



Confessions of a Financier

He was an aged financier with sad and rheumy eye
Who wandered to my office room and took a seat near by.
He gazed upon the pictures hung about the stuffy room
Without a single smile to light his hopeless facial gloom.
"What is it, friend?" I asked of him.
"What means this mute despair?"
He fixed me with his rheumy eye and answered then and there:
"I am an aged financier who's watched the cycles turn
Until from past events he thought the future he'd discern."
And then he wiped his rheumy eyes and gazed upon the floor
In silence till I prodded him and asked to know some more.

And then this aged financier his head uplifted high
And fixed upon my anxious face his reminiscent eye;
Then he spake thus, in earnest tones: "Young man, prepare to hear
Some words of wisdom uttered by a one-time financier.
From '73 to '96 for gold we took our stand
And said the yellow metal meant salvation for our land.
We scorned the silver dollar that was worth but fifty cents,
And said that all we needed was a stock of confidence.
But now I see our logic was chock full of glaring flaws,
For that old silver dollar ain't the worst that ever was."

I handed him my fav'rite brand and tendered him a light;
He puffed for several moments and his rheumy eyes grew bright.
"Young man," he said, "as time rolled on and business grew apace
We found a lack of something for that daddy dollar's place.
A flood of gold fell on us, but despite the yellow tide
There was a lack of something that our shrewdest brains defied.
But we looked wise and solemn and we argued loud and long,
And 'preserve the nation's honor' was the burden of our song.
We sidestepped good and plenty, but we got it in our necks
When instead of silver dollars we were handed 'cashier's checks.'"

Once more he coldly fixed on me his sad and rheumy eye,
And I could see that to his gaze old days were passing by.
"Young man!" He spake in earnest tones that told his weight of woe—
"It soon transpired that even worse than cashiers' checks we'd know.
We've had our flood of yellow gold, we've had our confidence,
And still we sadly feel a lack—a lack that is immense.
So now we spring another scheme of 'asset currency'—
A substitute for money, and it don't look good to me.
I've figured it all over and I've come up here to say
Those good old silver dollars look real good to me today."

Once more he filled his trusty pipe from out my little sack,
And stood upon his wobbly legs to pat me on the back.
"Young man," he said, "I've seen it all since eighteen forty-three;
From wildcat banks right down to date to asset currency.
I've howled against inflation—and

I've issued cashiers' checks
I've juggled legislation and I've dealt some ice-cold decks.
To guard the nation's honor I have made a great pretense,
And I've howled about a dollar that was 'worth but fifty cents.'
But when I think of cashiers' checks and dollars based on air,
Those good old silver dollars look real pretty, I declare."

He gazed on me with rheumy eyes and filled his pipe once more,
Then with a sad and mournful bow he vanished through the door.

Explained

"Gracious, old man! How did you catch such a frightful cold?"
"O, I worked with the furnace till I overheated myself, then went up into the sitting room and got chilly."

Not Necessary

"Say, Binks, have you read what Dr. Searchmout has to say about this grip epidemic?"
"Do I habbent, ad I aind going to, either. I can say enub about it to suid me."

Gastric

"I see by the newspapers that three islands off Yutan have disappeared."
"Perhaps they fell into the jaws of our fleet while Admiral Evans was feeling rheumatic."

By Our Kind Friends

Taking advantage of a bad case of grip, which is an excuse for shirking work—or anything else—the architect of this department begs leave to fill up some space with a couple of contributions from as many kind friends. It is cheerfully admitted that the department would be bettered if the grip proved to be chronic, thus compelling regular publication of contributed rhymes, but the admission is made in confidence. Readers are requested not to reveal it to the business office.

Edwin Beard of Chenoa, Ill., contributes the following under the caption of "The Scene Changing:"

That "Five to Four" of which you write
Depicted well our judges plight.
If this monarchical game goes on
Till the republic's life is gone
There'll be a change in official score,
And they'll not play it "five to four."
With one-man power now well begun,
And Morgan ruling earth and sun,
Instead of "five to four" we'll be undone

By the smaller score of "one to none."

A new division e'en now has come
That changes the percentage some.
The other day in Pennsylvanee
The judges parted companee
"Four to three."

Perhaps elsewhere there'll come a test
And judges soon will do their best,
In passing laws in long review
As evenly as they can do,
And make it "three to two."

This custom doubtless had its origin
When carpetbaggers went a foragin'
After the votes of a southern state
And counted Tilden out at the even gait
Of "Seven to Eight."

Another friend who coyly hides behind the nom de plume of "Gill

Burt" sends in some verses. After carefully studying them we can not help believing that he has some references to allusions that are calculated to put him in danger of banishment for lese majeste. This friend writes as follows:

It really is most wonderful,
The many things I know,
In Heaven above, in earth beneath,
And even down below.

Lions and tigers, bears and birds,
The fishes in the sea,
Whether they talk, or swim, or fly,
It's all the same to me.

No man that ever walked the earth—
At least since Adam's fall—
Had such a mighty grasp on things
And really—"knew it all."

Some say Prometheus was the first
To bring us heavenly fire;
I say the man who says it is
A most pernicious liar.

I know a claim is also made
'Bout Jonah and the whale;
I caution children not to read
A book with such a tale;

But if you really want to know
And would not be benighted,
Read only books that I have writ,
Then I shall be dee-lighted.

Alone I fought the Spanish war
And slew a Spanish minion;
Alone I captured San Juan Hill—
At least that's my opinion.

And future history will prove,
What's called the "G. O. P."—
Or, rather what is left of it—
Is nothing else but me.

But one thing I can't understand—
A ceaseless source of wonder—
How folks got on before I came,
And yet they did—by thunder!

Gill Burt.

Correct

"They say he married her for her money and that she married him for his title."

"Well, by gum," remarked Uncle Josh, "if they look anything like their pictures in th' newspapers, all I got to say is that both of 'em earned what they got."

Brain Leaks

Solomon was a wise man until he got so much money it made him foolish.

The world will pause longer to laugh with you than it will to sympathize with you.

We always have our doubts about the veracity of those who say they do not like onions.

We cheerfully confess to be just old-fashioned enough to like to sit in front of a fireplace.

Speaking of glad surprises, did you ever find a quarter in the pocket of a pair of discarded trousers?

Culinary skill limited to fudge and chocolate cake is not calculated to make housekeeping pleasant.

The lawyer can appeal his mistakes to the supreme court; the doctor has to wait much longer.

The proudest moment in a young man's life is when the barber says, "Your beard is getting tough."

When we get rich the first thing we will do will be to buy a bushel of collar buttons, a ball of shoestrings and an extra pair of suspenders.

The man who waits until he gets home to open his pay envelope generally begins work Monday morning feeling well and happy.

When we read that a man and wife have lived together for twenty or thirty years without a quarrel we wonder what the recording angel said about it.

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