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## OLD PAP PINKHAM,

Awakening of the Jericho Consumers on High Prices.

### THE GOVERNMENT IS WARNED

Placidity of the Quiet Town Breaks In a Rally of the Eaters—Resolutions For a Change and Spirited Raid on the Molasses Barrel.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

**M**Y DEAR WILLIAM—I am no alarmist. I have never alarmed even an old setting hen. Neither do I jump at conclusions. If I owe a dollar I take a whole month to pay it in. What I am going to say is that I know Jericho from top to bottom. I know her moods. I know what her people are capable of when driven to the wall. I know what it means when Elder Lysander Johnson walks about with his hands crossed under his coat-tails and a rye straw in his mouth.

Last week Jericho was enthusiastic. There was cheering and whooping and swinging of hats. The hens clucked in the sunshine, and Jericho creek bubbled on its way to the sea.

A change has come. Jericho is placid. There isn't a whoop. There isn't a cheer. There isn't a cluck.

Mrs. Pinkham has diagnosed the symptoms, and she agrees with me that it is the calm before the storm—the placidity that an old cow takes on just before she is to let a hind leg go and plant a foot against your manly bosom.

Monday morning Silas Goodheart entered my grocery and asked if the price of butter had come down. I answered that I was sorry to say it had jumped up instead. He asked me how long I thought the outraged people would stand it and went away shaking his head and muttering. He was followed by Moses Taylor, who asked for codfish. I had to tell him that codfish had advanced.

"Pap," said he as he drew closer and lowered his voice to a whisper, "get ready for trouble! The people have been driven to the dead line. If you have any influence with the president set it to work at once."

I tried to pump him, but it was no go. He just gave me that warning and then walked out. I at once lowered the price of butter and codfish and had the same proclaimed through the town, but the placidity still continued. The butcher was called a robber; the cobbler was called a villain; the feed store man was looked at as menacing; that he shut up shop and went to Dobbs Ferry for the day.

Tuesday opened with the same placidity. Not a leaf stirred. Men simply bowed as they passed each other on the street. Not a cluck from a clucking hen. Mrs. P. and I both moved about as if there was fear of an avalanche.

**Symptoms of Distress.** On Wednesday there was a smell of sulphur in the air, and at intervals a faint rumbling was heard. I was unusually urbane and unctuous, both in the postoffice and grocery, but no smiles greeted me. I felt myself a marked man. Late in the afternoon Henry Smallman, who is known far and near for his gentle disposition and the length of time it takes to collect a bill from him, entered the postoffice with a musket on his shoulder. It was the same musket his grandfather carried at Bunker Hill. In a joking way I asked him if he was out for woodchucks, and the look he gave me sent a shiver up and down my spine. The answer he made me was that I had best go home early and not put my nose outdoors again until morning.

William, I have fought grizzlies, Indians, wildcats and men, but the situation took hold of me, and I followed Henry's advice. As I walked through the town after closing up I heard whispers and murmurs and the loading of guns, and men passed me without even a nod.

Mrs. Pinkham sat down with the symptoms and diagnosed them to mean that something was going to bust before morning. She was correct, as usual. Something did bust, but we had passed a night of terror before we heard the particulars. A public meeting was held at Eagle hall, and the place was jammed with men and women. They came armed with all sorts of weapons. It was announced at the outset that if I appeared and attempted to break up the gathering my life would be taken in five or six different sorts of ways.

**Rally of Consumers.** Adinabad Smith, who was never known to hurt a fly, was the first speaker. He jumped out and began to shout for blood the first thing. He demanded the life of every member of a trust and flourished a crowbar around his head as he demanded.

Adinabad was followed by Jericho Jones, son of the founder of the town. He has been known to faint away at sight of the blood when bobbing off a sheep's tail, but he was all there

that evening. He flourished an old snar and demanded that every grocer and butcher be tortured to death. His countenance took on such a look of ferocity that people who had known him from childhood failed to recognize him.

Saturday Spillman was the third speaker. He is a man who will run sooner than fight and has been licked by women, but on this occasion he surprised everybody by appearing on the platform with a pitchfork and demanding your scalp. He charged you with standing in fear of the trusts, and thus bringing about the extortionate prices of living, and he fairly roared for your scalp. They had to tie him up by the leg to keep him from starting for Washington at once.

