



"Dixie"  
 Now they talk o' changin' "Dixie,"  
 An' I hear th' ringin' notes  
 Of th' ol' song through th' Southland  
 From a hundred thousand throats.  
 I can hear th' ol' words ringin',  
 Soundin' from bayou t' sea—  
 "Dixie Land where I was born in"—  
 An' they're good enough for me.  
 I can see th' ol' host marchin'  
 While th' sunbeams dance an' play  
 On th' battleflags an' guidons  
 An' th' tattered suits o' gray.  
 I can hear th' fife's thin shrillin'  
 As old days come back to me—  
 "In Dixie Land I'll take my stand"—  
 An' they're good enough for me.

I can hear a band a playin'  
 Way out past our picket line;  
 Blue clad boys a makin' music  
 Soundin' soft an' swaet an' fine.  
 "Hail Columbia" comes a rollin'  
 From the band an' quick's can be  
 Back we send th' answer, "Dixie,"—  
 An' it's good enough for me.

I can see that gray host marchin'—  
 Fightin' done an' goin' home.  
 But it's still a singin' "Dixie,"  
 Full o' hope for days to come.  
 An' from ev'ry band in Northland  
 Comes th' old tune, wild an' free—  
 "Away down south in Dixie"—  
 An' them old words just suit me.

When th' old 'Star Spangled Banner'  
 Rings out on th' evenin' air,  
 North an' south we come up standin'.  
 Eyes upon "Old Glory" there.  
 An' we've buried strife forever  
 Neath that banner of th' free—  
 An' both north an' south sings  
 "Dixie"—  
 Good enough—just let it be.

Talk about a change in "Dixie!"  
 Sonny, hand me that new gun—  
 One you had way down in Cuba  
 Under that old flag. Which one?  
 Why, there ain't but one flag, sonny;  
 Stars an' stripes—flag of th' free—  
 An' beneath it I'll sing "Dixie"—  
 Old words, too—they just suit me!

Political

T. Softleigh Papagold—"I want to run for the legislature, old man. What's the first thing to do?"  
 Jack Onthejob—"Quit parting your hair and your name that way, and discard that sash and multi-colored hat band."

Wise Johnnie

"And now, children," said the teacher, "if a vehicle with two wheels is a bicycle, and vehicle with three wheels is a tricycle, what is a vehicle with four wheels?"  
 "A baby carriage!" shouted Johnnie Jones, whose duty it was to wheel one about the time the other boys were playing ball on the public square.

Courtesy

Bill th' Bunk, Porch Climin' Pete, Strong Arm Andy and several other eminent advocates of easy money had arranged to rendezvous—what ever that may mean—at the corner of Goose and Spruce streets at a given hour.  
 They were on time, but to their astonishment they saw a little knot of men occupying the corner and talking in whispers.  
 "Well, who are youse?" growled

Bill th' Bunk, who officiated as chairman.  
 "Why, we are members of the stock exchange and we are just framing up a plan whereby we can pledge a lot of our bonds for some of the new emergency currency," was the reply.

"Beg youse pardons," growled Bill. "We didn't know youse fellers was a workin' dis side o' de street or we wouldn't a been a buttin' in Jus' go ahead, youse. We'll take th' other side."  
 Having thus amicably adjusted matters the little business of doing the general public good—and plenty—proceeded without a hitch.

Diplomatic

"Have you got the injunction plank for the platform written?"  
 "All finished."  
 "What does it say?"  
 "Well, that's the point. Before anybody can discover what it means the election will be over."

Worth It

"I see," remarked Bummerly, "that the republican national congressional committee has offered a prize of \$150 to the man who can write the best article on 'Why the Republican Party Should Triumph.'"  
 "Well, such an article would be worth the money as a literary curiosity."  
 "How so?"  
 "It would be the only thing that would make the literary efforts of Baron Munchausen and Joe Mulhatton look like six plugged nickles."

