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A COMPOSITE OF VERSES

DIPPED FROM THE STREAM
OF
SYMPATHY, SENTIMENT AND TRUTH



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COMPILED BY
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KANSAS CITY, MO.

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AFTER ALL

THEY may say when my labors are ended
That I lacked all the gifts of the great;
They may find in my work nothing splendid,
And may call it but third or fourth rate;
They may pity me even for trying
To climb to a place on the height;
They may scorn all my efforts, denying
That my pinions were fashioned for flight.

They may turn from me when they have weighed me
And say I was wanting, and then
Permit me to rest where they've laid me,
Ignored and forgotten by men;
But, even so, shall my endeavor
Be deemed unavailing or small?
Better that than be one whom they'll never
Consider worth weighing at all.



THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

LET me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man.

From "Dreams in Homespun,"
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston
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THE SAME OLD TOWN

LIKE a lonesome stork I have come of late
To the same old town in the same old state,
Where I used to walk when the day was bright,
Where I used to stroll in the pale star-light.
I say, I've come to the same old town
With its way-up folk and its folk way-down,
And stand once more in the same old street,
And walk again on the same old beat
That leads away to a quiet dell
And a grassy bank I once knew well.

'Tis the same old town, but older grown,
And sights and sounds at first unknown
Return again to their wonted track
And all seem glad that I've come back.
The same old trees fling out their shade;
The same old man and the same old maid,
The first too blind and the last too shy
To speak to me as I pass by,
Still worry on but still they stay
The same as when I went away.

The same old fountains bathe the lawn,
The same old whistles wake at dawn,
The same old train goes whizzing through,
The deacon holds the same old pew,
The same old preacher, unperplexed,
Gives out anew the same old text;
The same old soldiers sit astride
The soapbox on the grocery side
Where, 'mid the wreaths and rings of smoke,
One hears again the same old joke.

And thus I find the town once more,
And make my way to the same old door,
In the same old house, on the same old spot,
In the same old street, on the same old lot;

My heart leaps up with the same old bound,
The doorbell rings with the same old sound,
The door swings wide and a careworn face
Appears once more in the same old place,
An old-time smile is the smile I see
While the same old mother kisses me.

—FLOYD D. RAZE.

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE?

You are rushing, you are straining, with a grim look on your
face;

You are turning from all pleasures; in your breast peace has no
place;

You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks you used to
know;

You have ceased to care for others whom you clung to long ago;
You are straining, you are striving, through the dark days and
the fair,

But, oh, mirthless, eager brother, are you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger or to smile
When a child looks up and greets you or would claim your care
a while;

Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the lonely pasture still
And glad breezes sway the blossoms in the orchard on the hill

You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied to care,

But, with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment; trouble haunts you in
your dreams;

It is long since you have loitered on the banks of shaded streams
That go singing to the pebbles they have made so clean and white
And have polished at their leisure and their pleasure day and
night;

You no longer know the solace that is in a sweet old air,

But, with all your ceaseless moiling, are you getting anywhere?

You have given up old fancies, you have left old friends behind;
You are getting rich in pocket, but are poor in heart and mind;

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never be put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do,
But forgot, and remembered too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not being kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving hand-clasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never be put on again.

—*The Chariot.*

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A TOAST TO THE MAN THAT
TAKES MY PLACE

HERE is a toast I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know—
To the fellow who's going to take my place when it's time for
me to go.
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be and I've wished I
could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man," in a way that he'd
understand.
I'd like to give him the cheering word that I've longed at times
to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm hand clasp when never a friend
seems near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could
pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place some day when I am
gone.
Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made and note all the battles
lost?
Will he ever guess of the tears they caused or the heartaches
which they cost?
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil of the under-
lying plan,
And catch a glimpse of the real intent and the heart of the
vanquished man?
I dare to hope he may pause some day as he toils as I have
wrought,
And gain some strength for his weary task from the battles
which I have fought.
But I've only the task itself to leave with the cares for him to
face,
And never a cheering word may speak to the fellow who'll take
my place.
Then here's to your health, old chap; I drink as a bridegroom to
his bride;
I leave an unfinished task for you, but few know how I tried.
I've dreamed my dreams, as all men do, but never a one came true,
And my prayer today is that all the dreams may be realized by
you.

And we'll meet some day in the great unknown—out in the realms
of space;
You'll know my clasp as I take your hand and gaze in your
tired face.
Then all your failures will be success in the light of the new found
dawn—
So I'm drinking your health, old chap, who'll take my place
when I am gone.

—Unknown.

THE BITTER WIT

To speak unkindly isn't wit,
To say things that wound the heart
Is never clever—not a bit,
Though at the time you think it smart.
Far better is it to remain
As silent as a marble bust
Than speak and leave a track of pain
Behind a smiling, bitter thrust.

