

GOOD STORIES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

Jokes That Folks Laughed at Before There Was Any Thought of a Civil War

We have come into possession of a dozen of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, most of them printed in the days before the civil war. Only two of them were printed during the war, and one during the period of reconstruction following it. Sooner or later, we plan to work up a series of articles dealing with some of the things that were live news before the firing on Fort Sumter.

You will find, on looking over these magazines, that there are a surprising number of the jokes that are familiar to you, yet you would hardly suspect them of being older than yourself. They are written, as a rule, in a somewhat stilted style, with more or less lengthy introductions, but there is good humor in them, at that.

Odd views of life and odd ways of expressing them are proverbial in newly settled regions, but most odd when coming from one brought up to the refinements and luxuries of the sea-board. A gentleman of this sort, translated from the region of the opera to the home of the bar, gives a humorous summary of the ways things are done at Minneapolis, Minnesota, in a letter to "Dear John" in New York, from which we quote a few passages:

"I'm a poor and lazy correspondent, except in the 'please remit' style. I practice that daily, but my appeals, instead of stamps, bring only the blues. That is the prevalent disease here; I've got it light. An individual case can be cured by looking through the bottom of a tumbler, but when the whole community have got it the tumbler remedy is not a sure thing. It is an excuse out here for every thing except murder. Business is dead and buried, and we are mourners. Can't sell any goods; can't collect for what have been sold. Every concern owes every other concern, but no stamps to pay with. We all pray for the 'good time coming,' and hope it will come before there is a general balloon ascension. As the Dutchman says, 'In the midst of life we are debt.' Let's change the subject. Yesterday we went to church, and occupied for the first time our new slip. It's not quite so high-priced as yours in H. W. B.'s tabernacle. Only \$30. No velvet cushions; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat. I'm not fat myself, and next Sunday shall wear extra drawers. Weather has been on a spree lately; thermometer went about 3000 miles below nothing—that is, if a degree is sixty

miles. Whisky sold in cakes like maple sugar. Not only milk, but every thing else condensed. Colds were contracted. The distance from here to St. Paul lessened a mile. Letter H on all the signs made I's at you. I was thirty on the 15th, but my age contracted five years, and I now call myself twenty-five. A dollar became fifteen cents less each time in passing a refreshment-saloon. Mercury froze; boy froze to pair of buckskin gloves; policeman froze to him. I rather enjoyed the cold, and would willingly lose another five years from my age for a repetition. I noticed, however, that the weather had no effect upon thirty-day paper."

Commodore Vanderbilt's thorough way of doing things is proverbial, especially with his employes. Not long since some of his laborers applied to have their time reduced to the eight-hour system. The Commodore ordered their time reduced to seven hours, and paid them pro rata. One of the Irishmen, who did not like this turn of affairs, said to his neighbor, "Well, Mike, I wish the Commodore was in ——" "Oh!" said Mike, "bedad and that wouldn't help you; for he'd have control of the place inside of a week!"

A distinguished ex-Governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while he was addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too freely indulging in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, the Governor was told the usual tale of woe; among other sad incidents, that during a career of vice he had buried three wives. The Governor having buried a few wives of his own sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he: "The Lord has indeed deeply afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Y-yes, He has;" and, pausing a moment and wiping his nose, continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as He took one I took another!"

Professor Charles Avery, of Hamilton College, is one of the ablest as well as most genial and witty of college professors. On one occasion a class in chemistry were deep in the analysis of poisons, various substances being given containing the poison to be tested. One of the class, inclining in his researches rather to that part of chemical science relating to liquids and their various combinations as beverages—a research oftener prosecuted in —'s hotel than the the laboratory—asked the doctor if it would not be well, as a measure of safety, to "analyze some of —'s whisky, and test it for

strychnine?" "No need of that," said the doctor, "if there was any in it you would have been dead long ago!"

When a circuit-preacher does set out to rouse up a sleepy congregation by some narrative that "shaves up close" to the orphic utterances of Munchausen, it is good to be present and note the effect. Such a one was Brother —, who many years ago, before he had gone to his reward, traveled on circuit in Vermont. He was uniformly grave and dignified in the pulpit, but out of it a great wag. He originated the mosquito story, and in this wise. Seeing that some of his audience were getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and digressed as follows:

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements on account of mosquitoes. In some of these regions they are enormous. A great many of them will weigh a pound, and they will get on the logs and bark when the missionaries are coming along."

By this time all ears and eyes were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit: "There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," said he.

"But I did not say one would weigh a pound. I said 'a great many' would weigh a pound, and I think a million of them would."

"But you said they would bark at the missionaries."

"No, no, brother; I said they would get on the logs and bark."

As the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson" says, "the art of putting things is one of the rarest and most valuable to a clergyman."

Equally new and original, if not equally witty, was a similar dialogue between the teacher and one of the pupils of a public school in the city, as they stepped out of the door, and

saw the moon, which on that occasion wore a very red face.

"Is that a wet or a dry moon?" inquired the teacher.

The boy had never heard these terms applied to the moon as a weather-sign, and after some hesitation he said, "I should think it was a wet moon."

"Why so, sonny?" asked the gentle teacher, wishing to draw the little

fellow out.

"Well," said the boy, "it looks so plaguy red, I think it hain't been painted long enough to get right dry yet."

An Eastern gentleman traveling in Arkansas meets with the following "rules" for the regulation of the hotel at which he puts up in that frontier State. Believing that they

may furnish a hint or two to the hotel-men in this region, and some entertainment to the readers of the Drawer, he copies them in pencil from the placard on the door of his chamber, and sends them to us:

RULES OF THIS HOUSE
1. Gentlemen will black their boots before leaving their rooms, or they will not be admitted to the table (Continued on Page 13.)

More Power from Less Gasoline

Besides lubrication that insures a quiet, smooth-running motor, Polarine Oil supplies a constant, gas-tight seal between the piston rings and the cylinder walls.

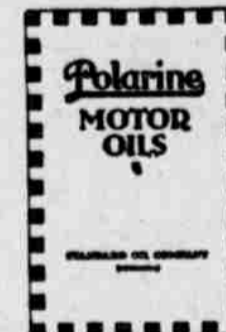
Polarine holds the explosive power of the gasoline behind the pistons. That is the secret of engine power and fuel economy.

There is no power leakage when Polarine guards your engine. You can use a lean, quick-burning, economical mixture and get more power from every gallon of gasoline—use less gasoline per mile.

Buy Polarine where you buy quick-fire, power-full Red Crown Gasoline. At filling time look for this sign.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEBRASKA)

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Polarine

Brennan Says

After you eat—always take **EATONIC** FOR YOUR ACID STOMACH

Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Souring, Stomach Discomfort, and all stomach miseries. Aids digestion and appetite. Keeps stomach sweet and strong. Increases Vitality and Pep. EATONIC is the best remedy. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Only costs a cent or two a day to use it. Positively guaranteed to please or we will refund money. Get a big box today. You will see.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Owing to the increased cost and excessive losses through the old "credit" system, we, the undersigned garages and automobile dealers of Alliance, have been forced to install the following rules:

Effective November 1st, 1919

All repair work and repairs used "Cash." All other garage bills "Must" be settled promptly at the end of thirty days.

STORAGE PRICES

\$10 per month until May 1st.

\$7.50 per month from May 1st to Nov. 1st.

NIGHT STORAGE

First night 50c, and 50c each succeeding night. Day Storage 50c.

Lowry & Henry

Schwabe Bros.

Buick Garage

Coursey & Miller

Sturgeon Garage

Rumer Motor Co.

WRIGLEY'S

5c a package before the war

5c a package during the war

5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!

