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Oklahoma Sunshine.

By Freeman E. Miller,

Author of "Oklahoma and other Poems,"
"Songs from the South-West
Country," etc.



Stillwater, Oklahoma.
The Advance Printing Company.
1905

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The Gospel of Sunshine is the one Supreme Evangel, the Religion of Love is Mankind's most Universal Creed. They hold in their divine Baptisms the Winning of the Heart to Happiness, the Wooing of the Soul to Heaven.

The Author.

Beginning with June 9, 1904, there was a column of verse and prose published in "The Stillwater Advance" under the caption "Oklahoma Sunshine." These were written in the moments of a busy life, amid the crowding of sterner things, and many of them found a wide circulation in the fugitive publications of the day. So many persons have offered expressions of being pleased and helped by them that they are here presented in a more permanent form. The following comprise the year from June, 1904, to June, 1905.

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“What Think Ye, Masters, of These
Things?”

(A Poem read on Oklahoma Day, September 6, 1904,
at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.)

O, ye who frame the sovereign law,
And heal the hurts of ocean isles
Till hid are savage tooth and claw
And Peace above the battle smiles.—
If Justice reigns and Mercy clings,
What think ye, Masters, of these things?

The Father of the Waters greets
Imperial sisters proud and great,
And nation mighty nation meets
At festal boards of lordly state:
But one—one only,—maketh moan:
Denied the Star, she weeps alone!

The cycles fly on eagled wings:
A hundred years have run their quest
Since he who bought and sold with kings
An empire added to the West:
And all his regions rulers are
Save her alone who mourns the Star.

The wildness in a moment died;
A garden bloomed and fruited full
Across the plains and valleys wide
At touch of hands invincible:
But mute she stands where deserts were:
The banner holds no Star for her!

The race heaps high its conquered spoil;
The braggart heirs of all men do
Assemble where the Triumphs toil
In marshaled columns for review:
And she, the Starless, at your call
Brings trophies that surpass them all!

Are not her laurels rich and rare?
Her apt attainments great with grace?
You crown her here and everywhere
Save where she pleads for power and place:
The world amazed her praises rings:
What think ye, Masters, of these things?

She wonders wrought with wondrous hands:
Her cities crowd the teeming plains,
And church and school exalt the lands
With all of mankind's greater gains:—
The last of all the waste, she brings
The triumphs of her million kings!

A million white and black and red
Whose treble toils misunderstood
Build happy homes and fondly wed
The desert place with joyous good,
And at your feet, uncrowned, unblest,
Kneel for the knighthood of their quest!

Thralled in her chains, this fairest one
Of all the realms that greatly found
Rich largess on the barrens dun
Pleads from her fetters, vassal-bound;
And still the Star before her swings:
What think ye, Masters, of these things?





Oklahoma Sunshine

Dreams.

I.

Day-dreams and play-dreams! From
the rosy morn
Till the ashy eventide and the stars
new-born,
Ever bringing life and heart aweary
with their load
Promises of hope and cheer while
tramping down the road.

II.

Night dreams and bright dreams! In
the hours of sleep
With their happy faces full and their
gazes deep,
World on world so beautiful there
they brightly bring,
Till the heart is happy in the songs
they sing.

III.

Day-dreams and Night-dreams,—all
the dreams you will,—
Beckon up the rocky slope and sum-
mon o'er the hill,—
Summon us to do and dare all the
deeds of yore
Till the battle ceases, and we strive
no more!

My Philosophy.

I've made up my mind
In spite of the cranks,
'Tis a pretty good world
And we ought to give thanks;
And whether it came
From the God or the grime,
The fellow that runs it
Don't lose any time.

I've made up my mind
In spite of the tears,
That the world clambers up
With the roll of the years;
And whether it gropes
Or is led on and on,
It will come by and by
To the meadows of dawn.

In spite of the sin
And the folly around,
'Tis a much better place
Than the fore-fathers found;
And in spite of the foqls
And the devils that grieve
I'm sure in no hurry
To pull up and leave.

So shut up your mouth
And don't grumble nor croak ;
Go put your poor head
And your poor heart in soak ;
Lay all of your sorrows
And sins on the shelf,
For the world is all right
If you're all right yourself!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

If the girl with a white muslin dress and a picture hat has any troubles in this world she has a wonderful skill in hiding her real feelings.

Somehow, those men who are all the time telling how well money talks, never get well enough acquainted with it to speak with authority.

"De worst objection to de worter-million in Oklahomy," said a Mississippi black man, "is de fact dat it gits ripe too late fer de wheat harvestan' too yarly fer de cotton-pickin'"

The average man grieves more when he runs out of chewing tobacco and the nearest neighbor who uses the filthy weed is three miles away, than he does when the mortgage takes the farm. Upon what little things doth happiness depend!

A Busy Family.

Mam's at a function where you hold
your breath;
Liz has got a feller, an' she's talkin'
him to death;
Andy has the measles, Susie's nussin'
Bill,
Pap is out fer office an' he's runnin'
fit to kill;
Pont an' me are fishin', all the signs
are right,
Fer the crick is up a-boomin' an' the
big fish bite!

* *
* *

The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"Ive heerd tell," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "thet every dog has his day. But I'm jest as sartin thet he don't know he's a havin' of it when he has it.

"Now, thar was Bill Smith. Bill was a high-up chap, made money, had a rubber-tired buggy, four girls, and chawed terbacker thet cost a dollar a pound. But he never knowed he was a havin' of his day ontell he went busted on the Board of Trade. But now Bill knows it, and has knowed it ever sence he went busted."

Don't Grumble'

What's the use to grumble, what's
the use to fret,
'Cause the cotton's weedy and the
days go wet!
'Tis the Lord that sorts the weather
and the sun and rain to you,
And you needn't kick and holler
'cause he don't explain to you!
When it rains, don't get to mopin!
There's more sunny skies than
clouds,
And if sorrows drop in singly, why,
the pleasures come in crowds;
Black day or bright day, don't you
fume and fret,
When the cotton's weedy and the
days go wet!

* *
*

A Troublesome Set.

'Dese hyar white folks am a troublesome set," said a Guthrie coon. "We hab a great majority ob de city, but on 'lection day we nebbegit ober half the city council an 'de school board, and four drinks apiece. We am a-talkin' of sendin' 'em back to Englan' whar dey belong ef dey don't do better!"

A Little of Love,

I.

With a little of Love, Dear, and some-
thing of Song,
There's a glorified courage that con-
quers each wrong,
And the years fly as swift as the bird
on the wing
Through the snow days of winter
and rose days of spring.

II.

With a little of Love, Dear, and some-
thing of Song,
There's no hour that is heavy, no
day that is long;
And the soldier of hope scales the
mountains that meet,
Till they lay all their trophies and
gifts at his feet.

III.

With a little of Love, Dear, and some-
thing of Song,
All the mighty exalt, all the feeble
are strong,
And the breast bravely bares to the
breast of the foe,
And, forever full armored, gives blow
for his blow!

IV.

Then a little of Love, Dear, and some-
thing of Song!
What shall matter the struggle with
error and wrong?
For the lilies and roses of gladness
shall bloom
Till we sleep the long slumber as dust
in the tomb!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly,

It's no use to try to trot in a race
where you are out-classed. Better
be a good weed-puller at so much per
pull, than a member of the legisla-
ture without any pull at all.

If a woman's hair is smoothed up,
her hat on straight and her belt all
right behind, the other cares and re-
sponsibilities of this life sink at once
and forever into insignificant noth-
ingness.

his thing of "hitching your wag-
on to a star" may be all right for a
steady occupation, but the fellow
who plants garden truck in his back-
yard nights and mornings will have
more on the table at meal times.

Don't Frown.

Don't frown!

In the world's market place,
For a scowl there's no price,
And a long, gloomy face
Never cuts any ice!
Look pleasant, look pleased,
Or as pleased as you can;—
With a smile can be seized
All the great things of man!
Don't frown!

Don't frown!

With a smile on your lips
You can reach to the end
Of the world's last eclipse
Or the heart of a friend;
And the things the gods throw
Over life's weary mile,
Are the gifts they bestow
In return for a smile.
Don't frown!

Don't frown!

As you walk down the way
Where the world scatters chaff,
Light your labors with play
And your griefs with a laugh!
And when it's all o'er
And you reach heaven's stile,
You will get through the door
If you carry a smile!
Don't frown!

Jog Along,

Jog along, my brother,
Jog along, I say ;
There's no cozy corner
For one that wants to play ;
Don't stop to whistle,—
Whistle good and strong,
But be careful that you always
Jog along.

Jog along, my brother,
Jog along, I say ;
Keep yourself in motion,—
You needn't stop or stay ;
Someone will hear you
And will help your song,
If you do your part and always
Jog along.

Jog along, my brother,
Jog along I say,
Doing God good service
Till the final day ;
For He will crown you
After all the wrong,
With his choicest blessings, if you
Jog along.

The Kingbolt Philosopher,

“There be some things,” says Uncle Ezra Mudge, “that it is best to take on faith. I don’t know for certain that the devil has split hoofs and a forked tail and carries a four-tined fork along with him in the hope of finding a hay-field handy; but rather than make a private appointment with him to find out, I am willing to take the word of the picture books on the subject.”

* *
*

Whatever weaknesses he may have, the man who is so thick-skinned that he can go on about his regular business and pay no attention to the little distractions of this life, has a great advantage in the world. The rhinoceros would not look well in a beauty show, but it can always sleep well, even if hundreds of mosquitoes are buzzing around hunting for a full meal.

* *
*

Spring is that season of the year when the new plow-boy and the old plow-mule patiently learn again the world-wide difference between “haw” and “gee.”

The Harvest Time,

I.

The harvest time is over! And across
the fertile plain
Stand the winrows of the meadows
and the stooks of golden grain;
And the aching limbs of labor take
the rest of happy ease
From the scorching suns of noon-day
in the shadows of the trees.

The harvest time is over! And the
husbandman receives
For the days of hard endeavor all the
wealth of garnered sheaves;
And the land of hill and valley smiles
exalt with joys untold
Heaping high above the stubbles in
the piles of ripened gold!

Harvest time! Harvest time!
Hours of toil are told;
Hill and valley both rejoice
With their wealth of gold!

II.

The harvest time is over! After all
the years of strife
There's a joy for every sorrow and a
crown for every life;

And the songs of Heaven's angels on
the straining soul arise
As the weary foot-steps falter on the
walks of Paradise.

The harvest time is over! All the
struggle has surcease!
After life, the stars above us! After
battle, love and peace!
And the glories of achievement that
atone for sin and strife
Are the sheaves of good we garner as
we reap the fields of life!

Harvest time! harvest time!
Years of struggle gone,
Joy shall crown the soul with light
In eternal Dawn!

* *
* *

The Kingbolt Philosopher,

“Fer accumulatin’ much experi-
ence in a short while and in a rapid
manner,” said Uncle Ezra Mudge,
“thar is nothin’ under the sun beats
a-goin’ to law. With only a toler’-
ble fair case and a good lively lawyer
on the other side, a man can git
enough out of one single law-suit
suitably appealed, to decently equip
a whole neighborhood fer at least
three generations.”

Mister Cantaloupe.

Hel'lo, Mister Canteloupe,
When did you arrive?
Glad to see you, and I hope
That you're all alive!
How-dy do and how-dy do!
Hope your folks are well,
And are coming after you
For to stay a spell!

Hello, Mister Cantaloupe!
Please excuse my smile,
But I'm just so glad, and hope
You will stay awhile;
Put 'er here and put 'er there!
If you've traveled far,
Come with me and take a chair
In the dining car!

* *
*

Life is neither comedy nor tragedy,
but sometimes it pushes up so close
to both that it keeps a fellow on the
dodge between smiles and tears.

Rainy Weather,

Our Mud Creek correspondent sends us the following items, having to do with the recent wet weather:

“Bill Hughes cut his wheat last week. He rigged up a header attachment to a row-boat, and nipped the heads off at the surface of the water.

“It rained so fast last Saturday night at Tad Wilson’s that the water couldn’t all run off the roof of his new house. The water stood four inches deep on top of the comb for over half an hour. Then Tad took an ax and sharpened the comb so it would split the drops better, and the water soon ran down.

“Jem Bilkins’ incubator hatched last Wednesday during the heavy rain. Jem set only Plymouth Rock eggs; but, when they hatched, over half of his chickens were ducks. They were given web feet by an accommodating providence.”

Get in the Game.

Get in the game of life, my boy,
Get in the mighty game;
There'll be something of care and
somewhat of strife
And something of sin and shame!
But after the years and the toils they
bring,
There'll be a time of joy,
If the heart stays sweet and the soul
can sing,
So get in the game, by boy.

Get in the game of life, my boy,—
That is the game for all;
For the hazards are sweet and the
days are rife
With the fortunes that rise and
fall;
But after the losses the triumphs
stand
Enemies can't destroy;
So get in the game with a full, clean
hand,
So get in the game, by boy.

Get in the game of life, by boy!
That is the game men play,

And whether it's gladness or whether
it's strife,
It lasts to the One Great Day;
The crowns and the stars and the
laughs of love
Beckon with hands of joy,
Till the soul grows vast in the home
above,—
So get in the game, my boy!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

My son, this world has so much work to do that it has not even room for a lazy man to sit down and rest. The hen that dosen't lay, the horse that balks, and the cow that refuses to give down her milk, don't get up to the feed-rack very long.

The Athletic Clubs are always inventing some new way of giving a big strapping cub an adequate form of exercise, but the average farmer finds more kinds of it than he wants when the crab-grass gets busy.

It isn't every dude that wears patent leathers and parts his hair in the middle, who hasn't sense enough to flag the bread-wagon when it comes tearing down the pike.

Dreaming.

Let those who prefer it
Keep hatching their schemes,
But all through life's summer
I'll cherish my dreams!
Go on with your struggles,
Your worries and wrongs;
I'll camp with the lillies
And list to their songs.

I'll dream with the daisies
That sweeten the sod;
I'll dream with the roses
That whisper of God;
I'll dream with the wild birds
That sing of the right,
And out of the shadows
Dream garlands of light.

I'll dream through the darkness
Of sorrow and strife,
Till love brings the morning
And laurels the life;
And over the meadows
My happy feet roam,
Still dreaming, still dreaming,
Till Love takes me home!

A Jolly Good Game,

I.

You may talk as you please about
Life's necromancy;—
'Tis a journey of smiles or of tears as
you fancy—
For I always have found,—and I'm
happy to say it,—
'Tis a jolly good game if one knows
how to play it!

II.

The Dealer sits yonder,—the hands
that he serves us—
The brains and the beauty and cour-
age that nerves us,—
And strength for the struggle; and
then he gives warning,
To play to the ceiling till dawn of the
morning!

III.

And mighty the stakes that he sets
us to try for!
Fame, Fortune and Honor, and Love,
that men die for!
The Sword, or the Crown, or the Star,
or the Garter,
And all the high winnings men bar-
gain and barter!

IV.

He deals us the hand,—and no one
may discard it!
The game must go on with no pow-
er to retard it!
And whether the hand be a good one
or bad one,
He asks of us only to play it a glad
one.

V.

Then let people talk about life as they
see it;
You can make it for you what your
heart may decree it;
For I always have found—and I'm
happy to say it,—
'Tis a jolly good game if you know
how to play it!

* * *

A Contented Farmer.

Wheat-crop heapin' in de shock,
Corn jes' keeps a-bumpin';
Oats a-yallerin' in de sun,—
Cotton des a-jumpin'!
Millet, Kafir-corn an' cane
Bust their selves a-growin';
Oklahoma's home for me
Till Gabriel goes to blowin'!

Hell and Heaven.

“Doan’t tell me dat hell am away off yander,” said an old darkey as he stood before the display window of the vegetable market where a dozen water-melons, the first of the season, reposed in unconscious temptation. “Dem millyuns cost a dollar apiece, an’ I hain’t got but thirty cents ter save me from the bad place. Go ’way, man! I tell you hell am right hyar, an’ hebben only sebenty cents away!”

* *
*

Caught on the Fly,

Of course, it is all right to aim high, but it’s the fellow that never shoots at all that fails to bring down the game.

After all, the alleged failures of life are not of much importance. It is what one does with his failures that tells the story of his despair or hope.

When a man is always dressed and has his boots on ready for the journey, Opportunity comes along in her automobile and invites him to get in and ride with her.

June Time.

Pleasures fond are singing,
Love, for you and me,
And the moments bringing
Joys of land and sea!

June-time is tune-time!
Don't you hear the song?
All the time is love time
Where the roses throng!

Don't you sigh or sorrow!
Raptures full and free
Crown each glad tomorrow,
Sweet, for you and me!

June-time and tune-time,
Where the roses throng,
Life-time and love-time
And the world of song!

* *
*

The Candidate.

He's getting so busy, he makes the
world dizzy,
His smoke can be seen from afar;
He kisses the babies and flatters the
ladies
And gives the old man a cigar!

Good-bye, Dear Heart,

I.

Good-bye, Dear Heart! I go my own
sad way,
And you go yours, and Life is agony;
And yet I must not weakly beg you
stay,
In spite of all your absence means
to me.

II.

Though distance part, though sky
and sea divide,
To you I must not reach detaining
hands;
The years are many and the world is
wide,
And Love's fair roses bloom in
many lands.

III.

With all the joys and all the wishes
fond
My soul sends after you, we can't
regret;
The raptures wait us in the sweet
Beyond,
And we shall teach our memories
to forget.

IV.

We meet no more! The hand-clasp
and embrace,
The hot, mad kiss, the crush of
lips to lips,
The melt of eye and tender flush of
face,—
These all for us have passed to last
eclipse.

V.

So, good-bye, Dear! Good-bye for
evermore!
A down the years our halting feet
shall press,
Our lone hearts wander, till the quest
is o'er,
And Love shall lead us back to
happiness!

The Kingbolt Philosopher.

“I’ve knowed some mighty fine scholars in figgers,” said Uncle Ezra Mudge, “that never could calkilate the problem of human life. Purty near every feller when he gets to figgerin’ on it, tries to git the Almighty Dollar fer the answer, and it won’t figger out. I’ve seen lots of men in my time an’ I never seed one yit that money made happy. An’ if happiness ain’t the answer to all this here figgerin’ an’ foolin’ an’ fightin’, then I give it up.

“I’d ruther have Myrandy sing ‘Ole Fokes at Home’ when I’m lone-some like than to hev \$10 Williams layin’ around all over the place. It’s more comp’ny to me, a whole lot more!”

* *
*

Toss a Kiss to Care.

Toss a kiss to Care, and say,
“You are only for a day;
You with all your woes and tears
Never linger through the years.

Toss a kiss to Care, and be
Happy in your ecstasy;
Bid your grief begone, and smile
With the pleasures for awhile!

Caught on the Fly.

The bass-drum is all right at the head of the procession, but the still-hunt cuts the most ice in politics.

The up-to-date dude, a-sport with patent-leathers and a Panama hat, puts on lots of style, but he began life as a bald headed and bare-foot boy along with the common herd.

Whenever you see an old maid who giddily shies off from the croup when the little folks grow wheezy, you can put it down as a sure sign that she is trying to conceal her age.

* *
*

The Glorious Fourth.

Sister got her new hat wet,
An' her white dress fair;
Mother got a cannon-crack
'Sploded in her hair;
Pap got powder in his face
Shootin' anville thayre;
Billy got an' ear tore off,
Sammy lost an eye;
Got two fingers broke myself,
Fourth o' ole July!

When the Bills Come Due,

There are many things that bother
In this mixed up world of ours,
And the paths we wander over
Are not always filled with flowers;
While some days are bright and sunny
There are others black and blue,—
And the day that brings the trouble
When the bills come due!

When the bills come due,
After all the debts accrue,
O, it's all another story,
When the bills come due!

We blow in without a falter
For most every thing in sight,
From the dawn of Monday morning
Till the dark of Sunday night;
And we dinner on the dainties,
Robe in garbs of gorgeous hue,
But it's all another story
When the bills came due.

O, we chase the rounds of travel,
On a cruise from shore to shore,
And no diff'rence what we purchase
Still we always buy the more;

It's a barter every minute,
Till possessions large accrue,
But the clouds come down with dark-
ness

When the bills come due!

When the bills come due,
After all the debts accrue,
O, it's all another story,
When the bills come due!

* *
*

Well Prepared,

"How are you getting on, Mose?"
asked an anxious creditor of an im-
pecunious colored farmer.

"Wull, boss, pickin's kinder slim
erroun' de cabin jes' now, but I'm
a livin' in hopes. I've got two yakers
er cotton's dat's middlin' fine, an'
ten yakerser worter-millyuns dat am
de bes' I ever see; an' ef I doan't git
er millyun yakers er hebbin dis fall,
I miss my guess mighty bad!"

The Kingbolt Philosopher,

“‘Thar’s nuthin’ in all this world so dog-cheap ez advice,” said Uncle Ezra Mudge. “I’ve give my seven boys enough advice off an’ on to fix over the world an’ finish up Heaven, an’ ’en they don’t know enough to let cigarettes alone, even. ‘Thar’s nuthin, arter all, that teaches a boy so quick es a lickin.’ When he gits lammed all ter pieces by some kid that he kep’ a-pickin’ at till good natur’ fergot ter be a vartue, an’ pasted him several between the eyes, he may not look so purty but he will know two or three things so blamed well he’ll never fergit ’em ontell Gabriel blows his conk-shell in the mornin’!

* *
*

Life may be One Grand Sweet Song
but we are generally furnishing the
music by pounding the bass-drum
for the fellow who is pounding the
bass-drum for us.

* *
*

“‘Love’s young dream’” may be the
sweetest thing in life, but there is
nothing like pork gravy and hot
biscuit for sticking to the ribs.

"There's No Use to Worry,"

There's no use to worry,
When trouble appears,
For she leaves in a hurry
And bottles her tears;
There's a song for each sorrow,
A smile for each grief,
And the joys of tomorrow
Bring happy relief.

There's no use to worry!
This world's a good place,
If you fly from its flurry
And keep a bright face;
There is never a sorrow
That sickens the soul,
If you wait for the morrow
And let the cares roll!

* *
*

A Prayer.

Lord, as I journey down the way,
Grant me good work for every day,
And, till my labor here is past,
To work with Thee until the last!

* *
*

Words are poor vehicles for the carrying of thought. The glance of only one bright eye can tell a sweeter story than was ever written out in all the books of men.

A Song of Green Valleys,

I.

A Song of Green Valleys,—the valleys
new born
With the gold of the wheat and the
green of the corn,
Where the roses arise from the dews
of the night
And the paths for Love's feet are
a-swoon with delight!

II.

The Voice of the Valleys! The brooks
to the seas
Mingle multiplied praises with Love's
lullabies,
And the shouts of glad children
exultingly rise
From the daisies of earth to the stars
of the skies.

III.

The calm of the Valleys! The rap-
tures increase
With the calls of content and the
pleasures of peace,
And the homes of the happy their
gladness engage
From the rose-days of youth to the
snow-days of age.

IV.

The bliss of the Valleys! There life
 blossoms sweet,
And the night-time and noon-time in
 melody meet,
Till the sorrows that sadden the
 the care-clouded day
Find the smiles ever beaming and
 vanish away.

V.

A Song of Green Valleys! O, joys
 that they bring
Where the breeze whispers love in
 the love-days of spring,
And the songs of the thrush from the
 love gardens float
With the music that spills from the
 mocking-bird's throat!

VI.

A Song of Green Valleys! O, valleys
 that spread
From the croon of the babe to the
 dirge of the dead,
Beyond the long journey we leave
 you,—but then,
God grant we shall meet you and
 have you again!

Ate Boys Himself.

He was a four year old Oklahoma Fountleroy, in knee-pants, and with golden curls that would make an angel envious. His face still wore the divine beauty of the cradle, and his large, luminous eyes reflected an innocence unspotted of the world.

But the carpenter on the building did not appreciate his company. He was always in the way. So the carpenter thought he would frighten him away, by a story of horrible danger.

“Do you see that big man coming there?” said the carpenter to him.

The child nodded assent.

“Well,” continued the carpenter; “you would better run away before he gets you. That big man eats a boy for breakfast every morning, and he may eat you.”

A look of ineffable scorn slowly penetrated beneath the curls. The large, innocent eyes took on an expression of supreme contempt. Then the angel indifferently said:

“I ate a boy once; he was a nigger!”

Caught on the Fly,

A drummer is known by the stories he tells.

Don't be in a hurry to do a mean thing. You'll have plenty of time to get sorry if you put it off until day after tomorrow.

When a man stops to count the cost of a noble deed, temptation has already stormed and captured the fortifications of his honor

The \$1 bill is a very popular brand among the people, but if history makes no mistake, it takes the \$1,000 bill to secure votes in the Missouri legislature.

* * *

The King-bolt Philosopher,

"I notice," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "Thet the self-made man is always kept so busy tellin' about the fine job of work he turned out, thet he never has time to get the roof on an' the doors an' winders hung. A self-made feller generally shows a rough job put together with dull tools an' in mighty poor taste when you git to lookin' at it real clost, an' it could be mightily improved on by a middlin' sight of polishin', wood-filler an' hard-oil, well rubbed in!"

"What Shall It Matter, Dear?"

What shall it matter, Dear, how goes
the weather.—

We with our hands and our hearts
linked together,—

We with our faces, till daisies we're
under,

Set to the skies with their welcomes
of wonder.

II.

What shall it matter, Dear, how goes
the battle?

Something is greater than all of its
rattle.

Something that gladdens the heart
with the story

Telling of Love and Love's infinite
glory.

III.

What shall it matter, Dear, how the
world use us?

'Tis but a show and its antics amuse
us!

World that knows nothing of all our
sweet gladness

And of the love that dispels every
sadness!

IV.

What shall it matter, then, what
shall it matter?

Peace still awaits after all of earth's
clatter!

Peace still awaits, all our love-dreams
adorning,

There in the bliss of the Glorified
Morning!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

Life's experiences are very much
the same as when we go fishing. The
biggest fish always gets away.
But even then we have a pretty good
feast on the minnows.

Yesterday is life's departed king;
tomorrow holds all the possibilities
of clown and emperor. Only today
wears the glittering crown and the
purple robes of power.

Don't pray for what you want, and
quit with the prayer. Spit on your
hands and grab it as it hurries by.

* *
*

The lawn-mower is quite a play
thing for the city-bred man, but in
the interest of humanity he ought to
be vaccinated against the back ache.

“When the ‘Phone Bell Rings.”

It’s no difference what you’re doing,
Whether you’re asleep or ain’t,
When the ‘phone begins pursuing
It will catch you,—no complaint!
For its call is strong and steady,
And it always answer brings,
For you hurry with your “ready!”
When the ‘phone bell rings!

O, it interrupts your vision
With its long, unceasing howl;
It dispels your dreams elysian
With insistence fresh and foul!
O, it summons you at meal-times
With a joy that stays and clings,
Till you swear it’s always de’il-times
When the ‘phone bell rings!

It’s no matter where you’re straying,—
In the garden, barn or bed,
There’s no time to spend in praying,
Or in playing, quick or dead;
And if Gabriel “in that morning”
Wants a good old trump that swings,
Just let “central” sound his warning
While the ‘phone bells rings!

The Negro's Warning,

Doan't yuh grumble, brudder!
Doan't yuh nebber doubt it,
Debbil gwine ter git yuh
'Foh yuh think erbout it!
Put yuh in de iurn-works
Whar de sinnah weeps,
Loadin' up de injines
Shovelin' coal fer keeps!

* * *

The Kingbolt Philosopher,

"I've offen noticed," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he slowly filled his Missouri meerschaum with Virginia twist,— "I've offen noticed thet nerve is the most vallyble asset in the credit items of human life. The pore man thet's got a plenty of it is an uncrowned king with pears's an' di'monds at his command, but the king thet lacks it will soon be uncrowned too. When a rich man er a famous man gits down in the mouth onct an' loses his nerve, it's all day with him in a minnet, an' a rope or a six-shooter ginerally winds him up. But if a feller hangs on to his nerve, he is alright fer the sights and scenes of this world an' he needn't be nus-sin' any worries 'bout the next one."

"Hands Around, My Honey."

Sparrow on the wagon-shed,
Chirping with a will;
Robin in the cherry-tree
Warblin' fit to kill!
Every thing's rejoicin',
Hidin' of the wrong,—
So hands around, my honey,
And we'll join the song!

