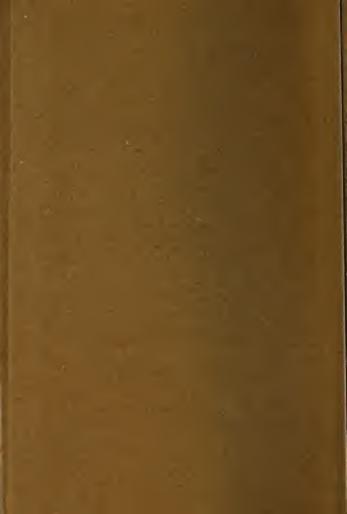




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The Entirely
New Cynic's Calendar of
Revised Wisdom
for 1905

bу

Ethel Watts Mumford Oliver Herford Addison Mizner



Paul Elder and Company Publishers, San Francisco



Verbum Sap

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Entered at Stationers' Hall London



The Tomoyé Press San Francisco



DEDICATION

TO THE WORLD AT LARGE

This Little Book of Wisdom Great
It pleases Us to dedicate
To that Rampageous Reprobate—
The World at Large.
Yet as we mark his Stony Phiz
And see him whoop and whirl and whiz,
We can but cry—O Lord, why is
The World at Large!

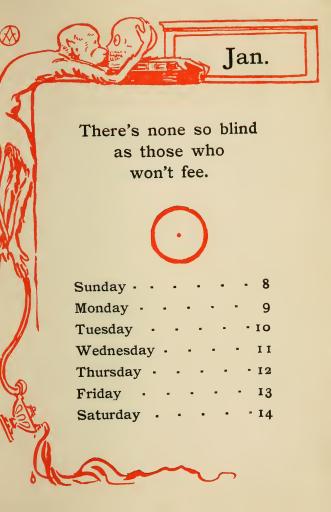
OLIVER HERFORD.

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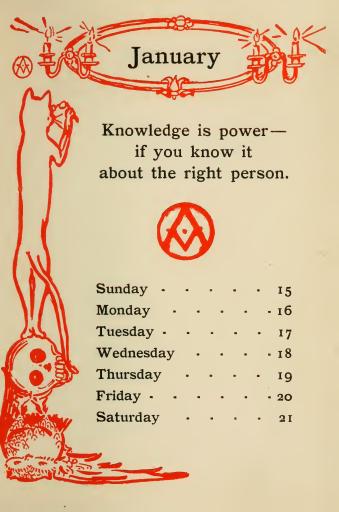








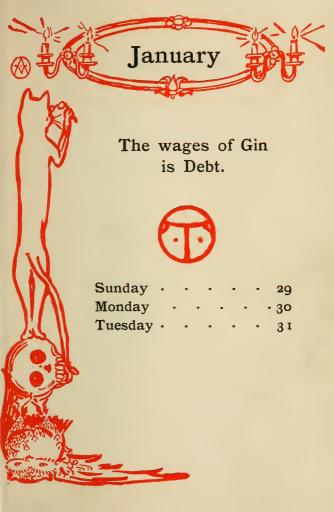




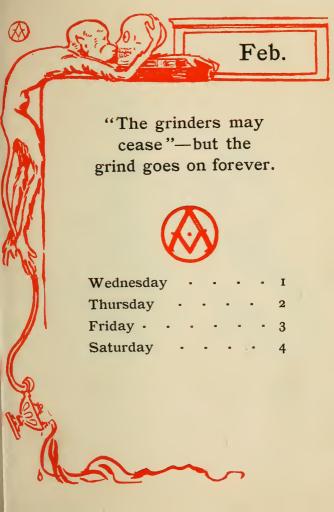












You may lead an Ass to Knowledge—but you cannot make him Think.

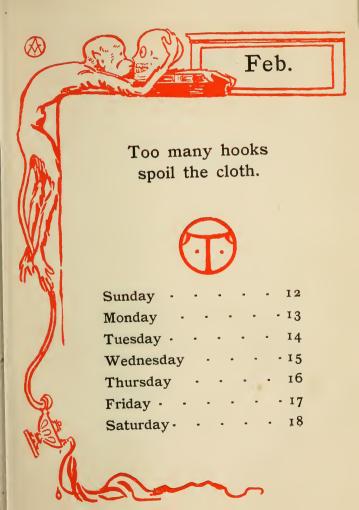








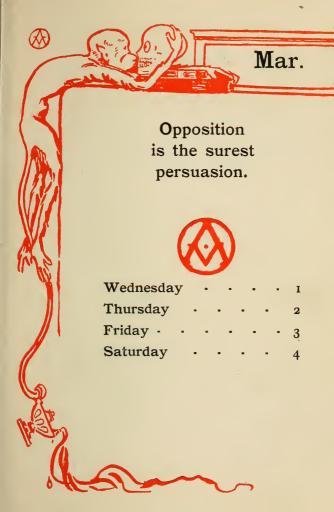


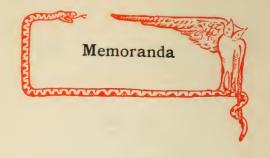




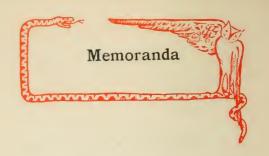














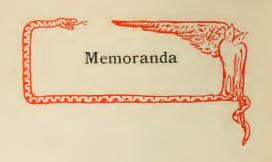
I'll make insurance doubly sure and take a brand of fate.

