

Adrift with Humor



The Rider.
"In speaking of this bill before congress you mention a 'rider.' What is a rider?"

"A rider," replied Senator Sorghum, "is usually like the postscript to a woman's letter—apparently an afterthought, but in reality the most important part of the communication."

The Unheeded Kicker.
"Why don't you assert yourselves as citizens and demand better roads?" "Friend," replied the suburban citizen, "we're so humbled and subdued that we're thankful if we get a chance to flounder through on roads that aren't paved mostly with broken glass."

Her Loving Notes.
"Your wife must be awfully in love with you! She has written to you every day since she has been away." "They are only little notes to tell me to send her something she forgot to put in her trunks."

No Strategic Retreating.
"Did you ever think of declining to run for another term?" "Never," replied Senator Sorghum. "It has always looked as if I had a good enough show to be elected to warrant me in sticking to the finish."

Getting in the Last Word.
The Bride's Mother—What's Henry been doing to you now?
The Bride—The worst yet. Every time he calls me up on the telephone he says what he wants to and then hangs up the receiver so I can't talk back to him.

ONE BURST AT A TIME



She—How about that present of a sunburst you were going to give me?
He—How can I give you a sunburst when the bank's burst?

Of Course!
That politician should be fought who dares to boast he can't be fought.

Disappointed.
"So you went into the country to get 'atmosphere'? How did you like it?" "Disappointed. Couldn't find a farmer who had a horse named Dobbin, and never heard one of them say 'By back!'"

Very Rich.
The Governess—I'm afraid your little daughter will never learn to spell.
Mrs. Newrich—It won't make any difference. When she grows up she'll have money enough to employ a secretary.

Misunderstanding.
Mrs. Wiggs—Ain't it goin' to be awful when the soldiers get back?
Mrs. Figs—Whatever do you mean?
Mrs. Wigs—Why, they say the boys will all come home demoralized.

Don't Blame Her.
Mabel—Gert is dreadfully superstitious, isn't she?
Myrt—Oh, indeed, she is. She won't even let a man propose to her in a hammock for fear they will fall out.

A Back Number.
Myrt—Did you see the outfit Mabel wore to the dance last night? It must take a lot of nerve to appear like that.
Gert—Well, she did display a good deal of backbone.

How Mean!
Mr. Cholly Shallowpate—They say that a little learning is a dangerous thing.
Miss Kutting Hints—Fear not. You're a long ways from the danger signal.

Not Many Pieces Left.
Mrs. Smart—But if your laundress charges you by the piece, it must be rather expensive.
Mrs. Wise—Oh! no. She loses so many pieces that her bills are never high.

THE INEVITABLE.
Everybody longs for a luxurious existence. Without a thing to do, 'neath placid skies. Except to dream or dally, in perpetual persistence. Take slumbering grobe or playful but-tortles. But till a house is built which never needs new weatherproofing. And we banish moths and mildew and decay. From every habitation from the cellar to the roofing. Somebody must keep working every day. When climates never turn from frost to heat that is excessive; When a suit of clothes will last a man for life; When human nature ceases to be eagerly progressive. And we're all so good that no one thinks of strife. Ah, then, and not till then, we may be comfortably dozing. While sunshine softly smiles and slips away. But in the meantime nature keeps relentlessly disclosing. The need of earnest labor every day. —Washington Star.

MAKES A HAVEN FOR SPOON

Device That Will Be Welcomed by the Average Housewife, as Well as the Individual Diner.

What does the housekeeper in your family do when the spoon with which she is serving dessert slides blithely down into the pudding or the peaches? Doubtless she does just what all other housewives have done under these circumstances for generations—fishes it out, disappears into the



Non-Disappearing Spoon-Holder. kitchen, and returns with the same spoon, washed, or with another one. The same accident occurs often to the individual in connection with his smaller bowl—with the same remedy. But a German haus-frau comes with the suggestion described in the Scientific American and designed to keep the spoon on its good behavior. As will be seen in the accompanying illustration, the offending spoon can slip neither sideways nor straight down; it must stay where it was put, reclining gracefully against the side of the dish, no matter how smooth and slippery the bottom on which its point rests.

