



**How It Was.**  
 He started a trust  
 But it blew up and bust!  
 And the man who had started it,  
 He up and cussed—  
 And that was the end of the trust bust!

**Under Difficulties.**  
 "I thought yer son wuz a travellin' in Manchooria writin' fer one o' them newspapers?"

"He is, Uncle John."  
 "I don't see nothin' writ by him in th' Tribune!"

"No, he's writing under a nom de plume!"

"Dear suz, you don't say! Did it fall on him?"

"No, no, a nom de plume, a —"

"Oh, I see, he's skeered t' come out an' write in th' open. Well, by hen, I'd rather hide under a haystack than risk it and git shot by them Russians! This war bizness is orful risky, be'n't it?"

When a man meeteth a woman and telleth his wife what she wore, verily the better half need have no fear, but if he meeteth one and knoweth not what she wore, it is written, beware! The man in the first instance liketh not the woman unduly and he surveyeth her clothes, but in the second, he hath become so enamored of her face that he could not, for the life of him, tell whether she wore a Worth gown or a calico runabout!

**In the Country.**  
 I would like to be out in the country to-day  
 To pet the new colt on the neck,  
 To scatter the pigs with a sudden "Oof!  
 Oof!"  
 And list to the woodpecker peck!

I would like to be out in the country to-day  
 And teach the bull-calf how to drink,  
 To wander alone by the sinuous paths,  
 To dream in the wood—and to think!

I would like to be out in the country to-day  
 To lie on the bank with a book



"COME BOSSY!"

And list, with a thrill to my very heart's core,  
 The orchestral rill of the brook!

I would like to be out in the country to-day,  
 Where blue denim shirts are in style!  
 'Twould lighten my worries and give me more vim  
 To eat country grub for awhile!

I would like to be out in the country to-day—  
 (The fact is I'm turgid and cross.)  
 I'd throw myself down in—"Excuse me, dear friend,  
 I hear him approaching—the boss!")

The fat man asked the small boy if the ice was safe and the lad replied, "Yes, if you skate fast enough!" Many a business to-day is being conducted on the same inadequate safeguard.

Just about the time we get used to a man's looks with a full beard, he visits the barber and we have to begin all over again.



There's heaps o' joy  
 In this life o' ours!  
 Fergit th' thorns,  
 An' jist pluck th' flow'rs!

**Naughty Uncle Rube.**

Deacon Hardscrabble—"I s'pose ye heerd about Uncle Reuben Co'ntasle's disgrace daown to th' metropol's?"

Deacon Squeezeithard—"Lawsy sakes, no! Do tell what's cum over Uncle Reuben?"

"Wen t' Chickcawgo last week, an' by mistake he drunk water off fr'm th' fire extinguisher!"

"Yes!"

"Yes. It was at th' howtel ye know,



"FOR THE LAND SAKE!"

an' he thought it was one o' them there new fangled ice-water jiggers—an' when he cum hum an' told about it they churched him!"

"Churched him?"  
 "Yes, fer drinkin' fire water!"

A Chinaman bought a wife for \$300, paying \$3 a week, and when the last \$3 was paid, John declared he was not sick of his bargain. It might be well to add, that he didn't get the maid until he had paid for her! Otherwise—Ouch! Lemme go!

Somehow May 1 always reminds us of our boyhood days down on the Cedar river. May 1 we always began driving the cow to pasture. These were hard and trying days for mother, as it invariably took three calls and a threatened whipping to get us up in time to make a respectable showing with the neighbors' boys. Ah! Sweet days of Arcadia, they are gone forever!

We don't care if the old mill never grinds with the water that is past, so long as there is plenty of water yet to come.

It is the things we do under adverse circumstances that show the metal of which we are made.

Many a man would sacrifice the biscuits mother used to make for the dough that uncle made.

Make the most of the small opportunities. They, in turn, will help you to greater ones.

A good way to keep the boy on the farm is to hire a pretty dairy maid.

The golden rule some men live by is merely plated.

In the theater of life there is no asbestos curtain.



From the forethought letters by Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois.

**For a rest time review of the daily sources of better methods.**

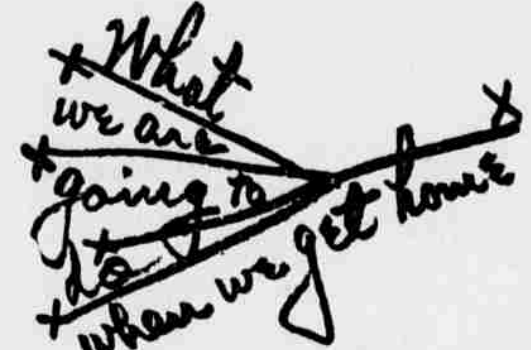
*The accuracy library is for co-operation in information on the enemies of easy errors and the friends of forethought, to reduce mutually expensive mistakes of mechanical, commercial and professional people.*

**A case of three minutes of deliberation by resolution.**

Some cities have a more excitable atmosphere than other cities circulate.