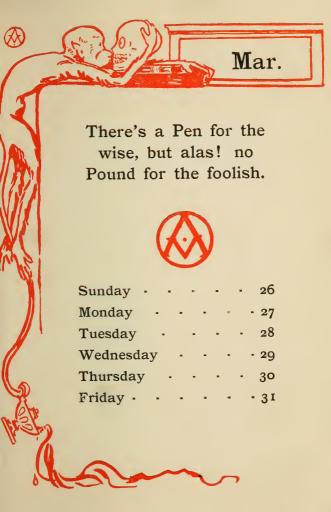






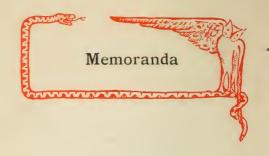






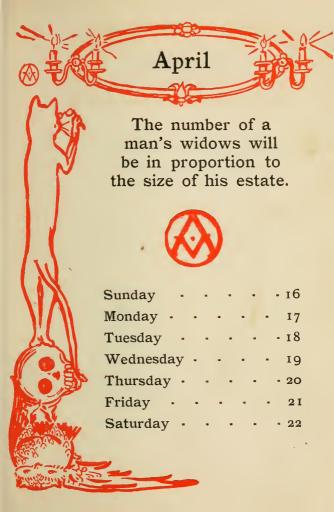


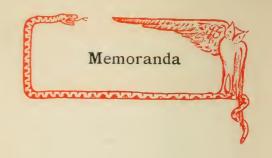














"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." — Shakespeare.