Could Not Endure Separation.
The blind ox, mentioned in this column a few weeks ago, and famous as the protégé of a stately gander on an Alabama farm, is dead, we are informed, and his death is due to separation from his guardian. Recently it became necessary to transfer the ox to another pasture. The gander was unable to follow. The separation was too much for the ox and he pined and drooped, refused food and drink and finally lay down and died.—Montreal Family Herald.

Presence of Mind Saved Her.
A fast passenger train passed over a young woman in Jeannette, Pa., without injuring her. The young woman was crossing the tracks when she became blinded by the glare of the headlights of the engine. She stood still for a moment as the big engine bore down on her. Then she threw herself down between the tracks and the train passed over her. Beyond being unnerved she suffered no injury and was able to walk home.—Exchange.

Men Nests on Pig's Back.
A pig and pullet, who are barnyard pals, have combined in a daily bacon and egg demonstration on a farm near Yarmouth, Mass. Every morning the brisk young hen hops on the broad surface of the porker's back, nestles down and lays an egg. The pig lies motionless until the farmer, notified by the bird's proud cackling, collects the latest addition to the family's food supply.

Gopher a Lover of the "Weed."
That gophers like chewing tobacco can be confirmed by Alberta (Canada) reader. The first gopher he saw this year, came up from a hole in the flower bed. It was chewing tobacco with part of the plug between its paws. The gopher's hole was dug up and the remainder of the plug was found.

Compressed Wheat.
An odd suggestion comes from England as to conserving wheat. It is proposed to crush or rough grind wheat, then soften with superheated steam and compress in hard blocks and store until wanted, when a simple crushing process would fit it for flour manufacture.—Scientific American.

Changed Color After Molting.
Previous to molting in October a hen in Hants county, N. C. was brown-feathered. After receiving new feathers the head and neck were white and white feathers were sprinkled through the others covering the remainder of the hen.

Chose Poor Place to Watch Eclipse.
Fascinated over the eclipse of the sun, a steeplejack who was working on an eighty-foot chimney in London, lost his balance and fell to the ground, dying instantly.

CAP and BELLS



Alas, Poor Wife.
Smith—Old Man Grouch may not be a pleasant companion, but you have to give him credit for having a very saving disposition.

Smythe—Yes, but the trouble is he saves up all the mean things he has heard during the day to use on his wife when he gets home.

Just Right.
"My boy has a wonderful amount of perseverance and persistence, an optimism nothing can dim and a nerve nothing can daunt. What work would you put him to?" "I should think with those qualities he would make an ideal book agent."

Efficiency.
Male Shopper—My wife sent me for some flet.
Clerk—For yourself or for her?
Male Shopper—What difference does that make?
Clerk—If it's for yourself, it's beef; if it's for her it's lace.—Judge.

That's Different.
Willis—Our company was getting 1,000 barrels a day when suddenly, on December 1, our production stopped.
Gillis—That's funny. I never heard of an oil well acting like that before.
Willis—Who's talking about oil wells? This was a brewery.—Judge.

New Social Embarrassment.
"O, John, Nora told me today she's going to leave."
"What's that, my dear? Does she want another raise?"
"No, John, it's not that. She says it's no fun flirting with a policeman."—Judge.

DEEP SEA TALK



Judge Shark—What became of the dogfish prisoner, officer?
Officer Lobster—Er—he escaped, your honor. Someone handed him a sawfish.

Correct.
This you'll observe, if you are wise: The other people grow. The more they come to realize How much they do NOT know.

Confused.
"What picture did you see last night?" "I confess I don't know. They showed so many announcements of coming pictures that I got all balled up."—Film Fun.

