

**DOWN ON THE FARM WITH PA'S OL' MULE.**

I've worked 'em some and it can't be denied,  
 For it's all day long with plow and tool  
 Turning the soil with an artist's glide  
 Down on the farm with Pa's ol' mule.

She's a fast ol' mule, boys, I say,  
 When she is hitched to any farm tool;  
 So I never work all o' the day  
 Down on the farm with that ol' mule.

I say it now, for it is a fact:  
 That no man can work the whole day thru,  
 Or even follow her whirl-wind tracks  
 Down on the farm with Pa's ol' mule.

I've stuck with her all summer long;  
 But I feel as though I'm working stew—  
 Oh! don't I hear the resting gong  
 Down on the farm with Pa's ol' mule.

NADY CATES, Jr.

**OUT IN THE OPEN OVER-NIGHT.**

Alright, boys, get in line,  
 The weather for a hike is very fine.  
 All of us are feeling right  
 For out in the open over-night.

Now we're passed the second mile post  
 In twenty-eight minutes, isn't it a boast?  
 And everything is stepping light  
 For out in the open over-night.

Here we are at the fourth mile post  
 Holding out like a mountain goat.  
 Every haversack is buckled tight,  
 To soon be loosened at the end of the hike.

A large campfire is now being built;  
 And every boy is spreading his quilt—  
 Oh! What a beautiful camping sight  
 For out in the open over-night.

Now it is morning, we must get up,  
 And go to the spring for water to sup;  
 While the sun is shining hotly and bright  
 After being in the open over-night.

—The Editor.

**Another Echo From the Campaign.**  
 (By BESS FURMAN)

The Boy Scouts helped to win the war

And we should help the Scouts,  
 And give, for services galore,  
 A plunk or thereabouts.  
 It's such a little bit of tin,

It doesn't make much noise,  
 But a million cartwheels rolling in,  
 Will build a nation's boys.

I dunno how some others feel, but it's allus seemed to me, that boys don't get a real square deal, young boys, especially. Their sisters is kep' spick an' span, they get the best up-bringin', the boy gets anything he can, an' now an' then, a stingin'. He's allus in his elders' way, and he's so very prankful, if he just shows up three times a day, and goes off for the rest to play, they're really, truly thankful. He knocks about for eighteen years, with no special plan except to cause maternal tears, and then he is a man. An' sometimes, by a streak of chance, he fills his folks with pride, again, an' quite by happenstance, he is a full-fledged snide. His father swears an' tears his hair, an' wonders what he's done, to have this awful cross to bear, this weak an' worthless son.

Now anyone with any sense within his head remainin', should know the thing we must commence is give the boy some trainin'. Not the ol' fashioned straight-backed kind that teaches p's an' q's, but that which fills the young boy's mind with sumpthin' he can use, an' makes his body fine and strong, an' straight as any rod, that teaches him to shun the wrong, and reverence his God. That makes him lend a helpin' hand to all the poor an' weak, that makes him worthy of his land, an' not a bolshevik. And how we are to do all this, some folks can't figure out. We won't go very far amiss, if we make the boy a Scout.—Scouting.

**There's Lots of Difference.**

Nigger Jim—"Pass me the 'lasses, please."

Nigger Joe—"Why don't you say molasses."

Nigger Jim—"What's de use ob sayin' mo-lasses an' yu' ain't had none?"

**A BUSINESS MEDDLER.**

New Reporter—"I never stop my business to meddle with other peoples' "

Citizen—"I reckon not; you meddle with other peoples' while you are attending to your own."

**"FAME."**

Let me tell you, fame is a very influential thing over the human being. It gives you the "big head;" causes you to turn up your nose until it looks like Pikes Peak at people you once honored; makes you walk with a straighter spine and wear a louder neck tie; and causes you to do many other disgusting things that you used to criticise your city dudes and lawyers for, when you was only a ragged boy.

Why, actually, some young men would rather be a book-keeper for a one-horse peanut joint at a salary of four dollars a week, than to be a farm-boy at a salary of six dollars a week, with board and lodging free.

—By NADY CATES, Jr.

**Wings Might Do That.**

Mother—"Now, Johnnie, run up stairs and get your little sister's night gown."

Johnnie—"Aw, I don't want to."

Mother—"Well, if you don't your little sister will take her wings and fly back to Heaven."

Johnnie—"Well, why don't she put on her wings and fly up stairs and get her gown?"

—Visitor.

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