



The Lights o' Home

When the shades of evening gather, and the disappearing sun marks the close of day's endeavor, and the weary tasks are done; When the stars begin to twinkle in the arch of heaven's dome, I am longing for the welcome of the shining lights o' home.

Through the little cottage window with a radiance divine, And a welcome in their gleaming, I can see the bright beams shine. Far adown the street they greet me, and they beckon me to haste to the home where love awaits me, where love's hand the light has placed.

O, the lights o' home! Their gleaming, shining down the street afar, Bids me hasten to the greeting waiting where my loved ones are; And the toil of day forgotten in the welcomes that will greet Makes the homeward journey easy for my tired, halting feet.

Childish feet make merry music as they patter o'er the floor; Happy voices wake the echoes as my children ope the door; And their ringing, happy laughter bids the cares of day depart, While the joy of life and living takes possession of the heart.

Lights o' home! Their mellow gleaming marks the way from care and strife; Brighten ev'ry nook and corner, give a zest to love and life; And each ev'ning, with my loved ones, hand in hand we gaily roam Through the fairy lands outlying, bathed in gleaming lights o' home.

A Query

Mr. M— was making a call at the home of a business associate. Being very fond of children he danced little Dorothy on his knee, and Dorothy, while enjoying it hugely, kept her big black eyes firmly fixed on Mr. M—'s shining expanse of forehead. Incidentally it might be remarked that Mr. M—'s forehead reaches from his eyebrows to the back of his neck. "What makes you so quiet, Dorothy?" queried her papa. "This was Dorothy's opportunity and she grasped it. "Papa," she asked, "why don't you ever go barefooted on your head like Mr. M—?"

Free, But—

The returning tourist leaned over the rail as the great steamer slowly approached the wharf. "Ah, America, the land of the free!" he exclaimed. "Home, sweet home. O, but it's good to once more see my native land, to breathe the air of freedom and to—" At this juncture a gentleman in a blue uniform adorned with brass buttons tapped the returning tourist on the shoulder. "Beg pardon, sir," said the official, "but you'll have to accompany me." "Why, what's the matter?" gasped the returning tourist. "A little matter of a few diamonds, some laces, a watch or two and some French brandy concealed in your boxes and trunks." An hour later the returned tourist, after handing over to the customs officers a bunch of money big enough to choke a cow, walked out into the open

air and stopped for breath beneath the folds of a huge flag. "I move to amend," he muttered.

Horrible Revenge

Farmer Kornsilik came into the house, his face wreathed in smiles. "What tickles you, Hiram?" queried his wife. "Ma, you remember last summer when I went to the city and met that young Mr. Stuckuppe who spent a couple of weeks with us last summer?" "Yes, Hiram." "You remember how he kinder snubbed me because my clothes wasn't tailor made and because my hat wasn't right in fashion?" "Yes, you told me about." "Well, Maria, I've just got even with him for treatin' me that way." "Goodness gracious, Hiram; what have you done?" "I've just shipped him a barrel of apples by express and wrote him a letter telling him he could have 'em for nothing by just paying the charges." "That's what I call heaping coal of fire on his head, Hiram." "'Coals o' fire,' nothing! They're Ben Davis apples."

Preparation

With a sigh of deep regret the wise old T. Gobbler laid aside his evening paper and remarked: "The top limbs and a long fast for me." "But why cease eating right now papa?" queried the little Gobbler. "Ever since yesterday the master has been giving us the best things to eat and the most of them. Why, I can just eat all I can hold without having to hustle a bit." "Be warned in time, son," said T. Gobbler. "Better the high limbs and the long fast with me than a continued feast and the ax before the end of the month. The annual sacrifice draweth nigh." "What do you mean, papa?" "My dear, the morning paper contains the president's Thanksgiving proclamation. For years the appearance of that proclamation has ushered in a season of anguish and tears for me and mine. I've no time to explain, but if you are wise you'll follow papa's example. Me for the top bough and a month of hunger."

Unfair Advantage

The eloquent political speaker was pouring forth a torrent of eloquence in defense of his party and its policies. He was appealing to patriotism with tears in his eyes. "My fellow citizens," he said. "I love that dear old flag which so proudly floats above us today. Beneath its waving folds we have peace and plenty. Under the sheen of its glorious stripes and stars we are protected, and all the world looks on it and is glad. It is the beacon of liberty beckoning to the downtrodden of earth. It demands of each one of us our largest measure of devotion." While the applause was ringing the orator wiped the perspiration from his classic brow, and then continued. "No sacrifice it may demand of us can be too great. It must be upheld at any cost. Where it has once been raised it must never be hauled down. We who live beneath its folds must ever be ready to die to defend it.