Nothing Doing.
I. M. P. Cunius—I'm up against it. I must have money, but I've no idea where I can get it.
N. O. Koyné—Glad to hear that—I thought perhaps you had an idea you could get it from me.

True Enough.
"The teacher says that our boy can't learn to write."
"That boy knows his business. Many a man wouldn't have been sued for breach of promise if he hadn't put his foolishness on paper."

Its Main Characteristics.
"There's a fool-proof airplane on the market."
"Good. What's its main characteristic?" "It won't fly."

So Much a Knot.
"Who is the best man usually at a wedding?" "The preacher. He gets the profit and takes no risk."

Too Dear for Him.
She—I bought the dearest hat today. He (absently)—Send it back and buy the cheapest.

Something in a Name.
Marie—He's very narrow.
Marie—What do you expect of a hat?

This ghost was a 1921 model



LAST MONTH, on a bet. WITH THE boys up home. I SPENT a night. ALONE IN the old. HAUNTED HOUSE. AND WHEN I heard. MOANS AND groans. I SAID "The wind." AND TRIED to sleep. I HEARD rappings. AND SAID "Rats." AND ROLLED over. THEN I heard steps. AND IN the light. OF A dying moon. A WHITE spook rose. I WASN'T scared—much. BUT DIDN'T feel like. STARTING ANYTHING. BUT THEN I caught. JUST A faint whiff.

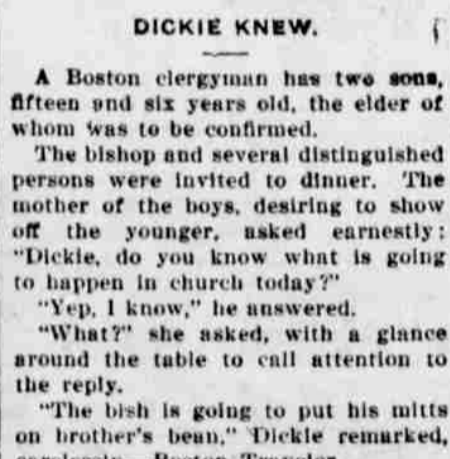
OF A familiar. AND DELICIOUS smell. WHICH TIPPED me off. SO I gave the ghost. THE HORSE laugh. AND SAID "Ed. YOU FAT guys. MAKE BUM ghosts. BUT BEFORE you fade. LEAVE WITH me one. OF YOUR cigarettes. THEY SATISFY."

THAT spicy, delicious aroma of fine tobaccos, both Turkish and Domestic, makes you almost hungry for the "satisfy-smoke." And there isn't a ghost of a chance you'll ever find its equal anywhere—for the Chesterfield blend is an exclusive blend. It can't be copied. Have you seen the new AIR-TIGHT tins of 50?

They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

WITH THE FUNNY MEN



DICKIE KNEW.
A Boston clergyman has two sons, fifteen and six years old, the elder of whom was to be confirmed.

A Bone on Fido.
Rover, the Mastiff—Ah, Fido, my boy, these are sacred grounds hereabouts. Don't you know that the bones of your master's ancestors are buried in here?

POOR BUT PROUD.
"Your new pianist didn't stay long." "I had to let him go," said the manager. "As apt as not he'd be playing a jazz selection when people were dying on the screen. He wouldn't pay any attention to the plot of a photoplay."

LEGAL NOTICES
First Pub. July 7, 1921—3w
NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT
In the County Court of Dakota County, Nebraska.
State of Nebraska, County of Dakota—ss.
In the Matter of the Estate of John Rohde, Deceased.
To Creditors, Heirs, Legatees, and Others Interested in the Estate of John Rohde, Deceased:
TAKE NOTICE: That William G. Rohde, has filed in the County Court a report of his doings as administrator of the estate of John Rohde, deceased, and it is ordered that the same stand for hearing the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1921, before the court at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at which time any person may appear and except to and contest the same. The said administrator has also filed in said court his petition asking for his discharge, and the release of his bondsmen. Notice of this proceed-

ing is ordered given by publication of this notice three times in the Dakota County Herald, a weekly newspaper published in Dakota County, Nebraska.
Witness my hand and the seal of the Court at Dakota City, Nebraska, this 2d day of July, A. D. 1921.
SHERMAN W. MCKINLEY, County Judge.