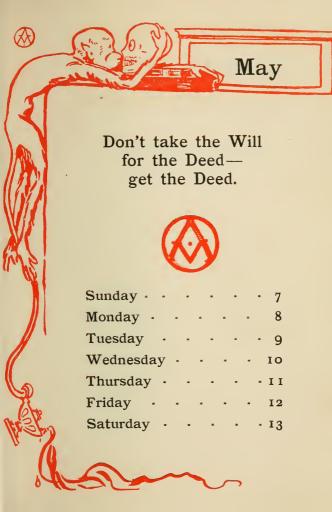




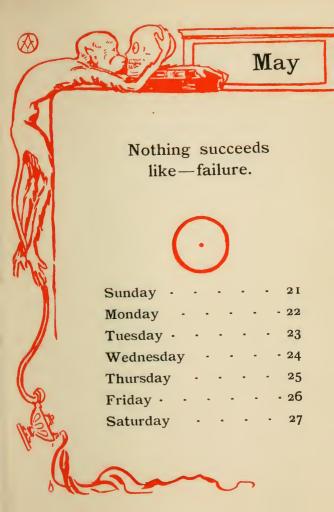




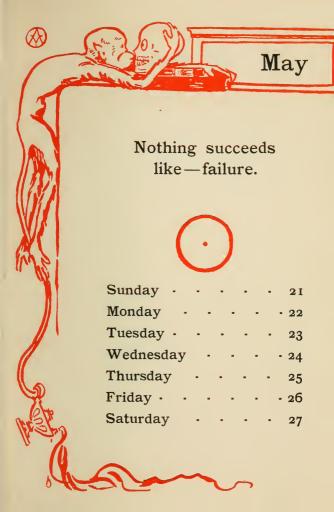




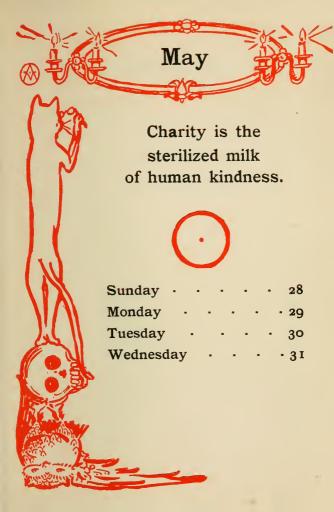




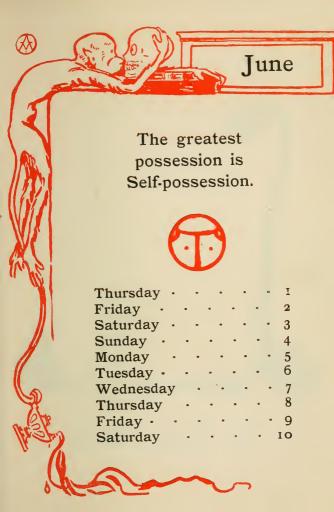














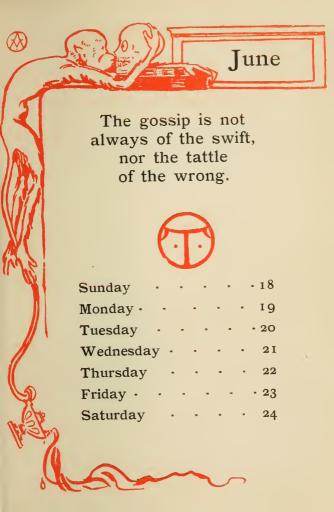
The First Lesson







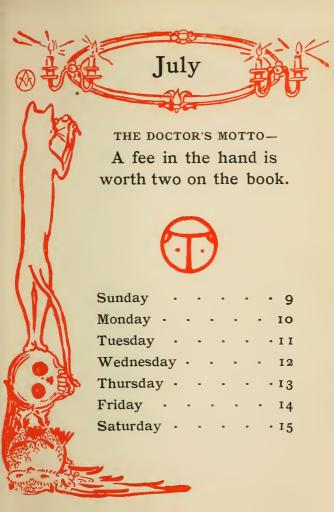




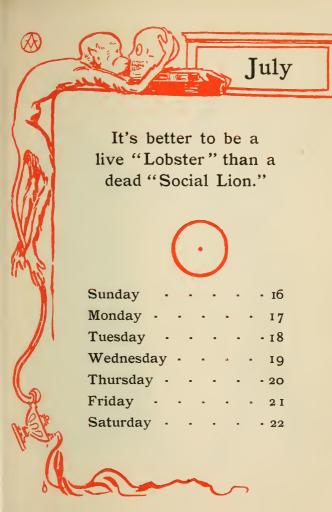












The wisest reflections are but Vanity.

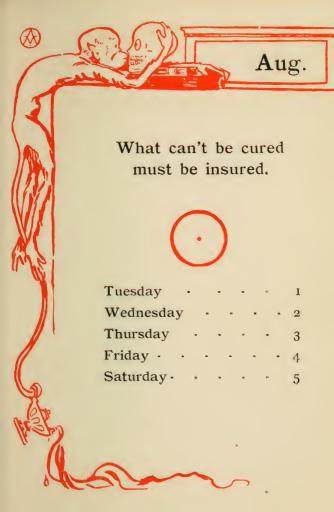




















"With all thy faults I love thee—still."





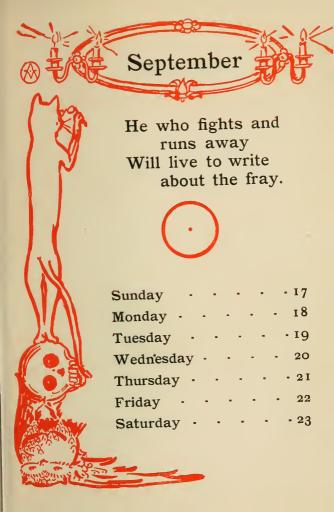


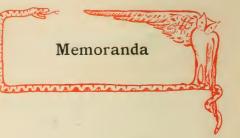


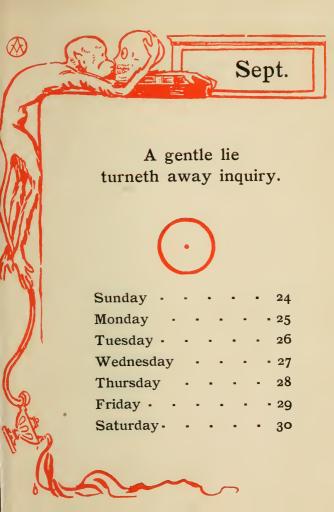








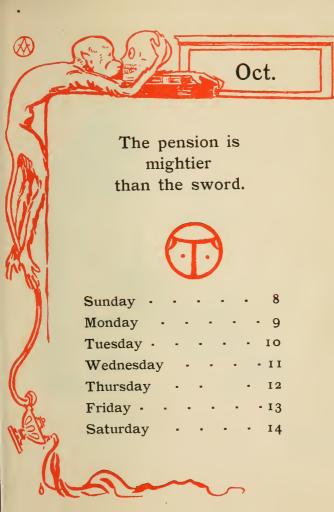












Dead men tell no tales—?—!





