



The Theory and the Fact

I love to sing of happy days—of days down on the farm.
('Tis easier to sing, you know, than hold a breaking plow.)
I love to dwell in ecstasy upon each rural charm.

('Tis easier to dwell, you know, than milk a stubborn cow.)
I love to lend my ears to hear the music sweet and clear
Each morning when the air is pure and rosy dawn aglow.

But on the square, good friends, I'll say I very greatly fear
The concert is too early—let me sleep an hour or so.
"Quack, quack, quack!" goes the pretty little duck;
"Ba, ba!" goes the little sheep.

The roosters "cock-a-do," and the milk cows "boo"
High time now to wake from sleep.

I've noted in my brief career that those who sing the most
Of happy days upon the farm are those who live in flats;
That those who to the farmer drink the deepest brimming toast
Are those who wear boiled linen and the slickest of silk hats.

They wake up in the morning in the neighborhood of nine
With heads that feel like footballs and with eyes chock full
of glue;

And then they will imagine that for rural life they pine,
But they don't—they merely think so, but they never really do.
"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" goes the old turkey cock;
Fuzzy little chickens "peep, peep!"

The hungry horses neigh at the early dawn of day—
No use trying now to sleep.

There's a blooming lot of difference getting up at 4 o'clock
And dressing in a room so cold you fairly freeze your nose,
Then hustling out beneath the stars to feed and water stock—
It's different from the city way as every farmer knows.

It may be full of poetry when one has but to write,
But full of gooseflesh pimples when you're Johnny-on-the-spot.
'Tis easier to sing than to arise at dead of night—
The city man may like it till he tries it—then he'll not.

"Bow, wow, wow!" says Towser at the gate.
"Woof!" goes the porker, loud and deep.
Gee whiz, it four o'clock! Hustle out and feed the stock!
No use wasting time in sleep.

May heaven bless the farmer—he's the man who feeds us all;
He rises mighty early and he works away till late.
We sing his hearty praises in the summer, winter, fall—
And then are mighty careful that he has to pay the freight.

I love to sing of rural charms, of corn and waving rye;
Of gentle cows, of woolly sheep, of horses and of swine.
But, honestly, I'd rather be allowed to gently lie
Upon my downy couch and sleep until it's nearly nine.

"Wah-he-wah!" is the donkey's hungry wail
Just when rosy dawn doth creep.
To the farm I'd love to flit and enjoy its pleasures—nit!
It don't give a fellow time to sleep.

JUST SOME THOUGHTS

What would you give, you gray-haired boys and girls, if the Christmas trees next week looked as good as the Christmas trees did about thirty or thirty-five years ago?

Give? Why, you'd give anything, almost. Of course the Christmas trees look pretty now, and you get a lot of pleasure out of them by watching the pleasure of your own little ones. But wouldn't you just like to have one Christmas trees like those you had when you were about ten years old?

The very mention of it carries you back almost thirty years. You see a gorgeous tree set up in the little village church away down there in Missouri, and you see the smiling and shining faces of your boy and girl friends, many of whom have long since passed over to where it is Christmas every day. You see the candles gleaming through the cotton batting and powdered glass—"diamond dust," they called it—and you see the candybags made out of mosquito netting, the autograph albums, the mufflers, the knit scarfs, the neckties, and all the host of presents that blossomed and grew upon that wonderful tree. In your mind you are wondering if ever the superintendent is go-

ing to call your name, and when he does you shuffle down the aisle in an embarrassed way and take the present he hands you.

Remember how every boy wore boots in those days? Of course you do. And that reminds you of an awfully embarrassing minute or two one Christmas away back in that now dim and distant age. You were just beginning to sit up and take notice and "she" sat just across the aisle with a look of supreme indifference on her face, just as if she didn't know that you had scurried around for three weeks hunting old iron to sell for money enough to buy that gaudy autograph album for her. You had been wanting a new pair of boots for two or three weeks, but father only shook his head and said, "Wait, my son." And you waited.

But horrors! Just as things were quietest you heard the superintendent call your name again. You shuffled down the aisle once more, wondering if it really could be something "she" had put on the tree for you. And right there before all that huge crowd, including "her," the superintendent handed you the boots you had been longing for.

They looked as big as ferryboats, didn't they. And everybody laughed

when you sheepishly reached for them and slunk back to your seat. You sneaked a look across the aisle and saw something that almost broke your heart, for even "she" was laughing.

You never pulled on those boots without feeling a sinking of the heart, and long after everybody else had forgotten it you felt embarrassed about it. Of course father thought he was doing the right thing, but it takes fathers a long time to realize that their boys are growing up, and when a boy is fourteen he is getting pretty big—or at least you thought so then.

