



WHEN Tom and Bill were baby boys  
     Infant Bill  
 Was fretful, squally, full of noise—  
     Homely Bill!  
 Redheaded, 'twas a fact.  
 From morn till night his parents racked  
 To keep his neck from being cracked—  
     Troublesome Bill!

As he grew older folks would say  
     Lazy Bill,  
 But naught he'd care, it was his way,  
     Shiftless Bill!  
 He'd spend his time in idle joys,  
 And put his jobs on other boys,  
 Poor fools, that followed his decoys,  
     Scheming Bill!

And when the boys to college went,  
     Foolish Bill  
 To grinding work no interest lent,  
     Hopeless Bill!  
 While Tom was quick and apt to learn,  
 And said bright things at every turn,  
 That made the slow with envy burn—  
     Sluggish Bill!

School life was done with all its joys,  
     Thankful Bill;  
 And business life claimed both the boys—  
     A chance for Bill!  
 Tom made a noise—a stir—you know,  
 But somehow it ne'er seemed to go,  
 While close mouthed Bill raked in the dough.  
     Knowing Bill!

The years have come and gone away  
     For Tom and Bill.  
 Tom keeps a set of books each day,  
     And Bill  
 Has office hours from 10 till 2,  
 He's looking for new worlds to do,  
 He owns a block, a bank or two—  
     Incomprehensible Bill!

—AL. DUNLAP.