

DESERVES EXTREME PENALTY.

The following—we do not know the proper term to use—was found inside the lining of Charley Magoon's hat the other day:

Why is Henry Oliver like the state of Michigan? Because both have their capital in Lansing.

In case of a local doctors' Spa(h)rring match who would be victor?

Why does Frank Polk so, and why does Billy invariably Turner, and why does Ed remain Young, and why does Charley Waite so long? And why is J. B. so Trickey? And why does Dr. B. L. Paine? Would a Ladd pull teeth? Is a Wing fly?

Did you ever see Frank Cook one of those fish he is everlastingly telling you about?

Is Hurlbut a Guy?

GONE TO SIOUX FALLS.

Omaha Boy—Lincoln ain't in it with Omaha. See?

Lincoln Boy—What are ye givin' us, you slabsided Missouri River mud turtle?

Omaha Boy—Why, Omaha's got great men, and Lincoln ain't got any.

Lincoln Boy—Where, in the city?

Omaha Boy—Yes, in the city.

Lincoln Boy—I reckon you have now, but just give Lincoln a chance. Wait till our great man serves his time out at Sioux Falls and gits back.

DUE TO THE REPUBLICANS.

Scene in the Mayor's office. Before His Honor are the chief of police, the chief of the fire department, the chief street cleaner, the chief meat inspector, the chief health officer, and various other chiefs. The Mayor rises and addresses the company.



There's Maggie and the babies
And the boys grown up so tall,
They will flock to us like chickens
When they hear the dinner call.

FARM THANKSGIVING GHEER.



The children they are coming
From the east and from the west,
To enjoy the charm upon the farm
Their hearts account the best.

There's John, he is a broker
In a city far away
But he always leaves his dollars
For the old homestead that day.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

In *Nordsjeren*, Copenhagen, we read that variety shows were common two thousand years ago. Some of the vaudeville queens that have appeared to us from the Lincoln stage this season could doubtless have furnished us this information at first hand.

REPARTEE.

"My dear," said Mr. Kickles, "you are, to say the least, very hard to please."

"Oh I don't know about that," she replied. "I married you, you know."

A FAIR RETURN.

'Twas after the play as we bowled along
In the carriage. Ah, how well
There lingers now in my heart of hearts
The magic of that spell!

I dared not speak in an uttered word
The thought of my heart that night
But I gazed in her eyes and I felt she knew
And I thrilled with wild delight.

Then it was that I dared, as we sped along
To touch her hand with mine
Under the robe, and I thrilled again
With ecstasy divine.

And I pressed it gently. Alas for me!
For later on I own,
I found I'd pressed not my dear one's hand,
But that of her chaperone.

Oh, reader dear, pray blame me not,
This shows in me no lack;
I squeezed the wrong hand, it is true;
But then, she squeezed mine back.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH WEIR

There was a man named Weir,
And he was decidedly queer.
In the years long ago
He fell out of his bed
And struck on his head
And that's what the matter with Weir.

BETRAYED.

In 1915: "You needn't tell me that Mary Parsay is not more than 23 years old. She is nearer 43 and I can prove it."

"But how?"

Just you watch her when she goes to cross a muddy street. Just notice how she grabs at her trowsers to hold them out of the mud—the way women did 20 years ago when they wore skirts.



Our old hearts will be delighted
When we see them gathered here
When we see them seated round about
Our farm Thanksgiving cheer.

—H. S. KELLAR.