Next Monday morning you are going to call your children down into the front room and show them the little tree you have erected for their pleasure and entertainment, and you are going to get more real enjoyment out of it than you ever got out of any Christmas tree in the old days. But, after all, you would like to have one Christmas tree for your very own again. Not for the tree alone. O, no! But with it might come the playmates of those departed years. It might bring back with it Arthur Mercarta, who is sleeping somewhere in the island of Cuba. With it might come Jack Murphy, the freckled-faced Irish boy who stuck to the throttle of his engine and went down to his death rather than desert his post and

leave two hundred passengers to their fate. It might bring back Billy Welch, with his always smiling face and merry pranks, and you'd give anything to see Hon. William Welch, judge of the district court, unbend once more and "lag from law." With it might come into your range of vision once more a fair-faced little girl with long, tawny curls, whose rigidly written and surreptitiously passed notes used to make the long hours of school seem shorter. And just as you think of that little girl you see her again as she comes into the sitting room—a little older, her hair no longer hanging in curls, but far sweeter and better looking than she was in the old days.

Then, you come out of your reverie with a start and hear a couple of sweet little toddlers talking about what they want Santa Claus to bring them, and you begin figuring on getting those very things even if you have to go without a new pair of trousers or a new hat.

Yes, sir-ee! It would be great fun to live again just one more of those Christmas days. But you can not. So make the best of it by trying to make the present Christmas just as pleasant for your little ones as those old Christmas days were to you, and in doing it you have enough pleasure for any man.

WASHINGTON NEWS

Washington dispatches say that two midshipmen will be expelled from the naval academy on account of hazing.

Under date of Washington, December 11, Walter Wellman, Washington correspondent for the Chicago Record-Herald, said: "Friction between the Roosevelt administration and the republican leaders in the senate became more than ever apparent today. These two wings of the republican party in Washington seem to be drifting apart and no one can foresee the outcome. President Roosevelt is seriously dissatisfied because senators are holding up his nomination of Mr. Lane of California to be a member of the interstate commerce commission. The president knows he can not force the senate to confirm a nomination, but he does think he and Mr. Lane are entitled to a vote and not to be kept hanging in midair. In administration circles the opposition to Lane is ascribed to railroad influence in the upper branch. On the floor of the senate this afternoon the railroad rate question was unexpectedly precipitated, and there followed a most interesting debate in the course of which the constitutional power of congress to delegate the ratemaking power was seriously questioned by leading republican senators. All the indications are that when the senate lawyers get well into this legal and constitutional discussion it will go on for months. And finally the senate by a vote of 40 to 23 decided to refer the Panama canal emergency appropriation bill to the committee on appropriations instead of to the committee on inter-oceanic canals—generally considered a rebuff to the administration. Prominent republican senators openly criticized alleged extravagance in canal management and insisted upon having all employment under the commission taken out of the hands of President Roosevelt and fixed by law. It was noteworthy that among the ten republicans who voted on what is generally regarded as the administration side of the opposition not more than one or two could be classed among the leaders of the body. The old guard, the veterans, the men of commanding influence and position, were almost unanimously on the other side. The younger republicans only rallied to the support of the administration."

Representative Williams has intro-

duced a bill providing that when tariff duties amount to more than 100 per cent of the value of the articles imported, such duties are to be reduced to 100 per cent. Referring to Mr. Williams' bill the Washington correspondent for the Chicago Record-Herald says: "There are plenty of duties which run over 100 per cent; there are duties which run as high as 1,800 per cent, and yet it is perfectly safe to assert that the Williams bill to cut them down will repose in a deep and dusty pigeon-hole in the room of the committee on ways and means throughout the remainder of this congress. The republican leaders are determined to do everything in their power to keep the tariff question in the background. They will permit no tariff bill or amendment to get before the house. Many members, even republicans, would like to increase the revenues by putting a small tax on coffee. But the speaker and his little squad who rule the house with a rod of iron are afraid to let the coffee question come up lest it precipitate the whole tariff question."

A spirited debate took place in the senate when Mr. Tillman presented a bill authorizing the interstate commerce commission to fix minimum rates. Mr. Foraker said that the bill

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You Know

that if you have fainting, smothering, weak and hungry spells; if you have shortness of breath when walking or going up stairs; if your heart is irregular, flutters or palpitates; if you have pains around the heart, in side and under shoulders, cannot sleep on left side; have difficulty in breathing when lying down, that you are suffering from heart troubles, and that it is liable at any minute to prove fatal.

Then don't delay. Commence at once to take

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure

This famous heart and blood tonic will cure you if taken in time. The time is when you notice any of the above symptoms. "I am glad I was persuaded to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I suffered greatly from shortness of breath, palpitation, smothering spells and pain around heart. I took 6 bottles and was entirely cured. This was two years ago, and I have had no symptoms since." JOHN K. TODD, P. M., Unifopolis, Ohio. The first bottle will benefit, if not, the druggist will return your money.