The poisoned barb within a jest
That leaves a fellow being hurt
Is not of cleverness the test,
Nor of a brain that is alert.
To gibe at age or private scars,
Or sacred griefs proclaims the ead
And he who does it sadly mars
The laughter that should leave us glad.

Unkindness isn't wit at all,
There's little humor in a sneer.
One cannot drench his speech in gall
And seek to laugh away the tear.
And he who poisons thus the gay
Is just as cowardly as he
Who kicks a cripple's crutch away
And laughs his helplessness to see.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE COMMON LIE

"I'LL be back in ten minutes," was writ on the door,
I read it again, as I'd read it before,
And as I might read it a hundred times more,
I'd still find that legend annexed to the door.

"I'll be back in ten minutes." Ten minutes from when?
Are you counting from eight, or from nine, or from ten?
As a proof you were absent ten minutes ago,
I've stood here and waited, and therefore I know.

Four flights of steep stairs have I climbed till I'm sore,
I'll climb them again, then I'll climb them no more,
For should the same paper be pinned on the door,
I'll tear it and scatter it over the floor;

And should he who wrote it return any more,
He'll find it there lying—'twas lying before;
For the paper's a fraud, and the writer's a bore,
And the lie of a message will grieve me no more.

—FRED MITCHELL.

THE BECKONING ROAD

THE high road, the low road, the road that leads away
To blossomed fields of mem'ry where our sweetest fancies play;
The road that leads to woodlands and beside a singing brook
That mirrors pictures of us as we used to be and look.

The high road, the low road, the road that twists and bends
And leads beyond the city where all sordid striving ends—
That takes us back to childhood by the paths we loved to roam,
Where those who love us for us wait to bid us "welcome home."

The high road, the low road, the road apast the mill,
That leads to vales of mem'ry where it's all so sweet and still,
Where every recollection is a vision wondrous fair—
The road that's best to travel is the road that takes us there.

—JOHN D. WELLS, in *Buffalo News*.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN JIMTOWN

WE'D all arrangements made to give an awful jolt to Wrong;
The movement for reform was on, the sentiment was strong;
Bill Bascomb was the chairman, and he drummed the thing up
great;

We figured Jimtown would become the best town in the state.

For years the grafters had been in and havin' their own way,
Because the decent folks hung back on each election day;
The waterworks were all run down, the streets in bad repair,
And we were payin' more for gas than people thought was fair.

The reputation of the place had got to be so bad
That we'd begun, at last, to lose the commerce which we had;
The census showed that Martinsville had passed us in the race,
Which caused us all to realize we'd got to take a brace.

We went to holdin' meetin's and agreed upon a plan,
With Bascomb for our chairman—he was Jimtown's richest man;
We built a splendid platform, mostly drawn by Ezra Shaw.
Who'd been in the legislature, and knew all about the law.

We had the preachers with us—they were eager from the start;
Then the merchants and the doctors even got to takin' part;
The movement spread like sixty, and the crooks began to quake;
We were showin' them that Jimtown had at last got wide awake.

Well, everything looked bright until 'twas near election time;
It seemed as though we'd save the town and drive out rum and
crime;
The women helped us heart and soul, the preachers preached and
prayed,
We riddled every argument and plea the gangsters made.

Our candidate was Henry Cobb, a pillar of the church;
His reputation didn't have a solitary smirch;
He'd never smoked nor had a taste of liquor in his life;
Our foremost social leaders were his daughters and his wife.

DIPPED FROM THE STREAM

We'd got the town stirred up so well it seemed we couldn't lose;
Our glorious battle-cry was, "Down with boodlers and with booze!"
Election day was drawin' near, we'd meetin's every night;
It looked as though the gang would all be buried out of sight.

'Twas then the thunderbolt arrived; Bill Bascomb's feet got cold;
It seems he owned a lot he'd long been anxious to have sold;
The gangsters all at once found out that lot was just the place
On which to build an engine-house, so Bill dropped from the race.

The same day Dr. Stubbs withdrew; he'd got a chance to trade
Some vacant land for buildin's where a good stiff rent was paid;
Somehow the doctor's views were changed; he ceased right there
to think
That Jimtown needed cleanin' or that there was harm in drink.

And so they kept desertin'; Banker Hinkley found reform
To be only a delusion; his directors raised a storm
When the gangsters talked of takin' all the plums they'd shaken
down,
As a nucleus for startin' a new bank right here in town.

Ezra Shaw, it seems, was promised if he'd join the other side
That they'd give him all their cases, when they'd any to be tried;
So he lost enthusiasm for the cause he'd helped to start
And agreed to help the grafters, which he did with all his heart.

