



Opportunity

I'd like to hustle out and do some grand, heroic deed;
Some daring deed that all the world would cheer.
I'd like to fight a naval fight, or conquering army lead
For truth and right till tyrants quaked with fear.
I'd like to do great things like that and be a noted man,
But as I can't, I'm not a going to cry.
I'm going to keep on smiling, doing just the best I can
To smooth the rougher places I pass by.

I'd like to lead an army into some old king's domain
Where people groan beneath a tyrant's sway;
I'd like to punch his blooming head and sever ev'ry chain
And make his people glad I came that way.
But I know I'll never do it, for the job's too big for me,
Though you can bet I'll not sit down and sigh.
Perhaps some lonely brother sitting by the road I'll see,
And I can cheer him up while passing by.

I'd like to be commander of some modern battleships
And sweep my country's foes from off the sea.
I'd like to hear the plaudits from a grateful people's lips
When I returned with news of victory.
But what's the use of wishing? I'm a little undersize
To tackle such a job, but I can try
To lighten up the burden which upon my brother lies,
And help him on a bit while passing by.

The world is full of people who are waiting for a chance
To do so wondrous deed to bring them fame.
And while they're idly waiting with their minds locked in a trance
They grumble that the world don't hear their name.
I, too, would like the glory of some grand, heroic deed.
But I'll not waste my time in idle sigh.
Perhaps upon life's journey I will see a friend in need,
And I can help him some while passing by.

Why He Failed

"I had a scheme that promised to make me a fortune, but I had a streak of bad luck."
"Tell me about it."
"I invented a substitute for food and was just getting it well started when another fellow came along and brought out an imitation of my substitute and undersold me."

Good Company

Down in Missouri there lived, many years ago, a fine old gentleman named Colonel Thompson, who owned a splendid country home—one of those old-fashioned homes with a big fireplace in the library. In another county lived a minister whose name will be given as Washer because that is not quite it. Rev. Mr. Washer preached every other Sunday in the little country church near Colonel

Thompson's home, and was the guest of the later at every visit.

Every winter evening these two fine old gentlemen would retire to the library, seating themselves on opposite sides of it. The Colonel would replenish the fire, and the two would sit there by the hour without saying a word. About 11 o'clock Elder Washer would look at his watch, and then the Colonel would ask:

"What time is it, Elder?"
"Pretty close to 11, Colonel."

Then would come another brilliant flash of silence lasting about thirty minutes.

"Well, I guess it's about time to retire, Elder."

"That's right, Colonel."
"Well, good night, Elder."
"Good night, Colonel."

Then they would separate for the night, only to repeat the same thing each subsequent night.

"Colonel Thompson is the most entertaining talker I ever met," was Elder Washer's expressed opinion.

"I always like to listen to Elder Washer," was Colonel Thompson's estimate of the Elder.

And each was honest in his opinion of the other. There is no particular point about this story, but if there is any point at all it is commended to those people who think they must keep talking all the time if they earn a reputation for being good conversationalists.

Numerous

"Is Bingerly a business man?"
"I should say so! He tends to everybody's."

The Spring Primer

Do you see the Man?
Yes, I see the Man.
The Man has some things upon his Shoulders.
Yes, so I see. But what are They?
They are Garden Tools, my Son.
What is the Man Con-tem-plat-ing?
That is a large word, my Son, but I am glad you have Sur-round-ed it. The Man Con-tem-plates doing much Garden work.
Will he do it?
Yes, he will do much Garden work, in a way.
In what way?
He will spend his Time from now until the Ground is Work-able planning out his Garden.
The Man will Ev-i-dent-ly do a great deal of work.
Yes, my Son. But most of it will be in his Mind.

Spring

Glad spring is here! My heart is light,
My spirit gay and glad.
Methinks I'll sit me down and write
A sarsaparilla ad.

That Corn Problem

And still they come. The "corn editor" is almost buried from sight beneath an avalanche of answers. Some of them are approximately correct, some are humorous, some are wide of the mark—but all are interesting. The number of answers would seem to indicate that everybody has been studying up on corn. Also, it would seem that a vast multitude of people read The Commoner. The "corn editor" has on hand not less than 250 answers that show how nearly the writers have grasped the "twice one is two" idea. Fully that many more get close to the idea, and

a still larger number attempt to show the "way" by declaring that nature does things in pairs. It is impossible to give the names of all who have given correct answers. But the "corn editor" thanks each one of them for the interest shown in the little problem.

Speaking of Problems

The "corn problem" recalls a little problem that was given out by a school teacher down in Missouri a great many years ago. Standing before the class in natural history one day the teacher said:

"Why is it that if you fill a tub full to the brim with water and then put in it a ten or fifteen pound fish, the water will not spill over?"

Several reasons were given, and finally the teacher asked that each member of the class write out the reasons and present them in class next day.

The next day every member but one handed in a paper giving various and sundry reasons why the tub would not overflow. But Lem Hazen failed to hand in a paper.

"Why did you not prepare a paper, Lemuel?" asked the teacher.

"Didn't think it necessary."

"Why not, Lemuel?"

"Because there's no reason why the water won't run over."

"How is that, Lemuel?"

"Tried it for myself. Filled a tub and then slapped in a ten-pound catfish pa caught in the Nodaway yesterday, and the water spilled a lot."

Now isn't that just the way with a lot of life's problems? They look woefully hard when we theorize about them, but when we undertake a practical demonstration there's nothing to them.

Brain Leaks

Good books never made bad boys. It is a wise wife who posts her own letters.

A real Christian doesn't have to use words to tell it.

The man who jumps at conclusions lands with a jar.

Some men loudly demand justice while softly praying for mercy.

A story that is not fit for ladies to hear is unfit for gentlemen to tell.

When a man begins wondering if he looks his age it is a sign that he does.

Men have missed golden opportunities by merely doing something just to pass away the time.

The man who takes no part in politics has no moral right to talk about political corruption.

People who have nothing worth while to talk about usually manage to keep up a lively conversation.

Some men chloroform their conscience and then flatter themselves that they are doing right because they feel no remorse.

The more experience men and women have in rearing children the slower they are to give advice about rearing children.

If you want to see a man look foolish just hand him a few of the love letters he wrote about the time his mustache began sprouting.

We do not envy Rockefeller for his wealth, but we do wish we had enough money so we could lie abed every morning until we felt like getting up.

This is the season of year when the average city man feels like going right out and keeping a two-acre garden looking like a miniature Garden of Eden.

A question for husbands: Do you ever expect to see the day when your wife will respond to an invitation without saying, "I haven't got a thing fit to wear?"

How much do you suppose Mr. Rockefeller would give if he could enjoy a day's fishing as much as the small boy with a willow pole and a 5-cent line and hook?

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