**Resolutions For a Change.** Silas Goodheart was the last speaker. He made no attempt at oratory, but announced that I should be hung with you on the same limb. No preamble was introduced. The people couldn't wait for it. They just started right off with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we give the president, Old Pap Pinkham, and other heads of government fifteen days from this date to resign every trust in the land; and, Resolved, That if they don't move we will and.

Resolved, That the persons responsible for the present high prices of all food stuffs, whether belonging to trusts or not, be investigated, looked up and kept for the next five years on a diet of old rubber boots and axle grease; and, Resolved, That we demand a law making a crime equal to that of murder in the first degree for any person to put meat or foodstuffs in cold storage for over ten days; and,

Resolved, That all meats, vegetables, wool and leather be admitted to this country free of duty and that if prices don't come down we will see to it that Senator Aldrich and others go up; and, Resolved, That as Old Pap Pinkham has seven barrels of N. O. molasses that he is holding at 65 cents a gallon we begin on him the first thing tomorrow.

William, that last resolution was carried out to the letter. I had scarcely reached my grocery next morning when a committee carrying jugs, pails and pitchforks entered and demanded to know what I was going to do about it. Did you ever read the story of Davy Crockett calling a coon to come down the tree? The coon came. So did I.

N. O. molasses went down to 35 cents a gallon as soon as I could find a piece of chalk to mark the heads of the barrels, and it was speedily followed by codfish. At this writing I seem to have the situation well in hand as far as Jericho is concerned, but the molasses is going fast, and when the last barrel is empty what the outraged populace is going to say and do I cannot predict.

Something has got to be done in Washington. Don't be afraid of bringing on a money panic. Let her come and be durned. It's a panic as it is.

And meanwhile Teddy is grinning and wondering what you are going to do about it, and W. J. B. is singing and rubbing his hands and saying: "Didn't I tell you how it would turn out?" OLD PAP PINKHAM, Present Postmaster, You Bet.

**A Thoughtful Lad.** A Giddings schoolboy announced the other day that he didn't want to go back to school.

"Why not?" demanded his father. "The teacher doesn't like you," the boy replied.

"Doesn't like me?" the father exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?" "Why, she—she wants to hurt your feelings."

"See here, my amiable child," remarked the father with growing sternness, "I want to know what you mean by this nonsense. Speak up."

"It's like this, dad," said the boy. "Teacher has sent you a letter telling you some things about—about me—an' I know it would hurt your feelings, an' she shouldn't have done it, an' that's why I hate to give you the letter, 'cause it ain't treatin' you kind."

"Somebody's feelings were hurt a little later, and then the boy slowly and stiffly went back to school.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Cut Off in Infancy.** Mrs. Jones had been reading of germ laden banknotes.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "George, do you know how deadly dangerous money really is?" "I should say I do," replied her husband. "Look at the number of bills it has killed at Albany alone!"—Puck.

**Paraffine on Shipboard.** She (on liner)—So you've crossed the ocean quite often?

He—Hundreds of times. Why, do you know, I actually recognize about half the waves we meet!

She—Indeed! By their crests, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

**The Answer.** Why does she long for worry? Why does she wish to worry? Why does she seek the flurry? Where campaign banners float? The answer specially is writ, "Because she does." That settles it.

Why does she seek the power? That laser mortals crave When man would fain allow her The right to call him slave? Oh, sweet rebuff! "Because she does." And that's enough.—Washington Star.

**Getting Away From Land.** The question has been asked, Is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northward into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka southward ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian Islands and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance might be reached, for the southern Pacific between the Horn and New Zealand covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

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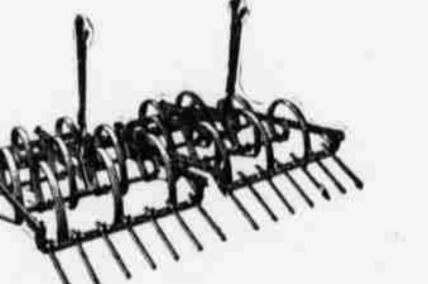
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