Mock-bird on the chimney top,—
How that rascal mocks,—
Spillin' songs of melody,
From his music-box!
Over all the live-long place
All the pleasures throng,
So hands around, my honey,
And we'll join the song!

* *
*

The Spirit of Compromise.

"I done heah dat de dimmycrats kinder comp'omised at de St. Looey convention meetin'," said old Black Mose. "I tell you, man, dat com'p'omisin' bis'ness am a great thing, suah! My ole woman en' me hez quahled en' fit en' fussed erroun' fer nigh fohty yeahs ober wheddah I should pack in de watah er chop de wood; en' we fin'ly comp'omised de mattah by hur a doin ob 'em bofe!"

Best of All.

Pie-millon, cantaloope;
Musk-million tall;
But de blessed worter-millon
Am de bes' of all!
Whar de worter-millon grows,
Hebben's dar bechune de rows!

* *
*

The Kingbolt Philosopher,

“It hain't so much difference what kind of work you do as how you do it,” said Uncle Ezra Mudge. “The feller thet sets around an' kicks on the kind of a job he has never gits many others offered him, while the chap thet does good work at whatsumever he gits giner'ly finds a ladder to climb up to the top.

“I reckon David out there herdin' the sheep never kicked much on his job, an' I'll bet four 'coon-skins thet he wuz the best sheep-herder in all the Promised Land, er the Lord wouldent a-picked him out an' set him to work at the job of bein' king.”

Little Sermons.

Where the wor'd is going is not of much consequence. It's where you are going that cuts the ice.

When the sermon gets over thirty minutes long, the Devil comes to church and takes a seat in the Amen corner.

Heaven is in every man's easy reach, but some are too contrary to even tip-toe for the blessings of the other Kingdom.

* * *

"Don't Worry or Fret, My Dearie!"

Don't worry or fret, my dearie!

The shadows will soon go by;
Before half your tears have vanished

The sun's in the happy sky;
There's trouble enough, my dearie,
In days of a glad life long,

But Sorrows will die with no one to
sigh

With Love and a little of Song!

* * *

There are some things about "our island possessions" which will bear imitation this hot weather. The costumes of the Igorrotes, for instance.

Caught on the Fly,

Mr. Knowing How commands a princely salary while Hard Work is on the bum hunting for wages.

Some people are so anxious for happiness that they make themselves miserable in running it down.

Whether we learn much in the school of experience or not, we all register for the full term and pay the entire tuition mentioned in the catalogue.

Charity is something of which the mills of human life never turn out an over-production. Even some of the blessed saints could use a little more in their daily walk and conversation.

* *
*

Hope,

All the path is dark with shadows
And the road is hard to see,
But there's sunshine on the hill-tops
And that's the way for me!

* *
*

There are many blessings in this world, but a shade-tree at the end of the cotton row, and a water-melon cooling in a seventy-foot well are two of its greatest joys.

To One Departed,

I.

This life, Dear Heart, seems all so
small and mean
Since thou art gone,—its prizes
vague and vain,
Its efforts fruitless and its glories lean,
And all its heaped-up treasures
worthless gain!

II.

Amid them all my slow feet wander
lone,—
My heart cries hopeless for its per-
fect mate;
The fancies murmur and the longings
moan
For thee whose absence leaves me
desolate.

III.

Yet, somewhere, somehow, in the
years that shine
With God's perfected wisdom
throned above,
I know thou wait'st my coming, with
divine
Enraptured welcomes of supremest
love.

IV.

The Vision beckons, and I fix my gaze
 Unchanging to the promise of the
 skies:
The full fruition of these lonely days
 Dwells in the heaven of thine angel
 eyes!

V.

What matter, Dear, though dullard
 thousands throng
 And jostle rudely at Life's holy
 feast?
The dull ears hear no tender strains
 of Song,
 And they that know Love best
 know Love the least.

VI.

And still with yearning hands that
 longing grope
 And straining eyes that search to
 pierce the doom,
I creep the path-ways of my only
 Hope,
 And seek the Loved One passed
 beyond the Gloom!

When the Dollar Pounds the Door.

It's no matter how exclusive
Men may be in social ways,
And how uppishly their manners
Every one of them displays;
Born to home-spun or the purple,
Very rich or very poor,
They're at home to every caller
When the Dollar pounds the door!

They may dwell in stately mansions
With extensive yards and grounds;
They may run their automobiles
And play golf through all the
rounds;
But within their mountain villas
Or resorts by ocean shore,
They're at home to every caller
When the Dollar pounds the door.

Whether in the humble station
Or the mighty seats of state,
Eating crusts to banish hunger
Or a-feast on fruits of fate,—
There's no one who's found for-
getting
That great lesson taught of yore,
For they're home to every caller
When the Dollar pounds the door.

Mister Dollar, Mister Dollar!
You have such a winning way,

That I'd like you in the fam'ly
Every hour of every day!
And no matter where I'm staying,
Please break in with rush and roar
For I'm always glad to see you,
Mr. Dollar, at the door?

* *
*

The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"I've wunder'd through this vale of sunshine for about sev'nty years," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he filled his Missouri meerschaum for the twentieth time, "an' I lever yit seen a feller thet amounted to shucks who wuz allus a-hangin' on to someone else. The pore soul thet hain't got enough git up an' git to him to strike out fer hisself an' find a path of his own through the woods is mighty nigh sartin to git lost in the brush.

"Purty nigh ev'ry feller I ever knowed thet did anything wuth while did it by usin' the climbers on his own legs. Ef he stan's 'round waitin' to borry somebody else's tools, he wastes a mighty sight of his own time an' don't know how to use 'em when the other feller gits ready to be accommedatin'!"

Don't You Grumble.

I.

Don't you grumble at the weather
when the clouds are hanging flat,
For the sun will soon be shining and
you'll have to growl at that,
And before in working order you your
growler well have got,
You will have to change its focus for
another kind of shot!

II.

Don't you grumble at the fortune
that the Fates incline to send!
If it's good, rejoice with gladness; if
it's bad, why, make it mend;
And before you hit the gravel for the
world beyond the years,
Things will balance pretty even
through the tangled smiles and
tears.

III.

Don't you grumble at the meanness
that heaps up your path with
wrong!

There are golden hearts of goodness
that are full of love and song,
And along the ways you wander all
their anthems ever rise
Like a chorus of the angels from the
mansions in the skies!

IV.

Don't you grumble at the weather!
Don't you growl around at fate!
In this world of life and labor, you
must fish or cut the bait;
And if here you're always fretting
o'er each little sob and sigh,
You will hardly relish heaven when
you reach the Bye and Bye.

*
* *

Enough Heaven for Him.

"Go 'way, man!" said an observant Logan county darkey. "Doan't yuh come en talk to me erbout gittin' rich er bein' pooah! Nary one ob dem things boddens me. Ef perlitical campaigns'll jes' las' all de time en canderdates run all de yar roun', dis worl'll be hebben ernuff fer me!"

"Keep Away from Trouble."

Keep away from trouble,—
Keep away, I say!
He will double, double,
If you walk his way;
Go the other path-way;
Pass the rascal by;
Keep your face a-smiling
For the glory-sky!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

The man that can't find any heaven
in this world of sunshine has no
promise of getting a chance to hunt
for it in the next.

David said in his haste that all men
are liars; and the Good Book does not
record that he took it back after he
had plenty of time to think it over.

The sublime faith that moves
mountains and conquers kingdoms
is frequently helpless and hopeless
against the clatter of a garrulous
tongue.

The Darky's Heaven,

I sho'ly doan't know
Whut soht ob a place
Dat de Lawd's fixin' so
Foh his own culled race;
But ef he "in dat day"
Wants de dabkeys ter catch,
Give 'em banjoes ter play
In a big millon patch!
Millon patch thet's so long
Dey can nevah gitcross it,
En a feller not strong
Jes' purtendin' ter boss it;
Whar nebber's a dog
Ter molest whut yuh swipe,
En wharebber yuh jog
All de millions ah ripe!

* *
*

No Room for Bankruptcy,

Things ah sholy lookin' up ahroun'
de cabin dese heah days!" said the
jubilant darkey. "With watah-mil-
lons crowdin' de cohn-rows full, de
cotton laid by, en fohty canderdates
runnin' foh office, de bankrup'cy
cou't am moah den foh hund'ed
miles away, shuah!"

Minnows and Big Fish.

In the happy days of childhood,
By the river's rushing tide,
Where the crystal waters murmured
Over all the ripples wide,
It was perfect joy to angle
Through the spring time's laugh-
ing day
Though we only caught the minnows
And the big fish got away.

'Twas no matter how we waited,
How we watched with anxious
eyes,—
For the finny tribe to yield us
Captures of enormous size;
There was always disappointment
Filling us with deep dismay,
For we only caught the minnows
And the big fish got away!

And it's much the same in man-
hood!
As we line the stream of life,
Fishing for the fame and fortune
In the waters full of strife,—

It's no matter how we angle
As the young years turn to gray,
We can only catch the minnows
And the big fish get away!

But the sport, the sport, is royal,
And it never had a match!
So it's really unimportant
As to what we lose or catch!
Let us use our highest efforts
Till the Father calls to say:
"What a splendid mess of minnows
Though the big fish got away!"

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Christianity and religion are great things, but a holy life knocks the spots off them both in the long run.

Wealth comes from toil and sacrifice, but the treasures of the heart are vaccinated with love and are the parents of all real happiness.

There is no use to spend any time in worrying about the next world. Take care of the world you have, and the next one will take care of itself and you, too.

It's better to whistle than cry, broth-
er,

It's better to whistle than cry;
The day may be gloomy and dreary
And black with the storms of the
sky;

But whistle your heart to the sorrows!
They'll smile as they hurry you by!
It's better to whistle than cry, broth-
er,

It's better to whistle than cry!

* *
*

Plenty of Exercise,

"Mary Jane," said Farmer Jim to his wife as he pondered over the letter just received from their boy Silas who was away at College; "Mary Jane, what does Si mean about all this 'tarnal athletic business he's a-talkin' of?"

Mary Jane had been a school-teacher before she married Farmer Jim, and so she quickly explained:

"Why, he means dumb-bells and Indian clubs and trapezes and such things, to give exercise to the boys, father."

"Wull, I'll be dumb-belled ef I had him out yander in the cotton-field a-choppin' out the crab-grass, I guess he'd git all the exercise he wanted!" snorted Farmer Jim.

“Away With the Sorrow,”

Away with the sorrow,
The troubles and tears!
We'll laugh with the morrow
Through all of the years.

Away with the errors
That scourge as a rod!
Our sins and our terrors
Shall vanish with God.

The sob of our sadness
Shall cease bye and bye;
Away to the gladness,—
We're bound for the sky.

* * *

The Real Article,

“Doan't yuh talk ter me erbout yoh tahrpinen clam-bakesen yoistah fries!” exclaimed a recently arrived Guthrie coon. “Des' gib me sweet-taters smotahed in 'possum gravy en all baked brown like we uster hab 'em down in ole Mississ'pp! Go' way, niggah! Dat wuz high-libben like de real ahticle, I done tole ye!”

The Bright Side.

I.

The bright side! The bright side! In
spite of wind and snow,
The summer comes in beauty and
buds and blossoms grow,
And whatso'er the fortune that
brings the rose or rue,
A kindly Heart in heaven is taking
care of you!

II.

The bright side! The bright side!
Through all the hours of light,
The holy stars are watching you with
sentinels of light,
And no matter how the sorrows may
darken all the day,
The pleasures come in legions and
drive their ghosts away.

III.

The bright side! The bright side!
Though disappointments throng,
Sweet labor lifts the burden and sat-
isfies with song,
And after all the sadness that shades
the rugged life,
There's glory for the struggle and
slumber for the strife.

IV.

The bright side! The bright side!
The side that's always there
Across the ways I wander and all
the paths of care;
No matter what the darkness, the
storm of land or sea,
The bright side still is shining, and
that's the side for me!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly,

Don't cry over spilled milk. Tie
up another cow, and try it again.

Don't trail over the world hunting
for happiness with a candle, when
the sunshine of God's mercy is over
every thing.

Who can understand the deeps and
heights of another's nature? Nay,
who can measure and comprehend
even his own?

* *
*

Four-tined forks are splendid im-
plements in the hay-field, but any
fork is a mighty poor thing to impale
the gorgeous bliss reposing in a ripe
water-melon's ruddy heart.

The Weather Man's Mistakes.

No doubt, we all have troubles
That arise from this and that,
And we seldom make a home-run
Though we're often at the bat;
But the prince of all the fellows
That performs the wildest breaks,
Is the chap that brings the burdens
Of the weather man's mistakes.

"Sunday, fair and cool and pleasant"
So you hie yourself away
To the wild-wood sweet and shady
For a joyous, happy day;
Then the rain comes down in tor-
rents
Till it drowns the very snakes,
And you have a high example
Of the weather man's mistakes.

"Wednesday, storm, perhaps a
cyclone!"
So you stay at home and wait,
With your windows tightly shut-
tered
For a hurricano great;

But it's all as mild as morning,
And you shout, 'Of all the fakes!'
While you grumble, wildly helpless,
At the weather man's mistakes.

And some day a patient people
Turned to furies by their wrongs,
Will arise and smite the building
Where the weather man belongs;
And whatever then shall happen,
They will know the joy that wakes,
When no longer made to suffer
From the weather man's mistakes!

* *
*

In Supplication.

Dear Lord, I ask not that I live so
long
That all the joy is gathered, all the
rose;
But rather let me perish, ere the Song,
The highest Hope and perfect Vis-
ion close!

"When the Roas'in'-Ears Air Plenty"

I.

Talk about the joys of winter! Whut's
the fun of foolin' round
With the posies dead en buried, en
the snows upon the ground?
When the wind's a-tossin' blizzards
in a most distressin' way
Tell you have to set a-straddle of the
fire-place all the day!
But I tell ye life's a-livin' when the
summer grows the grass
Over all the nooksen crannies whayre
a feller's feet kin pass,
En the whole world seems of heaven
but a half-forgotten type,
When the roas'in'-ears air plenty en
the worter-millions ripe!

II.

Roas'in'-ears is best of eatin', though
not very much fer style!
Shuck an arm-full fer yer dinner, sot
'em on en let 'em bile;
Salt 'em well, en smear some butter
on the juicy cobs ez sweet
Ez the lips of maple-suger thet yer

sweet-heart has to eat!
Talk about ole Mount O'lympus en
the stuff them roosters spread
On theyr tables when they feasted,—
nectar drink, ambrosia bread,—
Why, I tell ye, fellers, never would I
swop the grub I swipe
When the roas'in' ears air plenty en
the worter millons ripe!

III.

Near the sugar camps of glory is the
worter millon patch
Like a great big nest of goodies thet
is jest a-gone to hatch;
En ye take yer thumb en finger in
an ecstasy so drunk
Thet ye hardly hear the music of
theyr dreainy plunky-plunk!
En the griefs air gone ferever, en the
sorrers lose control
Ez ye feed the angel in ye on the
honeys of a soul,
En ye smack yer lips with laughter
while the birds of heaven pipe,
When the roas'in'-ears air plenty en
the worter-millons ripe!

IV.

O, the darlin' days of summer when
the stars of plenty shine
With the apples in the orchard en
the graps upon the vine!
When the hedges bud en blossom, en
the medders rich en rare
Breathe the perfumes of the clovers
like an incense everywhayre!
En the world seems like yer mother,
with the tender hands thet bless
All the restless race of struggle with
a heaped-up happiness,
En her han'kerchiefs of glory from
yer eyes the weepin's wipe,
When the roas'in'-ears is plenty en
the worter-millions ripe!



Don't You Fret.

Don't you fret about the weather
'Cause it seems a little hot;
You will find it rather sultry
Over yonder, like as not!
And unless you mend your manners
You will land without a doubt,
Where the brim-stone keeps a-blazin'
And the fire is never out!

*
* *

The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"In spite of whut somefellers say, this world never owed anybody a livin' yit!" said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he whetted his scythe and tried the edge on the broad part of his thumb. "Thet heresy wuz invented fer the lazy cuss thet wuz too ornery to git up in the mornin' and hustle fer grub while the grass wuz wet.

"Some fellers seem ter act on the habit thet the world not only owes 'em a livin' but air willin' fer some body else to do the collectin' fer 'em. Leastways, they never do much hustlin' in thet direction theirselves. En I hev noticed thet when other fellers collect the livin' fer a feller, they giner'iy confistigate the most ov it in commissions!"

"Doing Pretty Well."

There are many that you meet with
Who are always full of gloom,
And they they chew the rag forever
'Bout the darkness of their doom;
But as through the world we journey,
There's a joy that none may tell
When we meet the pleasant people
Who are "doing pretty well."

There are fellows by the dozens
Who are always in the skies,
And forever capture fortunes
Of the most gigantic size;
But we stagger from their presence
And their glories that repel,
For the quiet-spoken persons
Who are "doing pretty well."

O, it's neither sun nor shadow
All the time from year to year,—
And it's neither all of pleasure
Or of pain,—the journey here!
But whatever clouds may gather
Or what sunshine, for a spell
Let us keep a steady temper
And keep "doing pretty well!"

Caught on the Fly.

Hitch your wagon to a star, if you will, but always stand ready to throw the harness on the mules, also.

The man who masters the world may trust in Providence, but he climbs to greatness on the stepping stones of hard work.

In the economy of farmers entirely up against the crab-grass in the cotton-patch, the mule is mightier than the sword.

* *
*

What shall it matter though sorrows
distress us?

God sends the sun and the shadows
to bless us!

And through all the years
Joy ever appears,

With a little of love and a little of
laughter

To fashion this life for a jolly here-
after!

The Kingbolt Philosopher.

“I want ter say,” remarked Uncle Ezra Mudge as he began his Sunday shaving and stropped his razor on his thumb-nail, “I want ter say thet eddication is a big thing, but there air some things it can’t do. One of ’em is ter give brains ter a fool. No school wuz ever yit found thet could change a wooden head ter flesh en blood; en the pore teachers air bein’ continua’ly pestered ter death with idiotic payrents a-tryin’ to have ’em stuff brains in their kids which the good Lord didnt give any to. You kin plant jimson weeds in the garden, en tend ’em and water ’em, en nuss ’em the hull season through, en you’ll hev only a leetle bigger crop of jimson seed at the wind-up. En it’s jest thet way when brainless cubs air sent off ter collidge!” And the old man wiped his face with a hot towel and went on with his shaving.

* * *

There are many pleasant things in this world, but it is the job that allows us to get up when we please in the morning that makes life one grand sweet song.

In Prayer.

Beyond the narrow years Thou send-
est me,
Flecked with their sun and shadow,
tears and wrong,
Grant me this glory, Father, this to
see,—
A world made happy in a world
made strong!

*
* *

The Kingbolt Philosopher,

“Them millionairs kin hev all the money they want en all the fun they kin git outen it,” said Uncle Ezra Mudge as he drew on his blue denim wampus and whistled for the hounds, “but I kin git more ra’a! fun en pure enjoyment outen a three hour ’coon-hunt with ole Lead ‘hen they git out-en all theyr tom-foolin’ aroun’ with awty-mobeels en yats en summer ree-sorts en sea-side foolishness. It takes mighty leetle money ter make a man happy thet loves his work, en all the millions they kin pile up in front of him wouldn’t buy a single beller from ole Lead on a hot trail! Come on, Lead!” And the old man strode away through the clearing with all a boy’s enthusiasm for the hunt.

The Little Boy Land,

I.

Away in the dim and the dusk of the
years

Lies the Little Boy Land of the Soul,
Where the days are alight with the
love that endears

And the lullabies tenderly roll;
Where the cares never come with
their burdens of woe

To the gates of the kingdom of day,
And the joys are supreme as the lit-
tle feet go

Through the glorified path ways of
play.

II.

There are beautiful curls in the
realms over there;

There are cheeks that are rosy and
glad;

There are eyes full of glee, never
clouded by care,

Never shadowed by tears that are
sad;

There are toys for the wishing,—tops,
marbles and strings,—

There are ponies no hand may con-
trol;

And the moments go by on their won-
derful wings

In the Little Boy Land of the Soul.

III.

There are mother's fond kisses, enraptured with love;
There are joys never sullied with stain;
There are dreams brighter far than the dreams born above,
And the raptures that banish all pain;
And the world is so good that it cannot be true,
And its paths lead to Heart's happy goal,
While the joys of content every longing imbue
In the Little Boy Land of the Soul.

IV.

O, Little Boy Land! How afar into wrong
From the vales of your virtues I roam!
How far, since the croon of her lullaby song
I have wandered from mother and home!
But here is a heart that can never forget
Where the joys of our kingdom s yet roll,
And I see through the mists of the eyes that are wet
All the Little Boy Land of the Soul!

Caught on the Fly,

Faith and hope count a hundred,
while idleness and discouragement
are getting ready to figure.

There are many different motives
concealed in the various compart-
ments of man's being, but Vanity
holds the key that unlocks them all.

* *
* *

The King-bolt Philosopher,

“The feller thet is so wibbly-wob-
bly thet he can't trust his own idees,”
said Uncle Ezra Mudge as he stopped
in the midst of his wood-chopping
and leaned up against a log to rest,
“is the kind of a feller who never
amounts ter shucks in a cow pen. It
takes a man who hez kep' hissself in
sich a condition thet he knows jist
whut he kin depend on when the
firin' begins, who allus wins in the
bayonet charge. En it don't pay to
fool aroun' huntin' up other people's
idees before you strike hard licks.
Ef you do, the chances air your
wood'll be scarce when the cold days
blow aroun'!” And the old man spat
on his hardened palms and went on
with his labor.

In the Best Society.

“It sho’ly costs like ebryti’ng to move in de bes’ socieety at Saint Looney!” said a newly arrived Guthrie coon to an old resident. “It jes’ erbout takes all de money yuh kin make to keep up wid de pace ob de high-flyahs in dat ole town. So I jes’ come down heah whar a pooah coon kin hab a good time en save some ob de coin on foh dollahs a week, en git in de bes’ culled socieety foh an ole banjo in de week days en two bits in de collection hat on de Sunday mohnin’s!”

* *
*

Be Strong to Dare.

Not he whose craven soul rejects the
fight

And flees abjectly from the boom-
ing strife

Achieves the summits of his greatest
might

Upon the blood-red battle-fields of
life.

Be strong to dare! And if the con-
flict’s lost,

Men boast the fight when misers
count the cost!

When Mr. Money Comes to Town,

When Mister Money comes to town,
The waiting thousands throng
The crowded highways up and down
To see him pass along;
They cheer him as he passes by,
They clap with loud acclaim,
And shout applauses to the sky
At mention of his name.

They push and jostle with delight
No matter what the day;
They follow him through all the night
To hear what he may say;
They leave old friends divinely sweet
To chase this new one down,
And fall devoutly at his feet
When Money comes to town.

Forgotten all the scenes of yore,—
The joys of other years;
The perfect bliss that went before
And gladdened toils and tears;
Behold! The old things pass away,
And new ones come to crown
The dazzling glories of the day
When Money comes to town.

O, Mister Money! What's your rush!
Why do you hurry so!

Entangled up in all the crush,
I can't get next, you know!
Just come and camp with me and
mine!

You'll never see us frown;
To have you with us will be fine
Whene'er you come to town!

* * *

Caught on the Fly.

When a man barter his honor for
money, he never gets a chance to rue
back.

Running this big world must be
quite a job, but every man who talks
politics thinks himself capable of
bossing the whole works.

The next crop that needs looking
up in the quotations is the length of
the pole required for the persimmons
about election day.

* * *

Feelín' Fine.

Roas'in' eahs dar on de stalk,—
Millons 'tween de rows;
Eb'ry t'ing a-makin' talk
Gin de crop ob woes;
Hebben come en settles down
On de millon vine;
Dis heah dahkey's shuah in town
Feelín' mos'ly fine!

The Little Feet,

Little feet that weary so
Down the dusty roads,
Pebbled are the paths you go
With your heavy loads,—
When the restless hours are o'er
And you cease to weep,
Little limbs shall ache no more
In the arms of sleep.

Little feet that weary so
On their journey long,
You shall lose the hurts you know
In the smiles of song!
All the lullabies of light,
All the smiles of play,
Romp across the darks of night
Into brightest day.

Little feet that weary so!
Come and let me take
All the heart-aches of your woe
For your baby's sake!
Cuddle on my lap, and flee
From the world's distress;
Let us run away and be
Where the fairies bless!

Caught on the Fly,

The fellow that "soldiers" too much in the hay-field generally soldiers too little in the battle-field of life.

The smile is a lightning-express train that carries you fast and far, while the frown is only a wheel-barrow that you have to push along.

In the battle of life, nothing is gained by deserting your guns to the enemy. Stand by them till the ammunition is gone, whether they are popguns or flint-locks.

* *
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If you ever feel inclined to blame a man for making mistakes, just look in the glass and behold the manner of man he is.

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The Sunday School is undoubtedly a good place for a boy, but as a corrective measure it cannot be compared to an apple-tree limb and a handy wood-shed.

* *
*

The folks who sit on the back-steps and worry about the future never catch any smiles from the present as she passes the front gate.

Love's Dream,

I.

Love gave me a Dream in the years
that have fled
From the glorified joys of her beautiful home,
And over the world of the living and
dead
It has followed forever wherever I
roam;
And over the mountains and through
the black night
It has guided my feet with its wonderful light.

II.

It has joyed at the triumphs that
came with renown,
And its rapture surpassed what the
multitudes knew;
It has grieved at the failure that lost
me the crown,
With a faithful devotion unknown
to but few;
Through Despair's heavy shadow and
Hope's holy gleam,
How my lips still were kissed by the
lips of the Dream!

III.

It has wept with my sorrow,—the
sorrow that fell
Where the heart battled hard with
the merciless foe;
It has laughed with my laughter
when fortune was well
And the blossoms of triumph were
blooming below;
And far through the black and the
bright of each year
It has followed my feet till it follow-
ed me here.

IV.

O, the Dream that has lived through
the years of the lost,
That with constancy shares all the
paths I have trod,
Never leave me alone till the harbor
is crossed
And I stand in the power and the
presence of God;
And on through the ages no glory
shall seem
Half so sweet as the love of my Dream,
—of my Dream!

The Frying Pan.

“With all your talk about necessary house-hold implements,” said Sooner Dave, “none of ’em is in it with the frying-pan,—just the common, ordinary, every-day frying pan, that you chuck under your buck-board or tie to your saddle-horn. These parlor ornaments, side-boards, new-fangeled stoves, potato-mashers, coffee-strainers and all the everlasting tribe of culinary jim-cracks have to turn out of the trail for the frying pan and give it the right of way.

“With the frying pan for his companion, the civilized idiot is at home any where,— prairie or woods, creek bank or deer-lick or prairie-chicken trysting place. With a frying pan and some bacon fat, home is never far away, and a full meal is so near that heaven comes close to the hungry man. It has fought more battles, made more forced marches and won more victories than Napoleon. It has surveyed lands, bunched cattle and soonered claims. It has done all the pioneering for the frontiers-man. In this one divine utensil, the wanderer fries his meat, bakes his flap-jacks and brews his coffee; and as they all

come steaming from its exalted circumference of life-sustaining food, what chafing-dish or modern steam-cooker was ever waited on by such a willing appetite?

“When I die,” continued Sooner Dave, “I want a frying pan chiseled on my tomb-stone; for it has been the sole companion of the truest happiness I have known in this world. And if over in the next world there is a chance to choose one’s crown after the style and finish the wearer may desire, I am going to take my faithful old frying pan along and wear it for a few thousand years just to show the angels how much a man can appreciate good things!”

* *
*

The Quest,

What matters bog or bramble of delay,—

The mountain slope or shore of ocean reeds?

Pursue thy goal! Thy feet shall find the way

Unerringly where thy One Vision leads!

To the World!

I.

To the world! To the world! Let us
 carol its song,
Let us conquer its grief and the wrath
 of its wrong,
Till the lilt of its laughter shall
 sweeten the sod
With the joys of the skies and the
 gladness of God!

II.

To the world! To the world! Where
 the gleam hides the gloom
And the lilies of love on the battle-
 fields bloom,—
Where the light of the longing lies
 low on the stream,
And the soul seeks the crown of his
 dream,—of his dream!

III.

To the world! To the world! To the
 world that we know
With its sunlights of love and its
 shadows of woe,—
To the world lifted up, lifted far to
 His face,
And the mercy that dwells in His
 bountiful grace!

IV.