Toward





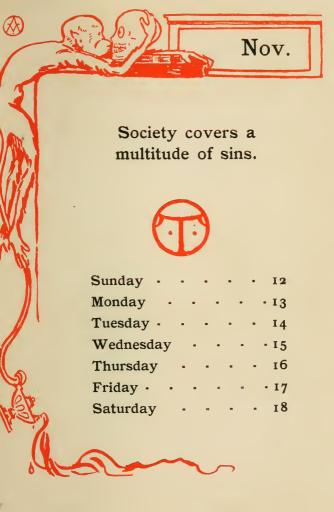




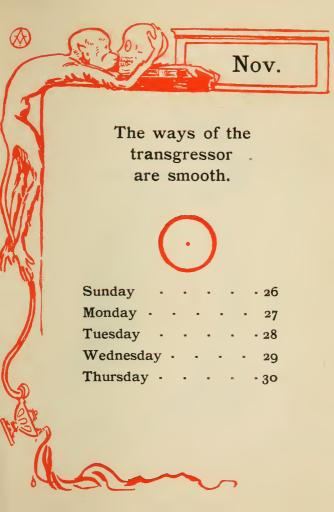










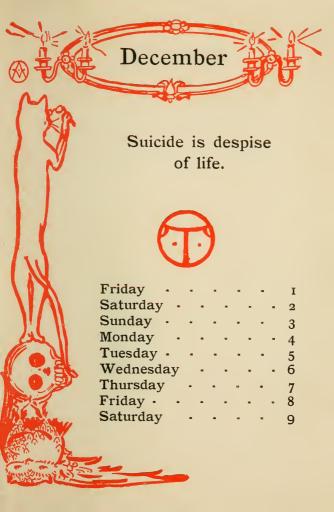


Many bands make tight work.





















Shut your mouth and open your eyes— And you'll need nothing to make you wise.





Finis



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THOUGHTS, ESSAYS AND A FEW LYRICS

Change is a perpetual deliverance.

Never throw people back on themselves.

A single glance of soul-sympathy from another's yes, how it can dignify a man, how throw him on the best of himself.

If you want to be great, you must give up trying be thought great.

In work there is always worry when the element f competition enters in.

Speeding up is the worst enemy of efficiency.

How tree-tops against the sky fascinate one's aze. Wherever there are trees against an horizon, by eyes are unconsciously drawn.

A man may be reinforced against himself at an ge when it would seem all his chances of improvement must have passed away.

Possibilities which have remained quiescent brough lack of soil suitable to their development, may blossom into realisation at any moment of a fetime

In the lives of all geniuses there is a great deal waste.

If you can run off the lines, you can run on then and the energy that tempts to indulgence with perform your task for you if you allow it.

Our times of surrender to desire are those is which we could work most valiantly if we remaine faithful to duty. A little hardening of the wi is all that is necessary to accomplish this.

Don't move an inch for the sake of conformity or for the persuasions of friends.

It is not what others think, but what you fee that signifies.

I often tremble with the desire to impart som joyful thought or discovery, but shrink from doin so from the feeling that I shall lose my own seren possession of it.

The spiritual treasures most deeply belonging to us are those we brood over alone, and cherish in the innermost recesses of our being;—too esoteric formention, too sacred for aught but glancing at with the spiritual consciousness, and leaning on forstrong support and peace.

s definitely raining or blowing, it reminds one of tself, and I like to be reminded of nature.

To-day it is pouring hard, with a cold, gusty wind plowing, and I feel perfectly at peace, gazing out of my window at the grey trees receding in mist against the pale sky. Nature weeps audibly, and seems very near and companionable to my solitude. Presently I may rouse myself to go out, but now I am content to gaze,—to gaze and dream, with eyes on the veiled horizon.

Oh! the beauty of life without hurry, of life and eisure! These two ought never to be separated. But what do I mean by leisure?—leisure from all those worldly aims that destroy our peace, and drive as mercilessly, until life becomes a grievous burden, and we ourselves smaller and meaner every day.

The so-called "society woman" appals one with her affectation and her languishing airs. Her furs, her false complexion, her toy dog, create an impression of artificiality that is infinitely repellant.

"Society" is no place for the simple.

There is always something vulgar about sophisication.

To be worldly is to be vulgar.

The potential qualities of the sexes are identical;

but differing education and environment produce a differing development. Both are aspects of the same soul.

In our weak moments we pine to be loved; but it is only necessary to love in order to be happy.

Romance implies high feeling.

The difference between the greedy seeker after pleasure, and the ambitious worldly man, is that the former grasps at the means of enjoyment close at hand, while the latter strives for some less easily attainable indulgence. There is nothing intrinsically nobler in the one than in the other.

There is no sex in mind and soul. In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

Serve innocence wherever you find it.

Weariness and depression are the result of looking down to material trifles instead of up to spiritual realities.

Strange how we ask of eireumstances what can only come from ourselves.