

Save Your Tags
...AND GET A...
Line-o'-Type Pin.

A Line-o'-Type or Two.

Bring In
Some Wood.

VOL. 3.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1903.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

A Line-o'-Type or Two

ESTABLISHED 1901

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LINE-O'-TYPE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Price, 5 cents; cheaper by the year.
Knocking and boosting rates on application.
An X on the wrapper signifies that your subscription has expired.
People leaving town for the winter should make arrangements to have the Line-o'-Type chase them.
Any person that cannot buy the Line-o'-Type on news stands in any part of the city, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, steamboats, and street cars, between the acts at the theaters, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by assaulting the dealer.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1903

Knock, and the world knocks with you;
Boost, and you boost alone.

THE WEATHER FOR THE WEEK.
Cold, with the mercury never far from zero. The minimum will not exceed 20 below. Variable winds.

CHANCE FOR LANDSEEKERS.

[By Prof. U. T. Terfule, Professor of Comparative Science in the University of Oklahoma. Prof. Terfule Writes Exclusively for the Line-o'-Type.]

In this mad rush for Canadian lands in the far northwest the emigrants have overlooked one strip of land which, I alone know, is absolutely open to settlement. Science points the way to new homes, absolutely free of charge, to farmers.

I made the discovery. I claim no credit for it, but simply wish to give the poor what is coming to them. Studying, one night, the oscillatory motion of the earth (which I will explain for the benefit of the unmathematical) is simply the vibration of this planet as it whirls through space; the third motion, so you understand, is thinking of the rush into Canada, I made the following calculation:

Given the latitude of P, with the azimuth, and the distance of S, to determine the distance covered by a fixed spot on the earth's surface, as recorded on space, together with the double back azimuth of S—

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Lat } Q &= \frac{2}{3} \cdot 7 \\ S &= \frac{3}{4} \cdot 2 - Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \\ S &= \frac{3}{4} \cdot 2 - Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \\ \tan \frac{Q+S}{2} &= \frac{Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q}{Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q} \\ \tan \frac{Q+S}{2} &= \frac{Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q}{Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q} \\ \phi - \phi &= \frac{Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q}{Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q \cdot 2 \cdot Q} \end{aligned}$$

This proves conclusively that a fixed point on the earth's surface, in the vibrations of the earth, describes an arc on space at a distance of 1,270,490 miles, of 492,975,342,177,832 4-71 miles. By further figuring it is easy to see that the boundary line on the earth's surface, which is an imaginary line, standing still, of course, while the earth vibrates, is

at one time 10% rods farther into Canadian territory than it ought to be, and at other times 15% farther on American ground. Therefore, there is a strip of land between the United States and Canada in width 80% rods, to which neither nation has claim, and which, therefore, belongs to the people who may desire to settle there.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE HAPPY COUPLE AND OTHERS.
The bride was handsomely attired in an elaborate and becoming gown of green French broadcloth, trimmed with white and green satin, and wore a white hat trimmed with green velvet, white silk tulle, and a heavy white plume. Her hands were encased in white kid gloves, and she carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The groom was suitably arrayed in a full dress suit of black, French cloth, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

The bride and groom, followed by their attendants, marched from the altar keeping step to the sweet strains of music which resounded from the orchestra. While passing from the church to the closed carriage, which awaited them, the bride and groom were unceremoniously showered with rice, which within the carriage, the wedding party was speedily driven to the home of the bride's parents, where a bounteous wedding feast was spread before the bride and groom and their guests. After all had feasted a social good time was enjoyed by every one, and was made more pleasant by the presence of the Rev. Father Cummings, who favored the guests by rendering a few of his choice selections on the piano.

At 1:30 p. m. they departed for LaSalle, whence they took the train to various parts of the south. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Haasler, prominent and highly respected people of Arlington, and is a popular, pleasant, and capable young woman, who has also won for herself a valuable and enviable reputation as a pianist.

David W. Lovett is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lovett, respectable and honorable people, who reside at short distance from Arlington. The groom, David W. Lovett, is a worthy and promising young man, who has also won for himself a valuable and enviable reputation as a pianist. He is a graduate from one of the finest institutions in the United States—Bureau County (Ill.) Tribune.