To the world! To the world! It has
 beautiful years
With the pleasures of peace and the
 turmoil of tears,
And wherever the feet wander faint-
 ing or far
Every day is a sun, every night is a
 star!

V.

To the world! O, the world! Ah, the
 fruits of its soil
From the gardens of love drive the
 terrors of toil,
And the sins that embitter us leave
 us and then
We shall stand in His presence per-
 fected of men!



The Glory Train

Yondah stan's 'de gospel station
Whar de railroad runs away
Foh de house ob many mansions
Ober at de judgment day!
Bettah git a move on, sinnah!
Doan't yuh let yoh folks detain!
Hurry up an' git yuh ticket
Foh de glory train!

It's on time an' sho'lly comin'
Wid onmeasu'hed powah,
Wid the ingine flames a-spoutin'
Moah dan fohty miles an houah!
Doan't yuh stan' dar jes' a-foolin'!
Wid de jedgment on yoh brain!
Hurry up an git yoh ticket
Foh de glory train!

Preachah say yuh have ter hurry,
'Case de kyars go whizzin' by,—
Ef yuh want ter check yoh baggage
Foh de mansions high;
Bid farewell ter ebery pleasuah,
An' de bad wo'id's burnin' pain;
Hurry up an' git yoh ticket
Foh de glory train!

* *
* *

There are many dainties that hold attractions for the epicure, but in the strenuous times of campaign struggles they all give way to "pie."

The Bright Day.

The bright day, the bright day,
The shadows smiling through,—
The bright day, the bright day
Where Love looks up at you!
The bright day, the bright day!
The sorrows fade from view;
The white day, the light day,
The child heart always knew!
The bright day, the bright day!
The sun is golden there;
The sad clouds are glad clouds
And gone is every care.
The sky life, the high life,
Is waiting at the shore;
The bright day, the bright day,
Shining evermore!

*
* *

Caught on the Fly,

The wonder of it all is how a fool
can ever have any money to be part-
ed from.

When the efficient man appears,
there is no juggling with occasion or
ceremonious tradition. The instinct
of helpless selfishness clothes him on
the spot with robe and crown.

Shoot arrows at the sun, if you will;
but before you proceed to unload
your quiver in that direction, set

aside a sufficient reserve fund to discharge squarely at beef-steak and potatoes.

* *
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The King-bolt Philosopher,

"I heered tell," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "thet one of them-air brass-collared fellers down at St. Looey thinks he hez a baboon thet is the connectin' link betwixt men en monkeys. I seed the same thing over to Lumpkinsville the last time I wuz thar. I guess thet feller must hev gone down thar en caught it en put it in a cage. It wuz in some respects much like a human. It walk-ed on two legs en wore clothes, shoes, a shirt en a hat like a man. It wuz erbout the size ov a fourteen-yar ole boy, en it kep' on smokin' cigaretts all the time. A feller tole me thar it 'ud smoke six boxes ov 'em a day. I don't see whut's the use ov goin' clar to St. Looey to see a thing like thet, when they keep plenty ov 'em as near as Lumpkinsville! Stan'nin' right out on the main streets, too, en not chargin' a cent to look at it all ye want to!"

* *
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If you have the "good resolution habit" swear off on that and do business.

Little Sermons.

The man who has a good appetite needn't worry the Lord with any troubles.

If faith without works is dead, that of the average loafer must be worse than an Egyptian mummy.

The brother with the best lungs may pray the loudest, but that gives him no insurance of a cool place over yonder.

* *
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Pretty Good World.

Pretty good world,
If you know how to use it,
Pretty good life
If you never abuse it;
Jog along, brother,
Through pleasure and sorrow;
All will be lovely
With sunshine tomorrow!

* *
*

There are many patent ways to keep young these days, but we have observed that they all fail after a woman passes forty-five.

Don't estimate your engine power too high. Many a man with a \$5,000 education is too small for a 30-cent job.

We Sat and Talked of Other Days.

I.

We sat and talked of other days,—
two old and wrinkled men,—
Beyond the dreams of boyish hours
and all we fancied then,—
And as we talked our hearts grew
warm, and down the noiseless night
We romped again with golden feet
and hearts of pure delight.

II.

The dreams we dreamed when life
was young and all the world was new
Came back again from vanished ways
with raptures smiling through,
And all the high resolves of heart and
all the deeds of hand
Returned equipped with robe and
crown and showed the Promised
Land!

III.

We sat and talked of other days,—
the days that went away,—
Of child-hood's dreamy hours of joy
and child-hood's heart of play;
And as we talked of other days, for-
getting weal or woe,
The boys and girls came back again
across the Long Ago.

IV.

We knew this life of men and things
with all its griefs and glees

Is not a dream of pleasures sweet or
lilt of lullabies;
And yet despite the shadows deep
that o'er the sunshine fall,
'Tis always worth the living and its
songs are all in all.

V.

We sat and talked of other days! O,
days that died unfelt,
Where innocence was crowned with
love and all the virtues dwelt;
And in our hearts we sadly knew,
whate'er the sages say,
That Heaven romps with us no more
since those days went away!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly,

Finding fault is not hard work, but
it is a great waste of valuable time.

"Food for thought" is a popular
and necessary brand, but the hungry
man entirely overlooks it on the bill
of fare.

If you would have a soft berth in
this world, you must first run the
full-feathered goose down and then
do the plucking by your own main
strength.

The World All Right,

Don't sing of a bright world
That waits "over there,"
But warble of this world
And banish your care;
Beyond the dark valley,
Sweet heaven may be,
But the world is all right
And it's all here for me!

It has a few shadows
And something of tears,
But they only make brighter
The beautiful years;
And this world is so jolly
Whatever may grieve
That I'm not in a hurry
To pull up and leave!

*
* *
*

The Kingbolt Philosopher.

'I've noticed," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "thet many en many a time it ain't knowin' how to git up thet makes a success of a man so much ez knowin' how to git down. Sooner er later a tumble comes rollin' along fer the best of fellers, en before he knows what's a-comin' he's clear down at the bottom of the pile. The feller thet kin git up a-laffin' under sich peculierr sarcumstances is the feller

thet wins out en is on top when
Gabriel goes to tootin' of his horn;
but the feller thet mopes aroun' en
talks erbout whut he hez bin instid
of tellin' whut he's a goin' ter be is
kivered over in the scrap-heap, world
with out end, fereverenever, Amen!"
And the old man knocked the ashes
from his Missouri meerschaum and
ambled into the kitchen where the
long green hung.

* * *

God Give Us Change!

God give us change! The days are
long

With labors hard that make us
weary,

And o'er the gladness of each song
There floats a cadence somewhat
dreary;

We'd like to loaf awhile, for—say—
Some five or ter sweet years, or
twenty,

And chase the dull cares all away;
God give us change and give us
plenty!

God give us change! The dull days
flow

With quietude that palls a little;
Just anything to make it go
And heat the steam up in the ket-
tle;

No matter how the fortunes kind
In dull monotony prove pleasant,
We'd rather mix things up and find
A stirring scramble of the present!
We do not ask for all the gifts
To fall upon us in a tumble;
A very few where life's boat drifts
Will keep us happy through the
jumble;
We only ask the mirth of men,—
Where'er we be we'll always love it,
And if the big bills vanish, then
God give us change and plenty of it!

* * *

"The Sooners".

The "Sooners" may have their faults, but as a general proposition they are to be preferred to the "laters." Every good thing that has blest mankind since Adam had his celebrated adventure with green goods in the Garden of Eden, has been discovered, invented, dug out or dug up, by a "sooner." He has always been a dare-devil whose courage was so prominent as to attract the envy and malice of every "later" that whittled dry-goods boxes into splinters and used his time to cuss "the government." God bless the whole "sooner" tribe, say I, from Adam down to General Kuroki!

The home lights! The home lights!
How they blaze and burn
Through the darkness of the shadows
Everywhere we turn!
What if stormy weather gather
On the hills we roam,
We shall refuge find forever
In the lights of home!

* *
*

Stand Pat.

In the mighty game of life,
Stand pat!
Don't be moved by storm or strife,
Stand pat!
Keep within your heart a song,
And the days will not be long,
Till you conquer every wrong,—
Stand pat, stand pat!
Don't be bluffed by this or that,—
Stand pat!
Half the howls are chitter-chat,—
Stand pat!
When you hold the ruling hand
You are always in command,
And you'll surely beat the band.—
Stand pat, stand pat!
There's no need to draw or fill,
Stand pat!
Play your cards to make a kill,
Stand pat!

If there's one that wants to raise,
Back your last chip while he plays
Till the chump no longer stays,—
Stand pat, stand pat!

There's a stack of reds and blues,
Stand pat!

For the chap that knows their use,
Stand pat!

When the game is o'er and won
Are the stakes that urged us on,
God will cash our chips at dawn,—
Stand pat, stand pat!

* *
*

The Valleys of Rest,

I.

What matters, it, Dear, though the
burdens be sore?
In the Valleys of Rest we shall weary
no more,
And the music of mirth with its solace
shall sing
All the songs of delight the beati-
tudes bring!

II.

Nevermore shall the days with the
sorrows be sad
Where the love-roses bloom and the
joy-mornings glad--
Where the violets dream through the
east and the west

Of the beautiful lands in the Valleys
of Rest!

III.

There the heart from its grief in a
moment shall cease,
And the soul hush its cries in the
cadence of peace,
And the life with the laughter of
rhapsody blest
Shall rejoice through the years in the
Valleys of Rest.

IV.

O, the dear dreams that fled down
the deeps of the past
That await with their welcomes our
coming at last;
And the lips of our love that our lips
never pressed
Smiling there for their own in the
Valleys of Rest!

V.

O, the raptures that stay for our
glorified feet
When the joys of the past and the
future shall meet,—
When the hopes of the years shall
return from their quest
For the love-crowns of life in the
Valleys of Rest!

VI.

Ah, the days, Dear, the days with
their griefs and their glees
Sail away on swift ships o'er eternity's
seas;
But at last we shall anchor with Love
for our guest
On the Paradise shores by the Val-
leys of Rest!

* *
*

The Ignorance of the Court.

They tell a good story over at Guthrie at Judge Burford's expense. Recently, an old Tennessee darkey, charged with stealing chickens, was brought into court for trial. The facts were all against him. He had no attorney, and when the Judge asked him if he wanted an attorney appointed to defend him, he declared that he did not.

"But you are entitled to a lawyer," the court explained, "and you might as well have the benefit of his services!"

"Yoh Honah would jes' a 'pint me some ob dese hyah po'ah white trash lawyehs," the old darkey replied, "an' he wouldn't do me no good. Ef it's jes' de same to you, jedge, I'd ruztah depen' on de ignorance ob de couht!"

The Quest for Joy.

I.

A phantom I follow forever through
all of the shadow and shine,
Whose face is fair as the blossom,
whose form is as warm as the wine;
Whose lips are as sweet as the dew-
falls that velvet the mornings of
June,
And eyes as the deep stars of Autumn
that glow in the glories of noon!

II.

A phantom I follow forever! Yet
never on ocean or land
Have I heard the sweet voice of her
music or leaped at the thrill of
her hand,
And never, ah, never a greeting she
gives that is tender and kind,
As I follow through mazes of beauty
where flowers in her foot-steps I
find!

III.

A phantom I follow forever! What
matter though careless of me,
She drifts to the sands of the desert
and sails on the wave-tossing sea?
With foot never parched by the bar-
rens, with boat never broken by
storm,
I follow, I follow her passing and
clutch at the wraith of her form!

IV.

And still I will follow the phantom!
Whatever the questing may seem
I'll conquer the spoil of her glory
and climb to the crown of her
dream;

And over the deeps of my yearning
and over the hills of my hope,
She leads and I follow forever, wher-
ever her phantasies grope!

V.

And there at the last I shall find her—
the angel that led me afar,—
And we shall rejoice in the raptures
where all the beatitudes are;
And whether the journey be little, or
whether the journey be long,
I press the red lips of her beauty and
leap at the lilt of her song!

* *
* *
* *

Caught on the Fly.

When Misfortune concludes to pay
you a visit, she pushes the door open
and walks in without knocking.

Woman's inhumanity to man,—
the one she has and the other she
wants,—maketh the divorce lawyer
fat with ali-money.

Temptation is the dangerous bana-
na-peel on the side-walk of upright

conduct; and even the bare foot some-
times takes a fall-down.

* *
*

Too Busy.

Trouble will double
If trouble gets room,
But will pine if you leave her
And die in her gloom;
For trouble is lonesome
And moans from the start
If you face her with firmness
And lock up your heart

Sorrow will borrow
Wherever she can,
But will leave when you tell her
You're never her man;
Don't flirt with the vixen,
Don't welcome her face,
But exhort her to leave you
For some warmer place.

Make Trouble and Sorrow,—
The couple that moans—
Keep out of your pathway
And limp on the stones.
Just let them go weeping
Through all of the years;
For a man is too busy
To join in their tears.

* *
*

“When the Crow’s Feet Come.”

When we reach the Land of Forty,
And the hot blood cools a jot,
There’s a mighty sight of changes
In our vision, like as not;
And we sober down a little
As we figure up life’s sum
When we waken in the morning
And the crow’s feet come.

When they scratch their little wrinkles
Round the corner of the eyes
We begin to chase the creatures
In a horrified surprise;
But they cling with cool persistence
And our hearts are stricken dumb
For we know they’ll never leave us
When the crow’s feet come.

We may tonic and cosmetic,
We may take our beauty sleep;
We may rub and punch and powder
But the claws go deep and deep;
And before we understand it
All our beauty’s on the bum
For the years are turning yellow
When the crow’s feet come!

But it’s all the way of Nature!
There’s no use to sob or sigh,
’Cause the chin takes on a wobble
And the wrinkles wrap the eye;
If we heap our hearts with gladness
Life with music still shall hum,
Though we reach the Land of Forty
And the crow’s feet come!

A Welcome for Winter.

I.

A welcome for Winter! Though summer shall fade,
There is joy on the prairies her bounties have made,
And the Land of the Sunshine all happiness knows
Through the days of the shadows and nights of the snows!

II.

A welcome for Winter! What matters the cold
Which the harvest has warmed with the russet and gold?
All the valleys of plenty shall laugh through the white
Of the snow-laden day and the storm-ridden night.

III.

A welcome for Winter! Though June, rosy red,
Has plucked all her blossoms and frightened far fled,
There are hives with their honeys and granaries sweet,
And the fiddles of music with spring for the feet!

IV.

A welcome for Winter! If far from
the days
All the lilies have gone from the
violet ways,
There is joy that will dance o'er the
meadows and sing,
Where the carols of plenty their
blessedness bring.

V.

Then, ho, for the Winter! There's
love on the hills,
There is laughter and peace by the
ice-covered rills,
And the hearts shall rejoice in the
songs that arise
In the raptures that roll under storm-
laden skies!

* * *

Caught on the Fly.

Some people act on an idea that
work is so sacred they fear to touch
it least they profane its divine nature.

Opportunity is a beautiful bird, but
so shy that it feeds on the wing and
never alights long enough for a com-
mon man to pluck its plumage.

Every man has within him the es-
sentials of exalted greatness; but
most of us are so enmeshed in small

follies that the greatness cannot
break through.

*
* *

The King-bolt Philosopher,

“I’ve lived off en on in this land
of Trouble fer mor’n seventy years,”
said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he adjust-
ed a shingle-nail in place of a missing
button for a suspender hold. “En I
never yit got a chance ter shake
han’s with him. I hev hearn tell
thet he is a mighty big feller, but my
observation is thet when you onct
git up close to whayre he’s a-stayin’,
he shrivels up so under a brave look
frum honest eyes thet you hev ter
git a maggifyin’ g!ass ter diskiver the
kind ov an animile he actu’lly is!”

* *
*

When Willie Goes to School,

When Willie goes to school, it seems
The house has lost its light,
And silence like a shadow dreams
Of sunshine out of sight;
The place assumes a somber air,
And lonely musings rule
The moments slowly passing there
When Willie goes to school.
We hustle him from bed, and tell
To quickly wash and comb,

His breakfast eat, and gather well
The books he carried home;
We brush his coat and fix his tie,
And with him fuss and fool,
And kiss him as he hurries by
When Willie goes to school.

And all day long we anxious wait
To hear his foot-steps fast,
Make music sweet there at the gate
When he comes home at last!
The lonely heart with rapture fills
And life's hot warrings cool,
And all the home with laughter thrills
When Willie comes from school!

Ah, World, the school that young
hearts seek!

We know full well that you
Will keep him long at tasks that
speak

Of books and ferule, too!
God grant that in the far-off years
He finds no dunce's stool,
Whereon to weep with foolish tears
When Willie goes to school!

* *

'Tis Morning on the Hill-tops.

I.

What though the valleys wander in
shadows manifold?

'Tis morning on the hill-tops and all
the skies are gold,
And on the purple summits the rap-
tures of the blest
Are crooning their evangels and sing-
ing songs of rest!

II,

'Tis morning on the hill-tops? The
darkness at the feet
Shall blossom at the dawning with
all the roses sweet,
And every grief we gather and every
tear we know
Shall vanish into gladness as up the
paths we go.

III.

'Tis morning on the hill-tops! The
glories of His love
With life and light supernal are
waiting there above,
And up the slopes of shadow our
weary feet shall climb
To kiss the smiles of rapture beyond
the tears of time.

IV.

'Tis morning on the hill-tops! What
matters sob or sin?
The Master waits our coming and
welcomes us within;

And there beyond the shadows where
 gladness reigns alway
We'll meet the hosts of morning, and
 dwell with them for aye.

V.

O, Morning on the Hill-tops! The
 dim eyes look to you,
Beyond the darkened valleys and all
 the griefs they knew,
And to the sunshine waiting in realms
 of rhapsody,
The paths lead on and upward to
 where you wait for me!

* *
*

The Defeated.

Not he who loses but who fails to
 fight,
 In God's long years reaps harvest-
 ings of blame;
Not he the blind but who destroys the
 sight
 Receives the curses of the ages'
 blame!

* *
*

See the Side-Show.

When you visit at the circus
 And behold the steeds bedight,
And the hoops and rings and races
 And the clowns that make delight,-
You will miss the happy touches
 That complete your broadest grin
If you see the main performance
 And don't take the side-show in.

There'll be high and lofty tumbles,
There'll be acrobatic feats,
There'll be leaps and bounds and
twistings,

That will lift you from your seats;
But with all the glare and glitter,
You'll but know the fun begin,
If you see the main performance
And don't take the side-show in.

There'll be elephants and lions.
There'll be bears and tigers, too;
There'll be clowns in robes and
spangles

All to please the boy in you;
But the raptures of your goodness
Nothing can completely win,
If you see the main performance
And don't take the side-show in.

Life is something of a circus:
It has half a hundred rings
Where its jumbled aggregation
Earth's attractions to you brings;
But they leave the heart still heavy
As it stirs with stress and din,
If you see the main performance
And don't take the side-show in!

* *
*

Voting Around,

"Well, Sam, how's cotton-picking getting along?" asked a white man of his colored neighbor .

"Hain't doin' any cotton-pickin' yit," replied Sam. 'Lection time's a-comin' an' I'm jes' a-votin' erroun' tell the candahdates quit runnin'!"

Little Sermons.

Religion is too often what the other fellow out to practice.

Good never bears any fruit for you, except when cultivated in your own heart.

The devil always has a patent medicine recommended to cure trouble and increase pleasure.

Examine the looks of your conscience. It may be only prejudice that has placed its hand-baggage in the wrong room.

We are always glad to gather the harvest, which is abundant for the whole world, but are willing to leave the weed-pulling to the other fellow.

* * *

Love Brings the Song,

What if there's trouble
And what if there's wrong?
God sends the sunshine
And Love brings the song!

What if you stumble
When racing it strong?
Love will uplift you,
For Love brings the song!

Bury your troubles,
And life will be long:
God sends the sunshine
And Love brings the song!

Mistah Cotton:

Mistah Cotton come toh me
In de young spring-time,
En he say, say he toh me,
“Sambo, bet yuh dime,
Dat you’ll never pick dat patch!
Dat I’ll fool yuh crap,
Fer de weeds’ll make a catch
En de bolls’ll drap!”
Den I chase him up en down,
En I take his bet;
Chop dat cotton clar toh town;
How dis niggəh sweat!
En I plow him sho’ly fine,—
Wo’k him day en night,
En de fust t’ing, how he shine
Wid de rows ob white!
Mistah Cotton, doan’t yuh t’ink
Yuh kin fool me now;
I’ll dis pick yuh quick es wink,—
Lemme show yuh how!
- Pile yuh in de wagon-bed,
Sell yuh, ting a ling!
How de silvah-dallahs spread
Dat sweet song dey sing!

* *
*

Don’t use a telescope to discover your neighbor’s faults. Even the sun has a few spots, but it would be a cold day for you without the glory of his shine.

Hear the Song.

I

There are dark and gloomy corners
full of sorrow, like as not,
But the world is glad with music
and it carols everywhere;
And if now and then a shadow dwells
upon a little spot,
These is sunshine on the meadows
and the wide ways laugh at care.
O, my children! Don't you worry,
As you go along;
Let your life be glad and cheerful
And you'll hear the Song!

II.

As we wander down the valleys where
the griefs of life assail,
We will find a few obstructions
that are heaping in the road;
But with feet that never weary and
with hearts that never quail,
We shall mount the glory-summits
to the Summer-lands' abode.
O, my children! Don't you weary
As you go along;
Climb the path-ways to the hill-
tops,
And you'll hear the Song!

III.

You will bend beneath the burdens
as you meet the toils of life,
And your arms will ache a little
as you labor down the way;
But the rest of God's perfection waits
beyond the bitter strife.

And He crowns the souls that
struggle with His Everlasting
Day!

O, my children! Don't you mur-
mur,
As you go along;
Look above to God's Anointed,
And you'll hear the Song!

* * *

Caught on the Fly,

When Love leaves life, Laughter
packs up her things and gets ready
to move.

When Hope dies in the heart, all
its poor relations refuse to remain
for the funeral services.

The people who are all the time
trying to manage other people should
remember that though Providence
created Man in His own image, it has
been unable to manage him ever
since.

"When Canderdates Git After Pa."

When canderdates git after Pa,
Set up seegars, an' tell him flat
How big a man he is, and Ma
How good she cooks, an' all of
that,

I slip aroun' an' let 'em know
I'm something on the homestead,
too,

Fer onct upon a time or so
They'll hand a nickel out fer you!

When they come here, it's mighty
fine!

Pa stops the team, an' work we
quit

An' them there fellere stays to dine
An' talk the day-lights outen it!

They tell us how the gover'ment
Is goin' on, an' quote the law

An' tell their choice fer president,
When canderdates git after Pa!

An' then they'll brag about his
farm;

How fine his hogs an' hosses air;
How slick his cattle, till my arm

Gits tired at all the jollies there!
An' then they tell Ma she's a peach,

A honey-lulu without flaw,
A angel fur beyond their reach,

When canderdates git after Pa.

When after dinner they hitch up
He sends me out to feed the
shoats,
An' then they drink with nary cup
An' talk about the township
votes;
An' after they git gone, Pa he
Has got a breath that's orful raw;
But I tell you it's nuts to me
When canderdates git after Pa!

* *
*

Don't Worry.

O, brother, don't you worry,—
Don't you sob or sigh;
Just soak yourself with sunshine
And let the world go by!
What matters all, my brother.
The world may do or say?
For you and I outlive the sky
And it lives but a day!

* *
*

Keep at work, my brother;
Keep at work I say!
There's not a cosy corner
For lazy ones that play;
And as through life you labor
And gladly jog along,
Just soak yourself with sunshine
And fill your heart with song!

Little Sermons.

If Heaven is too far away for you to reach out and shake hands with it, there is something wrong with your conduct.

If this life isn't worth living well, how do you expect to take one with you into another world that will be worth any more?

While you are praying for the unregenerate sinners of this world, don't forget to put in a word now and then for your own personal benefit.

* * *

"The Lord is Good to Me,"

"The Lord is good to me!" he said,

As on his bended knees he knelt
Above his meager crust of bread

And voiced the gratitude he felt;
And from his supplications, he

Arose with strength renewed to face
The pinchings of his poverty,

The sorrows of his humble place.

"The Lord is good to me!" she prayed

Above her sleeping babe at rest,
While smiles of exaltation played

Across her features, care oppressed;
And from the crib of anguish where

The fever-wasted baby slept

She happy slipped away from care

And all the anxious tears she wept.

“The Lord is good to me!” he cried
‘Mid life’s wild wreck as close he
grasped

The scattered fragments to his side
Of millions lost that once he clasped;
And with a peace and thankfulness
He never knew when Fortune
smiled,

He put behind him all distress
And laughed as lightly as a child.

“The Lord is good to me!” How
slight

The gifts of God we grateful bless,
While countless treasures of delight
Escape the praise of thankfulness!
Through days of sunshine and of rain,
Through nights of griefs and rhapsody,

How I forget with high disdain
How much the Lord is good to me!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

In these days of beef trust domination, every man is known by the breakfast food he eats.

The charity that covers a multitude of sins generally runs mighty short of blankets in the winter time.

Fishing poles are now out of date, but the candidates are bidding mighty lively for the pole that is long enough to reach the persimmon.

A Doubtful Voter.

“Well, Jimmy, how’s your Pa getting along with his corn-shucking and cotton picking?” inquired Bill Smith of his neighbor’s son, which neighbor was noted for his industry and thrifty habits.

“Pap’s gittin’ erlong fine with ’em,” answered the boy. “Ye see there’s five county tickets in the field a-runnin’ this year, an’ pap’s a doubtful voter; an’ whenever a candidate comes, pap jes’ goes erlong shuckin’ corn or pickin’ cotton, an’ the candidate helps him fer the sake of comp’ny. We’ve got all our corn shucked, en ef we hev no bad weather, there won’t be cotton enough left to pick by ’lection, day to lirt yer whiskers with!”

* * *

Another Vintage.

“It is more of the Spirit of ’76 that we need!” shouted the campaign orator.

“I haven’t any of the spirits of ’76,” broke in a bystander in the audience. “But I’ve a quart of ‘white mule’ here in my pocket as fine as was ever brewed, if that will relieve your wants any!”

Providence Takes Care of his Own.

“De Lawd am pow’ful good to de cullid fokes,” said a negro philosopher speaking from his dusky meditations. “No soonah am de wohtan-millions gone de way ob all de yarth dan de pahsimmons git ripe ernuff ton make de possum fat, bress de Lawd!”

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Forgotten,

He conquered all the foes that bannered wrong;
He strove with might and did heroic deeds;
Yet nameless he; for to his lofty meeds
None wrought the immortality of song.

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*
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Give Us More.

No matter how the world may go,
How high it heaps our store,
For all the joys that banish woe
We always wish for more!
And from the cares that fume and fret,
We cry as e’er before:
“We thank thee, Lord, for what we get,
But give us more,—still more!”

In Yearning Mood,

I.

Turn back, O Time, to where the
young years rove
And smile with rosy lips and sing
through joyous days;
The dull feet grow so heavy, and so
far the ways
They wander from my love!

II,

It was not this world where the danc-
ing feet
Kept pace with joy and leaped
through lanes of perfect hours;
It was that far-off world that sang
with birds and flowers,
And all the raptures sweet.

III

It was not this world where our
glad lips clung,
And close between the long-drawn
kisses fondly told
Of dreams revealed not and of
ecstasies that rolled
From glad hearts always young!

IV.

The dream-face beckons yonder,—
beckons o'er
The long years fled afar and lapse
of longing days,

Who leaned against my bosom in
the love-wreathed ways,
Then fled, and came no more!

V.

Turn turn, O, Time, and lead with
thy hard hands

Me like a child back where two
young hearts fondly met:

A music laughs there always, and
beyond the dim eyes wet
Love rules her perfect lands!

* * *

On the Road to Riches.

“What are you foolin’ with now,
John?” Asked the inquisitive neighbor
of John who was always inventing
something that he thought
would bring him fame and fortune.

“I’m on the right track at last,”
replied John gleefully. “I’m inventin’
a pole that will knock the persimmons,
an’ if I can only make it work,
I’ll be a millionaire in fourteen
minutes, selling out to the candidates
that are running for office this year!”

* * *

A little life in which to do

The little deeds that rise before;

A little love, a song or two,

And then the little life is o’er!

