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WASHINGTON, D.C.-The steps of the nations capital were the sight of an unusual ceremony today as Secretary of State Horatio Smith addressed the imminent new members of the diplomatic core.

"Its' a pleasure for Jane and myself to welcome you," said Smith, as his wife stood discretely in the background with a navel aid. Dressed in a smart blue surge suit and wearing less jewels than usual, Mrs. Smith looked like she was enjoying the acclimation of the group. Despite the vary cold whether, which didn't seam to phase them, the dignitaries gave free reign to their applause.

Between thirty to forty diplomats listened with rapped attention, standing stationery like gripped in a vice under the watchful eyes of the Secret Service men their to guard against incidence.

Hardly never at a loss for words, but looking a bit pail. Smith said he hoped his listeners had become use to the bitter cold, the worse the city has scene in years. "Between you and I," he said, "its become so chilly anymore that I'd try and lay in bed on days like this if it were'nt against my principals. Besides, Jane makes me get up early every morning and test my metal by peddling my exorcise bike."

In a more serious vain, the Secretary then told the tail of a racetrack better who lost all his money and, out of shear hunger, had committed a miner theft. He stole an orange, which he was pealing when arrested. On advise of council the gamboler waved a jury trial and through himself on the mercy of the.court. As the culprit stood ringing his hands, the judge hit the sealing: He denied bale, meeted out thirty days in jail, and leveed a fine of one hundred dollars.

"The man took his punishment pretty good," said Smith, "but it was a hard way to learn a lessen we all can prophet from: As we sew, so shall we reap, weather we are individuals or nation's. Let us not reek vengeance on one another. Instead, let us saver the blessings of piece! As the teaming crowd began to disburse, the Secretary spied a pare of newlyweds who's bridle party was standing further back in the crowd. A reporter, pouring over his notes, then overheard Smith tell his wife, to who he was whispering, "Like I always say, its alot easier to tie the not than to undue it. I hope they never loose site of that and play it strait. Otherwise, there happiness will just be an allusion and ware off soon. Now I'd like some hot bullion—I feel like I've caught a sleight cold.

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