Henry Cobb, our peerless leader, was among the last to quit;
In the church he was a pillar and his family was "It";
But about a dozen tenants Henry's agent rented to
Said they'd pull up stakes and leave us if we got our programme
through.

So we've dropped reform in Jimtown; we will take it up no more,
And I've learned a little lesson that I never knew before;
If you offered some men money for their votes they'd strike you
blind,
But I guess 'most everybody has an ax he'd like to grind.

Worry kills more people than work because more people tackle it.

“THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE”

WE meet upon the level and we part upon the square;
What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!
Come, let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a thought,
With the highest, and the lowest, and the rarest they are fraught.

We meet upon the level, though from every station come;
The rich man from his mansion, and the poor man from his home;
For the one must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's
door.

And the other finds his true respect upon the checkered floor.

We part upon the square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with the multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew,
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we meet upon the level, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying toward it
fast;

We shall meet upon the level there, when the gates of death are
past;

We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there
To try the blocks we offer by His own unerring square.

We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence depart;
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful
heart—

There's a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,
Let us meet, and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the Western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square!

Hands round, ye brother Masons, form the bright fraternal chain;
We part upon the square below to meet in heaven again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,
We meet upon the level and we part upon the square!

—ROB MORRIS, LL. D.

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
Where friendship's grasp is a trifle stronger,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the sun shines a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
And the bond of home ties are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a little bluer,
Where friendship ties are a trifle truer,
Where there's music in every streamlet flowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is still in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are breaking,
Where there's more of singing, less of sighing,
That's where the West begins.

Where there's more of giving, less of buying,
Where a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.
—ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

THE PITY OF IT

SHOULD gossip's tongue to you confide
A dark tale of some other;
O heed it not, nor turn aside
To tell it to another;
One meaning truth try keep in mind,
Forever and forever,
White can be blackened once, we find,
But black be whitened, never!

AN UNMARKETABLE STOCK

A MAN there was who shunned the strife
Of busy toil and trade
And sought to regulate his life
With wisdom ready-made.
He studied till the hour grew late
And never seemed to be
Impressed by an event whose date
Was later than B. C.

Said he: "Let others garner grain
Or raise the buildings tall;
I shall not live for common gain,
The object is too small."
Alack-a-day! When he would lunch
He often lacked the price,
For all he'd gathered was a bunch
Of second-hand advice.

—*Washington Star.*

TELL 'EM YOU'RE FEELIN' FINE

THERE ain't no use in kickin', friend, if things don't come your
way,

It does no good to holler 'round an' grumble night an' day;
The thing to do is curb yer grief—cut out yer little whine,
An' when they ask you how you are, jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

They ain't no man alive but what is booked to get his slap,
They ain't no man that walks but what from trouble gets his rap;
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy, where all the bright lights
shine,

An' when they ask you how you are, jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

Yer heart may be jest bustin' with some real or fancied woe,
But if you smile the other folks ain't very apt to know;
The old world laughs at heartaches, friend, be they yer own er
mine,

So when they ask you how you are, jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

—BIDE DUDLEY.

MY DOG

No soul! And who are you, pray tell,
To say to me my dog's "no soul"?
What do you know who talk so well
And smile at yonder little knoll?
Yes, that's my dog—he's buried there—
A friend so loving, full of fun;
So patient with me I'd not dare
To say his life's forever done.
You know when trouble's comin' fast,
And things look dark, and you're "all in,"
And you give up, an' then at last
You're plumb discouraged, and you sin—
Who wants you then? They'll all pass by,
These human ones! Just any day
You see 'em do it, and they try,
So hard, to "look the other way."
But does your dog? No, sir, not he!
Those two dear eyes, so clear and true,
Look up at you—what does he see?
The best and only the best in you!
—A DOG LOVER.

DID YOU?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill.
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand,
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip?
Why the half-suppressed sob, and the scalding tears drip?
Were you brother of his when the time came of need?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you heed?

—*Tid Bits.*

A DYING HOBO

BESIDE a western water tank, one cold November day,
Inside an empty boxcar a dying hobo lay.
His partner stood beside him, with low and drooping head,
Listening to the last words this dying hobo said:

“I am going to a better land, where everything is bright;
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night;
Where you don't have to work at all, or even change your socks,
And little streams of whisky come trinkling down the rocks.

“Tell my sweetheart back in Denver that no more her face I'll
view;
That I have jumped the fast freight and I am going through.
Tell her not to weep for me; no tears in her eyes must lurk,
For I am going to a land where I don't have to work!

“Hark! I hear her whistling; I must catch her on the fly!
Farewell, partner, I must leave you; it ain't so hard to die!”
The hobo stopped, his head fell back—he'd sung his last refrain.
His partner swiped his hat and shoes, and jumped the east bound
train.