**"When Troubles Come, My
Honey,"**

When troubles come, my honey,
And sorrows dark the sky,
We'll seek the cave of faithful love
And watch the clouds go by;
A refuge safe, my honey,
From all the storm and strife,
Where joy shall keep the strong heart
young
Through all the cares of life.

Then come with me, my honey;
What though the wild winds blow?
With hand and heart true love shall
keep
Us safe through weal and woe!
The storm-clouds dark, my honey,
May fret the deep blue sky,
But love shall keep us smiling still
Of bright days by and by!

* *
* *

Be Patient,

Don't you lose your stock of patience
When the world seems going wrong:
It was here before you found it
With its happiness and song;
And it's altogether likely
That it's pretty sure to stay
With its music and its blossoms
After you have gone away.

And no matter how you labor
Smoothing down the rocky way,
On the paths where men shall wander
It is likely stones will stay.
Here and there the little pebbles
You may banish one by one,
But the mountains rise forever
And your work is never done.
Don't despair! What use to worry
When the load you have to leave?
Other hands and hearts will follow
And the heavy task receive;
Do your own part to the limit!
Give it all the strength you can,
And as sure as God is ruling
He will crown you all a Man!
Step by step the world advances
Up the long and slippery slope:
Step by step it slow upwanders
Through the valleys of its hope:
Leave the tasks that rise beyond you!
Do the little deeds you can,
And the millions coming after
Shall complete what you began!

* *
*

The Good Book tells us that the
Master went about doing good while
he stayed in the world, and so we are
not surprised when it tells about his
welcome to the glory-land.

To the Light.

I.

To the Light! To the Light! Let us
climb to the Star
That is swinging above where the
benisons are,
Till we rest in the meadows where
blossom above
All the daisies of Peace and the roses
of Love!

II.

From the dim and the dusk of the
blood-sprinkled years,
How the nations have toiled from
the valleys of tears,—
How the races have groped through
the shadows of Wrong
To the gladness of Joy and the music
of Song!

III.

And the Man with the Race, how he
leaps from the woe
Of the battle fields dead and the sor-
rows they know,—
How he gathers his tents from the
dark of the night
Till he finds a sweet home in the
gardens of light!

IV.

Oh, the thousands that fell by the
mountains and stream

Where the men of the past spilt their
blood for a dream!
How the feet, ever striving, slow
stepped from the past
Till they found the sweet music of
rapture at last!

V.

To the Light! To the Light! Yonder
still shines the Star
That is waiting for us where the ben-
isons are,
And there in the meadows that blos-
som above
We shall gather in peace all the roses
of Love!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Some people do all they can to
make others uncomfortable, and call
it their religion.

The love which is so superfine that
it can't find a place for its home in
this world is entirely too good for a
hearty welcome in the next one.

The reason why the preachers
don't have larger congregations must
be on account of their not wanting
to call the sinners but the righteous
to repentance, and there is always
plenty of room.

In the Light,

Keep in the sunshine, brother!

Walk in the golden light;

The shadows are over yonder,

And there is the night, the Night!

Keep in the sunshine, brother!

It gleams on the grayest slope,

It smiles with the lips of pleasure,

And laughs with the lips of hope.

Keep in the sunshine, brother!

It gladdens the world with light;

The shadows are over yonder,

And there is the night, the Night!

* * *

Little Sermons.

However we may measure it, the heart of the world is always greatly bigger than its head.

Love will stir the heart into laughter when all the gold of Ophir only brings a snow-storm to life's roses.

That work is only worthy which adds something to the store of things that contribute multiplied joys to the lives of men.

God loves a mute but kindly tongue six days in the week more than a yawping mouth of prayer on the seventh day.

Wanted to Hide

“What art thou, miserable creature!” shouted Pluto in a great rage as he beheld a shrinking, cowering form, hiding away in the deepest shadows

“Pardon me, O, god of the realm of darkness,” implored the miserable shade. “I am an ante-election prophecy, and am only trying to hide myself away and be forgotten forever more!”

“Poor thing, go and sin no more!” replied the king of shadows with a great pity in his voice. “Thy punishment is, indeed, deserved!” And he strode away to stir up the animals in another quarter of his dominions.

* *
*

Little Sermons.

The thankfulness of some people stops in saying grace at the table before meals.

It isn't always the front seats that are occupied by His humblest children, when the collection plate gets busy.

The religion that is so brief as to last only a few hours on Sunday can be at home in a place too warm to cut ice in the great hereafter.

The Sunshine Song.

I.

It's no matter what your sorrows,
they will vanish sure and soon
If you'll only use your whistle on the
sunshine's golden tune;
And no matter what the weather nor
how the troubles throng,
If you practice on the music of the
sunshine's happy song.

II.

What's the use to pout and pester
when the joy-bells cease to chime?
Sweet the daisies fill the meadow and
they blossom all the time!
Keep your heart heaped up with glad-
ness and a faith that's full and
strong.
And through all the ways of winter
sing the blessed sunshine song!

III.

If the mountain path is steeper than
your easy fancies thought,
Keep on climbing for the summits
and the glories that you sought;
And if winter comes and pelts you
with the snows that crowd along,
Lift your heart and feet together to
the sunshine's golden song.

IV.

Over yonder bloom the lilies and the
roses and the life;
What shall matter all the brambles
and the underbrush of strife?
Don't you hear the angel carols rising
o'er the cries of wrong?
Ope your heart and fill to bursting
with the sunshine's blessed song!

V.

O, my brother, don't you worry! Up
and down this world we go
Where the summer brings the blossoms
and the winter brings the
snow;
But it's spring the wide world over as
through life we push along
If the heart is full of music and we
sing the sunshine song!

* *

Little Sermons.

In a glad smile from a clean
heart there was never room for evil
to find a place to plant a suggestion
of wrong doing.

It may be wrong for some folks to
dance, but the devil would rather
have some people talk about their
neighbors a minute than to dance a
whole week. They can do so much
better job at it.

The Lights of Home.

I.

Heave ho, the anchor, laddies! The
ocean rolls before;
We'll climb the waves undaunted
and search the far off shore;
We'll breast the angry breakers
that on the beaches comb
And sail, ah, sail, my hearties, for
harbor-lights of home!

II.

'Tis far the ships have drifted across
the booming seas;
'Tis far our sails have darkened with
toils and agonies;
'Tis far that youth has wandered
where life's deep sorrows come—
But ho, my lads, we're sailing for
harbor-lights of home!

III.

Beyond the raging tempest, beyond
the waves that roar,
There waits the peaceful harbor and
lights upon the shore;
And when the voyage ceases, beyond
the farthest foam
We'll anchor there forever 'neath
harbor-lights of home!

IV

Then weigh the anchor, laddies!
The ship of life shall sail
Once more to youth's glad mornings
and joys that never fail;
No matter how the weather, how
far the course may roam,
There always shines a welcome in
harbor-lights of home!

* * *

Caught on the Fly,

Life is a great university, but it offers no post-graduate course for its pupils.

Prejudice plays the fool, when mere lack of sense would be the highest wisdom.

Too many people forsake praising God for the pleasures they have in order to pray for trouble they haven't.

However you may shape things up, there is more down fool prejudice about politics than anything else in this world except Mormonism and religion.

One of the strangest things in the economies of this world is that the poor people who need money never have it and the rich people who don't need it have more than they can use.

"When the Campaign Liar Quits."

When the hurrah days are over
And the ballots all are cast,
There's perchance a tinge of sadness,
Over glories that are past;
But we have our compensations;
For no matter how it flits
There's a joy that beats unbounded
When the campaign liar quits!

While the red fire and the rockets
Fill the skies with rosy glare,
There's a kind of inspiration
In the shouts and music there;
But we pass it up with madness
And contentment on us sits,
When the ballots all are counted
And the campaign liar quits!

He is trained in facts and figures,
He's a prodigy, in sooth;
He can tell the smoothest story,
But he shies away from truth;
So we gladly lose the glory,
(It was never worth two bits!)
When the ballots all are counted
And the campaign liar quits!

So, no matter how it ended!
Whether your men lost or mine,
We can shake hands all together
O'er this recompense divine;

For we have a joy that pleases,—
That exalts our blessed wits;
And we know when all is over
That the campaign liar quits!

* *
*

Thank the Lord for Work,
Never pray for idle hours,—
Never try to shrink;
But with all your honest powers
Thank the Lord for work!
Labor brings the pleasures high
And the joys that thrive,—
Where men laugh and where men cry,
Dearest thing alive!
Thank the Lord for strength to toil,—
Thank him day by day,—
Son of sky or son of soil
On life's vagrant way.
With a soul that fearless grows
And a good arm strong,
Joyously the glad heart goes
Up the world of song!

* *
*

There was a young lady from Beaver
Who feared that her fellow would
leave her;
So she popped to her beau;
But he answered her "Neau"!
And she called him a heartless de-
ceiver!

“Sing a Song of Sunshine.”

Sing a song of sunshine!

Life is full of bliss;

'Nother over yonder

Just as good as this;

When the trouble's over,

And the waiting long,

We will sing the music

Of the sunshine song!

* *
*

Mighty Lonesome

“Things am might lonesome er-
roun' de cabin now,” said old Black
Mose. “Lecton is ober, en de
candahdates am all quit runnin' so
suddenly dat nary one ob em's bin
hyar fer two whole days, en de chil-
luns am all outen side-meat!”

* *
*

Caught on the Fly,

Merit generally wins, but some-
times it is the doped horse in the
swift race.

The fellow who starts out to do
the greatest good to the greatest num-
ber, generally concludes that the
greatest number is No. 1.

Amid the thunder and the crash of
worlds, the chief question after all is
how to get the most bread and butter
with the least hard work.

Better Hide Out

Mockin' bird up yander,
Singin' in de trees,
Clean fohgit it's wintah,
An' de time toh freeze!
Bettah hide out, Mistah,
'Foh yuh stahve to def!
Wintah's gwine toh git yuh
Foh yuh ketch yoh bref!

* * *

Though the world of care and the
griefs that cry
May burden the years with a sob and
sigh,
Yet with one true heart and a hand
that stays
There's a rose for the snows of the
wintry days!

* * *

Caught on the Fly

A little laughter, a little love and
something of tears, and then the cur-
tain falls on the great drama of
this life.

No doubt, Adam had many bad
habits, but he never walked about
with hands in his pockets until after
Eve started the first tailor shop.

Some men's consciences are so
worthless that if put up and sold to
the highest bidder, the auctioneer
would have to call off the sale.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

Dear Lord, for all the joyous days
Thy loving hands to us have told
We thank thee humbly, and we
praise

Thy wondrous mercies manifold!

We thank thee for thy gifts of love,
Thy blessed benisons of good,
For all thy mercies born above,
And every fond beatitude.

For all the blessings thou hast sent,—
For paths that led us far from
wrong,—

For holy joys and sweet content,
We praise thee with our hearts of
song.

From thy rich treasuries above
Thy freest bounties full have come
To swell the laughters of our love
Around the happy hearths of home.

The fields have borne abundant
store;

The roses and the lilies white
Have crowned the prairies and the
shore

With raptures of their love and
light.

The orchards bend with fruitage tall,
And plenty rules from sea to sea,

And at the Harvest Home we call,
Dear Lord, in thankfulness to
thee!

Through mingled ways of shine and
shade

Thou hast our foot-steps guided
far,

And all our pilgrimages made
Glad journeys under sun and star.

Our sacrifice, O Lord, we bring!

Thou hast sufficed for every need;
Bless thou the meager offering
Of vagrant heart, imperfect deed!

And be our Keeper through the
night,

And through the long years of our
quest,

Till thou shalt welcome to delight
And lead us in the ways of rest!

* *
*

Duly Thankful.

“Lawd, we am mighty thankful foh
all dat we hab received fum thy
bouuteefu’ han’s!” prayed the rev-
erent darkey; “en above all, we am
thankful dat de sheriff nebber got
érroun’ to take de ole mule erway
'foh de cotton crop got tended to!”

"When Pa Puts Up the Stove,"

'Long in the fall when it gits cold

An' Ma takes on the shakes,
Then Ma at Pa will talk an' scold,

"The kids'll freeze, my sakes!"

Then Pa he ties a aprun on

An' mittens double wove,
An' we kids know we'll have some fun
When Pa puts up the stove!

He grabs the pipe he laid away

There in the attic high,
An' jumps aroul' jes' lively! Say,
My Pa is orful spry!

He dumps the soot upon the stairs,

An' gits blacked like a cove,
An' what he talks ain't sayin' prayers
When Pa puts up the stove!

He cuts his fingers some, an' grows

All black an' white in turn,
An' that bald place his old head
knows

Gits red ernough to burn;
An' when we laugh, hesnaps his eyes

No matter where we rove,—
An' say! Ma gits so mad she cries
When Pa puts up the stove!

An' Ma she jaws erround an says

He hain't no sense, an' we
Hide out behind the barn a-ways
To miss the jamboree.

I tell ye, fellers, they're a sight!
No picnic ever throve
Such as we have of love an' light
When Pa puts up the stove!

*
* *

His Platform,

“My opponents are running on various platforms,” said the ambitious candidate, “but none of them promise you full relief from the evils that beset you. None of them reach down into your hearts and search out your wants and comprehend the good measures that will bring relief.” And he paused for a moment, in order that the full import of his language might sink deep into the hearts of the mighty throng before him. “I favor,” he continued, extending his right arm toward heaven in an impressive gesture; “I favor pensions for all the republicans, offices for all the democrats, free passes on the railroads for all the niggers, the whole earth for the socialists and the five oceans of water for the prohibitionists!”

And then the delighted crowd went wild with applause.



The Meal Ticket Man.

(Suggested by John Golobie's recent article, "The Apotheosis of the Meal Ticket Man")

Away with the heroes that litter
the past!

Tear the crown from the brow of
each unworthy pate!

We have come to the truth and its
virtues at last,

And our heroes are modern and
quite up to date!

Neither warrior, nor prelate is
praiseworthy now;

Neither saint nor philosopher
cumbers our plan;

Let us gather the laurels and twine
o'er the brow

In a crown of delight for the Meal-
Ticket Man!

Just search through the musty old
mists of the years,

For the men who have lifted the
world to the stars!

You will find it was never the
sages or seers

Who have healed human hearts
from their terrible scars;

They were those who from one va-
grant week to the next

In the garret or cellar lived life's
little span,
And whatever their thought or where
ever their text,
All the glory belongs to the Meal-
Ticket Man.

What matter though seedy his hat
and his coat,

That his pantaloons bagged and
were ragged and frayed?
Still the world by its modern, unan-
imous vote

Says it danced to the tune that
his chin-music played!

At the touch of his hand, at the thrill
of his thought,

It leaped on the paths where the
greater truths ran,

And though in the ways that were
humble he wrought

Yet it crowns him at last,-- the
great Meal-Ticket Man!

Then hail to this hero of shadow and
shine!

Never doubt he's as great as the
greatest in worth,

And his greatness surpasses the
greatness divine

Of the sword and the miter that
saddened the earth!

From the poverty-ways where his
fellows hard toil

All the blessings arise that our
sorrows shall ban;

He's a hero, indeed! He's the king
of the soil!

Then a song and a crown for the
Meal-Ticket Man!

*
* *

Our Joe's at Home Agin.

Yaas, our Joe he run fer office:

Said he'd try his hand a bit;

Thet the kentry needed savin'

An' he'd tinker some at it;

But the 'lection now is over,

An' our Joe he didn't win;

But we're glad,—me an' his mother,—

'Cause our Joe is home agin!

Joe made quite a race fer sartin'!

He's a pollytishun right,

An' he's jest a bully feller

At a foot-race er a fight;

You jest ort ter hear his speeches!

How they cheered with mighty
din!

But the 'lection now is over

An' our Joe is home agin!

Spent two months a polly-tickin';

Workin' every day and night;

Says its harder work then thrashin' ;
 Beats rail-splittin' out o' sight !
 But to hear the brass-ban's playin'
 Nerves him up, he says, like sin ;
 But we're glad,—me an' his mother,—
 'Cause our Joe's at home agin !
 'Course we'd like our Joe elected,
 But it makes no diff'rence now ;
 If the kentry needed savin'
 Guess she'll manage it somehow ;
 Fer she's got to do without him,
 An' we're glad he didn't wir ;
 An we'll keep him,—me an' mother,—
 Sence our Joe's at home agin !

* *
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Caught on the Fly.

Nobody has to take a dog and gun and go out to hunt trouble. It generally calls you up by 'phone and says it's coming around for lunch.

"Politics makes strange bed-fellows," no doubt; but the candidate for office seldom goes to bed, and he manages to get along on very little sleep till the returns get in.

It may be doubted whether "the Devil takes care of his own" in every way, but we'll bet our old hat that he never allows them to get hard up for fire-wood in the winter season.

In the Shine

I

As through the world we wander
Through comforts fair and fine,
Let's miss the ways of shadow
And travel in the shine!

II.

No matter what the weather,
Just watch the danger sign;
Keep off the roads of shadow
And travel in the shine!

III.

The paths run every which way
To fool you, brother mine!
Pass out of every shadow
And travel in the shine!

* *
*

Nice Doctrin.

"Dat sunshin docterin' am mighty nice to read erbout," said old Black Mose; "but when dese yer blizzards come en de clouds hang mighty low down, en de snow goes toh sniftin' erroun' de shanty, dat's de time when I want plenty ob back logs en' a hot fiah goin' day an' night!"

* *
*

Where Bill Was.

"Where is Billy Spudder tonight?" inquired one of the boys the second

right after the election as they lounged up to the bar and missed Bill's familiar presence

"Bill? Why, Bill, you know, was a candidate for constable on the Walk-over ticket and got beat so bad they couldn't count the votes," answered another. "And now Bill's at home getting acquainted with his wife again and being introduced to the new baby that appeared since he started his 60 days campaign!"

* *
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The Real Question.

"But," argued the republican candidate for office; "the republican party freed the colored people and made them the equals of the white folks. Didn't you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln, who set your people free?"

Dat's all mighty true, Mistah man," said the hesitating darkey; "but flouah am mighty sca'ce erroun' de cabin en we hain't had no bacon since day befob yistiddy; en I see a dimmyerat candahdate comin' down de big road a-whuppin' ob his hosses like he hed flouah en hog-meat on behin' en bringin' it all toh me!"

The Sunshine Way

I.

Wherever your feet may wander,
 wherever your fancies stray,
The paths that you walk are golden,
 for there is the sunshine way;
And roses are there with their
 beauties that over the path-ways
 twine,
And all of the world is a blossom
 that smiles in the tender shine!

II.

There's never a murmur of evil,
 there's never a cry of wrong;
The daisies are sweet with laughter
 the birds are alit with song;
The days dance by in their gladness
 as sweet as the sweetest wine,
Where the swift feet linger in rap-
 ture through ways of the golden
 shine.

III.

What matters if shadows may hover
 o'er blue hills far and dim?
A star on the beautiful summits of
 the clear horizon's rim!
The calls of the happy lovers whose
 hearts beat swift and strong,
As they carol the sunshine music
 and whistle the sunshine song!

IV.

The pleasures greet ever the seeker
that comes to their doors and
woos,

And life with its sun and its shadow
is whatsoever we choose;

And like some resplendent mirror
it frowns or it smiles as we

Weep with the eyes of weeping or
smile with the lips of glee!

V.

Then ever and on, my brother,
through all of the golden days:

Let us echo their music forever and
keep in the sunshine ways!

And whether we walk with the
blossoms or stray where the red
leaves fall,

There is laughter for all of the sor-
rows and love for the griefs of all!

.

Reports indicate that nine news-
paper men will be members of the
next Oklahoma legislature, and even
the names are mentioned. There
is no kindness in giving the fact
undue publicity. The poor fellows
will have hard enough time to live
it down, so let us treat them as
charitably as the circumstances will
permit.

Caught on the Fly,

Love and loud lips soon part company.

Accusation is fruitless. We all have our faults and are satisfied with them or we wouldn't keep them.

If people only did the best they could half of the time, they would be amply prepared for the worst the other half of the time.

Some men's dream of hell is a place where scolding women have the full run of the range and no one dares to talk back when they get busy.

Divorce may be a great evil, but every lawyer knows it is often an effective crow-bar to pry some very good people loose from hell.

* *
*

Never Worry.

Let us never worry!

The flowers little care
How much of the weather
Is foul or is fair;
They blossom at morning;
They fade at the noon,
And blooming and fading
Their beauty dies soon.

Let us never worry!
The birds freely sing
In autumn's drear weather
As blithe as in spring;
They chorus their music
In joy's happy tune,
And singing and singing
Their songs vanish soon.

Let us never worry!
If short is the life.
Whether laughing with music
Or weeping with strife;
'Tis the shine of the morning,—
'Tis late afternoon;
Ah, the night-fall is coming
And darkness so soon!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Love is the greatest thing in the world, and it carries the world's griefs on its shoulders.

If vice were as safe and inexpensive as virtue, heaven would have few candidates for admission.

I am always nervous when I meet these self-righteous people. I fear they will demand that I make the world over to fix it good enough for them, and when I fail they will blame me with all their troubles.

One Drawback.

“Well, did you have a good time Thanksgiving, Uncle Billy?”

“Splendid, splendid! All the boys an’ gals come home an’ brung theyr kids along, an’ me an’ mother felt twenty years er more younger. An’ mother an’ the gals got up a spankin’ dinner an’ we had a plenty of raal fine enjoyment. If it hadn’t a-been fer one unfortnit thing, it would a-been mighty nigh perfect.”

“What was that?”

“The crusts to mother’s mince-pies all soaked in the bottom, an’ she couldn’t eat fer grievin’ over it!”

*
* *

Signs of Winter.

Winter’s comin’, fellers!
Blizzards soon’ll blow!
Cotton all is gethered,—
Money spent, ye know!
Ole Thanksgivin’s over,—
Weather’s so and so,
Kids a-lookin’ Christmas
Everywhayre ye go!



Keep Them Alive

Keep Hope alive! Though failure
comes

Adown life's varied stream,
Behold, joy beats her mighty drums
And brave men toil and dream!

Keep Faith alive! Though evil strays
Across the paths you tread,
Yet Goodness blesses all your ways,
The living and the dead!

Keep Love alive! Though burdens
press
And crush with anguish sore,
Sweet Love shall crown with happi-
ness
The sad heart evermore!

*
* *

Little Sermons.

Nothing takes a man down so much as to contrast what he is with what he meant to be.

Some people are so sure they are going to miss hell in the hereafter that they proceed to make as much as possible while in this world.

We don't know what Satan's steady occupation is, but if all reports are true he must saw lots of wood in order to keep up the fires in his settlement all the year 'round.

The Christmas Fiddles.

I.

Tune up the Christmas fiddles!
There's happiness about.
And willing fingers waiting to coax
the music out!
There's music in the valley, there's
music on the plain,
And music in the measures of happy
sun and rain;
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! The
music fond and sweet
Is waiting.—waiting ever.—the mu-
sic of the feet!

II.

Tune up the Christmas fiddles! The
royal raptures flow
From finger-tips of gladness to
happy heel and toe.
Till joyous hearts are beating and
rosy lips of love
Are sweet as fairy music from the
heaven harps above!
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! To
match the merry sound
We'll dance the Christmas chorus
and swing the partners 'round!

III.

Tune up the Christmas fiddles!
They're lonely with the song

Their bosoms kept so closely in
silences so long;
The boys and girls are weary with
toilsomeness that grows
Where labor drowns the music of
melodies she knows;
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! Each
happy heart shall beat
To glories of the raptures and trip-
pings of the feet!

IV.

Tune up the Christmas fiddles!
Where royal music rings,
Where lips are red with laughter
and romping rapture sings,
We'll find surcease of sorrow and
Care shall die away
While the feet shall dance the music
of happiness for aye!
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! Our
sweet-hearts laugh applause.
And Love repeats the echoes in a
kiss for Santa Claus!

* *
* *

Mistah Trouble, Mistah Trouble!
Happy dat yuh met me
When de pleases all am heah.
En de joys beset me!
Happy dat de house am full
So yuh'll hab toh trabble;
Mister Trouble, stretch yoh laigs
Libely down de grabble!

So Santa Claus'll Come,

My Mommer says ef I ain't good.

Thet Santa'll stay away.

En never bring a top er thing

Thet boys want Christmas day:

En I'm jes' purfic now, I guess.

Er purficker then some.

En I'm behavin' like a man

So Santa Claus'll come!

I hop up out of bed, you know.

'Fore Mommer calls me thayre,

En dress myse'f en wash my face

En nicely comb my hair;

En then I help my Mommer work.

En make a happy home,

En please my Popper all I kin,

So Santa Claus'll come.

I go to school through all the week,

En never hookey play,

En I'm so good I'm never made

Tell after school to stay;

En when the Sundays come, you

bet,

I quit each idle chum,

En go to Sunday School ez nice,

So Santa Claus'll come!

En Mommer says I'm orful good.

En teacher says so, too,

En call me jes' a angel, all

But havin' wings. - they do!

En Popper says thayre at the
store's

A dandy big bass drum!
You betcher life I'm bein' good
So Santa Clans'll come!

* * *

Mister Sorrow

Mister Sorrow came one day
When the times were blue,
And he said: "My brother, say
Can I stay with you?"
And he looked so mighty nice
That I asked him in;
Nothing said about the price:
'Fraid he'd go agin!

Mister Sorrow from that day
Hangs around here so!
Makes himself at home, to play
He's my friend, you know!
When I hint it migaty strong
That he'd better roam,
Says he's boarded here so long
That it seems like home!

* * *

If the Kingdom of Heaven was
like a mustard-seed two thousand
years ago, it has not changed its
appearance any since; it seems so
small now-a-days that it is pretty
hard to find down here below.

The Women and the Bill.

(EXPLANATORY NOTE:—The press reports state that the women of America are strenuously opposing the statehood bill, and demanding that it provide for Equal Suffrage and Prohibition in the new state.)

It was years and years in coming,
but it hove in sight at last,
And we hoped our cares were over
and our disappointments past:
It was fought for on the hustings,
in the platforms was declared.
And with all the big campaigners it
has every honor shared;
And we thought we surely had it
where no evil hands could kill.
Till the women went to
knocking
on the
Statehood
Bill!

Don't the last of you remember how
we whooped it up with might
Through the speeches of the day-
time and orations of the night;
How resolved and re-resolved, and
then resolved again,
That our people were the people,
and our men the very men?

And we shouted out the story of
our deeds with honest will:—
But the women now are
knocking
on the
Statehood
Bill!

Don't you now recall distinctly how
we speechified till hoarse,
Trying to convince the people what
was just the proper course?
How much time and toil we lavished
in the beauty of our schemes
Just to save the state from danger
to the dearness of our dreams!
But, alas! we see the finish! And
alas! for manly skill!
For the women all are
knocking
on the
Statehood
Bill!

We have seen the new star rising
from the territorial seas,
We have seen it mount the zenith
where the old flag split the
breeze:
And we boasted of our glories in
rejoicings grand and great
As we thought we raced for honors
in the new-created state!

Vanished now the dreams of sal'ry
and the offices to fill,
For the women all are
knocking
on the
Statehood
Bill!

O, the grave and mighty Senate!
Mr. Beveridge mighty too!
We can understand your pickle and
we know just what you'll do:
There is only one escaping, only one
to ransom us
From the rumpus we have kicked
up and the madness of the muss:
Give the women all they ask for! We
were chumps to treat them ill.
We're undone if they keep
knocking
on the
Statehood
Bill!

* *
*

A Hard Winter Ahead

"Yessuh, we am lookin' foh de
hahdest wintah dis yeah dar hez bin
foh a long time: but ef de neighbors
keeps on erraisin' chickens en de
possums doan't git too scahse, I
belieb we kin pull thew toh grass
widout a-sellin' ob de houn' pup!"

The Charity Ball.

Rich man foh de pooh mandance

One night in de yeah;

Pooh man foh de rich man prance

All times, do yuh heah?

Pooh man play de violin

While de rich man swing;

Pooh man squeeze de fiddle in

When he wants toh sing!

Mistah rich man, hab yoh fun

Makin' grub foh us:

Min' dat stohy ez yuh run

'Bout ole Lazaruss!

Guess yuh'll dance some ober dah.

Jes' ez like ez not:

Swing dem pahtnehs fas' en fah

'Foh de fiah git hot!

* *
* *

Little Sermons.

The man who can't live right in this world can't expect to get the chance in the next.

There may be more devotion in tears than in laughter, but I'll tie up with the latter and take the risk.