Yea, we must be ready to shed our life's blood—"

At this juncture a gentleman climbed upon the stage and extended a hand in which was a sheet of paper. "Wh-a-a-t's that?" queried the speaker.

"O, I've listened to what you've said about making sacrifice of blood an' all that sort o' thing f'r th' old flag," drawled the man who had interrupted, "an' I thought this would be a good time t' let you correct the tax schedule you handed in a week ago. I'm th' assessor an' I guess you forgot to put all your stuff down. Don't you think it would be easier to pay a few dollars of honest taxes t' keep th' old flag flyin' than it would be to die f'r it?"

While the orator was gazing blankly at the assessor about nine-tenths of the audience sneaked out, realizing that it would be much easier to think about dying for the flag than to actually pay the cost of keeping it flying.

The one-tenth that remained had nothing to assess, therefore were only amused.

A Cereal Story

From the Tuneup, Neb., Cheerful Lyre: Bill Bottles brought us in a sample ear of his corn last Thursday. We figure that it will run about a pint to the ear if the entire crop is equal to the sample. Jim Wellers brought in a cornstalk Wednesday that was seventeen feet high and thirteen feet to the first ear. Jim says he'll have to gather his corn with one of them patent pruning-knives that work with a lever. He claims that the stalk he brought in was the shortest one he could find in a 80 acre patch.

The bridge across Lickus creek was out of commission a couple of days last week. One of the stringers broke. Ab Corners took the old stringer out and fixed up the bridge by substituting a stalk of his corn. He thinks it will hold until the county commissioners can meet and take action.

Corn shuckers in the Pottet neighborhood have struck against shucking by the bushel. They claim they ought to be paid by the cord.

Den Carberry, who has been running a corn sheller in this neck o' the woods for years, announces in this issue that he will raise his price for shelling three cents a bushel. He says the ears are so big he is put to heavy expense hiring men to break them in two before they are fed into the sheller.

Ye editor drove out to the Lick Skillet neighborhood yesterday and looked over the results of Miss Mazie Dubet's summer's work. Miss Mazie broke the ground, planted the crop and tended 85 acre of corn the last summer, and has just finished shucking the entire crop—a little matter of 5,950 bushels. In order to prevent misunderstanding and annoyance ye editor blushing admits that the cards will be out next week.

Limerick

There was a young man in Mobile Who broke the town law with his while. When confronting the judge He muttered, "O, fudge! It seems to be useless to squile."

Brain Leaks

Heroism sometimes consists in not doing things. It's getting to be very difficult to tell where the rear advertising section of the average magazine begins. The officeseeker is usually worried about the future of the country. People who go to church from a sense of duty seldom catch the odor of sanctity.

MAKING THE HOME CHEERFUL

How to Provide Amusement for Old and Young—Fun for All

We frequently urge the readers of this paper to do all they can towards making the home as cheerful as possible for all the family. Now we want to tell you how you can cheer and brighten your home in a simply wonderful way. Just think! You can get a genuine Edison phonograph on free trial in your home and to be paid for if acceptable at the rate of \$3.00 a week and upward. See the offer at the bottom of this column. Suppose you get some minstrel show records reproducing to absolute perfection the greatest comic artists. Then take some band music, Sousa's Marches, Waltzes by Strauss, soul stirring lively music, then grand opera concert



Music for Your Home

pieces as well as the finest vocal solos; also comic songs, ragtime, dialogs, comic recitations, piano, organ, violin, banjo and other instrumental music; all kinds of sacred music, duets, quartettes, full choruses. This wonderful instrument, I think, is far, far better than a piano or organ, though costing only one-fifth or one-tenth as much; for it gives you endless variety, it always plays perfectly and everybody can play it. With an Edison phonograph in your home you can arrange a concert at any time with just such a programme as brings \$1 and \$2 a seat in the opera houses of a big city. Or if you like dancing you can arrange a dance in your own home or in any hall; for the Edison phonograph is loud enough. Yes, indeed, the Edison phonograph is "the king of entertainers for the home." Read what Mr. Edison says; read the great free-trial easy-payment offer.

Mr. Edison says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American home."



Free Trial

Free Trial Means Free Trial No Money Down. No C. O. D. Try the wonderful Edison phonograph in your own home before you decide to buy. Then if acceptable pay on easiest possible payments, 50c a week and upward. Only \$3.50 a month for the very finest kind of a genuine Edison phonograph. SIGN This Coupon now and get the great Edison catalogs and full explanation of the wonderful free trial offer. Don't bother with writing a letter. Just write your name and address plainly on the coupon and mail today. Without any obligation on me, please send me free, prepaid, your catalog of Edison phonographs, your free circulars of the great Edison No. 1 and terms of payment. Name _____ Address _____