



Today

Don't waste time in sighing
For old days;
Don't waste time in crying
For old ways.
Better days than yesterdays
Leave no time for sorrow;
On them better fix your gaze—
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time in fretting
For lost hours;
Don't waste time regretting
The lost flowers.
Better hours are growing
Than memory can borrow;
Sweeter flowers are blowing—
Today and tomorrow.

Don't waste time repining
O'er bad days;
Don't waste time declining
The good ways.
Smile and look around you,
And new courage borrow.
Better days surround you—
Today and tomorrow.

The Cause

"I wonder what makes Wabberly look so worried. Is it the skeleton in his family closet?"
"I think not. It must be the gas meter in the family cellar."

Unfortunate

"My dear man, what brought you to this unfortunate condition?"
"Mistaken judgment, sir," replied Harry's Rocks, who occupied Cell No. 41144. "I stole a ham from in front of de grocery by th' bank instead ov gittin' a job in de bank and makin' me gitaway wid de depositor's dough."

Safe

Sitting up in bed, the frightened wife listened anxiously for a moment and then whispered:
"John! John!! Wake up! There's a thief in the house."
"O, that's all right," grunted the husband. "I fixed that thief before I went to bed."
"What on earth do you mean, John?"
"I turned the valve and the blamed thing won't work tonight."

A Simian Suggestion

A few days ago an itinerant musician made his appearance on the streets. He was not a Paderewsky, by any means, but he attracted huge crowds. His instrument was a hand-organ whose melodies were racuous. But he had a monkey, and the little animal made up in attractiveness all that the handorgan lacked.

The musician would turn the crank of the organ for a little bit, and then send the monkey out to collect the money. In fact, the monkey did all the work. The little animal worked tirelessly. Here and there, up the fronts of the buildings, in at the windows, over porches and bay windows, now on the shoulders of one man and then on the shoulders of another. As soon as two or three coins were collected in the monkey's little tin cup the musician would give the string a yank, and back would come the monkey and turn all the proceeds over to his master. The monkey performed the work and was rewarded with what little it needed to eat and a place to sleep. That was all. The man holding the string made all the profits.

Of course you can not blame the monkey. It was helpless, even if it

realized the injustice of its position. "I feel sorry for the monkey," murmured one man.

That's very kind of you, my dear sir. But what about yourself? A year ago last November you walked up to the polls and voted for a congressional candidate who announced himself to be a tariff "standpatter." Last spring you started to build a little home. You had worked and saved for years to accomplish this ambition, and just as you had collected the money a tariff-protected lumber trust yanked the string and back you came with a hatfull of money that you had collected and poured it all into the capacious pockets of the lumber trust.

The only difference between some species of simians is that one species can't help itself.

For several years you have been complaining that your freight rates were extortionate, and that the grain trust and the railroads combined to rob you at every turn. Just the other day you attended the primaries and worked like a Turk to secure a delegation favorable to the Hon. Henry Siviter Slicktool, notoriously a creature of the corporations. The corporations held the political string, and when they yanked, back you came and deposited your hard-earned savings in their pockets.

The more you think about it the more you are convinced that all the hard-working monkeys are not attached by strings to men who grind hand-organs.

Some monkeys can not help themselves. Others can.

The Cheerupathist

When you're feel'in kind o' blue,
An' things comin' bad for you,
Don't give up in blank despair,
Weep or wail or tear your hair;
Grit your teeth an' bow your neck;
Show th' world you're right on deck.
Smile an' say, "Well, here we come—
Stand aside an' watch us hum."

You've good reason to be glad
That though things are comin' bad,
They might easily be worse;
So, you're foolish if you curse
'Stead o' tryin' to catch sight
Of th' silver linin' bright.
Grit your teeth an' hustle out
An' you'll win without a doubt.

In your mind th' fable bear
Of th' tortoise an' th' hare.
You may be a movin' slow—
That don't matter—only go.
Don't stand still an' weep an' wail,
But keep pluggin' up th' trail.
Smile your troubles all away
An' you'll land all right some day.

An Industrial Fable

Once upon a time there were two men, Smith and Jones, who were landlords. Each owned an apartment house containing five apartments, and each had for tenants a bricklayer, a carpenter, a plasterer, a plumber and a painter.

Smith and Jones decided that they would build new flats, but as neither had much capital they cast about for ways and means. Finally Smith went to a bank and borrowed enough money to eke out the expense of erecting his flat, giving a mortgage on the flat he already owned. Then he hired his tenants to do the work. In the meanwhile he paid the bank 10 per cent interest on the money.

Jones called his tenants together and explained the situation to them. "You are paying me cash for rent.

Now, if you will do this work I will give you due bills good for rent, and that will save me all the trouble and expense of borrowing the money. It will enable me to pay you a little better wages, too."

This was agreeable. When the flats were completed Smith was still paying the bank interest, but Jones, equally in debt, was saving the interest.

A lot of cities vote valuable franchises to public utility corporations, and then submit to being held up for enough money to pay a heavy interest on the value of the franchise they have given away.

The Alternative

"Hello, Binks! Been buying some new books?"

"Yep. Laid in a lot of them for summer reading."

"What have you got there?"

"Well, here's Jules Verne's 'A Journey to the North Pole,' and Nansen's book on Arctic exploration, and Peary's book on polar expeditions, and a book on the Franklin expedition to the Arctics, and a book about the Greeley expedition, and another one giving in full the results of the Nares voyage, and I have just subscribed for a couple of daily papers so I can read about Wellman's dash for the pole."

"My gracious, old man! Are you going to become an Arctic explorer on your own hook?"

"No, just got 'em in self defense. Can't afford to pay the prices demanded by the ice trust, so I'm going to try and keep cool this summer by studying up on the Arctics."

Corrected

"Something must be done," exclaimed the president of the promotion company. "The affairs of this corporation are in a bad way."

"I beg leave to correct our worthy president," piped up the shrewd gentleman whose brain had conceived the plan.

"I am willing to be corrected, sir," said the president. "Wherein am I wrong?"

"You should have said that 'somebody must be done,'" replied the originator.

Accepting the correction the president announced that the company would proceed with the work of locating the victim.

Brain Leaks

Saintliness is not surliness.
Hard sweats mean sweet rests.
The longest life is the one of which the most is made.

The fool measures yesterday's good time by today's headache.

The best place to feel for suffering humanity is in your pocket.

Satan would willingly contribute to a church divided against itself.

It's a poor fisherman that spends all of his time digging for bait.

The man who most needs advice is generally the most lavish in giving it away.

The man who is always regretting yesterday is not making preparation for tomorrow.

It is an angelic woman who can honestly welcome visitors at house-cleaning time.

The discoverer of the baby's first tooth makes Columbus look like the change out of a lead dime.

Some people take credit for charity when they give away something that is in the way around the house.

Falling into debt is as easy as falling out of a balloon. Getting out of debt is as difficult as falling back into the balloon.

The best investment a young man can make is the performance of deeds in the present that will be the fond memories of the future.

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