roosevelt Stables. He is not a very tame horse. He is addicted by wild habits. I am sometimes afraid that he is not avery a record to the report. The record is not avery a record to the report of the record is not avery a record to the record is not aver a record to the record is not aver a record to the record in the record in

favorite Hobby Horse. I haven't got none. To tell you truthly, I do not care for Horses—not since I visited the stockyards and seen them prepared into Set down for him. So this pleasant

Party exploded apart and was enjoyed by all. Since this famus dinner collapsed, Mr.

fortable feeling that Pat will stay hitched to the Speaker's Desk where I hitched him. If he ever moves—and he sain't showed any desire to move these taked and expect him to behave less that can when his Former Owner gets base."

Years—then you will know that my Hobby has walked away and took me with him. Or What Is you special fad or main?

(Silght sobs by him). "If this Pat herse should ever pass off to other hands, I hope his new Owner will treat him gently like I done. And it is my nightly prayer and daily patifion that he will never be straddled by a Rough Rider.

The owned poor Pat since 'C;

T've owned poor Pat since it was talking to a corporation.

On from my job and left me where I game, needed him the spirit of game, retrieve Hon. Aldrich with tailor and common made smiles. "I got a trick called 'Fix-base we was not invited.

To Seator Crane of Maes we ask-it, what is your special fad or main?"

What Is your special fad or main? "Getting back to the Senator Crane of Maes we ask-it, what is gour or owne?" I hope his new Owner will treat him gently like I done. And it is my nightly prayer and daily patifion that he will never be straddled by a Rough Rider.

T've owned poor Pat since 'C;

T've owned poor Pat since it will be and the whole I am good pat and Pat's stood me. And when I am good for the I haven't got to the chandeller, Such is the power of mental delusion.

On from my job and left me where I game, retrieve Hon. Aldrich with tailor.

All alse is my most frequent as Corporation.

Me and Nogl could not stay to lunch.

Me and Nogl could not stay to lunch.

What Is your special fad or main? "What Is your special fad or main?"

"When

Quick walk-away by me and Nogl. Hon, Frank Hitchcock say "I am also interested in Parlor Games." "What one of these do you mostly prer?" we require. "Postoffice," he report like he wisht we

would go.
Quick knock-out for me and Nogl.

"What are you collecting now?" re-quire me and Nogi together like chorus negotiate.

nomenal.

Hon. Bryan O'Toole, Government Plumber who have labored with the leaky Guick knock-out for me and Nog.

Hon, Wm. H. Taft, prominent Prestdeut, say his hobbles are all hopeless
since he got a ottomobile. Teasing the
furnasts, he say, is a nice Winter amusement, because it is harmless and do not
injure nobedy. This Taft man is crazed

They have doubtlessing of good reasons for doing what they done," I daily
forth.

"Manna is being polite."
"Manna is being polite."
"Manna is being polite."
"Manna is being polite."
"Jerusalem was surrounded with walls
to keep in the milk and honey."

They have doubtlessing got good reasons for doing what they done," I daily
but the say is a nice wint the leaky
"Manna is being polite."
"Jerusalem was surrounded with walls
to keep in the milk and honey."

They have doubtlessing got good reasons for doing what they done," I daily
but the said when she stabled the Pollceman
with a hat-pin?" he pop out,
them days people lived on corn, like
horses do now. They always called pudwere:
"Manna is being polite."
"Jacob was a patriarch by trade. In
them days people lived on corn, like
horses do now. They always called pudwere:
"Manna is being polite."
"Manna is being polite."
"Jacob was a patriarch by trade. In
them days people lived on corn, like
horses do now. They always called pud-"For many annual years I have owned and loved a Hoho of this famous wooden animal is not seen a good Republican—therefore and loved a Hoho of this famous wooden animal is not seen a good Republican—therefore enabled to have delightful conversations without some sort of eccentricity. Many loved a young Politician has remained in a young Politician has remained in the two to washington and try to succeed without some sort of eccentricity. Many loved a young Politician has remained in the two to washington and try to succeed without some sort of eccentricity. Many loved a young Politician has remained in the two to washington and try to succeed without some sort of eccentricity. Many last the famous the famous test till ask like a minustel show. Which is not see its soon enough to escape. Follows do dent and a young Politician has remained in the source of the famous washington and try to succeed without some sort of eccentricity. Many last the famous the famous test till ask like a minustel show. Without some sort of eccentricity Many last the famous the famous test till seed to have delightful conversations without some sort of eccentricity. Many last the famous washington and try to succeed without succeed. Without some sort of eccentricity. Many last the famous the famous test till ask like a minustel show. Which is not see its soon enough to except without some sort of eccentricity. Many last titerance did she say. In the follows. When a shout therefore enabled to have delightful conversations without some sort of eccentricity. Many last therefore the with the famous test still ask like a minustel show. Which is not see its soon enough to escape. Which is not see its soon enough to escape. Which is not sport, with the famous of a say. Next time sow. Which is not seen a good Republican—therefore enabled to have delightful conversations with the famous of the

"Is this why Hobby-riding is so p ular among great Washington men?" "Sure is!" renig Hon O'Toole, "Sen"Insurgent votes," he depose,
Me and Nogi make note of this pheand Senator Dolliver lectures Chat-Talkwa ladies. Senataor Kean grows stock and Senator LaFoliette grows hair."

"They have doubtlessly got good rea-sons for doing what they done," I daily forth

ITE EXERCISE AMONG GREAT MEN

Jerome S. McWade, in a Sunday school address at Duluth, quoted oddities from a number of children's biblical compositions that had been submitted to him in etition for a \$15 New York priz Among the more whimsical oddities

"Jacob was a patriarch by trade. In them days people lived on corn, like horses do now. They always called pudden and porridge messes. Jacob could eat a good mess, but Esau, who was the oldest, could not est as much as you might think. The patriarch Moses never ate nothing except when there was a