



His Necktie Up Behind

How oft it is that when we think  
We're cutting quite a swell;  
That when we think we're quite au  
fait  
And casting potent spell,  
We feel a sudden, sick'ning thrill  
And have it brought to mind  
That with a cussedness unique  
Our necktie's up behind?

How oft we see a man who thinks  
The world is at his feet;  
Who thinks that o'er all knowledge  
he  
Has victory won complete,  
But who, if he'd investigate,  
Would very quickly find  
That he is strutting here and there  
With necktie up behind?

How oft we see upon the streets  
A man who tries to make  
His neighbors think in point of brains  
He always takes the cake;  
But who, if only nature should  
Unto him be more kind,  
Would know that 'stead of brains  
it is  
His necktie up behind?

My youthful friend, pause while I  
give  
A bit of good advice.  
Before you let your head piece swell  
Just ponder once or twice  
Upon the fact beyond dispute—  
Each man is sure to find  
Some time the whole world laughs  
because  
His necktie's up behind.

Color Blind

"I guess Binks is color blind."  
"What makes you think so?"  
"When things look blue to every-  
body else Binks always sees them in  
a different light."

Fine

"The operation was a magnificent  
success."  
"But the patient died."  
"True, but we demonstrated that  
the operation could be performed  
and the administrator of the estate  
paid the bill without question."

The Impossible Happens

"I attended a Christmas entertain-  
ment last night that was simply the  
attainment of the seemingly impos-  
sible."  
"Must have been something fine."  
"It was more than that. Why,  
they had a fine program, and wheth-  
er you believe it or not, no one re-  
cited that one beginning, 'Old Mar-  
lay was dead to begin with.' Now  
what do you think of that?"  
"Think? I think, old man, you  
are trying to 'string' me. The idea  
of a Christmas literary program with-  
out Scrooge and Marlay and all that  
bunch!"

Simply Awful

"Senator," we exclaimed in the  
heat of our righteous anger, "what  
shall you do concerning that out-  
rageous attack upon you by the Daily  
Whirl?"  
Then it was that Senator Graball  
showed us the real heights of his  
statesmanship.  
"Sir," he replied, "the attack is  
not upon me, but upon the govern-  
ment I strive to the utmost of my  
ability to represent. I shall do noth-  
ing. Conscious of the rectitude of  
my intentions I shall insist that an  
outraged government, wantonly at-

tacked over my shoulders, shall suit-  
ably punish the dastard who has  
struck the foul blow."  
Yet, despite all this there are  
those who merely winked the eye  
and thrust the tongue into the cheek  
when they read the senator's ringing  
words.

Kismet

I hung on high my Christmas socks  
And went to bed on Christmas eve,  
I wondered all the long night  
through  
What I might in those socks re-  
ceive.  
New socks they were—On Christmas  
morn  
I jumped from bed and hastened  
down,  
To learn my son was first to rise  
And that he'd worn those socks  
down town.

The Grumbler

"What did you get on the Christ-  
mas tree?"  
"Nothing, but I got a lot of grease  
on my clothes trying to light the  
Christmas tree candles."

Easily Fixed

Mr. Wadso Coyne—"The man who  
marries my daughter must be able  
to keep her in the style to which  
she has been accustomed."  
Hassel Lott—"She says she wants  
to marry me just to get a change."

Christmas Thoughts

The soon battered toy is the one  
best liked.  
There's something wrong about  
the man who grumbles because his  
children interrupt his Christmas  
morning slumber.  
The gift that it hurts to give is of  
no value to the one who receives.  
Just because you can not make a  
lot of people happy on Christmas is  
no reason why you should not try to  
make somebody happy.  
The best thing Santa Claus could  
give us would be a good appetite for  
a Christmas dinner. And the best  
thing he could give to many others  
would be a good Christmas dinner  
to fit their appetites.  
The mean man is the one who  
gives his wife an easy chair for him  
to sit in.

