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### Writing It at Home

A bunch of four—four happy kids  
Chock full of fun and pleasure.  
All four a mighty big expense,  
But ev'ry one a treasure.  
And when I want it quiet like  
So I can do my writing,  
The noise that bunch begins to make  
Sounds like two armies fighting.

One clammers over my machine;  
One asks for help with "numbers."  
One for my pencil makes demand;  
One my tired knee encumbers.  
"A dozen eggs cost forty cents,  
What will three dozen cost?"  
And by the time I work it out  
My thread of thought is lost.

One sticky hand is reaching out  
To grasp my thinning locks.  
One piercing voice makes loud demand  
For help with building blocks.  
"My pencil's broke; please sharpen it  
So I can write the rest!"  
And then the thoughts I've garnered  
In  
Are knocked galley west.

But when, at last, the sandman comes  
And all four little heads  
Are resting on the pillows white  
Of two soft, downy beds;  
And all is quiet 'round the house  
Where once the noise did ring,  
I start to write—and then can't think  
Of one dodgasted thing!

### Of Course

Now comes the unregenerate  
With merry whistled tune,  
And always leaves ajar the door  
He loudly slammed last June.

### Pleasure

"Reading any fiction these days?"  
"Lots of it. I'm spending my  
evenings reading the automobile ad-  
vertisements in the monthly mag-  
azines."

### Both Sides

"Christmas comes but once a  
year," mourned the pessimistic child.  
"But pay day comes once a week,"  
chirped the optimistic parent.

### Degrees

He went to Yalevard college  
And won his "Ph. D."  
And then, post graduating,  
Won double "D" degree.  
He married, then, a million,  
And folks say he's "N. G."

### The Buttinski

"I hold," declared the habitual  
quoter, "that 'woman's crowning  
glory is her hair.'"  
"Rats!" exclaimed the buttinski,  
who always managed to spoil every-  
thing.

### Defined

"Pa, what is these bacilli that the  
papers are talking about?"  
"Huh, the ignorance of the pres-  
ent generation," snorted Mr. Fossil-  
lum. You ought t' know they're a  
kind of soup printed in French on  
the bill of fare."

### Proof Positive

"I guess I'll have to send you up  
as a vagrant," remarked the police  
judge. "You do not seem to have  
any visible means of support."  
"Now jus' look hyar, jedge," in-  
sisted Rastus White. "You jus'

come erlong wif me an' I done show  
you plenty visible means o' suppo't.  
Ain't my wife got two wash tubs  
an' a patent wringah w'at she done  
bought on de inducement plan only  
las' week?"

### Grave Mistake

"Look here, old man; I thought  
you were going to turn over a new  
leaf the first day of the year!"  
"Thash all ri', my friend. I tried  
turnin' over new leaf all ri', but I  
wash sho flustered I got th' book  
upside down when I turned it."

### The Pessimist

Gotagrouch—"Why don't you quit  
blowing in your money, Spenderly,  
and save up something for a rainy  
day?"

Spenderly—"What's the use? If I  
began that stunt today it would  
cloud up before tomorrow morning."

### Modern Definitions

Vested Right—A skin game that  
the general public pays for.

Practical Politics—Euphonism for  
corruption.

Protective Tariff—Heads, the  
trusts win; tails, the people lose.

Contempt of Court—An easy  
method of punishing a man for do-  
ing something the law does not pro-  
hibit but which the court does not  
want done.

### Wise Man

"They say 'marriage is a lottery,'" remarked Mrs. Bildad.

"Well, if it is I drew the capital  
prize," replied Mr. Bildad.

And it made Mrs. Bildad feel so  
good she didn't have the heart to  
strike Mr. Bildad for the money to  
float her past all the bargain  
counters.

But far be it from us to insinuate  
that Mr. Bildad was actuated by  
ulterior motives.

### Queer

"Yes, sir," remarked the garrul-  
ous bill collector, "I've been read-  
ing up on this thought transference  
business and I think it's great. Why  
I believe I will soon learn to read  
your thoughts even if I'm miles  
away."

"I hope so," growled Mr. Im P.  
Cunious, "because it will save both  
of us a lot of time that is now being  
wasted."

And the garrulous bill collector  
was four blocks away before he saw  
the point.

### Rebellion

"Look here, Mr. Jiner," said the  
irate Mrs. Jiner; "you are an Elk, I  
believe?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And a Bison?"

"Quite correct."

"Also an Eagle."

"Very true."

"And a Moose?"

"Just recently."

"Well, you just look here. I've  
been the goat 'round this house  
about long enough, and you're going  
to join another one. Tag, you're  
it."

### Deceptive

"Look here!" shouted the irate  
city editor. "Didn't I tell you I

wanted a green hand at the report-  
ing business so I could train him the  
way I wanted him to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"And didn't you tell me you had  
never done any newspaper work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you told one of those short  
and ugly word things!"

"Why, sir; I never—"

"Cut it out! I guess I know.  
Here's your report of that fire. Now  
show me where you said anything  
about the 'greedy flames,' or the  
'brave fire laddies,' or the 'fire fiend,'  
or the 'terrible holocaust,' or the  
'devouring element!' Show me, I  
say! Not a thing like 'em in here,  
and yet you try to get a job under  
false pretenses. Here's an order on  
the cashier for what's coming to you,  
and you needn't come back."

### Brain Leaks

Broke 'em yet?

Easy won, soon wasted.

A heart full of faith means short  
shrift to sorrow.

A square meal is a religious tract's  
best advance agent.

We'd rather be the E. Z. Mark  
than the skin game operator.

Begin 1909 by profiting by the  
mistakes of 1908—not by regretting  
them.

Mr. Taft says golf is a poor man's  
game. We think so, with a little  
different inflection.

If you do not think your town is  
the best one of its size in the coun-  
try, it's time you moved out.

When a young man "makes a  
night of it" he usually has to spoil  
two or three good days to do it.

Right now we'd give more for a  
slice of "salt risin'" bread than we  
would for a three-story chocolate  
cake.

Every time a man makes a good  
guess he swells up and wants every-  
body to acknowledge his superior  
judgment.

Speaking of "currency reform,"  
will somebody please invent a cur-  
rency that will have a little more  
adhesiveness?

We fear the business world would  
take a slump if men spent as much  
time fixing their hair as the women  
do fixing their own.

### THE BRAVEST SONG AND THE SWEETEST SONG

The bravest song is the song he sings  
who is hoping the best he may,  
While he faithfully helps to do the  
things that have to be done each  
day;

The warrior may sing a glorious song  
as he marches to meet his foe,  
And the hunter may sing as he hur-  
ries along where the quarry is  
crouching low,

But the bravest song is the song of  
the man who goes when the light  
is dim

To faithfully labor as best he can  
for the ones who depend on him.

The sweetest song is her song whose  
eyes are filled with a righteous  
pride

As she watches the cot where her  
baby lies while her needle is deftly  
plied;

The prima donna may grandly trill,  
and her bird-like notes may be  
so pure that they never may fail to  
fill her hearers with ecstasy.

And her song is sweet who in rapture  
brings her lover the faith she  
should;

But the sweetest song is her song  
who sings in the joy of young  
motherhood.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-  
Herald.