



Keep on Doing

There is lots of joy in living if you strike the proper gait;
If you always come up smiling in the face of ev'ry fate.
If you're keeping step and whistling some good lively little tune
You'll be living gay and happy as a sunny day in June.
Keep a level head, don't worry, help your brothers on the way;
Let the sunshine of good humor shine upon you ev'ry day,
Speak a cheerful word at all times, never "knock" your fellow man.
And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep doing all you can.

If there's one above all others that the world hates it's a "grouch."
Who is always seeing trouble and forever yelling "ouch!"
Always "knocking" on his fellows who are working with a will
Doing ev'ry duty blithely as they journey up the hill.
For the "grouch" there is no pleasure and it fills his soul with woe
When he sees a fellow worker with the joy of life aglow.
So keep sweet and do your duty, standing by your fellow man,
And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep doing all you can.

When you see a brother stumble, grab his hand and hold him up.
When he's hungry give him plenty, if athirst, hand 'round the cup.
If the clouds of trouble lower o'er his head, then stop and say,
"Come on, brother," and your greeting will help drive the clouds away.
Scatter good cheer like the thistle scatters seed before the wind,
And the petty woes and troubles soon will be left far behind.
Be a "booster" ev'ry minute, help along your fellow man,
And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep doing all you can.

There is lots of joy in living if you live your life aright;
Lots of sunshine and of roses, keep your eyes turned to the light,
Look behind the clouds of trouble; there's a silver lining there,
And you'll find it if you're only living life upon the square.
Never falter on the journey, but keep going all the while,
And you'll find the pain of sorrow banished by a cheerful smile.
Don't give up, but keep on going; never be an "also ran;"
And you'll surely be rewarded—just keep doing all you can.

Free and Independent

Touching the electric button the Great Magnate called his private secretary into the office.
"Have we compelled that independent company to join us in our trust?" he queried.
"Yes, sir; the papers were signed this morning."
"Has that obstreperous merchant at Burgoo seen the wisdom of not handling that independent refiner's oil?"
"Yes, sir. This morning he called and begged for mercy, and signed an iron clad agreement to handle only our product."
"Has the X. Y. & Z. railroad's manager had enough of the fight?"
O, yes. This morning he called and said he would grant the rebate if we would give him a share of the freight."
"What about that stubborn competitor at Podunk?"
"He had to give up yesterday. The

sheriff foreclosed and shut down his factory. The old chump wouldn't give up till he went broke."

"Serves him right. What business had he standing in the way of our making a pile of money out of a monopoly on that branch of the market?"

"Everything is lovely now, sir, except that the employes are asking for more pay."

"What's that!" shouted the Great Magnate. "Send them in here!"

Shortly after the private secretary had bowed himself out a committee of employes came in.

"We came at your request," said the spokesman, "representing the employes of this factory."

"I'll not treat with you as an organization!" shouted the Great Magnate. "I will run my business to suit myself, and without any interference. I'll not have unions bossing me around. Hereafter this will be an 'open shop,' manned by free and independent workmen who are not coerced. Your demands are outrageous and I'll not grant them. This labor trust is getting altogether too great, and I'm going to fight it. No more unions in mine—hereafter I'll employ free men. Good day."

Slowly the committee withdrew, and at 6 o'clock the workmen returned to their little cottages while the Great Magnate, free and independent, climbed into his automobile and started blithely for his country seat.

It will be noted in this connection that the definition of "free and independent" varies according to the position of the definer.

The Iceman

When morning dawns with chill and damp
Upon the back porch gently lies
A chunk of ice clear, smooth and hard
That's usually about this size:



But when the morn is scorching hot
And all things seem to boil and hiss,
The iceman leaves a chunk of ice
That sizes up alongside this:

O.

Misunderstood

Witticus—"I was at my best when I called on Miss Angular last evening. Everything I said seemed to amuse her greatly, and she kept laughing all the time."

Cynicus—"O, Miss Angular heard a man say 'laugh and grow fat,' the other day, and she is only trying it."

The Babies—Bless 'Em

When a baby is in trouble everybody gets busy. The little one falls, and immediately all work stops until the baby is comforted.

The other day a two-year-old baby wandered away from home and became lost. In time the little one began crying. Instantly attention was attracted to it, and as it was a stranger in the neighborhood, it was known to be lost. A dozen women mothered it and tried to comfort it. Men stopped as they hurried down street to inquire the meaning of the commotion. Advice was thick.

"Have you inquired in the neighborhood?" asked one.

"Anybody know whose it is?"

"Let's divide the district and search for the parents."

"Any tag on the baby?" Everyone

ought to be tagged in a big town like this."

A thoughtful young man who learned of the trouble, quietly stepped to the nearest 'phone and called up the police station.

"Hello! There's a lost baby over here at 327 South Twelfth and—"

"Good," came the answer from police headquarters. "We've been looking for it."