No one except Christ ever called the devil Satan to his face; and then they went up into the high mountain and into a private place where no one else could hear the muss.

The Santa Claus Boy,

The Santa Claus boy is the latest
thing out;

He's the rage of the season, they
say,

And wherever you wander, you'll
find him about

With his beautiful, dutiful way:
He's as spick and as span as a dandi-
fied man,

And his look is a heavenly joy:
And however he does it, whatever
his plan,

We know he's the Santa Claus boy!
He jumps out of bed in the morning
himself,

And he never lies still for the rest:
He dresses in haste with the skill
of an elf,

And he washes and combs with
the best;
He does up the chores while his
small sister snores,

And his whistle no longer annoys:
He's the pride of the house and the
king of out-doors,—

This wonderful Santa Claus boy!
He hastens to school with a heart
full of glees,

And he never turns truant to play:

His lessons he learns with the greatest of ease,—

He recites in a beautiful way;
And the teacher's so glad that the
boy who was bad
All his failings has learned to
destroy;

And she smiles with delight as she
breaks up her gad,
At the change in the Santa Claus
boy!

When the Sabbath day comes with
its Sunday School hours.

He is never once absent or late;
And the verses he speaks beat the
memory powers

Of the sages exalted and great;

But he dreams of a Tree, full of
presents to be,

And with treasures that know
not alloy;

And the vision he sees fills his
bosom with glee

For the Sunday School Santa
Claus boy!

Ah, well, this old codger laid up on
the shelf,

In the rubbish piled high on life's
ways,

Knows how it all is,—he has been
there himself,—
He has romped through the Santa
Claus days;
Whatever appears, whether laugh-
ter or tears,
Let a song every moment employ,
As the world tosses gifts through
the beautiful years
To the glad-hearted Santa Claus
boy!

*
*
*

Caught on the Fly

Young woman, learn to cook. No man wants his home turned into an experiment station for biscuit making.

In these last days, a man is known by the patent medicine promoter to whom he sends his testimonial photograph.

The man who gets stooped shoulders from carrying other people's heavy burdens went to the wrong school in his youth.

Religion is a mighty good thing, but it never pays the rent bill; and the Christianity of warm clothes and wholesome food beats its balance on the record books of the angels.

"'Twill All Come Right"

O, brother, don't you worry.

When the sorrow brings the night!

It is never long till morning.

And 'twill all come right.

Do the loads seem hard and heavy

As you bear them with your might?

Love will lift the bending burdens.

And 'twill all come right!

Do you feel the hate and malice

Of the foolish ones that fight?

They will find your heart is worthy.

And 'twill all come right!

Do your duty to the utmost!

Then the foes shall vanish quite:

Let the world howl on with censure,

It will all come right!

God awaits us over yonder,

Where his lilies blossom white:

In his love the griefs shall perish.

And 'twill all come right!

* * *

The happy days when the mistle-toe makes raptures for young hearts and loving lips will soon come 'round again. Heaven grant us all to be young and confiding enough for all the love and joy and the glad music of the Christmas times!

Good bye to Trouble,

O, it's good-bye, Mister Trouble!

There's a joy the angels know,
With the mistletoe above us

And our sweet-hearts here below!

Then play the fiddle. Mister!

Love and laughter are in sight:
And swing your partners, fellers.

Till the dawning of the light!

O, its good-bye, Mister Trouble!

For the fiddle says, "Be gay!"
There's the mistletoe up yonder.

And we kiss the griefs away!

* * *

Caught on the Fly,

All things are forgiven to the
woman who holds her tongue.

The greatest vice of the women
is gossip, and the greatest folly of
the men is greed.

If some people get to heaven, no
one will be more surprised at the
achievement than themselves.

Troubles have walked the high-
ways of human life since the morn-
ing stars sang together; and yet
when we meet them on the dusty
roads we travel, we pretend aston-
ishment and annoy high heaven with
our cries.

Too Much Prosperity.

“Dis heah big cotton crap am a great calamity toh de cullud folks.” said old Black Mose dejectedly.

“How is that, Uncle?” inquired the astonished white man.

“So many ob ‘em hab sated up ernuff money toh buy tall hats en long-tailed coats dat de conferences will all be jam-full ob cullud preachers befoh spring, en de cotton-fiel’s’ll miss some mighty good ‘lan’s nex’ season, shuah!” was the reply.

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Don’t go too much on the sensibilities. Feelings are a mighty poor regulator when it comes to determining the necessity for hard work.

The days of the gray hairs and wrinkled brows utter few petitions to the merry god of all the happy Christmas eves: but if they asked of Santa Claus the supremest gift in all the world of men, they would implore him for one more Christmas as happy and as innocent as smiled upon them in the days of childhood long ago!

To the Lonesome Fiddle.

You needn't look so lonesome, Mr.
Fiddle, hanging there
With the pretty girls about you and
the pleasures every where:
For I know your heart is heaven
with its music angel sweet,
And it all will go to singing at the
coming of the feet!

Then don't you look so lonesome!
The happy days we'll meet;
For the Christmas times are com-
ing
And the dancing of the feet.

You needn't look so lonesome! In
your happy soul abound
All the airs of royal rapture that
the golden cycles found,
And the willing fingers waiting are
staying close about,
Just to pick your heart to pieces
and to coax the music out!

Then don't you look so lonesome!
The laughing lips shall meet
With the mistletoe above us
And the coming of the feet!

You needn't look so lonesome! I
can see you laughing there

To the tune of "Old Dan Tucker" as
you drop the loads of care,
And the melodies immortal drive the
troubles all away

As you spill the tender music of
"My Darling Nellie Gray."

Then don't you look so lonesome!
All your dreams will come com-
plete,

And Love will swing his partners
To the tripping of the feet.

O, you needn't look so lonesome! All
the good times you shall feel
As you shout the mighty chorus of
the "Old Virginia Reel,"

And Love shall join the music with
the raptures that abound,
As we heel-and-toe-it lively and we
"swing the ladies 'round!"

Then don't you look so lonesome!
Love and happiness shall meet.
And we'll shout good-bye to trou-
ble

In the shuffle of the feet!

* *
*

Let the boy eat! The grocery-
man is a less expensive guest than
the doctor, and mush and milk are
more palatable than medicine.

“If Santa Claus Don't Come.”⁹¹

If Santa Claus forgets to come,
I don't know what I'll do;
I 'spect I'll get as bad as some
An' cry a little, too;
I wrote an' told him plain as day
What he should buy an' bring:
An' if he don't, I'll always say
That he's a mean old thing!

I want a drum to pound all day
Fer ev'ry passin' crowd;
A punchin'-bag an' foot-ball, —say—
An' gun that shoots out loud:
I'd like to have a pony, too,
An' big dog fer a chum;
Dear me, I don't know what I'll do
If Santa Claus don't come!

I'll hang my stockin's anyway!
They won't hold half enough,
But I'll jes' write a note, an' say
The place to leave the stuff!
I'll jump in bed at candle-light,
An' act both deaf an' dumb!
But 'twill be awful here tonight
If Santa Claus don't come!

Of course, he may not have to spare
Jes' ev'ry thing I lack,
An' yet I hope he'll leave me there
'Bout all a boy can pack;

But if he'll come an' bring a few,
I'll not be very glum;
But oh! I don't know what I'll do
If Santa Claus don't come!

*
* *

The Call of the Fiddle

Don't you hear the fiddle, fellers?
It is singing to the bow
All the glory of the music
Underneath the mistletoe!
Then good-bye, Mister Sorrow!
For the cares have run away;
Love and music both are shouting
And we answer them "Hooray!"

Don't you hear the fiddle, fellers?
It is calling us to know
Joys that circle to the music
Underneath the mistletoe.
Then good-bye, Mister Sorrow,
Good-bye for many a day!
Love's lips are smiling at us,
And our hearts respond "Hooray!"

*
* *

I have often thought it very appropriate that good resolutions come after instead of before the Christmas days. The heart is then in much better mood to give them pleasant welcome.

A Queer Dream.

“Ah done had a queeah dream las' night!” said Sambo.

“How was that? Tell us about it,” said the interested white listener.

“Ah dreamed I wuz in hebben on Crissmuss eve, en de angels all had a Crissmuss tree en ole St. Petah played de Santa Claus, en de angels all got new French hawps in dey stockin's; en dey couldn't play 'em at all en de white angels all wanted fiddles en de black angels all wanted banjoes; en dey wuz a-havin' a awful time up dar, shuah!”

“Well, how did it come out?”

“Ah dunno how it come out! Jes' ez dey wus a'pintin' a ahbitratorh, my boy Jim sot up a howl foh 'possum en woke me up!”

* *
*

The Same Old Gifts.

“What do you expect for Christmas, Major?” inquired the hospitable store-keeper as the gray-haired Major hobbled in with his crutch and rested his rheumatic leg on a sack of coffee.

“The same as usual, sir, the same as usual! My wife always works me

a pair of slippers two sizes too small, each one of the girls gives me a neck-tie I can't wear because of its color, and each of the boys a new-fangled revolver I can't shoot and have to turn over to them. Only my old army friend in Kentucky knows me well enough to know what I can use.''

“What is that?” inquired the amiable store-keeper.

“Four gallons of mountain-dew fresh from the still, bless God! And I always get away with it in plenty of time for good resolutions on New Year's day!” replied the valiant Major, smiling and smacking his lips.

* *

The Greatest Gift.

The Wise Men in the desert bare,
Heart-hungry in their need,
Behold a Star, and forth they fare
Wherever it may lead;
And find at last, full reconciled,
God's greatest gift,—a little child!

* *

The ballot may be more powerful
than the bullet, but sometimes the
gun contains the wrong load.

For the New Year.

I.

Through all this New Year's varied
walks and ways,
Let us like kings Truth's royal
raiment wear,
And whatso'er the burdens of the
days,
With brave hearts bear;
For amid the starless night
Love exalts the lilies white,
And the hours of wrath and
wrong
Leap with laughters of her song.

II.

Wherever fate may lead the vagrant
feet,
Let us hail Duty as Life's holy
guest,
And in the shock of battle bravely
meet
Foes breast to breast;
For unto the timid fields
Love her staunchest courage
yields,
And her martial music thrills
To the summits of the hills.

III.

Whatever fortune crowns imperfect
deed,

Let us keep Hope our comrade
 evermore,
Nor fear to follow where her banners lead
 On sea and shore;
 For despite the tears of men,
 Love shall sing her songs again,
 And beyond the wintry snows
 Blooms the redness of her rose.

IV.

With Truth about us and with Duty
 near,
 With Hope beside and Love along
 the way,
Life climbs the hills and all the darkness here
 Grows bright with day;
 For each fond beatitude
 Crowns the dreams of greater
 good,
 And the stars of living light
 Lead the footsteps through the
 night!

* *
*

Finally.

Finally, brethren, finally,
 We are marching to the sky,
And all this earthly music
 Tunes us up for bye and bye!

If We Were Wise

“If we were wise,” said the social philosopher, “civilization would be of a different metal. But we are not all of us wise, and therefore we build court-houses and churches and sanitariums, and lawyers, doctors and preachers become necessary, all being the inventions of our lack of wisdom.” And the man knew, for he had just been through the alimony court, turned out of church, and was on his way to a winter resort for the tinkering of his health.

*
* *

Life

A little day through which we play
In spite of wish and warning:
A little love along the way,
And then good-night,—till morning!

*
* *

Pluck thou now the Good Resolution from the topmost bough of the sublime tree of righteous will; and preserve it as the apple of gold in the silver pictures of the life that has no ending.

Sighs and Songs.

Don't begin your sighing
When you see the snows;
Yonder blooms the lily;
Yonder burns the rose!

What's the use to shiver
When the blizzards blow?
Yonder blazes August
Hotter than you know!

Hope is ever ringing
All the bells she brings;
Keep a life of laughter
And a heart that sings.

Good-bye to the trouble!
Farewell to the wrong!
Man forgets the sorrow
When he sings a song!

*
* *

Caught on the Fly.

The cart of imperfect deeds travels with more speed than the palace car of good intentions.

If the pew would practice only one day in the week what the pulpit preaches on Sunday, the Devil would put out all the fires in his settlement and join the angels before Saturday night.

The Third House

Yes, they say the Legislature
Soon will come along and sit,
And for sixty days of wonder
We'll behold the likes of it;
But with all the mighty glory
That around it waves its wings,
Don't forget who does the voting
Nor the chaps who pull the
strings!

There's the grave and mighty Sen-
ate
Full of statesmen wise and great,
With profound deliberations
Ere they choose to legislate:
But with all their stores of wisdom
They are slow at doing things,
For they only do the voting
While the Third House pulls the
strings.

There's the House, a wondrous
body,
Full of patriotic souls,
Each with ideas that would hurry
Up the world as on it rolls;
But before they get in action
Sober wisdom caution brings,
And they only do the voting
While the Third House pulls
the strings!

O, my dear, deluded people!

When the statesmen cure your
ills,

Look around before you honor

Those who pass the proper bills!
To the fellows you elected

There is little glory clings
For they only do the voting

While the Third House pulls the
strings!

To the Third House bring your
laurels!

There you'll find the wisdom rare,
Free to tell the verdant statesmen

How to legislate with care;
There you'll find the brain and
virtue

That afar the evil flings:
While the others do the voting
These delight to pull the strings!

* *
* *

Play Ball.

In the great orchestra of life, if you can't play the first violin, beat the drum; if you can't beat the drum, pound the triangle; and if you can't contribute anything at all to the music, get in step with it and do the best job of marching in the army of the hopeful-hearted.

Sing a Little,

When the times are sad with sorrow,
Sing a little;

Things will brighten up tomorrow,
Sing a little;

And when all the world is gloomy
and the storms around you roar,
Then stuff your heart with gladness
and just sing a little more!

When you meet the bleak Decembers,
Sing a little;

There's a June each heart remembers,
Sing a little;

And if winter comes and lingers as
he never did before,

Think of all the summer blossoms
and then sing a little more!

If the cares of life oppress you,
Sing a little;

Joy will gladly come and bless you,
Sing a little;

And the Love that never wavers
shall reward with happy store

While your heart is bright with sun-
shine and you sing a little more!

* *
*

Remembered by Santa Claus.

“Well, what did Santa Claus bring
you?” inquired Neighbor Jones of

Neighbor Smith on Christmas morning.

‘‘Why, my wife got me a new silk dress and fur boa, my daughter bestowed a fine pair of No. 6 kid gloves, and each of my sons contributed a pair of skates and a sled. There is nothing like having Santa Claus remember you well, is there?’ answered Neighbor Smith

They had both been there so often that they went off behind the barn and took something to bring the sunshine in.

* *
* *

Ev.1 Prophets.

The doleful prophets sadly say
That the world is going wrong;
But out yonder blooms the May
With its flowers and song.
The moaning brothers come and
say
That the world is as dark as night;
But out yonder shines the day
With its laughing light.
O, brothers, don't you worry so!
Let us bravely march along;
The roses blossom where we go
Across the fields of song!

A New Year's Resolution

I'm a New Year's Resolution:

I'm as good as good can be,
And the world will lose its follies
If 'twill only follow me!

I was sired by good intentions,

I was nursed with loving care.
Fully armed, like great Minerva,
From my birth to do and dare.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:

You can see me robed in white,
Where the fortunes of the future
Men and nations come to write;
You have met my kith and kindred
As you struggled in the strife,
And you gave them love and praises
All along the ways of life.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:

I'm as good as good can be,
And the fates predict my goodness
Soon will prove the death of me;
But you'll honor me while living,
And if I should pass away
You will bury me in blossoms
In remembrance of today.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:

Treat me kindly as you can;
For I'm growing weak each mo-
ment,

Starved to death by cruel man:
Soon I'll sleep among my fathers,—
What a countless host they make!
Who in childhood went to slaughter
For a good intention's sake!

* * *

Little Sermons.

One lapse from sunshine makes the
whole world sin.

If you want to pluck nose-gays,
you must wander in the sunshine to
find the flowers.

The Devil would rather tackle a
a good man in a discouraged mood
than a hardened criminal with Hope
singing in his heart.

* * *

A Hard World

“Ah done tole yuh, Mose, how-
ebber yuh fix it up, dat dis hyar am
a mighty hahd wohld we lib in?” said
one colored brother to another.

“How am dat, Sambo?”

“Why, we am allus habin’ ouah
troubles. No soonah am de Santa
Claus bills paid, den de legislachuh
come erlong en stay foh sixty whole
days!” and he shook his head and
refused to be comforted.

A Quartette of Don'ts

Don't sleep too much. Remember what happened to Adam when he tried an experiment of that kind.

Don't talk too mean about the Devil. There is no telling how soon he may have the chance to roast you to a turn.

Don't neglect your privileges, brethren. There is more opportunity to get through the eye of a needle in the collection baskets than in the sermon.

Don't worry any about the dead. The good Lord will take care of them, and they don't cause him half as much sitting up at nights as the living do, and he always knows where to find them when the curfew blows.

* * *

It Died Young

"Did you make a Good Resolution, Sandy?" inquired the inquisitive neighbor.

"Yes, but it didn't live long."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, the good die young, you know, and when I went home that night I found it had crossed the river when I wasn't watching."

To the Love Lands!

O, my Heart, the days are weary
with the burdens that we know:
Hand in hand we'll haste and hurry
to the Love Lands long ago!

Let us stroll as happy lovers down
the roaring ways of men
Till the lilies of contentment blossom
sweetly once again.

It was there we wove our Daydream,
it was there the Promise sung,
For the world from us was hidden
and our little lives were young.

There were happy lanes of laughter
that our childish rambles knew,
Where the roses gave their glories
in a ruddy crown for you.

Let us wander through the deserts
and the dusty ways they know
To the green fields and the meadows
of the Love Lands long ago!

On the road, perchance, we'll gather
some of sweetness and of song,
As we thread the dim aisles fearful
and the pathways lorn and long.

You remember how we pledged us
all the glories of renown,—
Pledged the gold of Ind and Ophir
and the greatness of the crown.

You remember how we pledged us
in the fancies of our youth,
We would run the quest forever for
the Holy Grail of Truth!

You remember how we pledged us
we would banish want and woe,
As we laughed and sang the love-
song in the Love Lands long ago!

What if we have failed to keep it?
Hard the struggle, fierce the
throng,

And the shoutings of the rabble
drown the glory of the song!

What if we have failed to keep it?
All the maddened mobs of hate
Hurl the stones of mirth and malice
where Truth opens her timid
gate!

Shall we sorrow at the wreckage
that is heaped along the shore
Where the waters gnaw unceasing
and endeavor sails no more!

Shall we sorrow that the laughers
left the shadows of the way,
And the cares of life unlifting fring-
ed the rosy skies with gray?

Shall we sorrow without comfort
for the dreams that fled in tears,—
For the hopes forlorn and shattered
on the shores of other years?

We have lost the glare and glamor
of the dreams we dreamed of old,
But the Wise of earth have brought
us of their frankincense and gold.

We have lost the green of May-time,
but the autumn gardens red
Hang with all the fruited wisdom
for the blossoms that are dead!

We have lost our foolish boasting,—
we are cleansed of evil pride,
And we face the past and future with
their vistas wild and wide!

Still, my Heart, the days are heavy!
Wisdom weights and wearies so!
Let us run away together to the
Love Lands long ago!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly

Beauty is not always skin-deep.
Sometimes it is put on with a rag.

If you don't want Trouble to bring
her dogs and hunt all over your
place for game, you should tack up
warning signs over every fence-post
on the premises.

Lots of money is said to bring lots
of trouble. But, Lord, our shoulders
are mighty broad and we always
did think we would like to have ex-
periences of that kind.

Trudge Along.

Trudge along, my brother,
Through the snows!
Over yonder wait the summer
And the rose.

Trudge along, my brother,
Trudge along!
Over yonder wait the angels
And the song!

* * *

A Fine Job.

“Ah done tole yuh, Mose, how-somevah de people conflastahgate, dese heah legislachuh pohsishuns am sho'ly de bes' places in all de wide woahld dat a cullahed man ebber had in de wintah time when de wood am skeerce en de snow flyin' high!”

“How come, Rastus?”

“Why, yuh fool niggah yuh, doan't yuh see dat Ah git foh dollahs a day jes' toh open en shut de dooh befoh en aftah de Sanatohs when dey come in en go out foh erbout two houahs a day, en den sot down by de hot fiah all de res' ob de time while anothah niggah shubbles in de coal whut anothah niggah totes in at de same good price!”

A True Hero.

He wore no crown, he had no sword,
He sat him in no throne of state;
He shed no blood, he spent no hoard,
And therefore was not great;
Yet to his tomb the nations throng;
His heart was love, he sang a song!

* *
* *

When Trouble comes to your front gate and hears you whistling in the back-yard it scares him so bad that he never stops running till he crosses the divide into the next settlement.

* *
* *

Little Sermons.

Taking it all up and down, this world is a pretty good place. Only so many of us never get up or down!

Lord, we don't ask to see a thousand miles ahead. All we want is light enough to keep out of the holes two feet ahead when the Devil gets after us.

Some folks are always boasting of how many miles they keep ahead of the Devil, but I'm always thankful when I just manage to keep out of his reach when he's grabbing at me.

Never Mind the Hills.

What matter the hills above us?
What matter the dismal road?
We're climbing to those that love us
And crossing to their abode;
And over the mountains we'll crown
our quest
With beautiful blossoms of all that's
best!

* *
*

He Voted 'Graft'

He was quite a famous statesman
From a district where the folk
Were so honest that their honor
Had become a standing joke;
But this man that represented
Such a people, such a craft,
Always shouted for "retrench-
ment,"

While he always voted "graft."

He was quite a famous "poser,"
And he had the nimble art
Of deluding men to thinking
That he owned an honest heart;
He was always hinting "boodle,"
At which hints the lobby laughed
For they knew he talked "retrench-
ment,"

But he always voted "graft!"

He was frequent in the papers
With a lengthy interview
'Bout the "welfare of the people,"
And the "octopi" he knew;
And he made long-winded speeches
As he raked things fore and aft,
But he only talked "retrenchment."
While he always voted "graft!"
O, the dear, deluded people,
Hear this Sermon from the
Mount:
When a Bill is up for passage
It is only votes that count;
And you'd better watch the fellow
On the legislative raft
Who forever talks "retrench-
ment."
And then casts a vote for "graft!"

* * *

Caught on the Fly.

The worst thing about failure is that it makes so many good people most unhappy.

The man who never laughs at all is as great a trial to his friends as is the one who laughs too much.

No beauty of Nature, either of heart or flower or fruit, was ever grown without the lavish use of sunshine for its development.

Joy is Here.

What to us is Trouble?
Joy is here today;
Care is but a bubble
Bursting with the May.
Onward we are drifting;
What if skies are gray?
All the clouds are lifting,—
Joy is here today!
Harbors over yonder;
Billows die away;
There we all shall anchor,—
Joy for aye and aye!

* *
*

Something Left.

There's joy in Oklahoma!
Let's go it good and strong;
There's sunshine on the prairies,
The land is glad with song;
What though the cotton tumbled,—
What if the wheat was short?
We've corn for hog and hominy
Of every blessed sort!

* * *
*

Charity not only covers a multitude of sins, but she also tucks the quilts in around the feet and gets up in the middle of the night to see if the blanket is on straight.

Not Afraid.

“Aren't you afraid some of these lobbyists will persuade you by their eloquence into supporting some bad measure?” asked a friend of a member of the legislature.

“Not a bit of it, sir, not a bit of it! Just let them try it as often as they wish!” answered the confident statesman. “Just let me get at them one by one, privately, in a dark room with their pockets bulging with the eloquent long-green, and when they get away their pockets will be so dumb that they will be in no condition to make arguments again until they call on their employers for a new supply of oratory!”

* *
*

A Blazing Future.

What's the use of getting blue
When the joys are so amazing?
This life's sunshine through and
through
And the other life is blazing!

*
* *

I have often noticed that the dog which uses up all his spare time in growling generally looks mighty hungry and seldom trees any game.

The Legislative Pass

I'm a Legislative Pass:

I'm a wonder now displayed
In a large and growing class
Marching out on dress parade;
I am issued "on request"
From a statesman full of might,
And I'll never know a rest
Till adjournment is in sight.

I'm a Legislative Pass:

I am given free as air,
And I reach from shortest grass
To the farthest every where;
I am happy in the fame
That around me fondly flits,
Just to keep the statesmen tame
Till the Legislature quits.

I'm a Legislative Pass:

I have wondrous work to do,
And I use the mighty mass
Of my glories daily, too;
I'm considered pretty nice
By the hundreds of my friends,
That I carry without price
Till the Legislature ends.

I'm a Legislative Pass:

I'm the master of the state,
While the people think, alas!
They are something wise and
great;

Treat me kindly every day,
 As I summon dear delight
 Down the legislative way
 Till adjournment is in sight.
 I'm a Legislative Pass:
 Fly with me,—there's no ex-
 pense,—
 From the weary ways of gas
 And the halls of eloquence:
 Let us travel far and fast!
 Soon we'll journey nevermore!
 For I know my day is past
 When the Legislature's o'er!

* *
 *

Little Sermons.

The dog that believes in you is more inspiration than the tawny lion that distrusts you.

It was all right for the Christ to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," but I'd rather keep him on in front where I can watch his tricks.

The man of most exemplary habits never finds congenial spirits to herd with. The marvel is not that Christ was crucified, but that he was allowed to live till he was thirty-three years old.



At Rest.

Fold the hands and let him rest!

He shall sorrow nevermore;
Grief has done her worst and best,
But his grief is o'er!

What to him the dangers dark,—
Terrors of the waveless stream?
God shall guide the helpless barque
Through the shadowed dream!

He has fought with storm and strife;
He has conquered, all alone;
He has plucked the rose of life
For his very own.

Farewell to the world of sighs!
He has laid the burden down;
Here each grief and sorrow dies,
And he claims the crown!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

Fate is blamed with all the failures
for which laziness is responsible.

The world may owe you a living,
but you'll never be able to collect it
till you foreclose the mortgage by
hard hustling.

However late some people get up
in the morning, they always have
plenty of time to spare for other peo-
ple's business before bedtime.

With a Song.

No matter what the weeping,
No matter what the wrong,
Just toss a kiss to trouble
And soothe him with a song.

When all the world is winter
And storms unceasing throng,
Just clasp your hands with sun-
shine
And warm them up with song.

When fortune flies the window
And leaves you lonely long,
Still hum the happy music
And sing it out in song.

The summer time is coming,—
Is coming good and strong!
A welcome for the roses,
A greeting full of song!

O, life is filled with shadows,
And sorrow still is strong;
But walk the ways with laughter
And climb the hills with song!

* *
*

Live your own life so happily to
yourself that neither men, women
or devils can swerve you one degree
from the divine light shining upon
your direct pathway to the stars.

De Hant!

I.

De Hant he come en hollah f'um de
honey-locus' tree:

“Ah'd thank yuh, Mistah Niggah,
foh dat money yuh owe me!”

But Ah gib Mis' Sal a banjo, en a
silky scarf toh Chloe,

En de cotton's sho'ly squandah'd en
dat's all dis niggah know!

II.

De Hant he come en hollah f'um de
bahn's ole gable deep:

“Whah's dat New Yaar Resolution
dat Ah gib you-all toh keep?”

But Ah kep' it en Ah kep' it, twel
ole Satan come erlong,

En dat New Yaar Resolution got a
move on mighty strong!

III.

De Hant he come en hollah right
above de cabin doo':

“What yuh done wif all dem good
t'ings dat Ah tole yuh 'bout befo?”

En Ah dassent answeh nothin'! En
de ole Hant stay en stay!

When dis niggah wuzzentlookin', all
dem good things run away!



Caught on the Fly.

When Hope comes on the scene,
Trouble has urgent business over in
the next settlement.

Don't wait to plant a flower for
your neighbor until it has to blossom
beside his tomb-stone.

Growling at the weather may give
the tongue plenty of exercise, but
it never buys meat and potatoes or
swells the bank account.

Be confident. No coward heart
ever won an important battle, and
the battle-field of life is the one that
demands the fullest courage.

* * *

Little Sermons,

Be thankful as long as there is a
battered side to your bread: and
when the butter runs out, thank
God for the bread!

Charity covers the sins all right,
but many a poor sinner gets mighty
short of blankets in the cold winter
times of folly.

One heart of love and two glad
lips of song have lifted many a me-
diocre soul up the slopes of happi-
ness to the bright, eternal morning.

That New Year Resolution.

