THE NEBRASKA TERROR.

SAD STATE OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.
"It does my heart good to think that I got ahead of John D. Rockefeller."—ANDREW CARNEGIE.
Farmer—I tell ye, you can't beat these Wall Street fellers at gettin' money. It says here they're a-takin' it out of a red hot safe.
A man returns $100 representing graft in snow removal contracts to the city.—News item.
Chorus (Wilson, Clark and Harmon)—Carry your bag, sir?
Uncle Sam—Judging by the size of you, I assume that you all expect to carry it together.
Governor Wilson to George Harvey (as he kicks over the scaffolding of Harper's publications)—Goodby, George! I can get along without you now!
PEDESTRIAN (who has just been knocked down by a motor car)—I see where this decision is going to be mighty useful to my heirs!
"You're expelled!"

"It leads me to doubt whether in character and temperament—it may be merely in the habits of a lifetime—Governor Wilson is not rather a schoolmaster than a statesman."—Henry Watterson.
Mayor Gaynor—"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
"The street railway companies in American cities maintain active schools of bad manners wherever they fail to provide a number of vehicles adequate to carry in a decent manner the throngs that are compelled to use them."—Charles W. Eliot, in December "Century."
THE BUTTER MARKET—Boost it another notch, James!
LA FOLLETTE—Don't be alarmed, judge. I'm not going to recall you in haste.
ANOTHER CROWN!
Observant Foreigner—Pardon me, sir, I see you object to your outrageous cab fare. You own your streets, don’t you?
Father Knickerbocker—Certainly.
Observant Foreigner—Then why do you permit the hotelkeepers to charge the cab companies exor-
bitant prices for stand privileges?
NEW YORK NUISANCES

The individual who pauses to light a cigar or cigarette in a crowded subway exit.
FATHER KNICKERBOCKER AND DIRECTOR, EDWARD ROBINSON—Welcome to our city!
Invariably discarded at once, handbills litter up the streets. They are the most ineffectual method of advertising.
"Forgive me and forget my manners. . . . I owe it to you and to my own thought and feelings to tell you how grateful I am . . . how I have admired you . . . and how far I was from desiring that you should cease your support of me in 'The Weekly.'"—GOVERNOR WILSON to COLONEL HARVEY.