Some poem, this. It is recommended to elocutionists who seek a change from the somewhat hackneyed “Bingen on the Rhine.”

ONLY A HORSE

ONLY a horse, an old horse, too,
Working from day to day,
Only a worn-out nag, 'tis true,
Plodding his weary way.

A horse that works and works in vain
For his master's word of praise,
A slave that bows to the tightened rein;
A beast, that the master flays.

Only a horse; but a horse with a heart,
A thin, worn-out old bay;
But with spirit strong, he plods along
With uncomplaining neigh.

A beast of burden by man abused,
Tortured with lash and goad;
But a lesson in faithfulness, courage and toil—
This worn-out nag of the road.

Only a horse—not a brute—but a horse,
A patient, tired old bay,
The brute is the one that applies the lash,
Not the one who receives the flay.

He labors hard for his master's greed,
He endures the toil and the pain;
But his look of despair from his eyes is a prayer—
An appeal to be humane.

—RAY I. HOPPMAN, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

A CLEAR QUESTION

“Mandy, is you married?”

“Well, I haint said I haint, did I?”

“Looky heah, chile, I didn't done ax you haint you haint married; I axed you haint you is; is you?”

THE LOWER HIGHER

When the rates for "uppers" in Pullmans
became effective.

THE wondering conductor stood within the Pullman aisle;
There was trouble in his visage and his face had lost its smile,
For a passenger was asking him to fix him with a berth,
And he pondered o'er the price list while he figured up its worth.

"All the uppers now are lower," the conductor softly said,
While with nervous, trembling fingers through the book of costs
he sped.

"Though this makes the higher lower, still the lower is no higher."
"How is that? An upper lower?" queried the prospective buyer.

"This is it," the wan conductor then attempted to explain,
"We have lowered all the uppers that we have upon the train,
Thus, we have the lower higher than we used to have the upper"—
"Hum!" the passenger then asked him, "What did you drink
with your supper?"

"Can't you understand?" then answered the conductor with a sigh.
"Though the higher ones are lower, still the lowers are as high.
With highers lower than they were, the lowers but seem higher."
"You're off the water wagon," vowed the man, "or I'm a liar."

And the passenger then left him and went to another car,
While the poor conductor mumbled: "Don't you see, sir, where
we are?"

With the lower higher higher than the higher lower lower"—
Then he plunged into the diner for a glass of joy-bestower.

JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

—BRYAN W. PROCTOR.

SHEARS AND SAWBUCK

How two farmers bit at the catalogue bait.

SHEARS and Sawbuck kept a store
Such as never was before.
City folks they wouldn't sell,
Wouldn't let 'em have a smell.
Fetched their money—but by jing!
Couldn't buy a blessed thing!
Couldn't meet 'em face to face
An' then sell 'em with good grace.

Country trade was what they sought—
Folk's who'd pay for what they bought
'Fore they saw it, hide or tail.
They sent catalogues by mail
Out to ev'ry blessed one
Gittin' mail at Possum Run.
We set up at night and read
When we'd orter been to bed.

Book was 'bout as big as sin—
Had a lot of pictures in,
And a list of merchandise,
Ev'ry kind and ev'ry size—
Givin' prices that they swore
Knocked out every country store.
Looked so straight and seemed so true
I bit at it—Jim did, too.

Jim's my neighbor 'cross the way—
Best man ever worked in hay,
Just let him top off a stack—
Shed's rain like a turtle's back.
Pleasure jest to see him work,
Never knew ol' Jim to shirk;
Swings a scythe like it was play—
Love to watch him in the way.

Well, we like a pair of fools
 Sent off—got some hayin' tools.
 Jim got harness and a plow,
 I, a range—I see it now;
 Drat the thing, it was so light
 Used it for a torch at night;
 Throw'd the darn thing in the yard—
 Use it now for renderin' lard.

'Fore Jim used the plow an hour
 Found the blame thing wouldn't scour;
 Tried his harness—broke a tug—
 Sought for solace in his jug—
 In the cooler all that night
 Jim reflected on his plight;
 In the morning, Richard Stout,
 Hardware merchant, bailed him out.

Jim said after that he'd stick
 Close as bark to good ol' Dick.
 Since he left the Possum jail
 Says he won't buy goods by mail,
 Says Dick's cheaper anyhow—
 Might have saved some on the plow,
 On the other goods some more,
 At his ol' friend's hardware store.

Jim says, "We can't sell no truck
 To such folks as Shears-Sawbuck.
 They'll take all our cash away,
 But won't buy our corn or hay."
 That seemed purty strange to me,
 So I told ol' Jim I'd see—
 So I wrote to them that night
 Jist to see if Jim was right.

