



Old Home Week

"Old Home Week" in Missouri—of course I am going home—Back to the days and the old time ways, and happy and free I'll roam Down through Ol' Russell's pasture, and over by Kunkel's mill, And back again through the shady lane to the old house on the hill. On the grass grown banks of the Tarkio, where oft in the past I strayed, Once more I'll lay in a lazy way neath the drooping willow's shade. I'll walk along the wide old street to the old school house below, While the deep-toned bell sweet tales will tell of the days of long ago.

"Old Home Week" in Missouri, and all of us going back—Back, girls and boys, to the old-time joys on th' old well-beaten track, Over the flower-strewn meadows, and down where the orchards sweep, And over the hills and down the rills where the soft cloud-shadows creep, When the twilight falls as the day is done I'll turn my eager feet To the little cot and the garden plot, with their mem'ries sad and sweet, I'll pierce the gloom of the vanished years, I'll see each well loved face In the twilight gloom of the sitting room in my boyhood's old home place.

"Old Home Week" in Missouri, from the regions wide apart, From shops, and fields with their fertile yields, from busy and noisy mart, We are going back to the old home state, back to the paths flower-strewn, And the Mother State in her strong arms great will once more clasp her own. She calls to us o'er the distance wide—we answer the loving cry—We hurry back o'er the old home track, and ever as we draw nigh We shout the name of the old home state—Missouri—dear old Mizzou! We heard you call, and one and all, we're hurrying back to you!

Another Nature Story

The jealousbug kills many a romance by biting through the heart.

Sure Sign

"Wilkins must have made a pile of money since we last saw him." "What makes you think so?" "Why, ten years ago he was afraid of the law; now he snaps his fingers at it."

As Usual

"I am laying by something for a rainy day," remarked the man as he stowed his umbrella in a closet. The next day it rained, and the man discovered, on going to the closet, that his son had got there first.

History Invoked

"The beef trust is thousands of years old." "Get out! It is a product of modern times." "Not much. Several thousands of years ago even a king found it necessary to hustle out and eat grass."

Queer

"Queer things happen in this world." "What are you thinking about now?" "Thinking how strange it is that

prohibition Kansas should give a silver punch bowl to the battleship Kansas."

Lonesome

"Hello, Bilkins! What's that you got under your arm?" "That's a new phonograph." "Going to have some music, eh?" "No, just got talking records. You see my wife's away and it got awfully lonesome out at the house."

O Joy!

The man who takes a carving knife To carve a watermelon Deserves to be sent up for life A solitary felon. Just lift the melon up on high And drop it down ker-plunk; Then with a steady, practiced eye Pick out the bestest chunk.

Natural Mistake

From his seat in the gallery the stranger looked out upon the deliberations of the meeting for an hour or two.

"I didn't know the undertakers were holding a convention here," he finally remarked to his neighbor. "This is not an undertakers' convention," said the neighbor. "This is a convention of the American Press Humorists' Association."

Deceived by the solemnity of the occasion the stranger rapidly walked out to look for something amusing.

Young Merchants

The scrap iron pile behind the shed Is guarded day and night; Each bit of junk, each ragged shred, Soon disappears from sight. And when we, wond'ring, ask the cause We get the quick reply Without a single instant's pause: "Fourth o' July!"

"Say, can I have this bottle, ma?" He asks with plaintive tone. Then down the alley out of sight He wends his way alone. Each iron bit, each wire strand, Each rag he may espy, He clutches with an eager hand— "Fourth o' July!"

"Old iron" by day, but in the night His dreams are dreams of joy; Joy that is writ in flames that light The life of every boy. "Old rags, old bottle or old junk"—The pile is growing high, And means more crackers, rockets, punk, "Fourth o' July!"

O, glorious Independence Day! Some people give us pain By telling boys the proper way To make it "safe and sane." Go to! We'll help 'em celebrate The old way, you and I; And fire off crackers early, late, "Fourth o' July!"

Men and Mules

Realizing that it would be more profitable to sell a million tons of coal at a profit of one dollar per ton than to sell two millions of tons at a profit of fifty cents a ton, the coal baron decided to close down his mines.

First he bought plenty of feed for his mules and had his stables repaired and fixed up as comfortably as possible.

Mules cost considerable money per head, therefore must be protected. Then he curtly notified the miners and other men in his employ that

their services were no longer needed. Men cost nothing, therefore the mine owner was not interested in their welfare.

For the next six months the mules lived in ease and comfort.

What became of the miners? Really we do not know. Men can be had on demand, but mules cost from \$100 to \$150 per head.

Brain Leaks

Dyspeptic minds love to feed on flattery.

We never boast of the gold bricks we buy.

The troubles we never meet are the ones that worry us most.

Western farmers are getting ready to harvest the wheat that speculators sold last spring.

The man who depends upon his "rabbit's foot" usually has a long hard luck story to tell.

The fact that there are hypocrites in the church is another evidence that the church is good.

HOCH

"His hands," exclaims Mr. Andrew Carnegie, having references to the Emperor William, "are guiltless of human bloodshed in international war."

There is a nice distinction here, and not less important than nice. International war is, of course, war between nations. Niggers in darkest Africa are not a nation. They have no navy. They send no delegates to the peace congress. They are, in fine, small potatoes and few in a hill.

So it is true that the emperor's hands are guiltless of bloodshed in international war. With a Christian moderation worthy of all praise, he has steadfastly refrained from pasting anybody who was in the least likely to paste him back.—Life.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

A Baltimore man had until recently a ducky in his employ, about as shiftless and worthless a ducky, says he, as ever came across.

One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called Sam into his office and told him to look for another job.

"Will yo' give me a letter of recommendation?" asked Sam, piteously.

Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the Baltimore man's heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the negro.

His effort resulted as follows: "This man, Sam Harkins, has worked for me one week and I am satisfied." —Harper's Weekly.

UNLUCKY AT LAST

Summoned on a special venire in the Haywood case, J. A. Robertson testified that he was born in Scotland, lived there thirteen years; emigrated to Canada, lived there thirteen years; come to Illinois, lived there thirteen years; moved to Nebraska, and lived there thirteen years. In the light of this record it is not surprising to find that he was quickly accepted by both sides as a juror, and is probably stuck for at least thirteen weeks' service.—Sioux City Journal.

"PRIDE"

Abe Ruef says Mayor Schmitz got only \$50,000 from the bribers. Pennsylvania's leading grafters say a man who will sell himself for that must lack pride as well as judgment. —Chicago Record Herald.

ICE TRUST

In a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at New York the scene in which Eliza crosses the ice has been eliminated.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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