



### The Old Piano

I hate to see the old thing go, with  
all its harsh discords,  
Its antique frame, its yellow keys,  
its huge, ungainly frame;  
For memory of other days its pres-  
ence there affords—  
Without its old familiar tones life  
will not be the same.  
From out the mist of gathered years  
I hear its mellow notes;  
Upon the air of memory the swelling  
music floats;  
I hear again the loved old songs from  
happy, youthful throats—  
"Way down upon the Suanee river,  
Far, far away;  
There's where my heart is turning  
ever,  
There's where the old folks stay."  
Good by—'tis hard to part from you—  
but you are out of date.  
The old must give way to the new  
as years with swiftness fly.  
But tears bedim my eyes, old friend,  
as you go to your fate—  
And so, my old piano, I must say a  
last "goodby."

You stood in state the morn my eyes  
first saw the light of day,  
The monarch of the best front room—  
a precinct set apart—  
And oft with awe I gazed on you in  
boyhood's earnest way,  
And oft, so oft, your melodies have  
touched my boyish heart.  
I hear again the old, old tunes come  
from your rusty strings;  
Once more the sweet old melodies  
the old time chorus sings,  
And back again the days of youth fly  
fast on memory's wings—  
"The moon shines bright on the old  
Kentucky home;  
Tis summer, the darkeys are gay.  
The corn top's ripe and the mead-  
ows are in bloom,  
While the birds make music all  
the day."  
Farewell, old instrument — you've  
served your earthly mission well.  
You've done your part to give life  
joy; your end is drawing nigh.  
And yet, old friend, the grief I feel  
my tongue can never tell—  
I brush away my falling tears and  
whisper low, "goodby."

Four ringing notes the "Wedding  
March" flung on the happy air  
When sister stood beneath the bell  
and took another's name.  
Four plaintive airs were wafted low  
when bowed by weight of care  
My mother smiled her last farewell  
as Death's dark angel came.  
Through joy, through tears, you've  
been a friend so sterling, staunch  
and true;  
You've played your way into our  
hearts life's toilsome journey  
through.  
In life, in death, whatever betide, we  
always sang with you—  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me."  
Hark! From your time-worn yellow  
keys I catch a last refrain—  
An echo from the distant days when  
bright dreams arched the sky—  
Forth on the air those melodies came  
floating once again,  
And for the last time I must turn  
and whisper low, "goodby."

### The Preacher's Boy

"O, he's a preacher's son!"  
Ever hear it? If Tom Jones, the  
son, of the village banker, gets gay

and raises a little ruction, the villag-  
ers smile, nod their heads knowingly  
and say:

"He's so full of boyish spirits."  
But if Billy Smith, the son of the  
village preacher, does something sim-  
ilar: those same knowing villagers  
shake their heads sadly and say:  
"He'll surely come to some bad  
end."

And the preacher's boy, started out  
in life with a handicap, has to do the  
very best he can—yet he usually man-  
ages to get along about as well as  
the rest of them. People seem to  
think that because he is a preacher's  
son he ought to do better than other  
boys, though those same people never  
can explain why they should not ex-  
pect as much of the banker's son, or  
the blacksmith's son or the postmas-  
ter's son. They seem to imagine that  
the preacher's son should be an angel  
without wings; that he should never  
smile, play ball, go fishing, play tricks  
or act like other boys.

Let the sons of the banker, black-  
smith, postmaster and preacher get  
into trouble at school on account of  
some boyish mischief, and the sons of  
banker, blacksmith and postmaster  
are excused on the ground that "boys  
will be boys," but the preacher's boy  
is surely headed for the penitentiary.  
Why should people expect so much  
more of the son of the preacher? Is  
there any reason why preacher's boys  
should be better than your boys?  
Why not give the preacher's boy the  
benefit of the excuses you make for  
the boys of professional men gen-  
erally?

No matter how staid, industrious  
and exemplary a man may be, let him  
be in a crowd and incidentally men-  
tion that his father was a minister,  
and immediately some alleged humor-  
ist will rise up and exclaim:

"Well, that explains it all—I never  
knew a preacher's son that wasn't a  
bad one," etc., etc.

Then everybody laughs, nods wisely  
and acts as if the preacher's son were  
an outcast. Of course they may mean  
it all in fun, but it hurts, just the  
same.

How do we know it hurts?  
Bless your soul, we've had it thrown  
at us seven million times, more or  
less during the two score years of our  
existence.

And it makes us weary.

### Musing

How often do I sit and wish  
That I had nought to do but fish.  
Had nothing else at all to do  
But sit and fish the whole day  
through.  
That I could leave the dusty town  
And watch my cork bob up and down.  
But I can't go—"nix cum a rouse."  
I've got to help my wife clean house.

### Philanthropic

After having handed over to the  
burglar all that we had that was port-  
able, we were very much interested  
to see him divide the swag into two  
unequal heaps.

"Why this division?" we asked won-  
deringly.

The burglar finished his work of di-  
vision before replying. Carefully  
stowing the valuables in different  
pockets, he said:

"The small of the two piles goes  
to philanthropy. I have found this  
sort of division to be both popular  
and effective. It softens the resent-  
ment of my victims and gives me a

good financial standing among the peo-  
ple at large."

For several hours after the burglar  
withdrew we could not refrain from  
thinking about it. And yet, we could  
not but feel that we had not only been  
despoiled, but that our despoiler had  
used our valuables to purchase im-  
munity.