Ast 'em what they'd pay for oats?
 Could they use some likely shoats?
 How about four tons of hay?
 I could ship 'em right away.
 Could I furnish Mr. Shears
 With his family roastin' ears?
 Also would my friend Sawbuck
 Buy some of my garden truck?

Answer came one summer day.
Said they "Couldn't use our hay,
Couldn't use our oats or shoats,
Didn't like our billy goats.
When they needed truck to eat
Bought it down on Water street—
Sorry, but they must refuse
Anything but cash to use."

I sat down an' wrote 'em then:
"Hate to trouble you again,
But I want to thank you, sirs,
For your bunch of cockle burrs.
If you love your feller man,
Do him, good, sirs, when you can—
While our merchants sweetly sleep—
Shears and Sawbuck shear your sheep."

—*Rexall Drug Company Magazine.*

THE FARMHOUSE PIANO

THE old piano is a pet;
The farmer thinks it fine.
It was the best that he could get
In 1869.

He tells the boarders with much pride
Of how he blew his dough
To buy it for his bonny bride
So many years ago.

The wires are getting rather loose
And yellow are its keys.
Sometimes it gurgles like a goose,
Sometimes emits a wheeze.

But still it seems a goodly thing
When girls from rustic dells
Sit down and make the welkin ring
With "Monastery Bells."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HOW THE SUCKER FELT

In the "Swimmin' Hole"

It was in the little "swimmin' hole,"
In the "cow lot" years ago,
When my face was full of freckles
And a stone bruise swelled my toe,
That I landed my first fish,
With a pin hook and a worm;
And how I did enjoy
Seeing the little sucker squirm.

Just how that sucker felt that day
At being fooled and caught,
Never entered in my boyish head
For I had no time for thought;
Another section of red worm went—
Went quickly on the pin,
And in the "swimmin' hole" it dropped
To lure his next of kin.

Lines of care now mark the place
Where the freckles used to grow,
And the heart now gets the bruises
That used to swell the toe;
And I know now how the "sucker" felt
When he found himself ashore,
For more than once I've played his part
And swallowed "baits" galore.

CONSCIENCE

"For parties and for creeds," he said,
"I do not care at all;
When I am right I go ahead
And do not fear to fall;
My conscience is the law by which
I shape my daily course;
I follow neither poor nor rich
Nor weakly bow to force.

“It matter not at all to me
Which way the crowd may go;
From fear and superstition free,
I stand for what I know;
Though all the world should think me wrong
My conscience I should serve,
Serene and confident and strong,
Nor hesitate nor swerve.

“I cast traditions all aside,
From prejudice I turn;
With reason as my constant guide,
I claim but what I earn;
All unaccompanied I fare
Upon a lonely way;
I scorn such ills as threaten there
And fools who bid me stay.”

He saw a chance to profit through
A party that was base;
His conscience quickly shaped his view
To make it fit the case;
A creed that he had thought outworn,
For babes and weaklings fit,
No longer seemed a thing to scorn
When gains arrived through it.

—*Washington Post.*

A SENSELESS AFFAIR

HE was a wireless politician—
She was a thoughtless maid—
Out on the grassless lawn together,
Under the treeless shade,
Playing a game of netless tennis,
This, with a bounceless ball—
When, from the glassless hotel window
Echoed a soundless call.

Then through the pathless walk they ambled,
Each with a stepless gait,
Into the flyless room for dining;
Each to a foodless plate;
Each with a smileless face then settled
Down in a seatless seat.
"Ah, what a tasteless taste!" he muttered;
"Oh, for a biteless eat!"

First 'twas a meatless steak they ordered;
Then tried a crustless pie;
Next o'er an iceless ice they dallied,
Each with a blinkless eye.
Ah, what an endless end we're reaching—
End of this wordless wreck—
He, with a centless dollar, settled
All of the payless check!

HOME

I TURNED an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page,
"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage."

Yes, that is true
And something more:
You'll find where'er you roam
That gilded walls
And marbled halls
Will never make a home.

But every house where Love abides
And Friendship is a guest
Is truly Home,
And Home, Sweet Home,
For there the Heart can rest.

—*Author Unknown.*

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but what we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

—CLARENCE URMY.

“DONT TALK BLUE” STORY

JIM sez thet when he wuz workin' the inshurance bizness he wuz in a feller's implement stoar 1 day waitin' to get to talk to the feller thet owned it. He hed gone out to see the doctor 'bout his wife thet wuz sick—thet is the stoarkeeper hed. Jim sed while he wuz waitin' fur the feller to cum back a farmer cum in an' Jim seed he wanted to buy sumthin' so he thot he wood try an' keep him till the stoarkeeper got back. So he got to talkin' to him an' the farmer sed things wuz lookin' purty good out his way. He sed he wuz thinkin' sum uv buyin' a buggy fur his dotter an' thot he wood look at 'em thet day.