First Pub. June 30, 1921—4w
SERVICE BY PUBLICATION.
In the District Court of Dakota County, Nebraska.
Edith E. Tague, Plaintiff,
vs.
Otto E. Tague, Defendant.

To Otto E. Tague, Defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of March, 1921, the above named plaintiff, Edith Tague, filed her petition against you in the District Court of Dakota County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a decree of divorce against you, based upon the charges that you are an habitual drunkard and that you were cruel and inhuman in your treatment of the plaintiff, and that though amply able, you failed to support the plaintiff and your family, and deserted them for more than two years past, and further that plaintiff may be decreed the custody and care of your infant child, the issue of said marriage, to-wit: Alice E. Tague. You are required to answer the said petition on or before Monday, the 8th day of August, 1921.
Dated June 27th 1921.
EDITH E. TAGUE, Plaintiff.
By Wm. P. Warner, Her Attorney.

First Pub. July 14, 1921—3w
Order of Hearing on Petition for Appointment of Administrator.
State of Nebraska, County of Dakota—ss.
In the County Court.
In the Matter of the Estate of William Hollingsworth, Deceased:
On reading and filing the petition of George T. Hollingsworth, by his attorney, Wm. P. Warner, praying that Administration of said Estate may be granted to George T. Hollingsworth as Administrator.
Ordered, That July 30th, A. D. 1921, at 10 o'clock A. M., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Dakota County Herald, a weekly newspaper printed in said County, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.
Dated July 7th, 1921.
SHERMAN W. MCKINLEY, County Judge.

ORDINANCE NO. 218.
An ordinance providing for the appropriation of money to be raised by the levying of tax on all taxable property in the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska. Said money to be used to pay the expenses of said Village for the fiscal year, commencing on the last Tuesday of April, 1921, and ending on the last Tuesday of April, 1922.
Be it Ordained, by the Chairman and Board of Trustees of the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska:
Section 1. That the following amounts be appropriated for the use of the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing

ing on the last Tuesday in April, 1921, and ending on the last Tuesday of April 1922.

Interest on water bonds, and sinking fund\$1250 00
General purposes, including salaries\$1000 00
Total\$2250 00

Section 2. That a tax be levied on all taxable property in the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska, sufficient to make said amounts, and that the amount so levied be certified to the county clerk of Dakota County, Nebraska, by the Village Clerk of Dakota City, Nebraska.

Section 3. This Ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and approval.
Passed and approved this 5th day of July, 1921.

WM. BIERMAN,
Chairman Board of Trustees.

Attest—
WM. P. WARNER, Village Clerk.
(Seal)

Hundreds of Thousands of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

DICTIONARIES are in use by business men, engineers, bankers, judges, architects, physicians, farmers, teachers, librarians, clergymen, by successful men and women the world over.

Are You Equipped to Win?
The New International provides the means to success. It is an all-knowing teacher, a universal question answerer.
If you seek efficiency and advancement why not make daily use of this vast fund of information?
400,000 Vocabulary Terms. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Colored Plates. 35,000 Geographical Subjects. 12,000 Biographical Entries.
Regular and India-Paper Editions.

Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc. Free. A set of Pocket Maps if you name this paper.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

LUMBER

25% OR MORE SAVING
FARMERS LUMBER CO.
2520 BOYD STREET OMAHA, NEB.

DR. S. J. DAILY
Resident Dentist
PHONE 51
HOMER, NEBR.