

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOING OF FUNNY FOLK.

The Up-to-Date Girl and Her Balloon Sleeves—Morrisey McMilligan Plays a Desperate Part and Wins—The Tramp and the Mermaid.



My comely, fin-de-siècle love To-day is just as fair to me As when we roamed, with stars above, Along the secret-keeping sea; My arm would seek her pliant waist And linger there in honeyed bliss; And O, 'twas Paradise to taste The nectar of the twilight kiss!

We're lovers still, just as of old, But ah! a shadow's come between; She does not deem me overbold, And beats her heart for me, I wean. I try to reach her melting lips, But cannot; this my spirit grieves. The fashions all my love eclipse— I can't get near her for her sleeves! —T. C. Harbaugh in Truth.

THE LAMENT OF THE FRESHMAN.

When first I struck the city I'd a pocket full of stuff, That dad said would last the year out If I watched it close enough. But now my pile has melted, Like a snowball in the sun, And yet the year's festivities Are only just begun.

For when you count the football games, With Kensingtons and such, And add the trips to Omaha, That cost us pretty much, You'll find the "grand sum total" Won't be so very tame, Especially the bets I lost Upon the Kansas game.

And when the glee club gave their show, They struck me for a box, And if a fellow coming here Was wholly built of rocks, And when it came to text books The prices knocked me flat, And then it takes a mint of gold To get in any feat.

And then there was a party Every blessed week or so, And florists doubled up the price On roses then, you know, And at every blamed "fandango" I had to get a back, And then I bought a drill suit That fitted like a sack.

Now on the money question, My dad is quite a crank, And he seems to think I'm laboring To break the family bank, But the ever-present question That disturbs my peaceful calm, Is how to raise the "fiveer" For the coming junior prom.

Thursday while the editor, which is ourself, of this organ was heavily busied at his desk in removing from his eyolids the slumbers that had accumulated during the previous period his left eye caught sight of a large and ungainly card tacked upon the furniture of this office.

On this card was attached the bold words, "Please remove the debris," and signed by a congenial committee of one from the co-op establishment.

Now we don't care a whoop for all the tags that are placed on our piece of furniture, but bearing in mind the fact that nearly everyone of the editors of our contemporaries, besides all the loafers that inhabit the coop have seen this sign, we consider it our duty to justify ourselves. And we would like to say so that all our fellow students may hear that we too would like to see this debris which has collected for ages removed, as there are times when we like to get at our piece of furniture to do a little copy work.

A Broken Record. "Your majesty," reported the chief imp, "Henry VIII. kicks on giving up his room on the first floor and going into the attic."

"You tell him," rejoined Pluto, "that he don't hold the divorce record any longer, and that we've got to have his apartments for a gentleman from Sioux Falls."

An Easy One. "Now," said the medical professor at the quiz, "tell me whether this is a male or a female skeleton." "Female," replied the man at the foot of the class. "Right, but how do you know?" "I saw her jaws work as you spoke."

THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL.

A representative of the Nebraskan called upon Professor Lyon to inquire about the school of agriculture that opened so auspiciously last Tuesday. In reply to his inquiry as to the object of the school the professor said that the aim was to supply the demand for more elementary agricultural instruction. That most farmers' boys could not afford to spend the time required to prepare for college and complete the regular agricultural course. This school, he said, would give a technical agricultural education, by offering instruction, not in the sciences themselves, but in the application of the sciences to farming. The session is held during the three winter months when farm work is lightest. Courses of this kind have given at most of the large state universities and have been in most cases successful in raising the standard of farming in the state. Here where we are all so directly dependent upon the fruits of the soil it is of vital importance that the best methods of farming be understood and practiced by our farmers. It is only as our farming methods are improved that the state can hope to increase in productivity and consequently in wealth, and it is due largely to the university and experiment station that she must look to devise such improvements and to disseminate a knowledge of the same.

The school opened with an attendance of fifteen. No students otherwise connected with the university are permitted to register in this school, as the course prescribed requires all of the time during six days of the week. Two or three who are expecting to come have not yet arrived.

Doomed to Bachelorhood.

Friend—I say, Jack, why don't you marry, and settle down?
Jack—Can't.
"You have a good income."
"Yes."
"And your aunt left you a charming house?"
"Yes."
"Then why don't you hunt up a wife?"
"Oh, a wife is easy enough to get; that isn't the trouble."
"Then what is the matter?"
"I can't find a servant girl."

A Cruel Insinuation.