Jim ast him ef he had ever bot enny life inshurance an' he sed he hadn't, an' he went to talkin' to him about it an' the farmer sed he thot he wood take sum 'fore he went home. About thet time the stoarkeeper cum back an' the farmer shuk hands with him an' ast him how things wuz cummin', an' the stoarkeeper sed

they wuz cummin' mitey bad, sed his wife hed bin sick fur 2 months an' thet he had the rumatiz hissself sittin' up with her, an' he sed bizness wuz awful dull an' thet if it didn't rane purty dum quick they wooldn't be enuf corn in the county to fatten a turkey, an' he didn't bleeve it cood do much good no how then, even ef it did rane.

Jim sez the feller kep on talkin' thet way an' never ast the farmer ef he wanted to buy annything an' after while the farmer looked sorter blew hissself an' when he went outside Jim follered him an' tride to get his order fer inshurance an' he sed no he coodn't aford it thet year, he'd wate till sum uther time, ez he wuz afeerd it wuz goin' to be hard times.

Jim sez thet wuz a sure nuf fac, cos he seed an' heerd the hole bizness. He sed he had never seed before how ezy it wuz fur 1 feller's feelins to effect another an' he knowd thet dealer jest nocked hissself out uv a order fer a buggy.

—"JOB RICKETS" (*Jas. E. Baird*).

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

FIRST in the crowded car is he to offer—

This traveling man, unhonored and unsung—

The seat he paid for, to some woman, young

Or old and wrinkled. He is first to proffer

Something—a trifle from his samples, may be—

To please the fancy of a crying baby.

He lifts the window and he drops the curtain

For unaccustomed hands. He lends his "case"

To make a bolster for a child, not certain

But its mamma will frown him in the face;

So anxiously some women seek for danger

In every courteous act of any stranger.

Well versed is he in all the ways conducive

To comfort where least comfort can be found.

His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound.

He turns the seat unasked, yet unobtrusive,

Is glad to please you, or to have you please him,

Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

He smooths the Jove-like frown of the official

By paying the fare of one who cannot pay.

True modesty he knows from artificial;

Will flirt, of course, if you're inclined that way,

And if you are, be sure that he detests you;
And if you're not, be sure that he respects you.
The sorrows of the traveling world distress him;
He never fails to lend what aid he can.
A thousand hearts today have cause to bless him,
This much-abused, misused "commercial man."
I do not seek to cast a halo 'round him,
But speak of him precisely as I've found him.

—Unknown.

PARTED

SHE was beautiful beyond compare,
Queenly walk and regal air.
I can't do her justice with my pen,
Admired was she by all the men.

I thought her best of all her kind,
But must admit, I've changed my mind.
She was mine and mine alone,
And I was proud to call her my own.

We parted just six months ago,
No grief or sorrow did she show,
Not e'en a teardrop dimmed her eye,
Nor did she deign to say "Good-bye."

I do not care, I must admit,
If we are forever quit.
She does not care, then why should I
Waste one single, mournful sigh?

Our parting I will never rue,
The skies above are just as blue.
What if never again we meet,
The flowers are blooming just as sweet.

The sun and moon the same will shine,
If ne'er more I may call her mine.
The birds will trill their happy song,
The same for me the whole day long.

You may opine, I should be sad,
But I must confess that I am glad.
Why should I grieve? Why should I care?
I got THREE HUNDRED for that mare!

—M. J. MILLER.

THE GROVE OF MEMORY

Down in the groves where the memories meet
To talk of the days agone,
The place where the feelings, divinely sweet
With the hush of the past, come on;
I love to rove in a pensive mood.
'Mid the shades of death awhile.
And look in the face of my coming fate
With an almost yearning smile.

To feel that the calm of the place is mine
The stillness, the shade, the peace,
The surcease of sorrow and pain and care
That brings such a sweet release;
To know that the days of the past are safe,
With never a chance of change.
And feel that the friends who shall meet me there
Will never seem cold nor strange.

The grove where the memories meet is bright
With the light of deeds well done,
Is warm with the warmth of the kindness shown,
And garnished with trophies won
In the fight for right, in the war with wrong,
If the fight were fought aright;
But the grove is dark, if the fight was wrong,
With the gloom of a starless night.

There are lights and shades in the grove of all,
As the deeds were bad or good,
Like the shafts of light and the spot of gloom
In a deeply shaded wood;
And the light is peace, and the gloom is pain,
And the eyes with tears are wet,
As we wander through with a sense of peace
Or the tortures of regret!

—JANE H. HARRISON.