Dat New Yaar Resolution

He come to me en say:

“Ah likes-de looks ob dis heah
place,—

Ah hope yuh’ll lemme stay!”

O, listen, listen, bruddehs!

Ah axed de angel in;

Ole Satan come en raised a row,—

Ah tuhned him out again!

Dat New Yaar Resolution,

He scrumpshus company;

But dat fust day Ah’s satisfied

He all too good foh me!

O, listen, listen, bruddehs!

Ah’ll nebbeh tole yuh why,

But when ole Satan come erlong

Ah knowed it hed toh die!

Dat New Yaar Resolution!

Ah hollahed toh him: “Say!

Dis house am mighty crowded;

Ah wush yuh’d go erway!”

O, listen, listen, bruddehs!

Ah choke him in de th’oat;

En when ole Satan come erlong,

He wrop him in his coat!



“Said Governor Tom ”

Said Governor Tom to the law-mak-
ing boys:

“You are green at the bus’ness. I
know:

It is well that you move rather
slow:

If you’ll let me advise,

You’ll be worthy and wise,

And the people secure in their
joys.—”

Said Governor Tom to the boys.

Said Governor Tom to the law-mak-
ing boys:

“I will warn you of dangers that
lurk

In the ways of your dangerous
work;

If the lobbies entice,

You should take my advice.

And turn a deaf ear to their noise.—”

Said Governor Tom to the boys.

Said Governor Tom to the law-mak-
ing boys:

“In the passing of measures im-
mense

Is involved quite a lot of expense.

And the armies that stand

When there’s peace in the land

Are the most unproductive of toys.—”

Said Governor Tom to the boys.

Said Governor Tom to the law-making boys:

“It is well to remember the wills
Of the people who settle the bills.

And the anger that lurks

In the hosts at the works

Is a matter that greatly annoys.—”

Said Governor Tom to the boys!

The boys heard the message, each
sentiment seized,

And then went ahead and did just
as they pleased;

And no one would know

From the way that they go,

From the money they spend and the
peace they destroy,

What the Governor said to each law-
making boy!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

If some people couldn't worry, or
make others worry, they'd never
have a moment of happiness.

Don't go gunning for happiness.
When you are least expecting it she
squats at your feet and hops out to
meet you.

Little Sermons

If there wasn't a Devil, some people would have nobody but themselves to blame their sins on.

When we link hands with pleasure for a few minutes, we forget all the wisdom Trouble has taught us through the years.

Some people like to move about so much, that if they bought a ticket for heaven they'd insist on getting a round-trip in order to be on the safe side.

If the golden streets could be dug up and carried off to the smelter, there'd be whole battallions of people lined up before daylight with grubbing-hoes on their shoulders waiting to stake off claims.

*
* *

Mister Ground Hog.

Ole Mistah Groun'-hog rouse hisse'f
Fum dat long nap he take;
He say: "Ah 'spec' Ah'd bettah
move,—
It's gittin' late, my sake!"
So he jes' rub his o'e eyes wide,
En dress up foh a stroll;

He wax his whiskehs up, en den
He crawl out ob his hole!

Up yondah shine de big red sun,
Eh-blazin' in the sky,
En at his side his shaddeh walk,—
So Mistah Groun'-hog fly!

He skeehed so bad he tuhn him
'roun'

En say, "Ah wake too soon;
Ah'll jes' go home en take a nap
'Twel Sunday aftehnoon!"

So Mistah Groun'-hog run en run
En crawl his deep hole in,
Toh snooze ehway foh six moah
weeks
'Foh he wakes up ehgin!

* *
*

When Trouble Came.

Ole Trouble come toh ouah house
One stohmy day en say,
"De road am hahd toh trabble,—
Ah hope you'll lemme stay!"

He staht toh hang his hat up,
En pull his ober-coat:
Ah box him oh de eah-muffs
En choke him in de tho'at!

Ah say, "Ole Mistah Trouble,
Ah'm pleased so much toh say

Dis house am mighty crowded,—
You-all jes' go ehway!'

Ah take my happy fiddle
Up dah beside my hat,—
Ah play him Ole Dan Tuckeh,
En what you t'ink ob dat!

* *

Wanted a Bill or Two.

“Where are you going, Rastus?”
inquired the reporter of an old negro
at the depot.

“Ah's gwine obah toh Guthrie
whah dem legislahuh men am pass-
in' dem bills!” was the reply. “Ah's
done libed hyah long ernuff, anyhow,
en ef Ah git obah whah de bills am a
passin' dey may pass a few whah
my pockets stay, sho'!”

* *

Whenever you find a man who has
made an ignoble failure of managing
himself properly, you'll always find
one who thinks he could give the
Lord pointers on running the uni-
verse.



Look out for Trouble.

When yuh see ole Mistah Trouble
Jumpin' high ehlong yoh way,
Jes' twis' yoh lips toh puckah,
En whistle night en day!
He'll nevah stop a minute
Toh tell yuh how-de-doo,
But take ehcrost de kentry
En jump de fences, too!
Doan' spen' yoh time eh-gazin'
Up yondah at desky:
It shuah will make yoh dizzy
En pain yoh lit'le eye;
Jes' keep yohse'f eh-lookin'
Clah down de way yuh go:
De bulgine sho'ly comin'
De fus' thing dat yuh know!
Doan' twis' yoh neck, my bruddeh,
Eh gawkin' at de sun;
He'll shine up dah forebbeh
Nomattah whah yuh run;
Jes' look out foh de bresh-piles
Encross de mud-holes slow:
'Twill keep yuh mighty busy
Watchin' dese hyah paths yuh go!

*
* *

Don't growl if Fortune didn't
trust you with more. Just think
what a fool she would have been to
favor you with greater gifts!

The Good Times Song.

Sing a song of good times!
Life is full of bliss,
And the merry music
Who shall dare to miss?
Joy delights the valleys,
Plenty's everywhere,
And pleasure swells the chorus
Till we conquer care.

Sing a song of good times!
That's the tune for me:
The bow's upon the fiddle
And the fiddle's full of glee!
It's swing your pardners, honey,
And swing them all the night;
The good times call the measures
And we're dancing to the light!

* *
*

Nobody Hurt

"I hear that Slugem and Hitten
met last night."

"Yes, so they did."

"Which one of them got the worst
of it?"

"Oh, there was no damage done.
They made it all up, and nothing
suffered but their New Year Resolu-
tions!"

In the Legislature.

“An’ Oi say, Moike,” said Patrick O’Ferrall, to his neighbor Mike O’Neill, “Oi say, Moike, have ye heerd from yer bye Dennis lately who wint out wist?”

“Thet Oi hev, Pat.”

“An’ how is the poor bye gettin’ on?”

“The divil take it, Pat, thet’s whut breaks his mither’s heart ontoirely: He wroites me thet he hez jest bin sintinced to the Legislachoor fer two years!”

* *
*

Life, and labor along its way,
Life, and a shade of sorrow;
But Love is there with her lips of
song,
And the sun shines out tomorrow!

* *
*

To live life happily, to work life earnestly, to leave life fearlessly,— what greater success ever crowned with ivied laurels the infinite brows of Adam’s mortal sons?



On Behalf of the Minority.

Note -(The Oklahoma Legislature has a republican majority in both houses, and the following is supposed to be uttered by one of the democratic minority.)

To the Sleek and Fat Majority: We
recognize your smoke.

And in meek and humble fashion we
have passed beneath the yoke:

We've no foolish reservations: all
the earth is yours to claim

With the grandeur of its glory and
the fullness of its fame;

So accept our due submission: all
we ask is that you give

Ample chance to filibuster and pre-
serve the right to live!

In the manner that Respectable
Minorities behave,

We shall justify the title while the
heathen rage and rave;

And according as 'tis written we
shall every one be good,

Though we smash the logs you're
rolling into fancy kindling-wood,

While we stir the sleeping animals
with long and lively prods

To the pleasure of the nations and
the laughter of the gods!

And we pity you sincerely! You had
quite a job at hand
To divide the loaves and fishes as
the bosses made command!
Fifty places for five hundred hungry
souls that wild cavort
Is a work requiring statesmen of the
most exalted sort:
And we weep our tears of sorrow
as we're looking on at you,
While you bump the heads of many
and anoint the chosen few!

You shall pass appropriations, toss-
ing out the toothsome "pork,"
In a way to please the faithful and
to keep the "boys at work;"
And whatever seems the proper
thing majorities should do,
Why, the ocean's there before you
and the course is up to you;
But remember as you voyage that
we have a little boat,
And we're always steering madly
tow'rd a record making vote!

We'll play our own part bravely,
and we'll play it o'er and o'er:
Approve, condemn, and criticize,
like statesmen gone before;
We'll rant about "the people, sir!"
and shout "economy!"

And stab appropriation bills each
opportunity;

And long preserve our "honesty"—
unstained and white as snow:

Since you have swiped the offices,
that's all we have, you know!

And our task shall be most pleasant!
Underneath the shade we'll flop
While you fellows do the sweating
for the legislative crop!

We shall criticize your labors; if you
reach the roads of doubt,

We shall lend the hand of wisdom
and in mercy lead you out;

And at last, the harvest gathered,
we shall sift the good and true

For our own exalted portion while
we leave the bad for you!

And after while the time will come,
howbeit soon or late,

When we shall guide the govern-
ment and steer the ship of state,—

When we shall trade our craft for
yours, and our proud flag shall
float

O'er battle-ships of greater things
as people then shall vote;

And then we'll show you something
else beyond the hearty strife,

And do our best to visit you with
touch of higher life!

At Valentine's Day.

The Wind came out of the poppied
East,

And said to heart of the lonely
earth:

"I bring you laughter and love in-
creased,

And all the music of might and
mirth;

I bring you dreams that were born
above,

And melting kisses as sweet as
wine;

And one waits lorn with her lips of
love

And dimpled arms, for her Valen-
tine."

The Wind came out of the brazen
North,

And said to heart of the grieving
world:

"I bring a message, I call you forth
Where Love the flags of her faith
unfurled;

I tell of peace that is sweeter far

Than song that croons where the
tropics twine;

For one waits long 'neath the north-
ern star

With eyes of love, for her Valentine."

The Wind came out of the winsome
West,
And said to heart of the longing
race:

“I bring you tidings of all that’s
best,
Of love and laughter and loved
one’s face;
I come from red of the reeling sun,
I bring you dreams of the things
divine,
And at the rim of the world waits
one
Who lists for the call of her Val-
entine.”

The Wind came out of the sweet-
breathed South,
And said: “I carry her call to
thee;
She waits with songs in her mellow
mouth,—
She waits, and her lips like the
corals be!
She waits with embraces of long
delights,
And eyes that utter a language
fine,—
There, there, in the aisles of the
romping nights,
She waits for the call of her Val-
entine.”

O, call of this world to the world
that dreams,—
Sweet call of the Near to the Soul
Afar,—
Beyond the shadows of earth's cold
themes,
There's one that waits where the
love lights are!
There's one that waits with her
cheeks aglow,
And eyes earth-round with a fear-
less shine,
And Near and Far with their linked
hands go
To mate with the fate of their Val-
entine!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

There is more religion in a home
full of bread and butter than a hotel
full of canvas-back and terrapin.

If the Lord sends a tin-cup full of
happiness, don't spend your time
upbraiding Him for not supplying a
ship-load.

Some people are so unreasonable
that if the Lord sent them a turkey
they would raise a row because he
didn't furnish a barrel of cranber-
ries, too.

A Valentine.

Don't you dare to tell me
Love is old and gray!
He's as young and rosy
As the blooms of May!

Don't you dare to tell me
Love is wed with wrong!
All his deeds are holy
With the smiles of song!

Don't you dare to tell me
Love is only strife!
Hands of his shall lead us
To the perfect life!

Love and hope with happy
Feet shall scale the sky,
Through the dismal shadows
To the bye and bye!

* * *

Its Principal Work,

“Has the Legislature done much?”
inquired one anxious citizen of another.

“No, not much,” was the answer.
“Its principal act was to pass a bill
repealing Ground Hog day, but they
fear the Governor will veto it.”

Life's Way.

When the heart grows weary
Of the storm and strife.
Don't you worry, dearie,
'Tis the way of life!

'Tis the way we wander
Through the world of wrong:
Sorrow makes us fonder
Of the smile and song.

Don't you weep or weary
At the storm and strife:
Love shall lead us, dearie,
Through this tangled life!

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Caught on the Fly.

Some one's contrariness is responsible for nine-tenths of life's tragedies.

Popularity is an ice-box where men are preserved in cold storage against the fickle mob's changes in temperature.

When you board the train of life for the city of happiness, don't let Conductor Sorrow ring the bell and drop you off at the wrong station. Check your baggage through, and don't use the sleeping-car too much.

Uncle Joe and Statehood.

(Note: The press dispatches indicate that Uncle Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is doing all he can to defeat the Statehood bill.)

If Uncle Joe'd come off the perch
and let us build a state
We'd resolute to beat the band and
call him wise and great:
We'd hand him taffy, chunk on chunk,
and sling the sugar out
Till that old duffer'd surely think
he's what you read about:
But your Uncle Joe is mighty and he
has a stubborn will,
And he's done malicious murder
to the Statehood bill!

It is true the bill is faulty; it is true
if we'd our way,
It would need a lot of fixing ere it
saw the light of day;
But we beggars are not choosers,
and just any sort of state
Now would set the anvils roaring
when we came to celebrate;
And we think he's small potatoes
and quite scanty in the hill
When he sets himself to knocking
on the Statehood bill!

If he'd just be rather friendly, we
would praise him up a bit
And we'd give him such a jolly that
he'd lose his nerve and quit;
But he carries him so haughty and
he bangs his hands so loud
That he scares the day-lights out us
and he frightens all the crowd:
And whate'er his plan or purpose.
it is plain he's bound to kill
That sweet child of all the statesmen
that we call the Statehood bill!

If he'd listen to our troubles and his
haughtiness relax,
Then the bill we love and cherish
would escape the butcher's ax
But with him across the pathway,
it as plain as day appears
That our hopes are only rainbows
and we chase them down the
years;
Oh, we wish him every gladness and
we never wish him ill,
But we hope he'll quit his meanness
to the Statehood bill!

Uncle Joey! Uncle Joey! Won't you
for the once be good?
Won't you let us find fruition for the
hopes misunderstood?
If you'll only mend your manners

and repenting let us in
We will jolly you forever, we will
pat your cheek and chin;
Or we'll lay for you till doom's-day
and we'll then be hoping still
That the boys will overrule you and
will save the Statehood bill!

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Small Bills

“Is the Legislature passing any big bills?” inquired Weston.

“No I think not,” said Preston.
“I was over there the other day, and I couldn't even hear the crinkle of one bigger than \$10!”

* *
*

Caught on the Fly

The homely virtues may be old, but they are still young enough to carry the world's burdens.

The crust on the pie at a charity dinner may be long, but it covers a multitude of culinary sins.

Every good thing in this world costs money; and since experience is the best thing of life it is always expensive, also.

The Sunny Side.

Oh, no matter what the weeping,
Or what awful ills betide!
Let us walk the ways of gladness
On the happy, sunny side!

When the sorrows come and settle
With their tears and cares and
pride,
Don't believe their tales of sadness,
For there's still a sunny side!

What's the use to go to weeping
When the shadows wander wide?
For the sun is shining somewhere
And there's yet a sunny side!

It's no difference what the weather,
What the flow of wind or tide;
There's the holy joy of living
And God keeps a sunny side!

* *
* *

Keep Busy.

Don't sit down so lonesome
Through the speeding years;
Drink the wines of gladness
And forget the tears.

Life goes down the distance
Swift as eagle's flight;
Stop to say "Good-morning."
And it ends "Good-night!"

Wait Awhile.

Don't you worry at the winter!

There's a streak of shine about,
And before the storm is over

There's a daisy peeping out!

Spring is coming clothed in beauty,

And her lilies laughing white

Wait beneath the melting snow-
drifts

For the days of their delight!

Over yonder smile the gardens,

And the sky above is blue;

And your sweet-heart trips the
meadows

With the roses red for you!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

A man's conscience preaches more eloquent sermons than the Savior on the Mount.

If men were less evil, it would be much easier for their fellows to walk the narrow way.

If the Bible reduced virtue to a mathematical demonstration of its cheapness over Vice, the mourner's bench would break down with the repentant sinners.

At the End.

At the end of the day
What reward shall we gain
For the pleasures of play
And the presence of pain?
When the sun shall have set
What reward shall we get?
As we sing and we sigh
Through the years' tangled
ways,
Through the winter's wild cry,
Through the blooms of the
Mays,—
When the years all have set,
What reward shall we get?
Through the battle and strife,
Through the right and the
wrong,
We shall climb to the life
Where the years are a song;
When the sun shall have set,
There's a crown we shall get!

* * *

If the Luxuries and Vices were banished from this world, Virtue would get so rich in a twelve-month that she would summon them all back and give them greater liberties than they enjoyed before.

A Popular Preacher.

“Ah done tole yuh, Sam, dat new pweacheh ob ouahs am de bestes’ man in de pulpit dat ebbeh Ah see.”

“How come, Rastus?”

“Why, doan’^t yuh know, de otheh night when de weatheh wuz so mighty col’, he nebbeh said a woold ebout hell-fiah, but jes’ exhohsted ebout hebben bein’ a wahn en pleasan’ place whah de flowehs bloom en de wohteh millions git red heahts de whole yeah roun’; en sebhenteen ob dem young sinnehs come up to de mohneh’s bench en got ’ligion mighty quick!”

* *
* *

An Incurable.

“And what is the peculiar derangement of this patient?” asked a visitor of the Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, as an especially abject victim was seen writhing and cowering in a padded cell.

“O, he is not insane,—he is just a common idiot,” said the Superintendent. “He sent comic valentines, and they had no other place to put him!”

Good Morning,—Good Night!

As life with its glories
Crowds close in the light,
Tell pleasure good-morning
And sorrow good-night.

No matter what fortune
Comes down in swift flight,
Tell pleasure good-morning
And sorrow good-night.

Walk still in the sunshine,
Where blossoms bloom bright:
Tell pleasure good-morning
And sorrow good-night.

And out through the orchards
Where mirth rules in might,
Tell pleasure good-morning
And sorrow good-night!

*
* *

It is always easy to find plenty of weeds in the garden of life, if you are looking for weeds; but then even the weeds have blossoms of love upon them!



Kansas Has Her Dander Up

When Kansas gets her dander up
and reaches for her gun,

I think some folks will chase them-
selves and hike out on the run:

I think the railroads will be good,
John D. come off the perch

And christianize the Standard Oil
until it joins the church:

I think the trusts and wicked men
that once were all so bad

Will mercy pray when once they
know that Kansas can get mad!

The people there have stood a lot
since first the state began;

They've passed through many try-
ing times as varied seasons ran:

They've had the drouth, survived
the flood, and isms good and ill

Have overcome with sturdy heart
and never-dying will;

But now with patience broken quite
new battles must be won:

And Kansas has her dander up and
reaches for her gun!

The Octopus must watch his ways
and guard his awful arms,

And keep his eyes peeled mighty
close around the Kansas farms:

The days of peace are over there!
too long the robber-trust
Has rifled all their pocket-books and
left them but a crust;
But Kansas has a sudden way of
stopping all the fun,
When once she gets her dander up
and reaches for her gun!

"John Brown of Ossawatimie!"
There's freedom in the phrase!
St. John with prohibition and old
Peffer with his craze!
And now the world is waiting for
the fire-works and the sights
When Trusts will get insomnia and
lie awake of nights;
For she will take the bakery and
capture every bun,
When Kansas gets her dander up
and reaches for her gun!

O, bold and reckless financiers!
Take warning ere you fall!
You'd better stop awhile and read
the writing on the wall!
Your hands are red with human
blood, they're dripping human
gore,
And by the gods above they swear,
you shall not rule them more;

With hands that act, with hearts
that dare, she'll get you every
one,
For Kansas has her dander up and
reaches for her gun!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly

The language of love is mostly ad-
jectives of the superlative degree.

At twenty, life is purpose; at
thirty, doubt; at forty, philosophy;
and after that, experience.

No woman ever was so much of a
woman that she was not still enough
of a child to enjoy being petted and
flattered.

* *
*

Rolling on to Glory.

Rolling on to glory,
Still the old world goes!
Still the ancient story
Of the wants and woes;
Here a little sighing,
There a little song,
Preaching, praying, dying,
Down the ways of wrong!

Rolling on to glory,
Still the old world goes,
Through the battles gory

Of the friends and foes!
Here it sees a vision,
There it gains a truth,
Moving with precision
To immortal youth!

Keep the laughter sunny
As you walk the night:
Neither might nor money
Brings the living light!
Still the ancient story
Love, the Wonder, knows:
Rolling on to glory
Still the old world goes!

* *
*

Don't Fall Out with Life.

Don't fall out with life, my brother;
It will please, you like as not;
If you'll sort its pleasures over,
You will find it worth the living,
And it's all the one you've got!
You would better keep it friendly
And not rib it up to fight:
It will play you joyous music,
It will give you love unceasing,
If you only treat it right!

Don't fall out with life, my brother.
If it slaps you in the face:
Every time it brings a shadow,
Every time it gives a sorrow,

There's a rain-bow 'round the
place;
O, its heart is filled with pleasure
And its raptures slay the wrong;
All the stars repeat its praises,
All the suns exalt its glory,
And you'd better join the song!
Don't fall out with life, my brother!
If it has the wintry snows,
There's the scarlet of the summer,
There's the russet of the autumn,
With the lily and the rose;
It holds harvests for your labor,
It has crowns for you to win;
Open wide the glory-shutters,
Fling the doors of deeds far-open,
Till the sunshine saunters in!

*
* *

Not Extravagant.

“Are the members of the legislature extravagant in their habits?” inquired a suspicious citizen of a press reporter.

“No, not at all!” answered the veracious reporter. “I know several of them who came here at the beginning of the session with a clean shirt and a five-dollar bill, and they haven't changed either of them yet!”

Away from the Winter.

Away from the Winter and all his
wild ways,
To the blossoms that smile in the
spring's laughing days;—
To the rivers that sing
In the gladness of spring,
Where the birds cleave the air on
the love-laden wing!

Away from the walks of the snow-
smitten town
To the fields where the bees for the
honeys go down,
To the vales and the hills,
And the love-singing rills,
And the song of disconsolate, griev-
ed whippoor-wills!

Away to the paths where the white
lilies grow
And the daisies besprinkle the
meadows below;
Where the roses blush new
In the arms of the dew,
And the stars toss the sweets of
their kisses at you!



Just be Patient.

Don't you worry at stupidity! It
may be trying some
Just to keep your patience present
when the dullard pounds the drum,
And the discord of his rumpus fills
the palace of your soul
With a horrid inclination that you
hardly can control;
But the world keeps making music,
and as on the ages fly
It will learn the angel chorus, and
will sing it bye and bye!

Don't you worry at the darkness!
It may seem a little thick
As through life's entangled thickets
you your pathways try to pick,
And the struggle for advancement
seems so bitter as you roam
Through these vagrant ways of won-
der to the beacon-lights of home:
Over yonder shines God's lantern!
And the shadows all shall die,
In the glories of the sunshine when
we reach the bye and bye!

Don't you worry at the winter!
When the snow is all about;
It may seem a time of trouble for the
blossoms peeping out,

And the sere leaves of the forest
and the dead grass of the hills
Bring a set-back to the roses and
the lilies have the chills;
But the world is rolling onward!
and the spring is drawing nigh,
When the birds will spill their mu-
sic through the blossoms: bye and
bye!

There's no need to get impatient!
All the tangled ways will cease,
All the outer darkness vanish, all
the battles end in peace;
All the griefs that vex and hurt us,
all the ills that worry so,
Shall forsake the roads we wander
and the weary paths we go!
Up and on the world forever! Up
and on to meet the sky,
And the Good shall slay the Evil in
the blessed bye and bye!

* *
*

Off the Reservation.

There is war throughout the coun-
try! Don't you hear it rage and
roar
From the West Virginia mountains
to the California shore.—

O'er the Illinois prairies and the
valleys of Mizzoo,
Far across the plains of Kansas and
of Oklahoma, too?
'Tis the people that are marching!
They've a purpose that is just:
They have left the reservation and
are smashing at the Trust.

It has been a time of patience; for
the folks were slow to wrath,
And they thought to goit easy down
the Standard's stony path!
But the loads were heaped too
heavy, and the patient oxen
broke

From the proddings of the drivers
and they splintered up the yoke;
And however much the masters
shout their curses through the
dust,

They have quit the reservation and
are out to smash the trust!

Yet it was no sudden movement that
expanded in a night:

It for months and years was coming
with tornadoes full of might:
And the fuse was in the powder and
the sure result was seen

When Tom Lawson stuck a fagot in
the mighty magazine!

Then the people knew the issue!
Either yield or fight they must,
So they quit the reservation and
went out to smash the trust!

Tommy Lawson! Tommy Lawson!

What a naughty boy you are,
Stirring up the people this way till
they rise and shout for war!
Don't you wish you hadn't done it?

You are like to break the rule
Of the "System" and the Standard
and disrupt the Sunday School!
For the people are so earnest, in the
ire of their disgust
They have left the reservation and
are out to smash the trust!

* * *

Caught on the Fly

If the bad people never made scandal, what would the good people have to talk about?

Opportunity may call once, but she never rings the bell for the servant when she finds us visiting our wife's folks.

The lazy man is always willing to give the hustler a big percentage for collecting the living that the world owes him.

Don't Trade with Trouble.

Don't make a trade with Trouble!

He would buy you bargain cheap,
And you'd have to pay a ransom

That would climb up mighty steep!

Don't sell yourself to Trouble,

'Cause he banter's you each day!
Out beyond the snows of labor

Wait the blossomings of play!

Don't make a trade with Trouble!

Never stop to name a price;
Tell him plain he'd better travel

Without any more advice!

Trouble never paid a dollar

Of the mighty debt he owes;

Don't sell yourself to Trouble

And the sorrows that he knows!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

The Devil has such a good appetite that you can't afford to have him boarding at your hotel.

Broken heads are more numerous than broken hearts, and they also pay more fines in the police court.

When Faith and Hope leave a woman's heart, it is entirely empty of the graces; for Charity never had a home there.

Life and Love.

Life, and the trouble that comes
along,—
Life and the griefs it carries;
But Love comes by with her lips of
song,
And the joy that forever carries!
Life and the love and the bliss su-
preme,—
Life and the smiles of gladness;
And the song she sings is a holy
dream
Where the soul forgets the sad-
ness!

* *
*

Where Love Abides.

We walk in the present as roamed
we the past,
With gladness before us and joys
unsurpassed,
And Love lights the new days as
Love lit the old,
With the smile of her joy and the
laugh of her gold!
The world and its sorrows no lon-
ger supreme
Fade away in the smiles of the won-
derful dream,

And the light of its love overshines
the abode
Of the shadows that falleth on
beautiful road.

O, Sorrow, stay far in the desolate
night,
Where the black of your wings bears
the black of your flight,
And hasten, O tears, down the de-
serts that lie
In the silences vast of the bleak bye-
and-bye!

O, Joy, tune the stars till they sing
through the night,
While Love wreaths the lilies of
Good with delight,—
Till the stars fill the earth with the
seraphim song,
And Love with her garlands hides
all of the wrong!

* *
* *

Keep in the Light.

It's no use to court the shadows!
They will hide your heart in night!
If you want to gather roses
You must linger in the light!



It's Good bye, Mr Speaker

O, it's good-bye. Mister Speaker,
when the motion to adjourn
Says the stuff is off forever and for-
bids us to return!
And there's much of tears and
laughter, much rejoicing and
regret,
At the measures we enacted and the
things we didn't get;
But the sixty days are over! And
this hope each heart imbues
That the people are forgiving and
our errors will excuse!

It was sixty days of labor with but
little recompense;
It was sixty days of struggle with
the rivalries intense;
It was sixty days of effort to en-
throned the people's will,
And to legislate the good things and
the evil things to kill;
And if we but scanty trophies for
our battles can disp'ay,
Still it's good-bye, Mister Speaker!
We are going home today!

We have found there's something
mighty in the large affairs of
state,

And we know beyond a question it
is hard to legislate!

For there stand so many fellows
plucking at the public goose,

That it's moving lofty mountains
when you try to pull 'em loose!

But it's good-bye, Mister Speaker!
If we failed to do the best,

Let's be glad at what we purposed
and surrender all the rest!