THE MORE THE FATTER.

Wednesday night about 50 of Arthur Rusche's friends came in to help him celebrate his 21st birthday. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Haasler, prominent and highly respected people of Arlington, and is a popular, pleasant, and capable young woman, who has also won for herself a valuable and enviable reputation as a pianist.

THE HOUSE ORNAMENTAL.

THE STOVEPIPE BEAUTIFUL.

NOTHING is more attractive in the home handmade than an artistic lampshade; and nothing else, of its size, is so effective. A lampshade should, as its name implies, shade the light, not diffuse it, as many of them do. The eye should rest upon it, not fly before it, and it should be artistic as well as soothing, so that the esthetic sense may be excited and pleased while the physical sense of vision is tranquilized.

Nowadays the making of lampshades is a fine art; but the difficulty is the price, which is commonly prohibitive for people with small purses. Then again, the lampshade of commerce lacks the individuality of the handmade article. Now, just as the lowly flour barrel is susceptible of transformation into artistic and useful articles of furniture, so the lowly stovepipe may become the Stovepipe Beautiful.

A simple but effective lampshade may be fashioned from a plain piece of stovepipe of the usual shade height. All you need do to it is to punch, with a nail, any neat design, in a pattern close enough to afford the amount of light desired. The illustration shows a shade that I made for my own library table.

If a shade in more conventional design is wished for, the pipe may be cut, pressed flat, and fashioned into a shade either circular or four-sided. This

should be fringed top and bottom (you will need a sharp pair of shears), and decorated in appropriate design, say something pastoral. Pan playing upon



his pipes (in this case joints of stovepipe) would be a good subject.

In many flats the hall is uncommonly long. Such a hall may be lighted by a long Venetian lamp constructed of two lengths of stovepipe containing two or three electric lights; though candles could be used if there are no electric connections. I have such a lamp in my flat, which is extremely long and narrow, and it is the admiration of all my friends.

For the sick room I know of nothing better than the night-lamp shade here shown. It is made of two short pieces of pipe connected by an elbow, and so arranged that when not in use it can be turned and the light thrown against the wall. It can also be used as a reading lamp, in which case I would suggest a hammered design, say a picture of Minerva.

These are only a few specimens of shades into which the lowly stovepipe may be fashioned. Your own ingenuity will doubtless suggest others.

PATIENCE TINKER.

OUR PATENT INTERCHANGEABLE "HE AND SHE" JOKE ILLUSTRATOR.

[Note.—We have this cut in any size, from a page to a third of a column. Furnished with jokes in gross lots at lowest prices. One illustration serves for all.]



She—"I saw in today's paper that a man in London is going to start a college for our armed students. What studies do you think they will take up?"

He—"Shortland, for one." [BUT]

had a birthday every week, provided we could help him celebrate.—Washington (Mo.) Observer.

BEST WINE.

William Best has been tussling with a stubborn carbuncle the first of the week on the back of his neck.—Volusia County (Fla.) Record.

A BAD BRAKE.

We are still laboring under the disadvantage of running a print shop without a printing press. It is a good deal like running a farm without a team, wagon, or plow. Later, the piece sent off has returned, but another brake has occurred that will make it necessary to send the entire press back to the foundry.—Orleans (Ind.) Herald.

APPLES ARE ALL RIGHT, BUT—

John Cornelius and wife of Beach Creek have our thanks for a half bushel of fine big red apples. We want three or four loads of good wood, either on subscription or for money, and want it bad. First come, first served.—Bloomfield (Ind.) Democrat.

FIDO'S BONES STOLEN?

Jack Nichols was called by "phone from Cornell, Ill., Monday morning about his dogs, they having had a robbery during Sunday night.—Gardner (Ill.) Herald.

JES' FROM GEORGY.

[By Our Own Frank Stanton.]

Simmer's comin' by and by,

Less I am mistaken;

Glory! Dirs yer nigger am

Glittin' tired o' bacon.