PRETTY GOOD WORLD

THIS world's a pretty good sort of world,
Taking it altogether.
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather.
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache for those who make
The best of the situation.

There are quiet nooks for lovers of books,
With nature in happy union;
There are cool retreats from the noontide heat,
Where souls may have sweet communion;
And if there's a spot where the sun shines not,
There's always a lamp to light it,
And if there's a wrong, we know ere long
That heaven above will right it.

So it's not for us to make a fuss
Because of life's sad mischances,
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about
A change in our circumstances,
For this world's a pretty good sort of world,
And he to whom we are debtor
Appoints our place, and supplies the grace
To help us make it better.

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Senator Bob Taylor said: "Beyond the pathless mountains that lift their blue peaks into the fading distance there lies a charming valley, dotted all over with wild flowers of every hue and shade, and from which the mellow sunshine of spring never departs."

Death, he made, "a bright fresh picture of morning with its everlasting peace, and there the people never heard of war nor pestilence."

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN THE LAND OF NEVER HURRY

THERE'S a land called Never Hurry,
Where the skies are always fair;
O'er it reigns the King Don't Worry
And his lovely Queen Don't Care.
There the lazy Summer lingers,
With its perfume and its flowers,
And the Autumn's crimson fingers
Never nip the dreaming hours.

In this Never Hurry region
There are girls with golden hair—
Lazy, laughing, languid legion
Round the throne of Queen Don't Care,
And there's one named Lips o' Poppy
Waits for me alone, apart;
Brush nor pencil ne'er could copy
All the charms of my sweetheart!

Lips o' Poppy—eyes o' slumber—
All your dreaming I would share!
We'll forget the years to number
In the shadow of your hair!
On the bank of Slumber River,
Take me, lead me by the hand
Where the lotus blossoms quiver,
In the Never Hurry Land!

PASSERS

Out of the big wide world they come and pause for a word, and go
Out into the world again and gone; gone as the leaves that blow
Down airy lanes, and their names fade out, but if they have
brought a smile,
Then a memory of them outlasts their name and stays for the
longest while;
And you are glad that they climbed the stairs to get to your little
den,
And there's a sweetness you know not of when they have gone on
again;
They bring you stories of distant lands, and stories of foreign
ways,
And some are old and they tell you tales of love of their far gone
days.

And one comes to you to tell you things of a boy that he had—
who died,
And another comes with a failure tale—he failed though he tried
and tried,
But he believes he will win out yet, and smiles as he leaves your
den,
With a courage finer than tempered steel, a courage to try again!
And so they come, and pause for a word, and turn to the door
and go;
And some of them bring you tales of joy, but most of them tales
of woe;
For when we're winning and life is glad, what need for a word or
two?
But how men grope for a kindly hand when all of the world looks
blue!

DIPPED FROM THE STREAM

And that's what makes it a good old world, the fellows who come
and pass;
Some look on life as a drunkard looks deep into his empty glass;
And some are glad, and it takes all kinds to make up the world
of men,
And it is good that they turn aside to speak as they pass your den;
And maybe you help them a little bit with your grip and your
howdydo,
And maybe, though you don't know quite how, they've been of
some help to you.
But, anyhow, here's luck to them who come as the wild leaves blow
Out of the big wide world, and pause for a "Howdy!" and turn
and go.

—JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

DON'T BE A QUITTER

WE can not always find the ways
That lead to waiting treasures;
There must sometimes be dismal days
That are devoid of pleasures;
The winds that blow so swiftly now
Tomorrow may be bitter;
The storms will come, but, anyhow
Don't be a quitter.

We can not always do the things
We wish we might be doing;
We may not be all dukes or kings.
Some men must do the hewing;
Some men must plow and some must sow,
While some in jewels glitter,
But, if your place is high or low,
Don't be a quitter.

Some men may live in idleness
On fortunes they inherit,
And some men never may possess
The sweet rewards of merit;
Some men may ride in lordly state,
While others bear the litter;
But, rich or poor, or small or great,
Don't be a quitter.

You can not win by sitting in
Your corner, sighing gravely;
Inflate your chest, thrust out your chin,
And do your duty bravely;
You may have cause to be in doubt,
Your hardships may be bitter,
But never let the world find out—
Don't be a quitter!

—S. E. KISER.

WHEN SOMEONE CARES

WHEN you meet some disappointment, an' yer feelin' kind-o-blue;
When yer plans have all got sidetracked, or some friend has
proved untrue;
When yer toiling, praying, struggling, at the bottom, up the
stairs—
It's like a panacea—just to know that someone cares.

Someone who can appreciate one's efforts when he tries;
Someone who seems to understand—an' so can sympathize;
Someone who, when he's far away, still wonders how he fares—
Someone who never can forget—someone who really cares.

