

THE HOOSIER BOOK

And *best* in ever'way as yet
Made known to man; and you kin bet
She's *most*, because she won't confess
She ever was, or will be, *less!*
And yet, fer all her proud array
Of sons, how many gits away!—
No doubt about her bein' *great*
But, fellers, she's a leaky State!
And them that boasts the most about
Her, them's the ones that's dribbled out
Law! jes' to think of all you boys'
'Way over here in Illinois
A-celebratin', like ye air,
Old Indiany, 'way back there
In the dark ages, so to speak,
A-prayin' for ye once a week
And wonderin' what's a-keepin' you
Front comin', like you ort to do.
You're all a-lookin' well, and like
You wasn't "sidin' up the pike,"
As the tramp-shoemaker said
When "he sacked the boss and shed
The blame town, to hunt fer one
Where they didn't work fer fun!"
Lookin' *entry* well, I'd say,
Your old home so fur away.—
Maybe, though, like the old jour.,
Fun ain't all yer workin' fer.
So you've found a job that pays
Better than in them old days
You was on *The Weekly Press*,
Heppin' run things, more er less;