



**April**

When the green gets back in the trees again,  
As my old friend Riley said;  
And the gentle rhyme of the springtime rain  
On the home roof-tree o'erhead  
Sings songs to me of the glad new days,  
And life is a long, sweet dream,  
I list to the praise that the song birds raise  
O'er the woodland, vale and stream.

When the white clouds fly in the skies of blue,  
And the warm south breezes blow;  
When the meadows shine with an emerald hue,  
And the trees bend to and fro;  
When Bob White calls in the evening gloam,  
As the sun sinks low in the west,  
My tired feet roam on the road to home  
Where waiteth the sweetest rest.

When the frogs croak tunes as the day is done,  
And the Whip-Poor-Will darts nigh;  
When the dandelion like the fine gold spun  
Gleams bright 'neath the springtime sky;  
Then the old world shines with a glad new light,  
And the April rain clouds bring  
To my waiting sight all the sweet buds bright—  
And my soul sings songs to spring.

**Good**

"Does Blivens write good poetry?"  
"I guess so; none of the magazines will accept it."

**Matutinal**

Now I wake to meet the sun  
And pray my work be well begun.  
And when I quit at close of day  
I pray my work will be "O. K."

**Looking for Trouble**

"Hello, Binks! Where are you going so fast?"  
"Hiking for the recruiting office. Peace has again been declared in the Philippines and I'm looking for trouble."

**Good Advertising**

"What are you going to call your new paper?"  
"Going to call it 'Exchange.'" "What for?"  
"O, so many papers will credit their best stuff to 'Exchange' and people will think it's my paper."

**Spring**

When the cherry trees are blooming  
And the plum and peach trees, too,  
And the birds are soaring, singing,  
In the arch of heaven's blue,  
I delight to smell the odor  
And to listen to their tunes,  
For full well I know next winter  
I will eat the fruit called prunes.

**In Panama**

See the Crowd loafing in the Sun.  
Who are They?  
O, they are Natives who are interested.  
And those Gentlemen in White Duck Suits and Servants to Wait on Them?  
Those are the Civilian Officers who have Charge of the Work.  
And the Men over there with Anxious Looks on their Faces?  
Those are the Chief Engineers, and

they are Wondering why offers of Good Jobs in the United States have not Arrived.

And that large Crowd of Respectable Looking Gentlemen who are evidently Looking for Something?

Those are Congressmen who are trying to find Excuses for Spending More Money.

And that Lonesome Man over there? Come, child, let us be Going. That man is of no Importance. He is merely the man who is Digging the Canal.

**Rockefeller**

"How big is Rockefeller, pa,  
That people call him great;  
Is he some Taftlike statesman, pa,  
Or mental heavyweight?"  
—Kansas City Times.

"O, no, he's not so very broad,  
Nor yet so very tall;  
But man is measured by his wad;  
Thus John D. beats us all."  
—Chicago Record Herald.

He used to be much bigger, son,  
But since we've had the spunk  
To ask him where he got his mon,  
Our Uncle John has shrunk.  
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

And may be he will shrink some more  
When Law, in thunder tones,  
Demands he give up, of his store,  
Those sixty million bones.  
—Indianapolis News.

He owns near all the wealth in sight,  
His coin is badly tainted;  
But Chancellor Day says he's all right,  
And not so bad as painted.  
—Springfield Union.

I think it is extremely kind  
Indeed of Chancellor  
To throw this light upon John D.—  
This day-light, as it were.\*

\*Special license.  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Though Rockefeller may be great,  
I think that there is ne'er a man  
Who'll care at all to rise and state  
That John D. is a Hairyman.  
—Houston Post

It strikes me Rockefeller has  
Good reasons to be gay;  
For like the dogs we read about  
He surely has his Day.

**A Sigh**

We don't know sure that spring is here  
Seein' how green the grass is;  
But by the quantity we take  
Of sulphur and molasses.

**Answers to Correspondents**

Mary Jane—Yes, and have four children.

Festus—How do we know. You might ask her.

Inquirer—It's a long time before they will be ripe. The last time we tried to harvest them on our own account we spent the next three days picking birdshot from our anatomy.

Nicotinus—We have no especial brand. If they will draw well we'll be satisfied. Send them along.

Seeker—Her address is New York City but you'll be wasting time. She never gives up a cent.

Critic—We know the poem was faulty in rythm. But what could we do? Had to stand up in the street car that day, and you know what hap-

pens to a fellow's feet when he has to stand up during the rush hours.

Financier—Your check will be accepted if endorsed by John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie. Either will do, but we prefer both.

Speculator—We are not well informed as to Wall street procedure, but as we understand it "puts and calls" means that you put your money in and call on the charity organization for transportation home.

Fashion—Last year they looked as if run over by a steam road roller. This year they look like they had been squeezed up in a hay baler.

Victim—Look the fierce dog straight in the eye. As long as you do this you are in no danger.

Investor—Why not organize a gas company? You can put water in the stock and wind in the pipes, and that's a combination nobody can beat.

**Excited**

The real owner of the Whiztown Daily Whoop was real angry, and the managing editor was somewhat disgruntled.

"What made you jump onto the new subway company?" queried the owner.

"Why, I thought it was asking too much, so I gave them a shot," said the managing editor.

"But I am one of the principal stockholders in the new company," shouted the owner.

"But how was I to know it?" queried the managing editor. "You didn't add it to the list of interests that we were not to attack?"

Realizing that the fault was his own the owner of the Daily Whoop apologized, and seizing his pen grabbed the list and fixed it for all future time.

**Brain Leaks**

For each gossiping tongue there are at least two gossipy ears.

The worst troubles we have are those we deliberately search for.

The man who never meets temptations hasn't much to his credit.

One flower in a sick room is better than a rose garden on a grave.

We could always do a lot of good with the money another man has.

Politics will be clean just as soon as enough clean men take hold of it.

Just about the time a man thinks he knows all about women he falls victim to one.

The habit we haven't got is the one we could quit so easy if we happened to have it.

About the time most of us get started on saving for a rainy day a storm breaks.

The man who is always just going to is usually paying big interest to the man who already has.

The picnic we are going to have and the one we had last summer are the two best in the picnic calendar.

One-half of the people do not know how the other half live, and as a rule it isn't much of their business, either.

Wish we had as much garden truck in our cellar next fall as the average city man thinks he is going to raise this spring.

We rather admire the equipoise of a woman who can see a pin on the sidewalk and pass right by without stooping to pick it up.

We are always disappointed when we are introduced to a big, husky man and he gives us one of those sloppy, fishy handshakes.

The government pure food expert says that whiskey in bottles is the best. It is only best as long as it remains in the bottle.

There are three steps in life that mark epochs—when the baby takes the first step across the room, when the son takes his first step into business life, and when the man, his work finished, steps into the great beyond.

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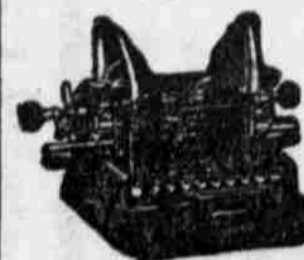
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