Ten minutes later the patrol wagon called, and in ten minutes more the sobbing little one was nestling in its mother's arms.

And then the tide of human travel surged onward again, and those who knew of the trouble and saw the little one restored to its mother went about the rest of the day with smiles on their faces and a better feeling in their hearts towards all the world.

The babies, bless 'em! We just have to stop and give them attention when they get into trouble. And we are glad of it.

Wise

Deftly stealing the minnow from the hook the big bass backed off and waited. Soon the hook descended with a fresh minnow thereon.

"Not for me," chuckled the big bass, backing off. "I am not to be caught by the rebate game."

Not yet having perfected his piscatorial trust the fisherman was compelled to accept the inevitable.

The War Game

Said the Mikado to Nick
"I have trumped your last trick.
Shall we play the game out, my dear Russia?"

Said Nick, "If you please,
Now, my dear Japanese,
Let us quit ere I'm tempted to
Crussia."

Took Him Out

"What makes you look so jagged out, Biggersley?"

"Jaggersley took me out automobiling this forenoon."

"Well, did taking you out in his auto wear you out?"

"No! the taking out was all right. We had to walk back."

Brain Leaks

Luck is crystalized pluck.
Sanctity is much more than stand-offishness.

A wrinkled forehead is no sign of deep thought.

Jealousy furnishes big grists for the divorce mills.

The man who achieves his ideals is to be pitied.

Gossips' tongues find inspiration in listeners' ears.

The honeymoon wanes when the sweetheating lags.

A father's example is very apt to outweigh a mother's advice.

Those who talk most of ancestry usually do least for posterity.

Giving a little is better than wishing you could give a great deal.

We would all be reformers if results were sure on the morrow.

If you are a real Christian you do not have to tell your neighbor.

The size of the sacrifice counts for more than the size of the coin.

The men who get the most out of life are those who put the most into it.

This would be a better world if the men who have lived in it had lived up to their obituaries.

It is impossible to join a good platform and a poor candidate so closely as to conceal the joint.

The real patriot is not always the man who throws his hat in the air every time the flag is unfurled.

The man who wrote a magazine article on the "Joy of Work" received

more for it than the section hand makes in a year.

The wise merchant should not be superstitious enough to believe in signs. He should try the newspaper advertising columns.

THE FORGOTTEN ISLAND

A Porto Rican, who signs himself D. Collazo, writes the following article to the New York Sun.

To the Editor of The Sun.—Sir: Your spirited paper has been so generously outspoken toward the "forgotten island" and so gallantly hospitable to all her numerous friends, that I do not doubt for a moment you will permit a faithful admirer to recall a famous incident apropos of the arguments in your editorial of yesterday.

The question of the Porto Ricans' political status, trivial and trifling in the estimation of many Americans, is more real, more earnest to us than even the economical one, taking into consideration that, right or wrong, we look at the latter as the natural offspring of the former. Judging by the nonchalant way in which our learned mentors treat the subject of the Porto Ricans' lack of nationality, we draw the inference that it is unimportant to them whether we have it or not, but for their benefit we let them know that on that dolorous question our country's dignity is at stake, as well as our purse and personal interests. The question of the nationalization of Porto Rico does not belong to the abstract class, as you will see by the following occurrence in connection with the workings of the United States immigration laws in conflict with our undefined status.

During the summer of 1902 Isabel Gonzalez, a niece of my wife and a native of Porto Rico, arrived at the port of New York. She was detained at Ellis Island—and anybody who has been detained in that pen knows what it means—as an "alien" liable to become a public charge and excluded from admission into the United States in spite of my American citizenship and my guaranteed assurances of her support as a member of my family. At the eleventh hour, and when she was in danger of deportation to her native island, I enlisted the legal services of Former Assistant District Attorney Charles E. Le Barbier, who, through a writ of habeas corpus, got her safe from the grasp of the immigration board of examination onto the soil of Manhattan. They were going to send her back to Porto Rico, just as they would send her back to Austria-Hungary or Turkey if she had come from there.

She was taken before the United States Circuit Court of New York, and Judge Lacombe gave an adverse decision, holding that she was a "foreigner." As the case involved the status of thousands, possibly millions of people who, whatever else they may be, were and are subject to the American laws and the American will and government, the case was taken and partially won before the United States Supreme Court, by Messrs. Coudert and Le Barbier. That tribunal, from the lofty height of its judicial wisdom, decided that it had not decided anything. It left the nationality of the Porto Ricans in suspense.

There is another case that shows in a very unmistakable way the embarrassing situation confronting "Messrs. Nobody from Nowhere," the Porto Ricans, in the matter of nationalization. Some of these unfortunate people went to the United States Commissioner and asked if they could be naturalized. The Com-

THE CAUSE

The first cause of Indigestion, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Dizziness, etc., is constipation. Don't take cathartics, as they irritate the lining of the bowels, and are only a temporary relief. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills permanently cure by strengthening the nerves of the stomach and liver. They effect a mild, natural movement.