



**Where the Sun Goes Down**  
 Wall Street has got th' jimjams an' is writhin' now in pain. But, glory be, we of th' west has got our hogs an' grain! We're feelin' purty bully, an' we ain't got nary fear— It may be dark in Wall Street, but out west th' sky is clear.

Their stocks are full o' water, but our stock is full o' hay; An' while Wall Street's feelin' fearful we are feelin' blythe an' gay. We are gettin' bigger dally—stand aside an' give us room! Way out west th' sun is shinin' even if Wall Street's in gloom!

We won't feel a single tremor if all frenzied finance stops, For we're far above their panic on a mountain top o' crops. Hogs an' steers are growin' fatter an' our bins are full o' wheat, An' it tickles us amazin' as we watch th' frantic "Street."

Got a cellar full o' taters! Molly, put th' kittle on! Smokehouse full o' hams an' bacon; fears o' panic dead an' gone. Wall Street full o' fear an' tremble, but our fears are set at rest By th' bumper crops we gathered in the fair an' boundless west.

Glory Halleluja, brother! We've no fear of reefs an' rocks; Got th' crops all safely garnered—don't depend on watered stocks. Join the chorus, everybody; got enough for all our needs, An' we laugh 'cause Wall Street got it right where Cora wore her beads.

**Financial Hero**

The highwayman held a pistol to our head and deftly removed \$13.50 from our inside pocket, the same representing one week's work. "This is cruel and wrong of you," we exclaimed. "Aw, gwan!" retorted the burglar. "I am going to deposit this in the bank to remove the financial stringency. I am one of them Rockefeller-Morgan financial heroes you read about. Instead o' cussin' me you ought to give me three cheers and a vote of thanks." Being dependent upon the daily newspapers for our information we could do no less than accept the explanation and act thereon.

**Easy**

"What are the most enjoyable things in life?" queries the Louisville Courier-Journal. O, that's too easy. Salary due tomorrow noon and not a bloomin' bill to pay."

"We have the salary coming, all right."

**Lots of Prosperity**

The architect of this department is in receipt of a check for \$27, drawn in his favor by D. C. Norton of Dunlap, Kansas. Now we don't care how long this "temporary financial flurry" lasts. Mr. Norton enters this department's "missing word contest" and has complied with all the requirements. He is the only man who has, therefore he will receive the prizes just as soon as we get good and ready to forward them—and not before.

We don't allow any old bank to beat us at the game, so we will forward a clearing house certificate for the prizes if Mr. Norton insists. Mr. Norton correctly gives each "missing word," but what is more to the point he sends the check. It has been deposited in the bank upon which it was drawn.

**Queer**

"I can't understand this present flurry in financial circles," remarked Floatem. "Neither can I," said Promotem. "I've got plenty of collateral, but I can't float a loan. What are we to do?" "I don't know. I, too, have plenty of collateral." "What's yours?" "I've got ten thousand shares in the 'Hope So' mine. What's yours?" "Why, I've got sixteen thousand shares in the Aurora Borealis & South Pole Limited Railway." "Well, ain't it queer with all the collateral in sight that there should be a lack of confidence in business stability?"

**Rena's Cake**

Bestus cake 'at ever wuz, An' it's bestus jus' becuz Rena mixed it. Got th' fixin's from th' shelf, Mixed 'em all jus' by herself, An' she fixed it Jus' as good as good could be, An' she baked it all f'r me. Mixed it up, an' then she got That ol' oven pipin' hot F'r t' bake it. Greased the pan an' poured th' dough. Careful it should run jus' so, So's to make it Look like cake that mamma makes— Made jus' so an' no mistakes. Choc'late frostin' thick an' fine. Is th' kind I'll take in mine, Spread on thick. When it's done, with smiling face Rena finds a nice cool place, An' as quick As it cools she cuts a slice— Gee, that cake is mighty nice!

"Mamma's helper," bless her heart! She is acting well her part Day by day. Sweeping, baking, making beds, Sewing, pulling basting threads Blythe and gay. Willing worker nine years old, You are worth your weight in gold.

**Awful**

The raging flames lapped eagerly at the building. "We are out of water!" shouted the captain of the fire department. "What's the matter?" we anxiously cried. "Hydrant broke," was the sentimental explanation. But that didn't jar us a bit. Being a Wall Street promotor we merely advised the captain to connect his hose with our company. There was plenty of water therein to stay the raging flames.

**Answers to Correspondents**

Q. T.—Panic never touched us. Had all our money invested in a bushel of potatoes, and the potatoes in our own cellar. "Ambitious."—We've had several ambitions in our time. The first one

was to play the tenor drum in the village band. The next one was to be able to pitch a "drop" ball. One of our present ambitions is to be the undisputed owner of two pairs of suspenders at once. "Family."—Yes, our family has free access to my pocketbook—that is to say, all of the family but me. "Paree."—Why not plait the bias piece and attach to the gore right where the point applique comes down over the hemstitch. "Economy."—One way to economize on coal is to spend the winter with your wife's relations. "Auto."—We can not give you any advice about buying an automobile. Our only knowledge of the horseless carriage is confined to the experience we have had in pushing six separate and distinct kinds. "Wife."—A fraction over ninety-six pounds, but she has demonstrated her ability to make a 180-pound man stand around. "Posey."—Write 'em with a pencil and a foot rule. "Sweetheart."—If he persists in chewing tobacco just before he calls, you might purify the atmosphere by eating an onion for supper.

**The Rural Districts**

Do the chores in daytime An' sleep from night till morn. Eastern banks a bustin' But my cribs are full o' corn. Read my daily paper 'Bout panic in the street— Don't give me no worry; My bins are full o' wheat. Squeezin' out the water's Makin' stock go plunk! Laugh an' stir the fire An' add another chunk. Country's just as solid As ol' Gibraltar rock; We've hogs and cattle plenty— An' that's our "watered stock."

Just let 'em corner copper An' work their high finance; We've clothes and grub a plenty, An' money in our pants. We've minted rain an' sunshine Instead o' printing shares— The trust concerns are bustin', An' let 'em bust—who cares?

**Brain Leaks**

Keep sweet! The best way is always the easiest way. There is no heat in last year's ash heap. A lot of cheap notoriety can be secured by posing as a critic. The things that never happen are usually the things that most worry us. It is so easy to find fault that a lot of people spend most of their spare time at it. It is a waste of time to talk to a starving man about the benefits of occasional fasting. For that hard times feeling, take seven doses a day of Dr. Cheerup's Extract of Sunshine and Good Cheer. Repentance professed for the purpose of getting into a position to do it again does not count for anything. It is easy to smile while you are winning, but the world loves a man who can keep right on smiling while losing. The open season for fish is no more, and now we want to go fishing worse than ever. Isn't that natural? Perhaps the women, dear creatures, call them "mushroom hats" because papa has to put up such a big stake to get one. What tickles us is to hear a man who has carefully turned up the bottom of his trousers and jabbed four geometrical dents in his hat, talking in sarcastic tones about feminine headgear.

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