



New Year's Day

New Year's day is "swear off" day,
And O. that some would do it.
"Twould be so fine, O brother mine,
And we would never rue it.
If Standard Oil would give up spoil
And Steel would drop its grafting,
We'd shout with glee from sea to sea
And burst our buttons laughing.

If Baer would swear to treat us fair
And not with greed pursue us;
If trusts in wheat and sugar sweet
Would both no longer do us;
If all would say that from this day
"Twould be their chief endeavor
To treat us white, we'd all delight
And give them praise forever.

If trust in shoes would now refuse
To squeeze us on the prices;
If trust in meat should now repeat
"We'll ask but decent prices."
If these would swear to treat us square
Through Nineteen-five, and after.
We'll all rejoice in loudest voice
Until we shook each rafter.

If trusts today would each one say,
"We'll gouge you folk no longer.
For be it known our love has grown
Each passing day much stronger,"
I here repeat if these words greet
Our ears this New Year weather,
We'd all arise in great surprise,
And then drop dead together.

Too Expensive

"Hello, Billson! Is it true that you are going to get married?

"Not much! I can't afford it."

"But you draw a good salary."

"Yes. But women spend so much these days I couldn't stand the pace. It costs too much to clothe them in the latest fashion."

With which remark Billson lighted a 10-cent cigar, paid for two rounds of drinks and proceeded to lose seven straight games of billiards.

Hard Luck

"Our postal service is becoming absolutely vile."

"Why, I thought it was all right."

"Well, it isn't. I swore off smoking New Year's day, and the next day I received a fine meerschaum pipe from a friend down east. He had sent it by mail and it went astray and was gone more than a week."

A Great Scheme

Just before Christmas Waggs was dead broke and as blue as an indigo bag. When a fellow is broke, out of a job and a long ways from home it is not at all strange that he should feel blue. And Waggs was awfully blue because he was broke, jobless and an awfully long distance from home.

He planned by the hour how to make a stake, only to discard each plan almost as soon as it suggested itself to his mind. Just when he was about to give up in despair a brilliant thought struck him. He proceeded to put it into execution, and now Waggs is rolling in riches and a thousand people have been made happier.

The plan was simple enough, and the wonder is that it had never been worked before.

As soon as his plan was fully evolved Waggs rushed to a printing office and had several thousand neat circulars printed. Taking a city directory he sought the names of several hundred friends and acquaintances, and each

one received a circular. It was headed "A Christmas Exchange," and the body of the circular explained the scheme. Briefly it stated that people often received duplicate Christmas presents, and that while a man often received a half dozen things he didn't want he did not receive some one thing that he really needed. The idea was to have an exchange of the duplicates, strict secrecy being assured. All that needed to be done was for a man to tell what he had that he didn't want and name something he wanted that he didn't have. Waggs was to make the exchange, exacting a small commission from each party to the exchange.

For a week after Christmas he worked twenty-four hours a day, and even then had to employ a number of assistants. Denby, who wore a full beard, traded off a handsome shaving set sent by a distant friend, for a dress suit shield sent to Billby, who wouldn't wear a clawhammer coat under any circumstances. Mrs. Flutterly swapped a duplicate bridge whist outfit for a jardineire received by Mrs. Willowby, who had so many already that she had to keep some in the cellar. Smithson, who abhorred tobacco, swapped a smoking set for a set of Thackery received by Thompson, who detested anything in the reading line outside of the daily newspapers and the magazines.

Men who had received copious quantities of pretty little embroidered daddies that they didn't know how to use traded them off for card sets, smoking sets and fountain pens received by dainty boys who wanted to litter up their dressing rooms with pink ribboned things. And every time a trade was made Waggs drew down a liberal commission for his trouble.

Waggs made enough out of the scheme to keep him in comfort until another Christmas. His scheme is not patented, and as it confers a blessing on puzzled humanity there is seemingly no reason why it should not be worked in every city and town in the country.

Bostonesque

"Did Santa Claus bring you everything you wanted, Johnnie?"

"I assure you, madame," replied John Beaconsfield Hill, etat 8, of Back Bay, Boston, "that I expressed no wish as to what the mythical personage, Santa Claus, should deposit in my hosiery, because of the fact that I am quite well aware without any equivocation that Santa Claus exists only in the imaginations of the mentally deformed, and the idea of suspending any article of my wearing apparel for the purpose of having it used as a receptacle for tokens of affection is repugnant to one who is deeply interested in the study of disease germs and microbes, to say nothing of —"

But the inquirer had fainted away.

Unanimous

"Everything is getting higher these days," complained Snubbly.

"That's right," replied Jaggsly. "I found the bottom of my coal house awfully close to the top this morning."

Wish they Would

Among those whom we wish would swear off on New Year's day are:

The fellow who thinks it funny to tie huge placards to the trunks of a newly married couple.

