



It's Up to You

There is plenty of joy in the world
round about

If only you're trying to find it,
And your trouble will fly like the
breath of a sigh

If you are too happy to mind it,
Your life is too precious to waste in
despair,

For you gather no profits on stocks
held in care,

And the world will pay tribute if
you'll do your share,

But you've got to put hustle behind it.

There is plenty of work to be done in
the world

If you have the courage to do it,
There are races to run and a goal to
be won

If you have the grit to pursue it,
But you never can win if you sit still
and weep;

You'll never grow strong while you
cringingly creep;

And the world will keep whirling
while you are asleep,

And yours is the fault if you rue it.

You are sure to reap trouble along
your life road

If daily you always expect it,
And you needn't think you can gather
great due

As long as you coolly neglect it,
Don't think for a moment that you
are exempt;

The shirker is always a fit mark for
contempt;

If the world owes you living you've
got to attempt

To hand her the bill and collect it.

The Ubiquitous Tin Can

Of course you remember that old
chestnut that went the rounds a few
years ago to the effect that an Eng-
lish tourist doing Kansas asked a
demure Kansas maiden what they did
with so much corn.

"O, we eat what we can, and what
we can't we can," she replied.

In relating the experience to friends
at home the Englishman said:

"I asked her what they did with
so much corn, don't yer know, and
she replied that they ate what they
could and what they couldn't they
tinned, don't you know. Funniest
thing I ever heard, but it seems to
have lost its humor now, don't yer
know."

Everything that man needs to sus-
tain life, with the sole exception of
air, may now be purchased in tin
cans. The housewife has found some
of her most difficult problems solved
by the tin can method, and a heavy
load has been lifted from her
shoulders. Strawberry jam that used
to require almost unlimited work in
gathering the berries, and torture
over a red hot range, is now to be
purchased at the grocer's. There was
no labor expended in gathering straw-
berries for its foundation. A little
glucose, some flavoring extract and
a handful of timothy seed, and there
you have a strawberry jam that would
deceive an expert.

Blackberry jam is made in exactly
the same way, the flavoring and the
coloring being a little different, and
alfalfa seed being substituted for the
timothy seed. Those beautiful red
cherries that decorate the ice cream
sodas you buy—it used to require a
vast amount of work to gather and
preserve them. All the work, and
even the cherry tree have been elimi-
nated from the equation, and now
you can buy them in tin cans or glass
bottles, and they are made of one of

the products of coal tar properly
mixed with coloring matter and a
faint trace of prussic acid to give them
the cherry flavor.

Thirty years ago, you will remem-
ber if you are old enough, you used
to put in several days after the first
frost paring and cutting up pumpkins
to dry for the winter supply of pies.
Now you buy the pumpkin in cans
ready for use, and if the pumpkin
supply is short you merely call for
pumpkin and get sweet potatoes put
up so beautifully that you never know
the difference.

A few years ago your mother used
to boil tomatoes by the bushel to make
a few gallons of delicious catsup, and
when the tomato crop was short you
missed one of the finest condiments
imaginable. In this inventive age of
the tin can the stock of tomato catsup
has nothing to do with the tomato
crop. If there wasn't a tomato
ripened in the republic it wouldn't
reduce the output of catsup a pint.

Guests drop in to lunch at an un-
expected time nowadays, and it
doesn't give the housewife a flutter.
A few years ago it would have driven
her to despair. She would have to
chase out and start the kitchen fire,
catch and kill a chicken, peel and
fry potatoes, run down cellar and
skim a crock of cream, and do a few
hundred other things. Now she en-
tertains her guests until within ten
minutes of luncheon time, and then
she sets the table and opens a few
tin cans. There is the canned salmon,
the canned sweet potatoes that need
only to be warmed over, the canned
Saratoga chips, the canned con-
densed milk, canned veaf loaf, canned
sliced tomatoes, a cake from the
bakers and a can of fruit.

The tin can has made the desert
habitable, and pushed the fringes of
civilization outward with ever in-
creasing rapidity. In other days the
route of the pioneers was marked by
the glistening bones of men and
beasts; now it is marked by empty
tin cans.

Time to Call a Halt

The staggering news comes from
the east than an inventive genius has
prepared a process of making a fine
article of granulated sugar from
watermelons. It is further said that
the process is so cheap and so easily
operated that it will make water-
melon sugar an important competitor
of beet and cane sugar and therefore
a weapon with which to fight the
sugar trust. But despite the opportu-
nity to get a whack at the sugar trust
we are impelled to enter an objection
to this desecration of the luscious
watermelon. The watermelon in its
natural state is quite good enough,
and to endeavor to make it better,
more useful or more healthful would
be to paint the lily or gild refined
gold. Sweet memories cluster around
the watermelon, to say nothing of
present pleasures that are connected
therewith. Out upon the man who
would take the succulent fruit and
debase it to commercialism in a re-
fined form!

It is to be hoped that all efforts to
commercialize the watermelon in
some other shape will fall as disas-
trously as have the attempts made to
improve upon the good old way of eat-
ing them. "There is but one way to
carve a watermelon," says Senator
Stone, "and that's to bust it." The
senator is eminently correct. "Bust
'er," and then insert your visage into
the rich red heart until the lobes of
your ears are afloat and the bosom

of your shirt moist and decorated with
seeds. Having done this you will
arise in the strength given you by the
feast and denounce any and all
schemes to divert this favorite fruit
from its primitive and natural use.