Simmer's comin', I done think—

Plink—plink—plink! Plink—plink—plink!

Simmer's comin', plink—plink—plink—

Less I am mistaken.

COMMON PHRASE ILLUSTRATED.



"She Lost Her Head."

MAD MULLAH IN BATTLE.

FIERCE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ENGLISH ON JAN. 15.

Brilliant Charge of the 136th Dark Blue Hussars—Mullah Unbeaten, Though Two Horses Are on Him—Capt. Sir Cecil Yarmouth Bloater Badly Injured in Monocle—Dramatic Interruption of Battle—Lesson in Filial Devotion.

[BY EVERETT R. TIBBITTS.]

MULLAHVILLE, via Aden, Arabia, Jan. 15.—Mullah informed this morning that the English would surprise him at 2 p. m., and suggested that I take my notebook to some convenient place, where I could watch the battle without having a lead keel put on me. I walked over to army headquarters and looked at the preparations for the coming struggle.

Mullah has stationed here about 5,000 infantry and two regiments of camel men. The camels number 800 strong, and they ARE strong—I can't imagine anything stronger, except 800 hilly goats.

The day wears on. At 1:45 I climb a low hill and station myself behind a ledge of rocks, where no erratic bullet can reach me. Below



"The tea is getting cold!" Mullah's army is massed, their mournful chants rising and falling like a requiem. Probably some of them think it will be their last chants.

Suddenly I hear the far distant notes of a huge call and the third of hoofs; and presently, with a thunderous roar and a clank of steel, the 136th Dark Blue Hussars, led by the gallant Lord Hassett Dunraven, sweep by my eerie perch. I can see the tense, drawn face, the flashing eye. Ay! It is to do or die!

But just as the Hussars reach striking distance of Mullah's army I am surprised to see them suddenly wheel and come back over the same route.

From the other side three English regiments have opened fire, and the battle is on. At 4 o'clock neither side has made any decided gain. Mullah has had two horses shot and his camel, but he is unbeaten—unbeaten despite having had two "horses" on him. [Bing!] A bullet strikes the rock six inches from my head. Everything comes to him who waits; and as they seem to be coming my way I will move down nearer the army, where it is safer.

At 5 o'clock a courier, his clothes covered with dust and his face as pale as a sheet, dashes up to the English commander and tells him that the tea is getting cold. If he wants tiffin he'd better get back to camp.



Unloading Mullah's turban.

Instantly retreat is sounded, and the roar of deadly strife gives place to the usual quiet. I find Mullah and his army on the ground with five of his wives picking lead out of his turban. The English have suffered seriously. Capt. Sir Cecil Yarmouth Bloater of the Forty-fourth Pink Lancers is badly wounded in the monocle and will be incapacitated from duty until a new monocle can be had from London.

I learned this evening why young Lord Dunraven stopped so suddenly in his mad charge and turned back. Just as he was about to hurl himself upon the foe and win the plaudits of the whole civilized world, while victory was handing him the Victoria cross and sundry other medals—it flashed across his mind that he had forgotten his little bibb his mother gave him and which he promised to wear next his heart when he went into battle. He had left it on the table in his tent; and as he thought of the promise to his mother in far away England all visions of victory and a soldier's glorious death vanished. While his command he came back and got his little bibb, but before he returned the battle was over and tiffin was being served.

What a lesson in filial devotion! What a contrast to the men that rush blindly into battle without a thought of the loved ones at home!

Mullah says he was afraid. But Mullah is a heathen and doesn't know any better.

HEC HIKES.



It is reported that Benson Smith and his Jerusalem have decided after a trial of about thirty years that marriage is a failure and have decided to try it alone again, and that Hec accordingly took his Sunday handkerchief and other pair of socks and long about the middle of last week set out to see the world. When last seen he was headed for Grape Creek—Perryville (Ind.) Record.

ABSENT MINDED.



—New York Sun.

The Council Chamber.

[Conducted by Mrs. Squee Gee, Beatrice Beeswax, the Lady from St. Louis, and Ellen Whaler Wheelwright.]