A man from an excitable city was calling on the most prominent business men in the largest cities in our western American states.

He was interested in their deliber-



ate manners—their ways of quietly listening to him attentively as if they had nothing else to do and he resolved to practice deliberation when he got back home.

He did, and he told me that he succeeded for just three minutes, and he asked what he could do to make the time of his success longer.

My reply was that had he taken an exercise in deliberation the night before his three minutes might have become thirty minutes and had he exercised five minutes a day for five days before reaching his desk in his own city he might have been deliberate all day.

**Is anything ever forgotten beyond power to be recalled.**

The story of the man who was getting the worst of the fight and could not think of the word "enough" was told me yesterday. It was new to me.

In fifteen minutes or so after hearing it I met a man who enjoys such stories and told it to him.

He said he had heard that when he was fourteen years old—he is about forty-five now. Then he said he never heard it but the one time and that he had had a good many chances in the meantime to tell it.

He had forgotten it so far as telling it, but he was able to recall it on rehearing.

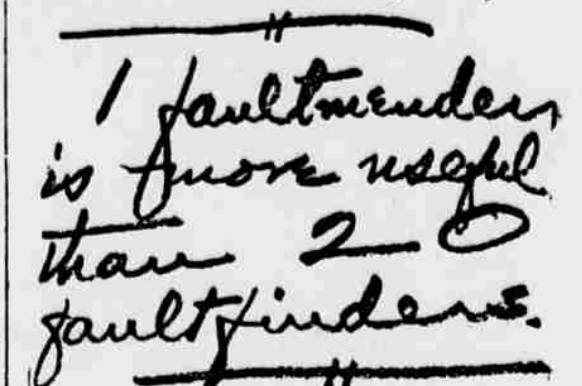
The remainder of the story is that while the man was trying to think of the word that meant defeat in order to yell it, he was also trying to prevent getting killed, and his preventive methods were so effective that the other man yelled the word he could not think of.

**Hardest of All.**  
 The most difficult thing for us to do is to forgive some innocent person whom we have treated in an ill-natured manner.

**My studies are on the things you want which you need.**

A young man in a store became interested in my letters and tried to interest another young man who was in the same store.

The other young man said that he was not interested in any study un-



less it gave some one a knock—he wanted to read things that abused some person or class.

Chances for fault-finding and kicking are the most common and easiest to pick up, but it is not my line, though my human nature coaxes me into it sometimes.

One fault-mender is greater than 20 fault-finders.

Years ago I read that and it may take me years to come to live it, but I believe it and try to remember it.

In place of being a knocker I want to be a useful writer—in place of finding faults I want to tell how others have had forethought and conquered error.

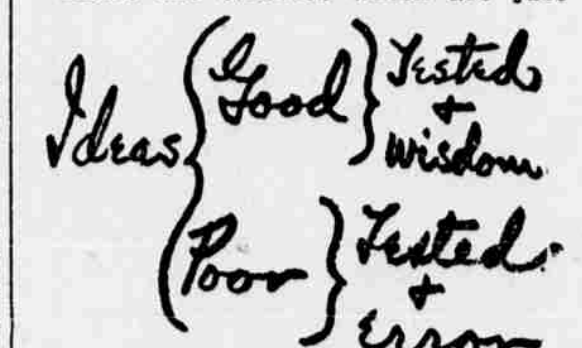
My hope of doing so rests in my desire to do so. It is uphill work to—it is next to impossible to—do difficult things we have no desire to do.

Some day I want to write something which will interest and benefit that young man who has to-day an appetite for other things than mine.

**All theories of right do not shine equally as bright during days of trouble.**

You have heard of fine weather friends who are useless to you when a storm comes up and you need a genuine helper or fellow-worker.

There are theories which are just



like prosperity friends—O. K. when you do not need them and no good when you do need them.

What is it that stands up with you like a thoroughbred when the fight is on to a finish and helps you pull out on top of everything?

Previously applied wisdom is something on which you can depend and which you know how to handle.

Unapplied wisdom is a good thing, but you cannot tell it from poor theories until tested or examined or audited.

A boat going on a year's voyage took on supplies and when too late to correct the error they found that one box in place of having a very important food contained a useless article.

The first steamboat that crossed the Atlantic was a good theory applied, but it carried a book which claimed to prove that a steamboat could not cross the Atlantic. That book was what?