The fellow who says rude things un-

der the impression that he is blunt and plain spoken.

The woman who spreads her skirts out over enough street car space to keep three tired men standing for thirty-seven blocks.

The youth who thinks you wonder how he can inhale so much cigarette smoke all at once.

The clerk, who, after he gets your money and hands out your package, says "thank you" in a tired tone of voice.

The merchants who litter up your front porch with cheap dodgers in these days of good newspapers.

The men who think that being a "good fellow" consists in depriving his family of comforts in order to keep up a show of liberality downtown.

The man who thinks that checking a horse's head up until its nose sticks straight out in front adds to the appearance of the animal.

The young lady who has to be coaxed for an hour to play and then keeps it up indefinitely after she gets started.

The maker of the railroad time cards who thinks that it is his duty to make his tables as difficult of interpretation as possible.

Brain Leaks

Trying and failing is better than never trying.

Things that come easy are usually the hardest to keep.

Money builds the house, but it is love that makes the home.

It is better to resolve and fail than never to resolve at all.

You get closer to God by drawing nearer to your neighbor.

There is a vast difference between "swearing off" and remaining off.

If good resolutions were bread and butter there would be an end to hunger.

The man with the least money can usually see the best places to make an investment.

There is one good thing about building air castles—it keeps the builder looking up instead of down.

Somehow or other the sermonette smothered in a concert never appealed to us on a Sunday morning.

Some people spend so much time telling how good they are that they have no time to show how good they are.

Some people who hasten to "lay their burdens on the Lord" are awfully slow in giving Him credit for their joys.

It is hard to make the average housewife believe that there is any greater business calamity than a cake falling.

A man begins to get some idea of how his wife works when he undertakes to dress the children in the morning.

Was there ever play so enjoyable as the hard work done while preparing the presents for the little ones on Christmas morning?

We hope to live long enough to see the day when the amateur elocutionists will no longer recite "How Ruby played." It's a worse chestnut than "Curfew shall not ring tonight."

Backing Silver with Gold

Mr. Roosevelt recommends a provision of law making the silver dollar redeemable in gold, yet Mr. Roosevelt is seeking to avoid the mistakes

of the Cleveland administration.

If congress shall carry out the suggestion, and it is highly probable that it will, the basis for the operation of a new endless chain will have been established.

Assume that a Belmont syndicate, such as operated during the Cleveland administration, decided to drain the treasury of gold and force bond issues to keep up the treasury reserve of gold. The syndicate would control the silver dollars—a comparatively easy accomplishment, since the average man prefers the paper dollar to the silver dollar—and present these millions of silver dollars for redemption in gold. There are, in round numbers, about 60,000,000 silver dollars in circulation. The minimum of the gold reserve is 100 million dollars. By securing possession of one-fifth of the total of silver dollars, the syndicate could deplete the reserve, force a bond issue, and with a willing president put the infamous endless chain in operation.

And when the endless chain was well in operation and the public alarmed at the depletion of the gold reserve, there would naturally spring up a demand to head off the operation of the chain by stopping the coinage of the silver dollar. The plan of the bond syndicate manipulators and the money barons to get complete control of the money is well known and any person with fair understanding of the issue of money monopoly is prepared to anticipate every move on the checkerboard of financial legislation.

The president furthermore suggests the retirement of the greenbacks and an indefinite means of imparting elasticity to our currency. What he has in mind is the Shaw scheme of an asset currency to make municipal, state and possibly railroad—and who knows but that some day industrial, bonds as a basis of issue.

The president does not understand the money question or he would not become a party to the scheme of the rich clique which loves the dollar more than country. Mr. Roosevelt never has supplied any evidence of his capacity to direct or suggest wise financial legislation.—Dubuque Telegraph.

Football Brains

A Chicago dispatch to the Kansas City Journal says: "Football players, according to Jere Delaney, trainer of the Northwestern eleven, are subject to an ailment similar to softening of the brain, which leads not only to the making of peculiar statements, but causes strange actions which sometimes are amusing."

The exact cause of the trouble, Trainer Delaney said, he is unable to fathom. He declared, however, that it results more from the long continued physical and nervous strain to which the men are subjected during the three months of rigid training which they are forced to undergo than from the blows, kicks and bumps they receive on their skulls during games.

"It is known," said Delaney, "that every player of the game fights his games over again in his dreams, but only by the men who are in close touch with the players it is recognized that they are given to constant dreaming, during which they make strange motions, as if struggling with an imaginary opponent."

According to Delaney, the athletes are given to almost childish methods of play when at rest. An instance related by the trainer was of a man who during more than hour pored over a map of the United States, drawing lines with his index finger and imagining he was traveling over the country which his finger crossed.