Dear Council Chamber: I have kept silent all these months and read your informational column and profited by it. Once more I come to you for advice. You have proved so good a friend in offering assistance in times past I believe you can help me now. But it is not to learn how to keep my hair in curl or how to tie the shoe laces stay tied, nor yet how to remove spots from poker chips, that I write to you. It is something a little more important.

My husband not only insists on having the bath mat breakfast food every morning and reading aloud at table the helpful "poetry" and the alleged jokes of yester year printed in the "funny" columns, but more: He has recently become a jester. One night he goes to the blue chapter and the next to the red lodge, riding the goat or the camel or the donkey, and taking degrees, until by this time he should have received the whole 800. He never spends an evening at home.

In these circumstances have I sufficient ground for divorce? Would you advise me to sue for divorce anyway? I mean, how much alimony do you think I can secure? Yours in distress, MDDORA HAMILIN. P. S.—I have a recipe for perfectly lovely home made tarts I should like to send you if any of your readers care for it. M. H. [We should certainly advise you to "lodge" a complaint against him with the superintendent of the nearest divorce mill. A husband who spends all his time fooling around lodges when he has a loving little wife in a cozy little lodge of his own is fit for treason, stratagem, and alimony. As to the amount of alimony, we should demand \$1 a week for each degree that he has taken.]

Dear Council Chamber: My wife has lovely auburn tresses, reaching; almost to her knees, while I am entirely bald. In fact, I haven't a hair on my head. Isn't it strange? Please advise. HOBACE. [This is certainly the most remarkable case we ever heard of. Have you tried singeing your scalp? That will prevent it from falling off.]

SUBSCRIBER.—(1) Never pay the officiating clergyman with an express order. Stamps or a money order are better. (2) The bridegroom always takes off his gloves before the ceremony. After marriage it is customary to "put on the gloves."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir: Please rush to the Knockers' congress at Hammerfest the following subjects for proper hammering:

The exasperating idiot who invariably greets your every remark with "How?" The unmitigated nuisance who has neither music nor poetry in his soul and is addicted to whistling—just whistling—without reason, rhyme, or melody.

The irritating ignoramus who persists in talking of or acting about something of which he really knows nothing and about which you care nothing.

The "doodlehead," who, after you have given him a long message over the telephone, says, "What?" Also the "tackheaded lunatic," who, under the same circumstances, says, "Hold the wire; I'll call the man you want to talk to."

The "bareheaded muttonhead," who affects to be wholly unconcerned and indifferent to extreme weather conditions, and who makes it obnoxious to everyone.

The "fussy party" next to you on the car going down in the morning, who reads about one paragraph on a page, and is continually turning his paper, knocking your hat off with his elbow, profusely sneezing, and thereby attracting to you the attention of the entire car, making a most infernal rattling and crackling with the paper, and setting you into a "nerves on edge" condition, perfectly savage by the time you reach business.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

BY OUR OWN CARTOONIST.



UNCLE SAM BEATS THE WORLD.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.



"And to think that I came out here to chop down this very tree!"—New York Sun.

SAME WHAT?

REFINED, MIDDLE-AGED GERMAN Catholic gentleman, bachelor, fairly well to do, would correspond with lady of same; object, matrimony. Address N 76, Chicago.

A PINHOOK POINTER.

Mrs. Angeline Ingerman, Mrs. Law Beal, Mrs. Elias Roth, and Mr. Henry Roth visited John Gulliver at Pinhook Sunday. Mr. Gulliver is in poor health.—Richmond (Ind.) Sun Telegram.

POETS' CORNER.

THE WHITE HAired GENT.

Across the way in the church one day
An orderly crowd assembled,
To hear a song from one who long
Had antique age resembled.
With shining face, he takes his place,
A venerable, devoted sire;
He feels at home, for there's now come
When he was shepherd of a choir.
The listeners lent to the white haired gent
Then attention which was singled,
With moistening eyes, on him that tries
His soul and song seemed mingled.
From a voice as sweet as the dulcimer's beat,
And a heart that's shored in sorrow,
The melody rang, as he softly sang:
"We're going home tomorrow."
There, near four scores, with a voice of yore,
His celestial thoughts imparted,
And the tears fell long, from the listeners' throats;
Twas a sermon to the tender hearted.
—Elliotville (Ind.) Farm.

