

With Apologies to Mr. Wadsworth

(Seven liars, according to Roosevelt: Bellamy Storer, Judge Alton B. Parker, ex-Senator William E. Chandler, Henry M. Whitney, Herbert W. Bowen, G. O. Shields, John F. Wallace. -From the New York World.)

I met a sad-faced diplomat, He had been wronged, he said, He did not know where he was at, And sadly shook his head.

He had been far across the sea In highest fashion clad. His name, methinks, was Bellamy, And he was feeling bad.

"Brothers in misery, my good man, How many may you be?" "How many? Seven," he began, And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they?" I queried then. He answered, "Seven in all. A little coterie of men Who one by one did fall.

"One dwells midst old New Hampshire's hills, And one in Boston town; Three suffer in Manhattan's ills,

The rest are scattered roun'.

"The first to fall was Bowen-Bert-He scotched a Loomis trick, And as result was sadly hurt By one well known 'big stick.'

"Then Alton got it handed him, And Whitney, too, by heck! Then Chandler got a broken rim And landed on his neck.

"Then John F. Wallace got his turn, And Shields was next to fall. Then I did same displeasure earn, And that makes seven-all."

"You say New Hampshire holdeth one And, speaking of justice, here's hoping And New York two or three, And others here and there. My son, Pray tell, how can it be?'

Then did the man from o'er the sea Ope wide each tearful eye, And looking long and hard at me Make that same old reply:

"Seven, I said; all in one fix," 'Twas thus the man replied. "I am the last; before me six, All charged with having lied."

"But you are scattered far," I cried; "Among the down-out driven." Twas throwing words away for still The sad-faced man would have his will, And said, "Nay, we are seven."

Too Swift

"Who was that gentleman in the big auto that you spoke to?" queried Mrs. Keenun.

"Why, that was Squillman. Didn't

you recognize him?"

"No, we were both going so fast I didn't have time to see who it was. neckties and gave them to her hus-But did you notice his wife? That band Christmas. Usually some women hat with the red feather and the blue exhibit poor taste when they select veiling didn't match at all that mauve dress, trimmed with lace and made with bishop sleeves. And her gloves were still another color, and the lace on her collar was the very kind that frightful on Mr. Swaggers. was offered to me at twelve cents a yard at Miller's, and I know by the way it set that the skirt has been at the church entertainment Christturned, and for the life of me I can't mas eve. He was bedecked with cotsee how any woman can find anything ton batting and presented a fine oppretty in the kind of a jacket she was portunity for the fire fiend. The tree that our friend has the best of it.

wearing-one of those double-breasted cloth affairs with three rows of braid down the front and little pearl buttons all over it. I'm sorry we were going so fast I couldn't recognize the gentleman at the steering wheel."

Great Scheme

"That was a mean joke Snipperly worked on his friends."

"What was it?"

"Told them all he was going to swear off smoking New Year's day, and of course all of them thought it would be a good joke to send him cigars."

"Well?" "Well, Snipperly never had any intention of swearing off."

The Explanation

"I see that Mr. Rogers insists that the oil trust is on the square."

"O, that's because it works so many corners."

The New Year

Welcome, New Year. Might as well welcome you! You'd come anyhow. We've often noticed that The more years that come The less anxious we are to see them. But-Welcome, New Year.

Here's hoping That when you, too, go out, You'll find us all still here, Better. Wiser,

And therefore happier,

Because of your having come and

May you leave happiness in your wake. May you bring hope to the hopeless, Wisdom to the unwise, Love to the unloved,

Justice to the oppressed, Light to dark places,

Welcome, New Year.

That you bring it to a lot of men who Are always talking about it and profit-

ing personally Because it is not meted out to them. Here, too, is hoping, All good things for all good people.

It Sometimes Happens

Men usually like to select their own cigars, you know. But Mrs. Biggers gave her husband a box of cigars for a Christmas present, and selected them because they were in a beautiful box with a handsome picture on the lid.

Naturally you think that they were what confirmed smokers call "stinkaroos."

How easy it would be to fool you and say they were real cigars. But truth is mighty and will prevail.

They were "stinkaroos." It often happens just that way.

About the meanest thing you can say of a man is that "his wife selects his clothes for him."

Mrs. Swaggers selected a half dozen neckties for their husbands. But in this case you are quite sure that Mrs. Swaggers selected just the right kind.

However, she did not. They looked

This is generally the rule. Mr. Summers played Santa Claus was lighted with candles, too. Mr. Summers was flying around and accidentally upset the tree and the lighted candles came in contact with his fancy dress.

It would have been awful but Mr. Summers had taken the procaution to treat the cotton with some kind of a chemical that made it impervious to

But you don't often read about such things.

We Hope the New Year Brings

To President Baer a realization that he has put the wrong tag on his trusteeship.

To Mr. Rockefeller a realization that he owes it all to complacent legislators and conveniently blind execu-

To Mr. Harriman a suggestion of the fact that after one man gets control of all the railroads it will be much easier for Uncle Sam to step in and make a deal.

To the employers of child labor a glimmer of conscience or a maximum of punishment.

To the promotors and would-be beneficiaries of the ship subsidy a severe disappointment.

To all Carbo earners the eight hour day.

To all tax free gers, retribution.
To every ckerce ove.
To the whole talogue Fariends.
To everybody the Fariends. To Pennsylvancion of To Tom Johnson Indiasolution of

few more injuncta *tionary

To the Porto Ricani To the Philippines, lator

Brain Leaks

Keep sweet. It takes more than a plethoric purse to make a man.

Still "standing pat" on those New Year's resolutions? A broken pledge is better than no

effort at reformation. The man who smiles in the face of disaster will soon see disaster's

If the new year doesn't look good to

you it is a sign that there is fog on your spectacles. Life is like a cistern in one respect:

The more you put into it the more you can get out of it. Satan soon loses interest in the man

who is striving earnestly and honestly to help his fellowmen. Last year was not wholly misspent

if you spend the coming year correcting the mistakes of last. Men who imagine that they are not

getting all that is coming to them as a rule ought to be thankful for it instead of complaining about it.

By the way, having read the old joke about the preacher and his Christmas slippers, did you ever know a preacher to get slippers for a Christmas present?

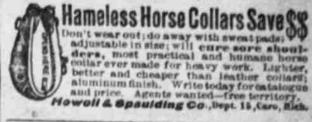
We don't know much about horses, but somehow or other we always feel glad that we are not the son of a man who thinks it pretty to overcheck his horses too high.

As a general thing the man who is boasting today of how he swore off last Tuesday will be explaining about this time next week why he concluded not to stick to it any longer.

Solomon never said a wiser or a truer thing than this: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." That's a good sentiment to print on a card and hang up where you can see it every day.

Mr. Carnegie has given Princeton university an artificial lake so that the students may organize a boat club. A friend of ours whose income for a year just about equals that of Mr. Carnegie for a minute, has given three of four hungry men square meals, and somehow or other we opine







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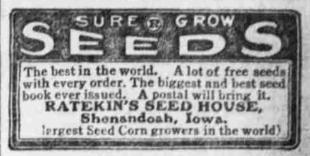
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