It is pretty safe to figure that the
legislature man

Shall receive but scanty praises
though he does the best he can,

And with fellows on the left of him
and fellows on the right,

Full of sage advice and counsel, his
is not a happy plight;

But the record has been written and
for us it stands for aye,

So, it's good-bye, Mister Speaker!
We are going home today!

O, it's good-bye, Mister Speaker,
and it's farewell this and that,

And it's wish you well, my brother,
with the work you labor at!

And if we have missed our calling
and we don't deserve applause,

Nevermore we'll leave the furrow
just to tinker at the laws;

If we failed, 'twas worth the trying,
whatsoever the people say,
But it's good-bye, Mister Speaker!
We are going home today!

* *
*

A Memory

A scarlet on the maples,
A daisy down below,
And perfumes of the gardens
That blossomed long ago!

Love lifts the face of morning,
And walks the twilight late,
And one is there beside me
And leans across the gate!

Love sings her angel music
Through all the laughing days,
And we, the lovers, loiter
A down the rosy ways.

O, scarlet of the maples,
O, daisies down below,
And perfumes of the gardens
That blossomed long ago!

* *
*

Richly Deserved.

“I see Jingles is becoming quite a poet. I presume he must have got a good deal for that last poem of his.”

“Yes, I think he deserved six months for it, at least!”

Sunny Side Out.

Though the skies are gray and
gloomy

And the shadows hang about,

Yet the world is bright and bloomy

When the sunny side is out.

There is still an angel chorus

That shall put the griefs to rout,

And the sorrows flee before us

When the sunny side is out.

Then ring the bells of glory

And swing them with a shout!

This life's a laughing story

When the sunny side is out!

And fill the lips with laughter!

Let ancient worries pout!

With joys before and after

And the sunny side still out!

* *
*

Little Sermons

It's a mighty poor religion that
isn't better than some of its devotees.

If God is in your debt, you can
meet the Devil's sight drafts on de-
mand.

The honest dcubter will be wel-
comed to glory while the canting
hypocrite is hustled into the patrol
wagon for the infernal regions.

Fishing Time.

Yonder by the river
Grasses growing green,
And the wild birds singing
Over all the scene!

Yonder by the river
Violets are blue,
And the skies are dropping
Tender dreams of you!

Yonder by the river,
Where the ripples sing,
In the tangled thicket
Burns a crimson wing!

Yonder by the river!
We have waited long;
Let us greet the sunshine
With a smile and song!

* *
*

Life's Eternities.

Who can measure the dynamic force of one small life, or even of its smallest act? Verily, he that plants faith and hope in one brave heart and summons it with trumpet call to the lofty labors of the rolling years, has borrowed creative energies from the treasuries of God and throned eternal might to rule again among the skies!

The Days

Day-time and night-time,
Bright and black weather,
Life-song and love-song
Blended together!
Sorrow's an exile
At Joy's high endeavor;
Tears for a moment,
Then laughter forever!

* * *

Little Sermons.

A bowl of hot soup is sometimes more christian than a cup of cold water.

Even a bald-headed man can be a prophet. There was Elijah, for instance, whom the bears revenged.

Patience is sometimes imposed upon. Job not only had great suffering, but his friends lectured him about his sins.

* * *

Spring is the creative season of the world. Then all the creatures of earth and air, of sky and sea, find their well-loved mates, and though the individuals pass away, the pair grows all immortal in the children of their love.

When the Birds Come Back.

When the birds come back! When
the birds come back!
There's a call of rolling music for
the lonely hearts that lack,
And across the hills and valleys that
have silent been so long
There's a lilt of love and laughter
and a rhapsody of song;
And the cares that brought the sor-
rows and the shadows bleak
and black
Hide away their gloomy faces, when
the birds come back!

When the birds come back! There's
a sky of sweeter blue,
With the breezes blowing softer and
the blossoms peeping through;
There's a daisy in the meadows and
a green upon the trees
With a welcome for the songsters
and their swelling melodies;
And the pleasures trip the measures
and their happiness unpack
Over all the waking wood-lands,
when the birds come back!

When the birds come back! Ah, the
wonders of the spring
And the blossoms that are longing
for the choruses they sing!

And the roses that are sleeping
through the darkness of the
night

Till the love-song calls and summons
to the lover and the light!

Then we sail the seas of laughter,
though the tempests lower
black,

As the blossoms greet the morning,
when the birds come back!

When the birds come back! Ah, the
days of heaven when

All the songs shall sing forever down
the perfect ways of men,

And the lilies and the roses in the
fields of death and doom

Shall engarland all the path-ways
with the bright of bud and
bloom!

What if long the wait and watching?

What if sky and sun are black?

Songs and blossoms come to meet
us, when the birds!

When the birds come back! When
the birds come back!

O, the raptures and the rhapsodies
that follow in their track!

How the memories of by-gones and
the joys of other days

Smile again with angel faces down

the world's entangled ways!
And the pleasures come and crown
us with the garlands that we
lack,
When the sunshine floods the val-
leys and the birds come back!

* *
*

The Ways of Life.

The rough way, the hard way,
The way that seems so long!
Yet still the sweet and happy way
Across the fields of song!

The sad way, the dark way,
The way that leads above;
And still the bright and golden
way
Across the fields of love!

The love way, the song way,
The way we gladly go,—
The way of blossoms sweet and
fair
And a'll the dreams we know!

* *
*

What the world may think of a
man is of small consequence either
to him or the world; but what he
thinks of himself is of infinite and
imperishable importance to all the
realms of creation.

Mister Blue-bird

“Mister Blue-bird! Mister Blue-
bird!

Don't you think it's rather soon
For the making of your music,
And the striking of a tune?”

“I have heard the lone trees calling
And the meadows barren long,
For the laughter of the lovers
And the raptures of the song!

“I have heard the dark buds wait-
ing,
And the roses red to be
Sent the wailing of their wishes
In a message after me!

“Never think I come too early!
I'm the messenger of spring,
And the roses and the lilies
Never waken till I sing!”

* *
*

He has Lived in Vain

The poor man who never was a
country boy, and made cider, milked
the cows, ran off and went swim-
ming, kissed the girls at apple-cut-
tings and husking bees, bred stone-
bruises on his heels, stacked hay in
a high wind and mowed it away in a
hot loft, swallowed quinine in scrap-

ed apple and castor oil in cold coffee.
taught the calves to drink and fed
them, manipulated the churn-dasher.
ate molasses and sulphur and drank
sassafras tea in the spring to purify
his blood,—that poor man has lived
his sinful life in vain!

* *
*

Good-bye to the shadows!
Good-bye to the night!
We'll walk in the sunshine
And laugh in the light;
And the roses and lilies of God's
holy love
With their garlands shall crown us
for mansions above!

* *
*

The hewers of wood and the
drawers of water do but little of the
real work of the world. The horse,
the ox, the insensate thing of steam
and steel, does quite as much and
more. But the men who dream,—
who put something of brain and
heart and soul into the clods and
fashion them into things of beauty
for mankind,—these lift the burdens
off the shoulders of the race and
plant a song upon the lips of toil!

“Say Good bye to Sorrow,”

Say good-bye to Sorrow,
And her ways of night;
Song for you will borrow
Every sweet delight.

Say good-bye to Sorrow,—
Put the rogue to flight;
Pleasures come tomorrow
With the blossoms bright.

Say good-bye to Sorrow!
When she pounds your door,
Tell her there's the highway
And to call no more!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

The hired hand who needs no boss
to keep him busy earns double
wages.

Money may buy bread and clothes,
but every thing except happiness
can be purchased on credit.

The monument and the mausoleum
both perish from the world; but the
dreamer who created them lives
forever in the hearts of his fellow-
men, and fashions daily something
of their lives.

The Call of the Master

I.

This the call of the Master, and this
is the great Command:
“Forward, march, to the shadows!
Fare forth to the Slumber Land!
There’s the crown and the purple!
And there is the smile and song,
Past the ways of the weary, and
over the hills of wrong!”

II.

Forth at call of the Master! Still
forth for his perfect grace!
Sweet the vision of valor, and fair
is the loving face!
Swift the cradle forgetting, and far
from the sob between,
March to reign of the rain-bow, and
dreams of the years unseen!

III.

Rolls the sword in a circle! The
whirl and the flash of fire,
Burn the years like a cinder and
claim for their monstrous hire!
Croon of cradle, be silent! And
down, thou curtain of doom!
Weird as sobs of the midnight the
dirge of the wailing tomb!

IV.

Brothers, step to the music! Still
on with a shout and song!
Flags above for the triumphs o'er
struggles so lone and long!
Croon of cradle and love-song! The
ditty and dirge of strife,
All are daughters of duty and call
to the golden life! —

V.

See, the purples of even! Lo, Love
has a rosy hand!
Hate fades dim in the distance and
grief is a far-off land!
Sweet, 'tis time for the slumber!
With croon of the cradle-song,
Rest we there in the Father's arms
where the little ones belong!

* *
* *

Dry your eyes, my love, and we
Both shall laugh with rhapsody,
Hand in hand through all the days
And the world's peculiar ways!
What to us unhappiness
Of the sad heart's storm and stress?
Joy shall hold our hands and twine
Heart to heart through storm and
shine!

The Baby's Hand

In these days of loot and lucre
When no chap can get enough,
And the man that wins the praises
Is the one that gets the stuff;
When the fellow with a plenty
Of the "long green" at command
Is the one that knocks persimmons
From the tall trees of the land,—
What for me shall such things matter?
There's a glory more divine
Than the jingle of the guinea with
the baby's hand in mine!

O, it's nice enough,—the money,—
When the weather's fierce and
blue
And the blankets of its comfort
Come and warm the heart of you!
But it soon demands the minutes
Every hour and day and week,
With the gall of angry despot
And a most unmeasured cheek;
So I'm reconciled to leave it and its
tyrannies resign
For the ways of love and laughter
with the baby's hand in mine!

For the jingle of the dollars
Soon disturbs the dearest dreams

With the thunders of their mad-
ness
And the rumble of their schemes,
Till the heart and brain are weary
And the revel of their roar
Drive away the mirth and music
From the longings evermore!
But the skies above are bluest and
the heavens all a-shine
With the faces of the angels when
the baby's hand in mine!

Mister Midas, take your millions
And the glitter of your gold!
Life has treasures where the
heart is
That have never yet been told!
There are sweeter things to
cherish,
There's a song of earth and sky,
That are only faintest whispers
Of the raptures bye and bye!
You have little that I value! Let
for me the roses twine
With the laughter of the lovers and
the baby's hand in mine!



Little Sermons.

The prophets only dared to preach what other men felt but chose to conceal.

The Devil is only the personification of the evil things which men find in their own souls for conquering.

Courage is so rare in the presence of priest-craft that when it once speaks it fashions creeds for all the centuries.

* *
* *

Caught on the Fly.

A Christian hand achieves more blessings than a religious heart.

If virtue were as expensive as vice, we would all be malefactors.

It takes plenty of grit to keep a proper edge on the tools of success.

There is always a hole for the fellow that wants out, if he is dirty enough to crawl or dig.

What matters it if the peaches are killed and the wheat crop proves a failure! The water-melon crop is still ahead of us, and a heaven of joy in every ruddy heart!

Love and Song.

Ah, Love is no phantom,
Love's never a dream!
One hour in her kingdom
Is life all supreme!
And ever and ever
The scepter she swings
For hearts that are happy
With laughter that sings!

And Song is her sister
That makes for the feet
All the carpets of roses
And blossoms so sweet!

With hands linked together
They wander the ways!
How joyous their kisses
For grief-laden days!

* *
*

Sooner Sayings

The race is not to the swift but to the fellow who starts the night before.

Money not only makes the mare go, but it saves you from standing in line at the land-office.

A journey made before the proclamation is issued is a valuable experience and saves much perjury afterwards.

Sooner Sayings.

We'll all go to the Promised Land at the time of the big opening; and God grant that we get a filing on a fine claim and no contest.

There is no use in trying to sooner past St. Peter. Have your booth certificate properly signed and ready for inspection or he won't put your name down on the books.

Don't expect to hold down a claim in the New Jerusalem unless you live on it. This thing of using two poles and a hole in the ground for a homestead residence, won't work when you make your final proof.

*
* *

Caught on the Fly

Clouds are found where the most flowers bloom: only the desert is a land of clear skies.

War may be a gentleman's game, but the Devil usually wins the most stakes before it breaks up.

All the griefs and tears of the world would cease if Love could only have her way for a very little while.

All Fools Day.

God bless the man who hallowed
April First!

(Or was it, after all, some saintly
woman?)

May countless barrels of honors
brimming burst

Across the realms he rules so
super-human!

A wondrous person he in every part
With true affection filling all his
heart!

For 'tis but proper that one holy day
From all the hundreds should be
consecrated,

While Nature triumphs over Arts'
display

And | Life's dear memories are
celebrated:

This day is ours! Behold, no master
rules!

We all are equals in the Realm of
Fools!

The Cap and Bells to active work
awake,

All dressed in motley garbs for
their appearing.

With no disguises for the parts we
take,

Forgetful of the maskings so en-
dearing;
And we, the fools before we posed
as men,
In common claim our heritage
again!

E'en every dog, they tell us, has
his day,
On which fond fortune comes and
cheers and blesses;
And as the years roll on their end-
less way,
This one and that go by with soft
caresses,—
How proper, then, that one day from
the throng
Should unto Us and all the Fools
belong!

There are no wise men to contest
our claim,—
This day is ours,—is ours without
disputing!
Who boasts his wisdom bows his
head in shame
And knows his folly ere it goes to
fruiting;
The truth we speak! Today we
proudly know it,
And in the open to each other show it!

We meet as equals once for all the
year!

The wise and foolish shout with
kindred laughter;
No greater and no smaller fools ap-
pear,
And Folly flouts the dullard call-
ing after!

No tryant reigns! No hoary false-
hood waves
Imperial scepters over willing
slaves!

Then doff the fetters and discard the
chains!

Today is ours and let us be rejoic-
ing!
Forget the wise men and their soggy
brains
While we our native follies now
are voicing!

We all are fools! Let all the Fools
unmask!
One great inheritance is all we ask!

* * *

Some men throw a dollar in the
contribution box and immediately
figure compound interest on it at
two per cent per month.

In the Orchards of Spring.

A cloud of white in the orchard
And blossoms fair in the sun,
When love comes by in the morning
And sings till the day is done!

A cloud of white in the orchard!
O, branches hung with the bloom
At touch of her fairy fingers
And breath of her sweet perfume!

A cloud of white in the orchard
And skies with their deeps of blue,
And songs of the purple morning
That come at the thoughts of you!

A cloud of white in the orchard,
Where Love and her feet has run,
Where you came by in the morning
And stayed till the set of sun!

O, cloud of white in the orchard
And days with the skies of blue!
And songs that were sweet with
laughter
And sang with the lips of you!

The white is there in the orchard,
The blossoms break as of yore,
But silent the song and the laughter
For you will return no more!

Sunshine or Shadow.

Sunshine or shadow,
Righteousness or wrong,
Here we pluck a blossom,
There we sing a song;
Whether morn or even,
Whether noon or night,
Stars are there above us
With their love and light!

Sunshine or shadow!
Through the changing years,
There is love and laughter,
There is toil and tears!
But the stars above us
Blossom in the blue,
And the days are singing
Through the lips of you!

* *
* *

The great souls of human history have come from the deserts and the waste places of the earth to wield the sword and to hold the scepter, to sing the great song and prophesy of holiness and peace. Solitude is the true mother of dauntless men, and from her divine ministrations they walk forth to lead and conquer and make new epochs in the history of the race.

Dreams.

Day-dreams and night-dreams,—
All the dreams you will;
Black dreams and bright dreams
Up and down the hill!
What if nights are gloomy?
What if days are sad?
Life is always bloomy
With the roses glad!

Day-dreams and night-dreams,—
All the dreams you will;
Love is there with kisses
Through the good and ill!
Love is there with music
And her heart so true,
And amid the shadows
Still the eyes of you!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

Back-bone is the chief ingredient
in the hash mixture of greatness.

There may be plenty of room at
the top, but it's a mighty cold place
to spend the winter.

Love never has time to spare from
joy while she demands or listens to
explanations of a fault.

Teddy's on a Hunting Trip.

“Let the meeting be in order!” said
the chairman, looking wise;
(And a mountain lion was he of the
most enormous size!)

“There is business of importance to
consider; for they say
That a danger swift and sudden on
a special comes this way;
I can feel it in my whiskers, and I
hear it in the air:

Mister Teddy's gone a-huntin' and
is loaded up for bear!”

Then old Bruin rose: “This Terror
has no pets among the brutes,
And the first thing in his path-way
is the first thing that he shoots!
Even cotton-tails” (The rabbits in
their burrows flattened out!)

“Have no promises of safety when
he wanders hereabout;
From the grizzly to the chip-munk
it is well to have a care;
Mister Teddy's gone a-huntin' and
he's loaded up for bear!”

Then up rose the wolf in wisdom:
“I am sure that Bruin's right,
And this Mister Man with Big
Teeth slaughters every thing in
sight!

Why, they say he wears a slicker
and sleeps close beside his nag
On the pommel of his saddle in a
mammoth sleeping-bag!

We must watch him mighty careful
or a common fate we share;—

Mister Teddy's on a huntin' trip
and loaded up for bear!"

"Mister Chairman!" Said the Old
Deer with broad antlers great and
strong,

"I have roamed the woods and
prairies and endured the dangers
long,

I've escaped the hunter's rifle, I've
survived the winter's cold

And the summer's heat undaunted,
with a courage brave and bold;

But my coward legs now tremble,
even I the panic share:

Mister Teddy's on a-huntin' trip
and loaded up for bear!"

"Mister Chairman!" cried the Wood-
chuck in a voice, defiant, shrill,

"By what right does Mister Big
Teeth come to slaughter us and
kill?

Is not he our chosen ruler, sworn to
keep the law intact

And to serve his faithful subjects
with his every thought and act?
Let us fight if he would slay us!
Turn about is only fair,
When he comes around a-huntin'
and is loaded up for bear!"

"Treason! Treason!" cried the rabbits;
'Treason! Treason!' shouted they;

"If he wants to come and hunt us,
he must have his bloody way!
It would be the direst folly for the
timid, helpless ones
To combat the deadly bullets of his
thunder-spitting guns!
There's a better way to foil him,—
'tis a way beyond compare,
When our Teddy's on a-huntin' trip
and loaded up for bear!"

"Resolved by all the animals through
all the South and West,
When Mister Roosevelt comes along
we'll take a quiet rest!
We'll stay at home delightedly and
all his dogs and guns
Will never find us where we dwell
with wives and little ones!
Every rabbit in his burrow and each
lion to his lair,

When this Teddy comes a-huntin'
and all loaded up for bear!"
They voted "aye" unanimous; and
fast and far they hied
O'er dale and desert, wood and plain,
each to his ingle-side!
They hid themselves so closely that
no hunter cared to roam
Where these the timid subjects each
had fashioned him a home!
They were too wise for Teddy and
they still life's blessings share,
Though Teddy went a-huntin' them
all loaded up for bear!

*
* *

Sooner Sayings.

Blood tells when it comes to annuities and allotments.

God made the country, but it never fruited till the boomer boomed it.

*
* *

The greatest heroes of the world are not those extolled in song or glorified with monuments and statues. They are the undiscovered ones who in tears and darkness lived their uttermost for the accomplishments of lofty purposes and failed utterly just before the triumph came.

Sooner Sayings.

All town-sites look alike on the map.

A claim in the run is worth two in the lottery.

One contest beats a fire, and two are worse than a ship-wreck.

A stake on a home-stead is more valuable than a palace on an Indian allotment.

As smoke to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth, so is a contest to the poor man seeking a home.

* *
*

Little Sermons

Eloquent sermons never saved a sin-sick soul.

Hate would narrow heaven to a one man's closet.

Charity is the first lesson in the school of righteousness.

The religion that feeds only the heart can never hope to save hungry souls.

If you shake hands with sin as you leave it, you will find it at the station to meet you when the train stops.

In April Days.

The budding trees
Perfume the breeze
With breath of blossomed mysteries,
And soft winds play
By grassy way
Through every laughing April day!

Suns rosy rise
Through turquoise skies,
And life looks out through tender
eyes;
While cloudlets lift
Through rent and rift,
Where floating islands drive and
drift.

Clear waters sing
From stream and spring,
With music in their murmuring,
And where they drip,
With thirsty sip
A lonely violet lifts its lip.

The balmy croons
Of tender tunes
Sing through the drowsy afternoons,
And faint perfumes
Of bursting blooms
Haunt all the aisles of dying glooms!
And dreams arise
Of perfect skies

And all the worlds of prophets wise,
And tender hands
Whose fond commands
Lead fast and far through Love's
sweet lands.

And bending low
We fondly know
The love-songs of the Long Ago,
So sweet and fair
With raptures rare,
And lips of welcome waiting there.
O, fields afar.
Whose echoes are
Soft whispers flung from sun and
star,
Still faint and dim
I hear your hymn
Across the wide horizon's rim!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Drowning men were never rescued
by eloquent preachers who stand
on the shore and shout at them how
to swim.

The church that brings shadows
to this world hangs no sunshine o'er
the portals of the next.

The noblest ambition of good men
is to pluck the thorns from among
the roses of upright living.

Without Embarrassment.

(John D. Rockefeller has recently offered the Congregational Missionary Society \$100,000; after much discussion, they have decided to take the money.)

It must be very trying

When the wicked millionaires
Desire to trade the pulpits

Dirty dollars for their prayers;
But I miss the shame, you see,
And am happy as can be,

For John D.

Rockefeller he

Hain't a-throwin' any of his awful
coin at me!

Of course, if some rich sinner

Should attempt to subsidize,
I certainly would see, sir,

If I dared accept the prize;
But I worry none, you see,
And my fancies all are free,

For John D.

Rockefeller he

Hain't expressed a notion to be sub-
sidizin' me!

But I—I have the promise,—

You may spread the joyous
news—

I get whatever millions

That the churches may refuse;
But I know still poor I'll be
And from dirty dollars free,
For John D.
Rockefeller he
Will never have occasion to pass on
the coin to me!

* *
*

In the Dark.

It's all too lonely for speech,
Too drear for a swift remark:
I only grope till I faintly reach
Your finger-tips in the dark.
But there in the darkness near
Where the shadows clutch and
cling,
Above the splash of the bitter tear,
A song and the lips that sing!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

Poor cooks make rich undertakers.
Self confidence is the sharpest
weapon in life's fierce battles.

It is our own infirmities that lead
us to suspect infirmities in our fel-
lows.

Because it is hard for a rich man
to enter the kingdom may account
for the wives of so many owning all
the property.

"When Teddy Squares the
Deal."

They tell us that the good old play
We call the game of life,
Is fair no more, and every day
Leads on to more of strife;
The cards are marked, the hands
are stuffed,
The players bunco feel,
And graft has all the goodness
bluffed
Till Teddy squares the deal!

The gamblers who have won the
stakes

By shady ways of wrong
Will find of dough their biggest
cakes

And sing another song;
The loaded dice so used of yore,
The marks that help the steal,
Will disappear forever more
When Teddy squares the deal.

Then honest men will have a chance
To play an even game,
And thrift and virtue swift advance
To happiness and fame;
No more will robbers ply their trade,
Nor shout the tin-horn's spiel;
The world will call a spade a spade
When Teddy squares the deal!

He'll slay the "bear", he'll rope the
"bull,"

He'll make the brokers stare;
He'll fill the jails with robbers full,
And teach them to beware;
He'll fill the rich man full of pains
And millionaires shall reel.

While poor men prosper in their
gains,

When Teddy squares the deal.

I think that life will be worth while

When force and fraud no more
Confederate with smirk and smile
To grab the people's store;
Get in the game! The laws will
cease

To help the robbers steal,
And all the land will live in peace
When Teddy squares the deal!

* *
*

A Date with Joy.

When Sorrow stops and hails you,
Your pleasures to destroy,
Just tell him, "Something ails you!
I've got a date with Joy!"

"The roads are good for travel,—
You'd better go away;
Just hit the flying gravel,
For Joy is here today!"

The Gods and the Man-Child.

I.

The Gods of Life to the Man-Child
 crept
The whispered low as the Man-Child
 slept,—
The God of Love and the God of
 Hate,
 And the God of the Glories Three;
And smiles and frowns wove the
 Man-Child's fate
 In a crown that was sad to see!

II.

“Come worship me!” said the God of
 Love,
“And life shall equal the realms
 above;
My cheeks are ruddy and white in
 turn,—
 And my lips are as red as wine,
And Grief ne'er comes where the
 pleasures burn
 And the joys that are slaves of
 mine!”

III.

“Come worship me!” said the God
 of Hate;
“Revenge is sweetest of faith and
 fate!

To conquer foes that revile and leer
With the scorn of the fiends of
hell,
Is work that brings to the soul good
cheer
And is worthy of doing well!"

IV.

"There is no worship like that of
me!"
Cried long the God of the Glories
Three;
"I have no love and I have no hate,
But the Power and Wealth and
Fame;
The crowns I hold are the crowns of
state
And of gold and the world's ac-
claim!"

V.

The Man-Child woke from the world
old dream,
And launched his boat on the tossing
stream;
A God he sought that was none of
these,
But a greater and sweeter far,
And question made of the rain and
breeze,
And the blossom and blazing star!

VI.

He heard faint calls from the far-off
days;
He saw faint steps in the lonely ways;
He caught faint glimpses by way-
side path,
As he threaded the shadows dim,
And through the years with their
peace and wrath
In the quest of the soul |for Him!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

Love heals the wound that truth
only irritates.

The world offers no standing-room
for the lazy man.

Palpitation of the tongue is the
most chronic disease known to the
race of women.

* *
*

Sooner Sayings.

The swift horse plants the first
stake.

It is well enough to be early, but
too early is worse than too late.

A quarter section isn't big enough
for a potato patch when two men
claim it.

April 22, 1889—1905

It is sixteen years since the race for
homes,—it is sixteen years today
Since we on that April morning
lined up for the mighty race;
And after the strenuous toiling and
the griefs that have gone away,
The fields are glad with their
beauty and the land is a dream
of grace.

We raced for homes in the desert
ways, and we won them fair and
square;

We built so well as the swift years
fled that life was a laughing
thing;

And the joys that come as the crowns
of life, the joys that are sweet
and fair,

Build close their nests by the
brooding eaves where the rose-
vines climb and cling.

We knew when we entered the
strange, new land there were
labors of might to do;

We knew that Want with his dead-
ly sword stood guard at the
desert gate,

But far to the swarded prairies and
valleys that no one knew,
We spurred our steeds on the holy
quest for the stars of a mighty
state!

The Drouth came out of the sere
south-west and the corn died
low in a day;
The copper sun looked out of a
sky that burned with a molten
fire;
While Hope sank deep in the bravest
heart, and over the barren way
The dumb feet trailed in the steps
of Want and dead was the old
desire.

And Famine came with her sunken
eyes from the dust of the parch-
ing fields
And tapped the door with her
bony hands and her fingers
gaunt and thin;
Ah, Hearts grow faint at the hun-
ger-cry and the arm of the mas-
ter yields
When all the world is a heap of
dust that its creatures wrig-
gle in!

But Plenty heard of our want and
woe, and gave with a lavish hand,
And Love loaned ever her cruise
of oil that never of fullness
fails;

The God of the rains heard all our
cries and He watered the thirsty
land

And sent us a patch of turnips in-
stead of a flock of quails!

O, years of the strife and struggle!

O, years of the wrath and wrong!

The hands of toil smote the sleep-
ing fields and they woke with
the blooms of light;

The homes we wrought are the homes
of peace, where life is a tender
song,

And the pleasures romp through
the laughing days and the
dreams go down the night!

Between the seas of the big, round
world there never was such a
land!

A land that walks in the paths of
peace where the stars in their
plenty shine;

And the fields are fair with the har-
vests there and the gifts of the
toiler's hand,

And the fruit hangs red in the
orchard trees and the grapes
on the purple vine!

It is sixteen years since we ran the
race, it is sixteen mighty years,
And the days have come and gone
again, with the gifts that the
strong men claim;
And after the days of the struggle,
the grief and toil and tears,
The wilderness smiles in its beauty
'neath the stars of a wondrous
fame.

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

The younger a bride, the sooner
a grass widow.

Lilies are pretty, but the old fash-
ioned potato sticks closer to the ribs.