The Optimist

"Lots of rain these days."  
 "Yep, but the rain that washed out my corn washed down a couple o' cords o' wood from the feller above me."  
 "Weeds getting the start of your crops?"  
 "Yep; but a lot of them make mighty good greens."  
 "Flood washed your house off the foundation?"  
 "Yep, but I'm usin' th' cellar f'r a cistern an' it's full of water."  
 "Hogs dying of the cholera?"  
 "Yep, but I couldn't drive 'em to market through th' mud, an' it's cheaper to let 'em die than t' feed 'em."  
 "You seem mighty cheerful under the circumstances."  
 "Always feel that way. If th' weather was too fine I'd worry about havin' no place to keep th' crop when I harvested. Every chicken has hunted th' high places an' th' ducks ain't forgot how t' swim. So what's th' use o' worryin' about nothin' that worryin' won't cure?"

The Weather

Keeps right on a rainin'  
 But th' watermelon vines  
 Extra length each day are gainin'  
 An' I read th' welcome signs.  
 Hoe 'em up an' hill 'em—  
 That's your present work and part.  
 Rain is gwine ter fill 'em  
 Twell the juicy insides start.

Easy

"But your twin boys look exactly alike. How can you tell them apart?"  
 "O, if I happen to whip Jack for

something Billy has done Billy gives himself away by laughing, and I whip him, too. As both get whipped for anything either one does I always get the right one for his wrongdoing."

"That's unjust as well as involved, isn't it?"

"Look here, old man; when you become the father of twin boys you'll lose a lot of foolish notions about injustice and involving, and all that sort of thing."

Great Advantage

The casual visitor in the sanctum watched us as we manipulated our typewriting machine and then asked: "Is the use of a machine any advantage to you other than making your copy plainer for the printer?"  
 "Well, I should say so," was our reply.

"How?"  
 "Well, suppose we want to spell a word and don't know whether it is spelled with an 'ie' or an 'ei.' In that case we write it 'ei' and then shove the carriage back a couple of notches and write 'ie' right over it. We'd like to see any printer that could prove that it was not a mistake of the machine instead of ours."

Success

"How did Jukes make his money?"  
 "Automobiles."  
 "Must have had a big trade."  
 "Trade, nothing. He got run over twice and collected big damages both times."

Safe

"Is your new breakfast food superior to other makes?"  
 "No, but my advertising man is, and that's what counts."

Brain Leaks

A trained conscience heeds no accuser.  
 The poorest man usually has something that a rich man would give half his wealth to own.  
 It would be unfair to judge womankind by the "woman's page" of the average Sunday newspaper.  
 The man who objects to a noisy Fourth ought to hie himself to the deep, dark woods and forget it.  
 When a man spends all his odd hours puttering around his house the neighbor women are apt to envy his wife.  
 People who live in mortgaged houses shouldn't start false financial rumors.  
 The man who invented the lawnmower was doubtless a genius, but he created a lot of trouble for his fellows.  
 After all, our bread doesn't fall "butter side down" more than half the time.  
 We who are poor can get some satisfaction from the knowledge that our heirs will not quarrel over what we leave.  
 We hunt a lawyer when we want to get the best of a neighbor; a doctor when we want to get the best of ourselves.  
 Most of us are saved a lot of embarrassment by the fact that the man in the moon is not connected with the local telephone switchboard.  
 It is easy to understand how a woman looks cool in summer, but what mystifies us is how she keeps from freezing to death in winter.  
 A boy never knows what joy there is in a bran new suit of store clothes unless he has had the experience of wearing a suit cut down from one of his father's old ones.  
 If the congressional gentlemen who make up the new currency commission will do as well by the people in money matters as they did for themselves in that little 50 per cent salary increase, a lot will be forgiven them.

MONEY

Get it plentifully and use it properly, for it makes you free.

The independence which money alone gives will enable you to do the good which you are now planning, but cannot execute for lack of it. With it you can enjoy the pleasures to which every child of man is entitled. Money gives freedom from want, from anxiety, from the mental, and often physical, depression that acts as an insuperable bar to the attainment of the best and highest in life.  
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