That's Different

The Fervid Patriot stood upon the
corner and discoursed, using appro-
priate gestures.

"Every man should be ready to
serve his country in any capacity,"
he exclaimed. "I am ready to render
any service my country may require
of me. If need be I will don her uni-
form, bid my loved ones good-by and
march away to the tented field, there
to do and die as the fates may or-
dain."

"There is nothing you would refuse
to do if called upon by your country?"
queried the shrewd-eyed little man in
the outer circles.

"No, sir!" exclaimed the Fervid
Patriot. "What my country needs at
my hands, that will I gladly do, and
rejoice that the opportunity is given
me. My life, my all, is at my coun-
try's service."

"Thank you," said the shrewd-eyed
little man. "Then you will have no
objections to correcting the assess-
ment schedule you made out and
giving in for taxation the property you
forgot to mention the first time."

Before he could recover the Fervid
Patriot had taken the blank and was
watching the crowd slowly march
away.

The Simple Life

Man riseth up in the morning and
starteth to his office. He dodges au-
tomobiles and street cars, starts back
just in time to miss connection with
a live wire, sees an open coal hole
just in time, unknowingly walks un-
der a safe being hoisted to the third
story, enters his office in a building
built in violation of the building
laws, collides with book agents, has
a narrow escape from eleven insur-
ance agents, is mistaken by a bill col-
lector for some other man, works
like a slave to pay tribute to trusts
that have collared everything in
sight, breathes impure air and has
to drink water from a water system
owned and operated by private capi-
tal and having its source of supply in
a sewer contaminated stream, and re-
peats the dodging tactics on his way
home.

This is the simple life that the
average city man lives.

The Reason

"Why is it," growled the nagging
husband, "that you can not bake pies
and cakes and such things like mother
used to make?"

"Because," retorted the long-suffer-
ing but now desperate wife, "because
you do not provide the ingredients
that father used to provide; you do
not provide the fuel that father used
to provide, you haven't even the tem-
per that your father used to have,
and you have a different appetite
since you learned to chew tobacco,
drink liquor, keep late hours and
dose your stomach with patent medi-
cines. Now you eat what's set before
you without any more grumbling, or
else look for another boarding
house."

The Reason

"Truth is stranger than fiction,"
quoted the gentleman addicted to the
habit of quotations.

"The reason for that" retorted the
wise wife, "is that you don't hear or
use it quite so often."

Failure

"My life has been blighted by one
grand mistake," moaned the man.

Naturally we had to inquire what
the mistake was.

"I once saw a fellow rock a boat

full of young ladies, and I just sat
still on the bank and didn't do any-
thing when he swam ashore."

Realizing how much regret a man
must feel under such circumstances
we could only shake our head sorrow-
fully and proceed along our way.

Limited

I can not sing, I can not play,
I have no calling, trade or craft;
So I must seek to sell advice
To men in some insurance graft.
And then, perchance that I will find
Myself called many times to do
The social stunt like my old friend
Down in New York—C. M. Depew.

Belated

"Is Jiggerly a hustler?"
"Hustler, nothing! Why, Jiggerly,
has just bought a Panama hat."

Brain Leaks

Some people mistake a fad for re-
ligion.

Life's greatest pleasures do not
cost money.

Only those who have suffered can
truly sympathize.

A friend in need is a friend in deed,
not alone in words.

Some men who are quick to propose
reforms are the last to accept them.

The world has very little confidence
in a man who is too proud to remem-
ber his origin.

Every man you help out of the
gutter is one man less left there to
pull you down.

Some men would never know they
had a good time yesterday if they
had no headache today.

Instead of complaining that they
do not get what they deserve, most
men should be rejoicing because of it.

If the possession of money were
the only reason for happiness, the
world would lose most of its cheer-
fulness.

Do not envy the man who owns an
automobile. If you must be envious,
consider the man who owns the re-
pair shop.

We refuse to be alarmed at this
talk about the danger of a return of
the crinoline. Bad as it was, there
was something good in it.

The trouble with some men is that
they think they were cut out for pace-
makers when they were really entered
merely to fill the required number of
starters.

It is not the heat of the hot weather
that makes us uncomfortable; it is
the hot weather's habit of bringing to
the front the eminent old gentlemen
who could cradle so much wheat per
day in the olden times.

The monkey trainer in the New
York zoological gardens died a few
days ago, and the local dailies gave
more space to the news thereof than
they ever did to the death of an edu-
cator of the children in the public
schools.

INSPECTS THE WILL

The widow of Wm. Zeigler, the mil-
lionaire baking powder manufacturer,
and backer of Arctic expeditions, has
filed a suit in the New York courts
questioning the validity of the Zeig-
ler will, and charging that at the time
of making that will Zeigler was in-
sane. Zeigler left an estate valued
at \$30,000,000 to his adopted son, 14
years of age. In the will it was pro-
vided that the boy should have com-
plete control of the entire estate at
the age of 40. He gave to his widow
\$50,000 a year during her life and the
Zeigler residence in New York, to-
gether with a summer home.