



Goin' Out to Gran'ma's

I'm goin' out to gran'ma's an' have jus' lots o' fun—  
Gran'ma never scolds me when I shout an' romp an' run.  
She says 'at little chil'ren 'at is kep' in school all day  
For more'n eight months of th' year has gotter right to play.  
An' when I go to see her she jus' says 'at I kin do  
Mos' anything I want 'er till vacation time is through.  
I'm sorry for th' fellers 'at can't never go to see  
Their gran'mas in vacation—mine is mighty good to me.

Pa says he'll have some quiet jus' as soon as I leave town;  
But gran'ma says 'at she jus' loves to have me playin' roun'.  
An' mamma says she bet a cent 'at gran'ma she'll git mad  
At me for trackin' mud in doors an' actin' awful bad.  
But when I'm gone I bet my pa 'll wisht 'at I was back  
'Cause when he smokes it's me that brings his ol' terbacker sack.  
An' mamma—well, she'll miss me, too; 'cause when th' baby's bad  
She says I'm jus' th' bestest nurse 'at she mos' ever had.

Las' time I was to gran'ma's, my pa-pa wrote to me  
An' says he wants to see me, 'cause he's lonesome as can be.  
But gran'ma she jus' luffed an' said I better have my fun,  
'Cause pa would see enough ov me when that ol' school begun.  
Say, gran'mas makes th' bestest jam 'at any boy kin eat,  
An' she ain't allus kickin' 'cause a kid don't wipe his feet.  
She says it's human natur' fr us boys to be jus' boys—  
That's why I like to go there, 'cause she lets us make a noise.

Gee whizz! I'm so excited that I jus' can't hardly wait  
For ma to git me ready—say, she's slower than a freight!  
My gran'ma wrote a letter 'at th' kittens and th' calf  
Wus actin' up so funny that they'd make a preacher laff;  
That chickens wus a scratchin' till she's skeered a'most to deff  
They'd keep up with their scratchin' till she had no garden lef'.  
She says fr me to hurry, an' to make them chickens fly—  
There comes th' 'bus to git me—I gatter say goodby.

Futile

For ninety years he garnered gold  
And every joy denied.  
He made a fortune mighty big—  
And then lay down and died.

Better

"I see that some scientific sharp has discovered seventeen varieties of germs in a \$10 bill."  
"That's nothing. What I'd like to do is to discover seventeen varieties of \$10 bills in some of the germs around here."

A Mistake

The cashier looked hard at the gentleman who had made application for a loan.  
"I really do not see how we can accommodate you," said the cashier.  
"I understand you have just spent

\$3,000 for an automobile. Now they are expensive luxuries, and according to your own report of your financial condition you could hardly take care of this loan and keep an automobile."  
"My dear sir," exclaimed the applicant, "you have been misinformed. I haven't bought an automobile. I have invested \$3,000 in a repair plant and I need the amount of this loan to complete my outfit."

The cashier was profuse in his apologies.  
"My dear sir, we will gladly accommodate you. We deem the loan a very good one."

O, Joy!

Judd Lewis says his only wish  
Is just to sit and fish and fish.  
Too bad he's got to sit and roast  
A writin' for the Houston Post.  
If Judd will come to Lincoln quick  
He'll find another fellow sick  
To hear the singing line go "swish"  
While doin' nothin' else but fish.  
So come up, Judd. I've got the bait—  
'Twas dug in 1868—  
And 'neath the fair Nebraska sky  
We'll "tamper" with some "trifles,"  
you and I. —The Commoner.

O, Will! Oh, Will!  
A tinkling rill,  
And you there, would be great!  
And it would be  
A joy to me  
To mingle with that bait!

For I was born  
One autumn morn,  
And felt my mother's hug  
And father's kiss,  
The year, you wis,  
On which that bait was dug.

So with my eyes  
Turned to the skies  
I'd love to sit with you,  
And fish and fish  
Where willows swish,  
And gurgle just a few.  
—Houston Post.

The Difference

He made 'steen million dollars  
By tricks of divers kind.  
To garner filthy lucre  
He put forth all his mind.  
I haven't got a dollar,  
No, not a single "red,"  
But I'm alive and happy—  
The other fellow's dead.

John D. is worth a billion,  
While I have not a cent;  
He's full of ills and worries;  
And I am well content.  
The sheriff chases John D.,  
But I am free from care.  
I'd rather be just plain me,  
Than some poor millionaire.

And yet I'm rich as can be—  
I've friends worth more than gold;  
I've little ones to love me  
Through days of heat or cold.  
I harvest smiles and kisses  
That John D. couldn't buy—  
What, trade them for his millions!  
I rather guess not I.

Provisional

"I should think the steel trust would be active in support of Hobson's billion dollar navy idea."  
"It is supporting the idea, but not actively just now."  
"Why the quiet support?"  
"It hasn't fixed it up yet so that the Midvale people can not bid for

armor at a ruinous rate that will only allow about 1,000 per cent profit."

A Wall

The August breeze among the trees  
Is blowing awful hot;  
Amidst the sweat I can't forget  
My very toilsome lot.  
Upon the street the hot rays beat  
And mortals broil and bake;  
The day creeps by with sizz and fry  
With torture in its wake.

The short, hot nights are perfect frights.  
In vain I try to sleep.  
I toss and roll with anguished soul  
While night hours slowly creep.  
The rosy dawn I gaze upon  
Is but a sign to me  
Another day has come to lay  
Upon me misery.

Before me lies lines, rods and flies,  
And reels and hooks and "bobs,"  
And as I look my form is shook \*  
With anguished groans and sobs.  
I can but gaze—I've tried all ways  
To sneak to lake and river,  
Where dancing waves the shore line laves  
With cool and restful shiver.

I wilt, I melt—I never felt  
Such heat. I dearly wish  
To some far lake my way to take  
And fish, and fish, and fish.  
But—Huh, what's that? O, where's my hat!  
A week off? Glory be!  
A better week the bass to seek  
I wouldn't care to see.

\* Apologies to Lindley Murray.  
Couldn't take time to find anything else. The train is waiting.

Brain Leaks

Easy won, poorly kept.  
Rusting out is not resting.  
Firmness is not bullheadedness.  
Truth concealed gives a lie the right of way.  
Successful business men leave business cares at the office.  
The easiest thing in the world to make is a good resolution.  
Guessed-at is always limping along behind Worked-out and begging for help.

Some people are so afraid of committing a sin that they omit doing anything.

We have met men who labored under the delusion that their notoriety was reputation.

A very short fall will plunge a man so deep in trouble that he can't climb out with a fifty-foot ladder.

Men who have followed the beaten track usually end up without accomplishing much that is worth while.

Life is not measured by length of days. Methuselah lived nearly a thousand years, but he accomplished very little.

When a man starts after something he usually finds it coming to meet him. If he waits for it he usually sees it fading away.

When a man does not walk a little faster as he turns the corner near his home, there is something wrong with either the man or the home.

A man never knows what his wife endures until she goes away for a day and leaves one of the children to accompany him to his down town labors.

If you are so absorbed in your business that you never think of a day in the woods, it is a sign that you are a money worshipper and guilty of the grossest form of idolatry.

We never hear somebody talking about belonging to the "cream of society" but what we are reminded that cream rises to the top. Then we think of the old days when we "sugared-off" in the camp and spent a lot of time skimming off the scum that rose to the top of the boiling sap.

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