It will send a thrill of rapture through the framework uv the
heart;
It will stir the inner bein' till the tear-drops want to start;
For this life is worth the livin', when someone yer sorrows
shares—
Life is truly worth the livin,' when you know that someone cares.

Oh, this world is not all sunshine—many days dark clouds
disclose;
There's a cross for every joy-bell an' a thorn for ev'ry rose;
But the cross is not so grievous, near the thorn the rosebud
wears—
An' the clouds have silver linin's—when someone really cares.

—JAMES E. HILKEY.

JOYS

You needn't be rich to be happy,
You needn't be famous to smile,
There are joys for the poorest of toilers
If only he'll think them worth while.
There are blue skies and sunshine a-plenty,
And blossoms for all to behold;
And always the bright days outnumber
The dark and the cheerless and cold.

Sweet sleep's not a gift of the wealthy,
And love's not alone for the great;
For men to grow old and successful
It isn't joy's custom to wait.
The poorest of toilers has blessings
His richer companions may crave;
And many a man who has riches
Goes sorrowing on to the grave.

You'll never be happy tomorrow
If you are not happy today,
If you're missing the joys that are present
And sighing for joys far away,
The rose will not bloom any fairer,
In the glorious years that may be,
Great riches won't sweeten its fragrance
Nor help you its beauties to see.

Today is the time to make merry,
'Tis folly for fortune to wait;
You'll not find the skies any bluer
If ever you come to be great.
You'll not find your joys any brighter,
No matter what fortune you win;
Make the most of life's sunshine this minute,
Tomorrow's too late to begin.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ASH-TRAYS of metal and lacquer and paste.
Belts that would circle an elephant's waist.
Collar box, lilac silk, hand painted one.
Desk clock, that's warranted never to run.
Eyeglass case, heavy and over ornate.
Fountain pen, one of the earliest date.
Gloves, of unwearable sizes and shades.
Handkerchiefs, dubious patterns and grades.
Inkstand, of hideous, freakish design.
Jack-knife, not meant to be used, I opine.
Knitted ties, setting on edge all your teeth.
Library shears, in a clumsy brass sheath.
Match safe, for pocket use, made of bright zinc.
Nail file, with celluloid handle, pale pink.
Opera glasses of mother-of-pearl.
Paper weight, glass covered picture of girl.
Quilted house jacket of flamboyant hues.
Razor, the sort that nobody could use.
Smoking set, by a crafts maniac built.
Tobacco bag, made of burnt leather and gilt.
Umbrella, nigh silk, with handle bedecked.
Vest buttons, art nouveau, flashy effect.
Watch fob, an antique, as ugly as sin.
Xpensive boxes to keep rubbish in.
Year book, and diary and calendar pad.
Zephyr knit muffler, or something as bad!

—CAROLYN WELLS, in *Life*.

THE REAL TRUTH

I OFTEN hear men talking
About the things they'd do,
If they possessed a million,
In solid cash, or two.
I know not what tune others
In such a case would sing;
But as for me, why really,
I wouldn't do a thing!

—By the Compiler.

THINGS YOU LEAVE UNDONE

It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances one may find—
Which every one may find—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great;
So suffer our great compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—MARGARET SANGSTER.

THE RIVER OF LIFE

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering, like a river smooth,
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of failing strength
Indemnifying fleetness,
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE END OF THE ROMANCE

“THE days will dreary seem,” said he,
“When you are far away.
Though blue above the skies may be,
To me they will be gray.

“My every thought will be of you
Until again we meet,
It is so hard to say ‘adieu,’
Though parting is so sweet.”

"I'll think of you each day," said she,
"And dream of you each night,
And every thought that comes to me
To you I'll gladly write.

"You've promised that each day you'll pen
A word of love to me,
And that will help to cheer me, when
The hours drag drearily."

But day by day no letters came,
Since fiction here is barred,
For he forgot the maiden's name,
And she mislaid his card.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?

"WHERE do you go from here?" says the host of my hotel.
And "Where do you go from here?" says the boy who answers
the bell.
I have ordered ice-water, and towels and soap, and a call at six
or near,
And my trunks brought up, that the porter may ask, "Where do
you go from here?"
The fireman says, as he builds the fire, "Where do you go from
here?"
And my old friends too, ere their calls expire, say, "Where do
you go from here?"
The barber who shaves me and grasps his tip as I hurriedly dis-
appear,
With "call again," on his trembling lips, says, "Where do you go
from here?"
Where do I go from here? Oh, heaven, where do I go from here?
Till in fancy I stand at the last command, facing my doom with
fear—
Fancy the keeper of heaven's gate, as he peers outside with a leer,
And says, "Oh, yes, you are one of those traveling chaps, where
do you go from here?"

—BY ONE OF THEM.

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