Mose Schaumburg—You vant a week's salary in advance, put suppose, Mishter Silverstone, I let you have dot week's salary, and maybe you drops tead ternight. How den vill I git mine money pack?
Mr. Silverstone—I hope, Mishter Schaumburg dot I am too much of a schentleman to play you any such drieks ash dot, replied the clerk with dignity.—Texas Siftings.

Unmasked.

In the dimly lighted alcove a man, in evening dress, stands peering between the half-drawn portieres into the ballroom beyond. Strains of a waltz come floating to his ears, but he hears nothing; he is watching a man and woman going and coming through the mazes of the dance. Suddenly he turns and sees a stranger beside him gazing into his eyes. The face is repulsive in its expression of hate and envy. Involuntarily he recalls a step. Only then he recognizes his own image in the glass.

"On the Pump."

A gentleman coming out of the house saw his son sitting on the pump, with a slate and pencil in his hand. The father said: "Why aren't you at school to-day?" "Why, pa," said the boy, "I'm sittin' here 'cos the teacher told us to write a composition on 'The Pump.'"

Spurs Not Popular.

First Chappie (sadly)—Spurs are coming into fashion again for horse-back riding.
Second Chappie (dolefully)—Ya-na. Awful things to land on when a fellah falls off.

Located Him.

"They say old Smith never subscribed for a newspaper?"
"Never."
"Where is he now?"
"Blowin' out the gas in some hotel!"

selected smiles.
Jazlin—Whose make is your watch?
Brazilin—The fellow who sold it to me, I guess. He made about \$20 on the transaction.—Roxbury Gazette.
No, Maude, dear, the tailor would scarcely make a good matrimonial agent, although he does press over people's suits for them.—Philadelphia Record.
"I am moving today because I could not pay the rent!" "That's first-rate. I am moving for the same reason; let's change quarters!"—Fliegende Blaette.
Miss Planephace (exhibiting her photograph)—Everybody says it does not do me justice. Miss Port—Evidently the artist is a man of tact.—Boston Transcript.
"What do you think of your engagement ring?" "You dear, sweet old boy, it's the handsomest I ever had—I mean I like it ever so much."—Chicago Times-Herald.
Customer—A loaf of bread, please.
Baker—Five-cent loaf or ten-cent loaf?
Customer (precisely)—I will take one of the loaves that you sell for five cents.—Somerville Journal.

Protection of Home Industries.



A new prophet has appeared at Nyan Sakat on the upper Congo, where the local patriots are now required to defray the expenses of publishing a semi-monthly installment of revelations. The new apostle has acquired the authority of a Shekh-Kebir, a chieftain of several villages, and feels it his duty to protect home industries by requiring imported missionaries to pay a monthly license of twelve yards of red flannel.

At the Railway Station.

Irish Woman—O'im after axing ye for a ticket till Ashland, sor!
Agent—Do you want an excursion ticket?
Irish Woman—That soort av a ticket is that, sure?
Agent—That's a ticket which will take you there and back again.
Irish Woman—Hut! That's the since of me payin' to go there an' back here agin, whin I'm here alriddy?

Must Come From Brooklyn.

Spencer—Jones says that he considers New York the finest city in the world.
Ferguson—Does he? Well, ask him whether he came over the bridge or by ferry.

Not His Kind.

Fontleroy (in the park)—Little boy, wouldn't you like to come up to our house and play?
Swipes of Blescker street (whose years are six)—Whatju play—craps?
Fontleroy—O, dear no.
Swipes—Gutter pistol an' play Injuns?
Fontleroy—No.
Swipes—Swipe your old man's cigaroets an' smoke em in de alley?
Fontleroy—O no, indeed.
Swipes—What do youse play, anyhow?
Fontleroy—We play croquet, and we have a lovely little kitten and—
Swipes—Ah, gl'way, sissy. Youse don't know n' thin 'bout playin'. Youse should die an' fine a angel band, you should.

Looking Out for Number One.

Bingo—You are not going to try and fire off that rusty old cannon that's been lying in the cellar for the past year, are you, Bobbie?
Bobbie—Yes, sir; I thought I would.
Bingo—Now, Bobbie, the first time you fire it off, the chances are it will burst and blow you up.
Bobbie—I thought, of that, pop, and I'm going to get the little boy next door to touch it off first.

Two Good Citizens.

First Citizen—What we want is a non-partisan government.
Second Citizen—That's the talk. We need a good, clean man like Mr. Hepub.
First Citizen—Huh! You mean a man like Mr. Demo. Old Reput is a born rascal.
Second Citizen—Old Demo ought to have been in the penitentiary long ago.
First Citizen—You're a liar!
Second Citizen—You're another! (They fight.)

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