A magnate and his money are dif-
ferent propositions to the missionary
societies.

* *
*

Willie's Easter.

When Easter Sunday comes along
I hunt and hunt so hard,
And find a nest of rabbit eggs
Out yonder in the yard;
They're red and yellow, blue and
green,

All colored every way,
And when the rabbits lay their
eggs

I know it's Easter day.

My Mamma cooks a lot of eggs

For little Bud and me.

And says for us to eat ourselves

As full as we can be;

And then we go to dress ourselves,

And find in every shoe.

The rabbits let a pile of eggs

As Easter rabbits do.

And Mamma tells us of the Christ

Who came to earth and died,

And was so good in all he did

He soon got crucified;

But when they took him from the

Cross

And buried him away.

He came to life and rose again

And started Easter day.

And Mamma has some lilies, too,

And glad flowers of the spring,

And tells us how the world wakes

up,

And tells the birds to sing:

And I like Easter mighty well,

But what is best, I say,

Is when you find the rabbit eggs

And know it's Easter day!

Little Sermons

Faith is a great heart-cleaner.

The godly man never worries over hell-fire.

Good intentions never make the dollars ring in the collection plate.

A man's meanness and woman's frailty make a pair that prayer can't beat when they get together.

The Devil never attends the church of a scolding preacher. He knows that his presence is unnecessary.

If you want a balance in your favor on God's books, see to it that there is no balance against you on the books of men.

At the birth-hour of every soul, there overhangs a divine plan directing its plans and purposes. That plan is holy and immaculate; it has neither spot nor blemish; and as the soul walks out upon the highways of its life, dim whispers and faint intuitions try to teach the road it ought to travel to the stars. Happy the man who understands the story and walks with unerring feet the divine lanes of life and light until the shadows fall again!

The Blossom Ways.

With one true heart and a hand that
stays,
This world rolls ever the blossom
ways,
And there as it roams the sweet
paths over,
The honey bees and the laughing
clover!

And Love comes by with her lips of
song,
To hush the cries and the calls of
wrong,
Till life romps on to a merry meas-
ure
With dimpled hands and a heart of
pleasure!

* * *

Sooner Sayings.

The swift horse makes the safe
filing.

Getting in line is easy, but it's
where you want to get that costs
the money.

A mother-in-law may not be a pop-
ular member of the family, but your
wife's folks will do to visit when
the crops fail.

A Modern Love Story

Anent the present divorce agitation, I find in an old paper the following skit which is still in point:

Chapter I.

They met in the Spring
And admired everything.

Chapter II.

In the Summer she said,
"Yes, dear, we will wed!"

Chapter III.

In the Autumn this pair
Had a spat, I declare!

Chapter IV.

In the winter, of course,
They procured a divorce!

* *
*

However it may happen, there are times when the common-place soul rebels at the petty chains of trifles and seeks acquaintance with the infinite. Then it is a companion of the stars, an associate of wind and wave, and all of Nature's immeasurable forces. Happy he whose sanity is so brave and strong as to walk with the blossoms at his feet and the stars above his head.



Sooner Sayings.

Usury knows no law in a new country.

It's a poor claim that won't beat Arkansaw.

It takes more than a map and a real-estate sign to make a city.

All signs fail in dry weather,—except those of the money-lenders.

* *

Better Hurry.

Man, you'd better hurry!

Life is mighty swift,
Fled before you know it
With the stars adrift!

Soak yourself with sunshine
All the blessed day;
Yonder come the shadows
And the night of gray!

* *

If Love Abides.

Old Mister Trouble hides his face
And crosses o'er the slope,
When Love is laughing on the place
And links her hands with Hope.

No matter if in darkest night
Through tangled ways we grope,
If Love abides with living light
Still tip to lip with Hope!

The Rim of the Circle.

I.

We travel the rim of the circle; the
center is under the feet;
Today is the sire of tomorrow, the
noon and the night never meet;
The mornings come out of the purple
to die in the light of the day,
And over the dead of the ages the
living are up and away!

II.

We travel the rim of the circle! The
roses are ruddy and red
Where the blòssoms that burst into
beauty are sleeping the sleep
of the dead;
And the trees in the deeps of the
forest wave scepters of laughter
and light
Where the monarchs have perished
forever and sheathed are the
swords of their might.

III.

We travel the rim of the circle! The
peoples that struggled and
wrought
Are the dust of the ways that we
wander, with truths they discovered
and taught;

And back to the morning we hasten,
—the morning when nations
were new,—
For the Voice of the Master is calling,
and still there is labor to do.

IV.

We travel the rim of the circle, yet
wider and wider it grows,
Yet farther and farther it reaches
till Love conquers all of her foes,
And Faith to the far journey beckons,
and Truth with her promises sweet
Sounds the call of the masterful ages
and hurries the march of the feet.

V.

We travel the rim of the circle! Its
path is a way of delight;
The morning brings ever the noon-day
and conquers the shadows
of night;
And whether we walk it a little, or
whether we wander it far,
Still widens the rim of the circle,
and yonder the sun and the star!



Playing the Game

When Willie first began the game,
He saw but little in it,
And often wondered how he came
To let himself begin it;
But soon he learned the ball to hit
A mighty blow elastic,
And shouted at the rise of it
With yells enthusiastic.

He talked so much of hits and runs,
Of strikes and fouls and bases.
That we, the poor admiring ones,
Could hardly hold our faces;
His boasting never found an end,
His bat was always ready,
And every day he had to spend
Some hours in practice steady.

He never seemed prepared for
meals,—

The game held him completely;
He kept so busy making "steals,"
And running home so neatly;
And if a "home run" batted he,
We could forget it never;
His talk would all about it be
Forever and forever!

Sometimes I think that Willie's
game

Is like the game life's playing:
At first we wonder how we came

Around here to be staying;
And then we find the game is worth
The stakes that humans stagger,
And anxious are to win the earth
With "home run" or "three-
bagger."

We practice up from day to day
To gain applause and prizes.
And fool the precious hours away
With toilsome exercises;
Yet 'tis worth while whate'er the
strife,
Whatever you are doing,
To play your best the game of life
And keep the prize pursuing.

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Love pardons where the law con-
demns.

It's a poor religion that joins the
church for popularity.

Both God and the Devil know that
neither of them can depend on the
hypocrite.

A cup of cold water bestowed in
mercy has more christian qualities
than millions of dollars given for
the astonishment of men.



With the May time Blossoms.

I.

Out with the May-time blossoms!
How sweet is the May-time song,
Far from the griefs and sorrows and
all of the cries of wrong!

II.

Out with the May-time blossoms,
where the pleasures dance the
light,
And Love is a laughing fairy that
kisses the lilies white!

III.

Out with the May-time blossoms,
where the mocking-bird is king,
And the songs of the thrush in chorus
with all of the laughters ring!

IV.

Out with the May-time blossoms!
For the lilies lead the way,
And the roses blush their greetings
and Love is the Queen of May!

V.

And the breezes whisper "Welcome"
and sweet is the vale and stream!
And life with the rose and lily is
only a lover's dream!

VI.

Out with the May-time blossoms!
Let youth and her fancies play,
For Love is the light of the lily and
Love is the rose's way!

*
* *

Caught on the Fly.

Even a dead lie has a poisonous
sting.

Social stars are not all of the first
magnitude.

Grit in men and granite in stone
are similar qualities.

Good opinions are valuable only
as they come from good people.

Love never yet held poison to the
lips or poured vitrol in a wound.

He only is truly rich who carries
the sufficiencies of life within his
soul.

The musician who would be prais-
ed by the ravens must learn to croak
in their serenades.

Before great men can grow, the
proper raw material must be provid-
ed. Pearls can't be made from putty.



My Heritage

I am rich in the treasures of earth,
In the deeds that the fathers have
done,
And for me from the moment of birth
All the gifts of the stars and the
sun!

At my feet have the multitudes cast
What the ages have conquered and
wrought,—
All the wonders of present and past,
All the truths that the sages have
taught.

I'm the heir of the sea and the sky,
Of the storm and sun and the star,
And the morning of time toils for me
Till I cross o'er the outermost bar.

Every truth that the teachers at-
tained,
Every vision the dreamers have
known
Every thought the philosophers
gained,
Is forever and ever my own.

I'm the heir of the land and the sea!
'Twas for me that they finished
their quest;
For they toiled the slow cycles for
me

And they wrought that my days
may be blest!

* *
*

Shadow and Shine.

“This world is full of trouble,
And of sorrows, too, my boy!”
But Love is here with laughter
And she dwells along with Joy!

“This life is full of grieving,
Every pleasure to destroy!”
But Love is here with gladness
And she fills the days with Joy!

“This path is full of darkness
And the gloomy ways annoy!”
But Love lights all her candles
And unveils the stars of Joy!

O, this world and all that's in it,—
Life and every tiny toy!
Love is all we crave or care for,—
Love who links her hands with
Joy!

* *
*

The Quest.

Over the hills that rise
Still pursue the quest,
Seeking in the shadows
For the best,—the best!
And beyond the summits gleam
All the glories of the dream!

Brighter than the Dreams,

Never mind the brooding shadows,
Nor how dark they seem!
Sweeter are the laughing meadows
Than the dreams we dream.
Never mind the waves that sever
As we sail the stream;
Lo, the harbor's brighter ever
Than the dreams we dream!
Never mind the griefs that wander
Where no stars may beam;
There's a heaven fairer yonder
Than the dreams we dream!
Never mind the Sword or Miter,—
Hard or holy theme;
Brother mine, the world is brighter
Than the dreams we dream!
Still the dream and still the dream-
ing,
Through the tangled scheme;
But the stars of love are gleaming
Brighter than the Dream!

* *
*

Little Sermons

The cup that runs over is the one
that we neglect to empty.

Those who would lie down in green
pastures must not sow too many
weeds and wild oats.

Howdy, Mister Summer,

It's howdy, Mister Sunmah!
Ah's glad toh see yoh face;
Ah hope yuh'll lak de kentry
En visit all de place!

It's howdy, Mistah Sunmah!
We'll happy be, Ah knows,
Wid shiny watah-melons
Eh-crowdin' in de rows!

So howdy, Mistah Sunmah!
Ah's glad yuh back ehgin;
We'll ten' de craps tohgetheh,
En roll de melons in!

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Fast people demand a religion
trained to their own pace.

Whatever may be thought of the
teachings of conventional theology
and its peculiar dogmas, it is unde-
niable that a moral and an upright
manner of living secures the high-
est happiness for the human family.
If death is only a passage-way to
eternal sleep, still a goodly life is
worth the living for the little years
of this world only.



Sooner Sayings

Every man's horse is the fleetest,
in the contest records.

Fortune favors the first man on
the ground,—if he sets his stake
and stays with it.

Statehood and 'manana' are put-
ting up a fierce contest to become
exact synonyms.

* *
*

A Happy Dream,

"Ah had a happy dream the otheh
night, Boss; jes' de happies' one I
evah had in all my life!"

"How was that, Rastus?"

"Well, suh, Ah dreamed dat Ah
wuz in a field of water-melons jes'
eh-eatin' widout eitheh knife or
spoon, en de juice a drippin' offen
my chin in a reg'lah stream!"

* *
*

Still Going.

The black way and the bright way,
And still we trudge along,
With sunshine o'er each path-way
And life a summer song.

The tear-drop and the heart-ache,
And still we tread the years,
With Love enough for gladness
And Joy enough for tears!

Little Sermons.

When envy enters a man's heart,
the devil never gives him any more
attention.

The devil needs no mortgage on
the Pharisee. He already owns him
in fee simple.

When a man comes to believe he
is better than his neighbors, it is
high time he were hunting the mourn-
er's bench.

* * *

At the Turning of the Lane.

Say good-bye to grief and sorrow,

Leave them in a high disdain:

All the raptures come tomorrow

At the turning of the lane!

What if over you the shadows

And the nights of cold and rain?

Yonder smile the laughing meadows

At the turning of the lane!

Still the rose and still the rapture

Woven through the tangled skein,

And the joys we still shall capture

At the turning of the lane.

All the rain-bows arch their story

Bright above the hill and plain:

If we wait, we'll see the glory

At the turning of the lane!

At the Twilight.

I.

As sure as the red years die, dear,
as sure as the red years die,
The day and the hour will come,
dear, to whisper a last good-bye.—
When Love shall unloose the hand-
clasp and under the heaping
clays
Shall hide in the shadows dark, dear,
the dreams of the by-gone days!

II.

Whatever the paths we wander, they
lead to the ways that part!
One goes to the realm of shadows,
one waits with a lonely heart;
And tears that we weep together
shall come at the cry of prayer
And flow in a flood of grieving at
pangs of the parting there.

III.

The roses will bloom as red, dear,
through all of the laughing land;
The lilies will grow as white, dear,
but neither will understand;
For what is the rose and lily to
hearts that murmur and moan,
With eyes that were bright all dim,
dear, and one of us here alone!

IV.

Ah, one that is left shall murmur and
ask of the bud and bloom,
And question the awful silence and
mourn at the gates of gloom;
And call through the nights of dark-
ness and sit at the doors of woe,
And never an answer at all, dear,
from lips that it used to know!

V.

And one at the darkened window and
door of the heart's old home,
Shall wait with an unspoke welcome
for one that shall never come;
And one at the gate stand watching
as there in the years before,
While the latch of the gate is silent
and one shall return no more!

VI.

Whichever it be that goes, dear,
whichever it be that stays,
The lily and rose shall bloom, dear,
through all of the lonely days;
And all that we lived so bravely and
all that we loved so long
Shall dwell with the one that stays,
dear, and lighten the lips with
song.

VII.

Enough that the joys were many,
that Love was a sun and star!

Enough that we knew the raptures
as tired feet wandered far!

Enough that the years were happy
and sweet was the golden light

That came at the first "Good Morn-
ing" and stayed till the last

"Good Night!"

* *
*

Upward.

What matters the tempest,

The storm and the night?

Up yonder is glowing

The rainbow of light;

And o'er the red path-ways to glory
we go

The feet of our faith in their happi-
ness know!

* *
*

Success in its true sense is a per-
sonal and subjective matter, after
all. Many have commanded armies
and sat upon the purple thrones of
the world with tear-stained cheeks
and the unhappiest of hearts. Un-
less life has brought happiness to
the one who spends it royally, fail-
ure of the most ignominious kind
has been its dark achievement.



Sooner Sayings.

The gate to a cow pasture has
rusty hinges.

A horse's swiftness is not deter-
mined by the saddle he sports.

The hoe and the branding-iron
can't dwell as friends in the same
settlement.

* *
*

Quit Grieving.

Don't you go to grievin'

At the cry of grief;

If you'll try to whistle

You will find relief!

Mockin'-bird up yonder,

Robin down below,

An' the world a-singin'

All the songs they know!

* *
*

A rose is only a rose after all, how-
ever sweet and beautiful it may be.
And a weed is no worse than a weed,
however noxious or deadly its ex-
halations. Neither can reach into
the realm of the other or invade the
world of its supremacy. Stick to
the world in which you are born,
and throw no bouquets at the impos-
sible or the unattainable.

To the Dawn.

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,
We go to the gates of day,
Where the sweet light beckons on,
dear,

And the roses line the way:
And whether the clouds are heavy
Or whether the skies are blue,
A song on the lips of love, dear,
And a light in the eyes of you!

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,
We go through the happy years,
Where the feet of the joys have gone,
dear,

And the smile of the gold appears;
And whether the fates are friendly
And whether the blossoms few,
The touch of the hand is brave.
dear,

And a song in the heart of you!

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,
We travel the dusty road,
With the bruise of the battle's brawn,
dear,

And the weight of the labor's load;
But whether we lose or conquer,
And whether the rose or rue,
A song on the paths we go, dear,
And a smile on the face of you!

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,
We go to the gates of day,
Where the sweet light beckons on,
 dear,
And the roses line the way;
And whether the clouds are heavy,
Or whether the skies are blue,
A song on the lips of love, dear,
And a light in the eyes of you!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

A man is what he is, not what he
heaps around him.

When life passes into the rocking-
chair existence, it has no energies
for combat.

To have one friend who believes
in you is more than to be a favorite
of extreme good fortune.

* *
*

Little Sermons.

Untempted virtue is frequently
only undeveloped vice.

When a man's religion brings a
long face, he simply got fooled in the
article he found.

So many people think heaven must
be up yonder because they have
never tried to find it here below.

You Sang to Me, Dear!

I.

You sang to me, Dear, in the morns
far away,
When the birds of the spring sang
the matins of May,
And the songs that you sang to me
then were as sweet
As the whispers the daisies lisped
low at your feet.

II.

You sang to me, Dear, in the noons
far away,
When the fairies of joy sang the
love-songs of May,
And the touch of your hand was as
tender and true
As the longings of love in the dear
heart of you!

III.

You sang to me, Dear, in the nights
far away,
When the dews of the dusk kissed
the rose-lips of May,
And the dews of your lips were as
soft as the dew,
And your eyes were as bright as
the stars over you!

IV.

O, the morn and the noon and the
night, when your lips
In the sweetest of raptures brought
sorrow's eclipse!
They have died with the years on
the deserts of men,
Yet your heart to my heart sings
the love-songs again!

V.

And the blossoms still bloom on the
beautiful way
Where the dews of the dusk kiss the
rose-lips of May,
And the noon and the night from the
far away shore
Sing the songs that you sang, to my
heart evermore!

*
* *

Caught on the Fly

A bar-room full of laughter is
more attractive than a home used
for rag-chewing.

If a man stops to try on every
shoe that fits him, he won't get
dressed in time to build the fires in
the morning.

Strength to do and to endure is
the rich, ripe fruit of trial and strug-
gle, grown only in the gardens of
supreme courage.

Jist a-Wushin'!

Jist a-wushin' fer the grass
Whayre the brook's a-brimmin'
An' the tow-head fellers thayre
Strippin' off fer swimmin'!

Wushin' fer to be a boy
In the laughin' lan's o' joy,
Whayre the rain-bows ring the
medders with a rosy rim of joy!

Wushin' fer the fields o' green,
Cow-bells jingle, jangle,
An' the kids thayre on the swing
In the tree-tops' tangle!

Wushin' fer to be a boy
Whayre no sorrows fun de-
stroy,
An' the rain-bows ring the medders
with a rosy rim of joy!

Wushin' fer a fishin pole,
Whayre the swallers chatter,
An' the Bob-whites come an' call
Through the cat-bird's clatter!

Wushin' still to be a boy
Whayre no grown-ups bring
annoy,
An' the rain-bows ring the medders
with a rosy rim of joy!

Jist a-wushin'! Only that,
Fer the perished pleasures!

Jist a-wushin'! Fer the years
An' their squandered treasures!
Wushin' still to be a boy
With the wide world fere a toy.
While the rain-bows ring the med-
ders with a rosy rim of joy!

* *
*

A Happy Farmer.

What's the use to worry?
Joy is coming nigh:
Got the patches planted
For the melons bye and bye!

What's the use to worry?
Trust the rain and sky:
They will stuff the melons
Full of heaven bye and bye!

* *
*

Sooner Sayings.

When the cow-path fades, the sec-
tion line appears.

The testimony in a contest case is
often a startling work of fiction.

The booth certificate and the lot-
tery number are worthless to the
fellow that won't hustle.



In the Lap of Spring.

Took a walk one day to hear
Mister Blue-bird sing;
Found old Winter sittin' there
In the lap of Spring!

“Mister Winter!” So I said,
“Guess you'd better hike!
Give the lady here a chance
At the rosy pike!”

* *
*

Loafing,

Loafin' in the sunshine,
On a grassy bed,
Dreamin' of the melons
An' their hearts of red!

Loafin' in the sunshine,—
That is what I said!
Mockin'-bird a-singin',
Tree-tops overhead!

Loafin' in the sunshine!
All the cares are dead,
Thinkin' of the melons
An' their hearts of red!

Loafin' in the sunshine,—
Work an' worry fled!
Heart's a-dancin' hoe-downs
With the roses red!

No Encouragement.

"Ah tole yuh, boss, dat book whut yuh calls de Bible ain't no frien' to de cullud people," said Black Mose in a sceptical moment.

"Why, how is that Mose," said the preacher.

"Bekaze it doan't hol' no encouragement out foh de cullud sin-nah! Now, ef Hebben wuz a place full ob banjoes en wohtah-millions, all de black raskels would suah come eh-runnin' to de moahneh's bench so fas' dey couldnen' be bap-soused!" And the old man slouched away full of indignation at the barrenness of the heavenly promises.

* * *

Only the chemical tests of the long years can determine the true success or the utter failure,—the worth of a great deed or the nothingness of a mean act. The world's esteemed immortals have survived the shadows of oblivion only because of precious deeds they wrought for fellow men. The rags of yesterday are exchanged for purple robes as the centuries pass, while the crowns of today fade and crumble into forgetfulness. No man succeeds because he becomes a king or fails because he remains a peasant.

The Grip of the Prairies

Up and down the world I've wan-
dered, over land and over sea,
With the rivers rolling under and
the mountains over me,
And as sure as truth is certain, you
will find this saying so:
When the prairies grab a feller, they
will never let him go!

For there's something in the stretch-
es of the plains that comes and
takes

All the loves and all the longings
for their own exalted sakes,
And the man that gets to breathing
of their glories day and night -
Finds the prairies hold his heart-
strings in a grip that's good and
tight.

He may tread the balsam forests
with their whiffs of fir and pine;
He may sail the tossing oceans and
inhale their breaths of brine;
He may walk the rosy valleys, climb
the mountains to the snow,
But if once the prairies grab him
they will never let him go!

Ever see the sun rise proudly from
the prairie's naked rim

Filling up the world of wonder till
it overflows the brim?
'Tis a glory that's unrivaled! 'Tis
a most exalted sight,
And the prairies that present it
come and grab you good and
tight!

O, the grandeur of the prairies! O,
the seas of grassy plain!
How they soothe with satisfaction
all the hopes of heart and brain!
'Tis a truth beyond disputing, and
your own heart says it's so:
When the prairies grab a feller,
they will never let him go!

* *
*

Caught on the Fly.

The man who has only two hands
has none to spare for his neighbor's
business.

Some people get up and fool around
in the dark so they can grumble at
the lack of sunshine.

The man who laughs in the sun-
shine and sleeps when the shadows
fall will never suffer much with the
heart-ache.



The Meadows of Morning.

The raptures grow the blossoms
Over all the fields of May,
And they bring the birds with
music
Just to sing the time away;
O, brother, lift your voice
In the anthems that rejoice
While the roses rim the meadows of
the morning!

The glad hearts send the gladness
Over all the fields we go,
And the glory of the sunshine
Brightens all the world we know;
O, brothers, come along!
Let us sing the rain-bow song
While the roses rim the meadows of
the morning!

The good Lord gives his bounties
To his children through the
years,
And his gifts of love and labor
Conquer all the griefs and tears:
O, brother, bye and bye
We shall reach the home on
high
While the roses rim the meadows of
the morning!

Fields of May,

Here's a road that's never long,
Where it leads away
Through the blossom and the song
To the fields of May!

There the rain-bow bends above
Bags of gold, they say;
And there's laughter, light and
love

In the fields of May!

Here's the road that's never long!
Come and let's away,
Through the blossom and the song
To the fields of May!

* *
*

With all the strife and struggle after riches, the greatest joys of life are forever more the gifts of nature, within the reach of rich and poor alike, and beyond the measurings of gold. The clear sky and the green grass, the sunshine of the noon, and the dew of the morning, the blossom and the bird-song, good health and sound sleep, and the love of a man for a woman and of a woman for a man,—these have no prices in the catalogues of wealth and poverty alike.

The Journey.

This life, my dear, is a varied journey
And most of its ways are queer,
But those who laugh through its
work and wonder
Will find that it holds good cheer;
And whether we laugh or languish
And whether we sigh or sing,
I am sure that still
There is good for ill
And the flash of an angel wing!
The world, my dear, and the folk
that use it
Care naught for our waste or worth;
The smile and sorrow of hope and
hurry
Are small to the brave old earth;
And whether with pain or pleasure
And whether with smiles or tears,
There is something glad
For the dark and sad,
And we go to the blessed years.
The deeds, my dear, that we faint
in doing,
The dreams that we catch and
cherish,
To those that walk in the ways be-
side us
Are naught when they fall and
perish;

But whether they fail or triumph
 And whether the rue or rose,
 To the hearts that hold
 They are more than gold
 Till the years of the gods unclose.
 It's up, my dear, with the purple
 morning,
 And death to the heart's annoy;
 No stop nor stay on the endless
 journey
 To rest on the hills of joy!
 And whether the paths are easy
 And whether the roads are long,
 There is rapture still
 For the ache and ill,
 As we wander the ways with song!
 Yes, life, my dear, is a varied jour-
 ney
 And most of its ways are queer,
 But those who laugh as they wan-
 der onward
 Will find that it holds good cheer;
 And whether we laugh or languish
 And whether we sigh or sing,
 I am sure that still
 There is good for ill
 And the flash of an angel wing!



“When the Sad Time Ends,”

What's the use to beckon trouble
As you journey down the road?
Life will find its burdens double
If it cherishes the load!
Keep a smile and be contented
With the favors fortune sends,
And the joys will romp around you
Till the sad time ends.

What's the use to keep complaining
At the gifts the good days bring?
For each tear that flows from heart-
ache
There's a hundred laughs that
sing;

For the day that's dark and gloomy,
God a hundred bright days lends,
And his sunshine will be ceaseless
When the sad time ends.

What's the use to go to growling
When the comrades that you knew
Turn their backs on all your kind-
ness
And unsheathe their knives for
you?
For the scamp that proves a traitor,
You will find a hundred friends,
And their golden hearts ne'er waver
Till the sad time ends.

What's the use to welcome trouble?
Chase it from the paths you go!
There is always plenty of it
If you cherish every woe.
Keep your life alight with gladness
Till a song each day attends:
You will reach the land of sunshine
When the sad time ends.

* *
* *

Sooner Sayings

The land office is the grave-yard
of many a happy home.

In driving a settlement stake, one
man is company and two's a crowd.

The ox-team makes a swift run
when its owner understands how
to drive them at the land-office win-
dow.

* *
* *

Snake Bite

"Did you have any accidents on
the fishing trip?"

"No: none to speak of?"

"Any one snake bit?"

"Yes, but that's nothing. Bill
Jones got snake-bit every time his
clothes rubbed him, and hollered
for whiskey; and in order to save
any, we had to undress Bill and put
him under guard for the general
welfare.

The Books.

I.

Close the book and put it by!
What it held of song and sigh.
What it held of smile and tear
Laughs and sorrows through the
year!

Pages dark and pages fair
Each to each are wedded there,
And no sage e'er understood
What was evil, what was good!

II.

Close the life and put it by!
It was made of song and sigh,
It was made of smiles and tears
And the struggles of the years!
Days of dark and days of fair
Closely came and blended there,
And but He who judges could
Know the evil and the good!

* * *

Every day and hour from which
Love witholds her smiles and hides
her happy face is a desert path in
the rose-fields of this life. Only he
who welcomes the laughing goddess
to his heart and holds her dear hands
close with an abiding faith, receives
that holy happiness discerning souls
call a success worth having.

Move Along

Move along, brother!
The way may be long.
But yonder's the sunshine
And here is the song.

Move along, brother!
The rain-bow is red:
The clouds with the shadows
And darkness have fled.

Move along, brother!
The turn of the lane!
Here's laughing for weeping
And pleasure for pain!

* *
*

The Sage.

Removed from pygmy ways afar,
He feels the heft of sun and star,—
He traces winding paths that go
Beyond the ways that dullards know,
And sails swift thoughts across the
seas

Of God's unsailed immensities.

His vision sees the First and Last
To present smallness welded fast,
And he beholds with prophet eye
The brotherhood of earth and sky,
And, when Time's voyage wild is o'er
The lights upon the farther shore!

Still Onward.

What if the paths be dark and shadowed still

The summit roads and hope hides in eclipse!

Beyond the tangled ways that murmur ill

The touch of tender lips!

Forth on the dark ways though still darker grow

The paths before the groping finger-tips!

Beyond the shadow years our visions know

The touch of tender lips!

* *
*

Finis.

A sigh and a song,

And a song and a sigh;

But the song helps along

To the sky bye and bye!





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technologies

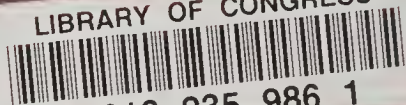
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