

MUSINGS ALONG THE WAYSIDE PATHS

NEBRASKA.

They tell me of countries eyisian
That lie on the hithermost shore;
Of golden paved street, of music so sweet,
And fairies and houris galore.
They tell to me stories of plenty,
Of gardens and fields of delight
That lie "over there" in some country so
fair,
Where never is sorrow or blight.

But ever I answer and tell them:
"Get hence! You are wasting your
breath.
For all that is best, by rule or by test,
Nebraska can skin 'em to death!"

I've heard some tall stories of countries
With skies ever cloudless and blue;
Where perfumes adorn all the winds of
the morn
And maidens bewitching and true.
They tell me of harps and of angels,
Of joys never ending and sweet;
Of long summer hours midst fields full of
flowers,
And life with the joy time replete.

But ever I answer and tell them,
A smile of great joy on my face—
"This wonderful state of Nebraska so
great
Can beat 'em both ways from the ace!"

They tell me of Caanan that Moses
Once viewed from the peak of a hill,
And said was a land at once fertile and
grand,
Where man could partake to his fill.
They speak of the Land of Great Promise,
Jerusalem golden and bright;
Of bright jasper walls and a glory that
calls
And pledges the hearers delight.

But ever I answer and tell them:
"In all of good this life affords
Compared with the rest old Nebraska's
the best,
And got 'em all backed off the boards!"

I listen in patience to stories
Of lands that are fairer than day.
I list while they sing till the far echoes
ring,
But never I heed what they say,
I let them sing peans of praises
To this or that land of their choice;
I don't care a rap for their rant or their
yap,
But let them get rid of their voice.

And then, when they're tired, I chortle:
"O stop running off at the mouth.
In all good and great Nebraska's the state
That's got all the rest going south!"

THE OFFICE BOY SAYS:

De best dat some guys kin expect is de
woist uv it, 'cause dat's all dey is entitled
to.

De fact dat a lot o' kids go wrong kin
be tracked back to de great gran'-parents.
Some uv de coin I spend in me own
town gits back t' me.

I got enough t' worry about t'day wid
out worryin' about w'ot happened yista-
day.

When a man gits t' takin' hissself too
durned serious it's time t' give him de
laugh.

God ain't wastin' no time listenin' t' us
prayin' f'r w'ot we want instead o' prayin'
f'r w'ot we need.

A lot o' dese "chips off'n de ol' block"
merely proves w'ot a woodenhead dad is.

A FEW FETCHING FABLES.

How oft these days upon the street the
politicians we must meet; the hungry, of-
ficeseeking gents who have a yearning
most intense to save the nation or the
state from some dark, evil-smelling fate;
who swiftly grabs us by the hand and
speils away to beat the band.

He loves us like a house afire—and if he
don't then he's a liar—He swears his only
motive is to serve the people well—then,
siz-z-z! He's off adown the street to make
another vote with swift handshake. He
thinks the world will go to pot if he's not
Johnnie-on-the-Spot.

He swears he does not need the job, but
swears that schemes to smoothly rob the
people dear can only be prevented by such
men as he. He says twill be a sacrifice,
but he is willing once—or twice. He talks
until we're tired and sore; then takes a
breath and talks some more.

Moral:
These politicians are so thick
They make us weary, sore and sick.

A man once lived near hereabout who
claimed to be a good old scout. He never
saw a thing begin but what at once he
butted in and claimed to be the Johnny
Wise, the while his talk was full of "I's;"
and swore by heaven's vaulted dome that
all should stand for things at home.

Did some one start a scheme to boost,
this guy would try to rule the roost. Did
others plan to make things hump, he took
the credit in a lump. No matter what the
scheme or plan this guy appeared the only
man. In short he was the great big "It;"
all other men were simply "nit."

At last, one day, the tired crowd togeth-
er got and quickly vowed they'd make this
guy of much pretense look something less
than thirty cents. They let him talk of
boosting home until his mouth was full

of foam; then showed to all the world that
he bought from Rears-Sawbuck, C. O. D.

Moral:
I'm for the man who boosts for fair
With real deeds and not hot air.

A man in one Nebraska town was given
much to running down the business of
the thriving place, and always pulling a
long face; declaring with a doleful wail
that banks would burst and crops would
fail. He always had his hammer out to
knock the good old booster scout.

A good word for his town or state this
geezer would not asservate. He always
had a tale of woe; he said that things to
hell would go; he knocked from morn till
candlelight, and kept on knocking
through the night.

One day the boosters in their wrath
arose and took the broad warpath. They
seized the knocker, gagged his mouth, and
set his foot to moving south. They made
him skip and fairly dance by sundry kicks
upon pants. Now if he wants to knock
the town he can not do it sitting down.

Moral:
The ax is what the knocker needs—
Applied where Mary wears her beads.

I know a man—God bless his heart—
who never fails to do his part in making
folks feel fit and fine; who never finds
the time to whine. He always wears a
smiling face; he's always ready in his
place to boost his town and boost his
state, and help when time to pay the
freight.

He says his town's the best on earth;
his state the best in all that's worth the
while of any man to know as through this
vale he has to go. He pays the local
printer man, buys home made goods
whene'er he can; and wouldn't trade Ne-
braska fair for all the kingdoms "over
there."

If rain is short he says: "By gum; just
hang on, boys; it's bound to come." Do
times grow hard? He sheds his vest and
hustles out his level best. Do knockers
knock; he winks his eye, hands them a
kick, and passes by. He finds us full of
hard luck dope, and leaves us brimming
full of hope.

Moral:
What pleasure tis to meet and know
The man who grabs and won't let go.

PRECIOUS.

"Butterfingers!" shrieked the bleach-
ers.

Whereupon we rejoiced at our posses-
sion of the player. Is not butter scarce
and worth thirty-five cents a pound?

WE INSIST.

"Take the cards that are dealt you and
play the game."

This a motto that some friend suspend-
ed from a nail driven into our office wall.

All right. But we insist that we have
a chance to cut after the cards are shuf-
fled on top of the table.