### The Fly in the Ointment

Strange that every time something  
good looms upon the horizon, a dark  
cloud should intervene. Just as we  
were rejoicing that the Russo-Japa-  
nese war was about over we received  
a sudden shock.

"I presume," said a cynical neigh-  
bor, "that Murat Halstead has it all  
written up and in print save a few  
concluding chapters."

Then we realized that the fly has a  
great penchant for the ointment.

### After Shakespeare

Togo or not Togo, that was the ques-  
tion;

Whether we're nobler to remain at  
home

And be always making ready for to  
sail,

Or to sail out upon a sea of double  
trouble

And go plunk—clean down unto the  
bottomness thereof.

—T. G. J. J. J.

### Brain Leaks

Real piety is never perfunctory.

Luxury seldom breeds heroic hearts.

Cain was the original "standpatter."

The prayerful man is always a care-  
ful man.

Loaning money is a good method of  
training the memory.

The really self-made man never  
boasts of his architecture.

The gospel in the heart is better  
than a sword in each hand.

Envy is a disease from which those  
who do their best are immune.

It is better to make haste in begin-  
ning than to make haste to finish up.

Men who occupy lowly place have  
the advantage of a good running start.

Sympathy for the under dog should  
not lead us to sympathize with the  
wrong.

The best way to prepare for the  
big tasks is to faithfully perform the  
little ones.

Before men can become brothers  
they must acknowledge sonship of  
one Father.

Friendship may turn aside at the  
first lane, but love goes to the end of  
the journey.

Too many men expect to be "broth-  
er-in-lawed" into heaven on their  
wife's religion.

More men are won to the right by  
picturing its joys than are won from  
evil by picturing its sorrows.

The luckiest men we know are the  
men who had sense enough to work  
hard, live frugally and keep sweet.

It is better to have children smile  
at your coming than to have them  
tremble at the mention of your name.

A country bred woman who moves  
to the city can never understand why  
her near neighbors do not spend more  
time talking over the back yard fence.

Men who are puzzled about the  
problem of the hereafter might find  
the solution in attending well to the  
here.

Every time we see a graduating  
class we feel sorry because the world  
wouldn't listen to us when we grad-  
uated.

### WAS PLINY THE AUTHOR?

(Chicago Tribune.)

Concerning the controversy as to  
the authorship of the "fooling the peo-  
ple" epigram, which The Chicago  
Tribune and the Brooklyn Eagle would  
like to determine, after considerable  
investigation it would appear that Lin-  
coln never uttered the thought in the  
alleged words, though he may have  
used the expression in substance.  
Thorough investigation fails to reveal  
the phrase in any record of his  
speeches.

P. T. Barnum, the showman, wrote  
his autobiography about the time Lin-  
coln's star was rising, and though re-  
cently the epigram has been credited  
to Barnum there seems to be nothing  
to verify the assertion. Barnum did  
say the people liked to be "L-ambugged,"  
and such an idea may have led a re-  
sourceful mind to evolving the asser-  
tion in question; moreover, this seems  
to be an epigram common to Lincoln's  
forcible style of expression, and so the  
public generally has come to accept  
Lincoln as its author.

Not a few of our memorable quota-  
tions, accepted as true and appearing  
in books, magazines, and newspapers  
and in public addresses, are erroneous,  
but authors and speakers have fallen  
into the habit of acceptance, and so no  
one seems to doubt their accuracy,  
much less does one care to investi-  
gate their origin.

For instance, Oliver Wendell  
Holmes has numberless times and on  
various occasions been quoted as say-  
ing in substance that the proper time  
to begin the training of a child is 100  
years before it is born. Yet it is be-  
lieved that nobody has ever come  
across the expression in any of the  
published works of Dr. Holmes.

The writer's belief as to the origin  
of these utterances which have been  
credited to Lincoln or Barnum in the  
one case and to Holmes in the other  
is that the epigrams were made in  
private conversation or writing, or at  
least outside of public functions.

There is no reason why any popular  
quotation is to be accepted as true  
merely because repeated as a quota-  
tion by people of literary standing.  
"To err is human," and none is in-  
fallible.

As to the alleged Lincoln quotation,  
suggested thought on fooling the peo-  
ple are contained in Shakespeare and  
other authors, yet Pliny the younger,  
about 1,800 years ago, came the near-  
est in statement of like import, but he  
used the term "deceive" instead of  
"fool." Pliny said, as translated, "No  
one has been able to deceive the whole  
world, nor has the whole world ever  
deceived any one."

ELMER E. ROGERS.

### GUARDED INDIFFERENCE

May C—, the six-year-old daughter  
of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small  
Georgia village, had a playmate,  
Jimmy by name, of whom it was her  
custom to make a special mention  
in her evening prayer at her mother's  
knee. One evening after some child-  
ish quarrel, Mrs. C— noticed that the  
boy's name was omitted from the pedi-  
tion, and said, "Mary, aren't you go-  
ing to pray for Jimmy tonight?" "No,  
mother; he's a mean, hateful boy, and  
I'm never going to pray for him any  
more." Her mother made no reply,  
not wishing to add fuel to the flame  
and decided to allow the youthful con-  
science to work out the problem in  
its own way. In a few moments she  
fell upon her knees, and said, in a  
tone of guarded indifference: "God,  
you can bless Jimmy if you want to,  
but you needn't do it on my account."  
—Harper's Weekly.

### AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children  
teething should always be used for children while  
teething. It softens the gums, allays all pain, cures  
wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
Twenty-five cents a bottle.