A Letter

Harristown, Ills., December 14.—  
To the "Architect," care Commoner:  
I was interested in your last install-  
ment of "Christmas stuff," and was  
especially interested in your refer-  
ence to the coppertoe and redtopped  
boots. It reminded me of my boy-  
hood experience with boots, and  
doubtless you had the same. Re-  
member how we would slosh around  
in the water and snow until the  
boots were soaked? And remember  
how we would thrust our feet be-  
tween the rounds of a chair when we  
went to remove those boots? How  
we'd tug and strain until the boot  
came off. And the round of the  
chair would crush in the "counter,"  
and by morning the boots would be  
as hard as cast iron, and to save us  
we couldn't get our heel down to  
the bottom of the boot because the  
"counter" was crumpled up. As a  
result we would be walking on our  
toes most of the winter, and the  
boots, hard as iron, would be a dull  
red—a sort of cinnamon brown.  
And the old wooden "rocker"  
skates! Remember them? There

was a screw in the heel of the skate  
that screwed into the bootheel, and  
then we strapped them on, pulling  
the straps until our eyes bulged out.  
The straps pressed the hard leather  
of the bootleg against our ankle  
bones, and after we skated an hour  
or two we would have a raw place  
on each ankle as big as a silver dol-  
lar. But what did we care? If,  
however, we had acquired those raw  
places sawing wood we would have  
been the worst abused boys on earth.  
Wasn't it awful, though, to have  
to hustle out of bed on those cold  
winter mornings and strain and  
struggle to get our sore feet into  
those cast iron boots?  
Give us some more of those boy-  
hood memory stories. We old boys  
enjoy them, perhaps more than the  
young boys. But now and then  
throw in some of the hard things we  
endured. They will only make the  
pleasant things shine brighter by  
comparison.  
I wish you and yours a Merry  
Christmas and a Happy and Prosper-  
ous New Year—and many of them.  
J. H. McG.

Brain Leaks

The chief need of men is more  
manhood.  
A self-centered life brings only  
transient rewards.  
He who walks by faith has oppor-  
tunity to enjoy the scenery.  
No, we'll not hang up our hose.  
We're afraid the big boy will swipe  
'em.  
The church that waits for work-  
men to come to it will remain very  
exclusive.

A man with a million has plenty  
of time to write long articles on the  
"blessings of poverty."  
The pulpit should now and then  
take the pewpoint of view.  
For a wise man Solomon had a  
woeful lot of idiosyncrasies.  
People need neither bell nor  
whistle to inform them when it is  
time for the theatre curtain to go up.  
Better a smile where love is than  
a forced gift for appearance's sake.  
The easy way of doing a hard job  
is seldom profitable.  
It may cost a little more to use  
the long distance telephone, but in  
view of recent events it is much safer  
than using the mails.  
We shudder to think what kind of  
language the chief executive of this  
nation would use if he got mixed up  
in a controversy with a gas meter.  
Just as soon as those experts get  
rid of the plague of rats in San Fran-  
cisco they might well turn their at-  
tention to this plague of rats in the  
hair.

If you have no children of your  
own to make happy this Christmas  
hustle out and find some children  
who have no parents to make them  
happy—and then make them happy.  
It's great sport.

We are very grateful for the fact  
that we have passed through some  
forty-five consecutive Christmases  
without having been the recipient of  
a "smoking jacket."

Will somebody please explain why  
it is that the furnace that works  
beautifully when the weather is  
balmy will get balky the very first  
real cold morning?

We are willing to go the limit in  
making things merry for the kiddies  
on Christmas, but we draw the line  
at wrapping a lot of raw cotton about  
our portly frame and prancing  
around as Santa Claus in close prox-  
imity to a lot of lighted candles.

Thirty years ago this morning we  
went out and pulled a ton or two of  
straw out of the mouth of the cave  
and got out enough apples and pota-  
toes to last the family for a week.  
This morning we handed over a dol-  
lar for a half bushel of measley little  
apples and 60 cents for a half bushel  
of potatoes that would have been  
called "culls" when we were a boy.

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