BANISH THE BAR.

[By Charles Felton Fildgin, author of "Quincy Sawing," "Blitheringaset," and other great works.]
No longer shall that demon, Drunk,
Abide in gilded palaces;
No longer shall his minions vile
Present the poisoned chalice;
No longer shall the arm of law
Protect these priests of Bacchus;
If we should pull their temples down
They would not dare attack us.
Banish the bar! Banish the bar!
That nest of evil doing;
Banish the bar! Banish the bar!
That leads our sons to ruin;
Banish the bar! Banish the bar!
That happy homes does sever;
Banish the bar! Banish the bar!
And close its doors forever.
No longer shall those dens of sin
Entrap our sons and daughters;
No longer whine, run, and cry—
Instead, pure, sparkling water.
The church is open each day,
Add temperance truth is teaching,
But bright saloons each day and night
The drunkards' sign are reaching. Chorus.
Let all agree for one short year
Each church to open daily;
With music, song, and jollity,
The time will pass so fastly.
We'll fight the tempter day and night,
In time we'll make him cover.
And to the homes and to the church
Draw those who fear his power. Chorus.

THE CLUB LADY.

Home Course in Polite Conversation and Offhand Oratory.

CONDUCTED BY PROF. DAFFY DOWNDILLY.

LESSON I.

CONVERSATIONALLY considered, club ladies may be divided into two classes: club ladies that can't talk and would like to, and club ladies that can talk and do. The latter are comparatively few, but they make up in quantity of vocal output what they lack in numbers. The result is that their less gifted sisters sit silently by in a condition of confabulatory desuetude and intellectual catalepsy.

The incapacity for polite conversation and offhand oratory is chiefly a lack of apprehension of the subtleties of human speech and an improper discrimination of the terms by which one person conveys to another the thought which, at the moment, chances to be uppermost in that part of the anatomy which we designate the mind. For example, define correctly, offhand, such words as "transcendental," "inscrutability," "introspective"—words that you (or, at any rate, I) employ daily in common speech. Ah! I see by the expression on your faces that you are entrocogitated.

So, then, our first lessons must concern themselves with definition—definition, that glorious attribute of human-kind denied to the lower animals, which, as one writer says, confers upon our subjects the power of free locomotion and emancipates them from the tyranny of the habitual.

Now, to illustrate the resiliency, the cautchoucability of our language: What am I holding up? A hand, you say. What is a hand? A useful part of the human body. True; but the definition is defective in that it lacks antonymic circumbobification. So our definition should read:

The hand is a useful part of the human

body, in Contradistinction to the vermiform appendix, for which no personal use has been discovered.

The word hand enters into our speech in half a hundred meanings, with each of which you should be familiar. For your home exercise this week I wish to write sentences embodying each of the following hands:

- The hand of Providence.
- The hand of time.
- The hand of fate.
- The fine Italian hand.
- The hand that has lost its cunning.
- The hidden hand.
- The high hand.
- The low hand.
- The full hand.
- The dead hand.
- The lavish hand.
- The upper hand.
- The whip hand.
- The glad hand.
- The icy hand.
- The hired hand.
- The promised hand.
- The vanished hand.
- The Spencerian hand.
- The horny hand.
- The velvet hand.
- The iron hand.
- The open hand.
- The winning hand.
- The avenging hand.
- The back hand.
- The heavy hand.
- The piano hand.
- The violin hand.
- The lone hand.
- The red hand.
- The lily white hand.
- The over hand.
- The under hand.
- The hand of whist.
- The hand of applause.
- The hand-out.
- The hand-me-down.
- The hand of tobacco.
- The horse hand.
- The hand that rocks the cradle.
- Hands up.
- Behind hand.
- Before hand.
- On hand.
- Slight-of-hand.
- At hand.
- Offhand.
- Short hand.
- Long hand.
- Hands that pass in the night.
- Hands across the sea.