



The Graduate

Now comes the springtime graduate Who has completed college; His name hitched to some high degrees, His head choke full of knowledge. To him the world is but a ball No larger than a minute, And he is sure he is prepared To pick it up and spin it.

In time he'll realize its size And get the right impression; And then he'll take his proper place In life's prolonged procession. Don't worry; he will do his part, And help the state grow greater; Depend on him—he'll honor cast Upon his Alma Mater.

Some Sidelights

With fearless mien and greatest grace and the graduate will boldly face the problems of the market place, and solve each daily riddle. He'll show us fogies how to do each puzzling task that comes to view; and work with each great problems through, and both ways from the middle. He'll seize upon our social state to rescue us from threatened fate, and lead us on to future great, just for a bit of pleasure. Our currency he will reform; he'll shelter labor from life's storm, and keep the fires of freedom warm, in moments of his leisure. Do tariff schedules vex your mind? Leave all such problems far behind, for cometh now one who is kind enough to lift the weary load. The servant problem? Dry your tears for on the scene there now appears the one you've waited for long years, to help you down life's miry road. All problems he will solve with ease; he'll walk right up and bravely seize each dragon—bring it to its knees—and save us from each threatened fate. Go, take your ease. Don't worry now! He comes with laurels on his brow to save you if you'll but allow—the earnest college graduate!

If I were Andy Carnegie, and Carnegie were me, there'd be some different doings in this country of the free. I'd build no stately building that would loom up big for looks, then fill them to the ceiling with huge piles of musty books. Not much! I'd take the children from the mines and from the mills and set them playing, straying, in the woods beside the rills. I'd fill their souls with sunshine and their childish hearts with glee, if I were Andy Carnegie, and Carnegie were me. If I were Rockefeller, and he, perchance, were me, some difference in our actions very quickly you would see. I'd spend no anxious moments adding to my hoarded wealth, nor scheme for legislation and procure the same by stealth. Not much! I'd stop the weeping of the helpless girls and boys; I'd give the widows houses and I'd give their children joys—joys to make their little faces shine with gladness good to see—if I were Rockefeller and he, perchance, were me. If I were Teddy Roosevelt, and Teddy R. were me, I'd not be breathing slaughter in the jungles o'er the sea. I'd slay no lions or tigers just for joy of shedding gore, and laugh to see the crimson, and then loudly shout for more. Not much! I'd

chase despoilers of the glad play-time of youth and drive them from the temple without any thought of ruth. I'd slay the dreadful dragons that make childish pleasures flee if I were Teddy Roosevelt and Teddy R. were me.

Now soon we boys will rise at four and make the cannon crackers roar. From early dawn to set of sun we'll all remember Lexington, and Bunker Hill and Brandywine, and all the Continental line. We'll fill the land with smoke and noise because we're patriotic boys. And while we boys do thus engage you'll hear a lot of grouches rage, and get off strings of words inane about a Fourth that's "safe and sane." These have forgotten '76, and with bones full of rheumatics, they'd have us boys sit idly by the glorious Fourth Day of July. Avaunt, you men who dare to say that on our nation's natal day we boys can't have our noise and fun and whoop it up for Washington. We'll shoot the daylight full of holes, and as each crashing echo rolls we'll light anew sweet Freedom's fires and honor memory of sires. We'll fill our skins with powder stains and never flinch at stinging pains. We'll skip around and cough and choke with lungs filled full of powder smoke. We'll wage the fogies with our shouts and burn holes in our roundabouts. It is our day—the greatest day—and we will celebrate our way!

A Dozen Dont's

Don't tell your troubles; other people have troubles of their own. Don't be a snitch. A snitch is a man who will accept benefits and refuse to help secure them. Don't think that having a "good time" is all there is to life. Don't give advice that you are unwilling to follow. Don't forget that wasted moments mean lost hours. Don't start anything you know you can't finish. Don't forget that the reason you have only one mouth but two ears is that you are supposed to tell only half of what you hear. Don't think your moral yardstick is the sole standard of morality. Don't worry over things that may never happen. Don't boast of being self made until after you have examined thoroughly the finished product. Don't boast of what you possess. Don't complain because you haven't got what you want.

Shrewd Financiering

"These great financiers are deserving of our praise," declared the speaker of the evening. "They have made possible giant business enterprises. We may deride them now, but future generations will revere the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie and oth—" "Pardon me," interrupted a little woman in the audience. "But you have not named the greatest financiers of this generation." "Ah, I would be glad to hear you suggest the names of greater ones," said the speaker. "I will not call the names, for there are too many," replied the little woman, "but I'll tell you who they are. They are the hundreds of thousands of women, wives of

workingmen whose average wages are less than \$450 a year. Such able financiers are they that they are able to give their children nourishing food, pay the rent, buy fuel and educate the children, clothe them and give them medical attention, and fit them for noble citizenship—and all on a paltry sum that is mere weekly pin money for the wives of the men you named. I claim that the women I mention are the ablest financiers in the country. If they were not, the privation that is already too prevalent would be woefully greater than it is."

And all the cheering that followed was for the little woman and her kind, and not for the orator and the financiers he named.

Peculiar

"Smifkins has a queer idea of what constitutes humor." "Why do you say that of Smifkins?" "Because he actually thinks that all this senatorial discussion of the tariff is funny. He'd actually laugh at a funeral ceremony."

The Cure

"I just can't keep my mind off of the outlandish shape of the hats you women wear these days," growled Billikens." "Well," sweetly replied Mrs. Billikens, "here's the bill for mine. Perhaps that will direct your thoughts to other channels."

Uncle Wiseman

"My son," remarked Uncle Wiseman, "don't yo' all ever fergit dat de owl gott'er reputation f'r wisdom by not a sayin' much at all, an' keepin' a lookin' solemn all de time."

Brain Leaks

Regeneration works from the heart outward. Only mercenary souls will do their Christmas shopping now. If you are a real Christian you don't have to tell your neighbor about it. To make a mistake is not a crime—it is the tangible evidence of an effort to do something. Some people even call it ill luck when they stumble the second time over the same obstacle. A whole lot of moral dyspepsia gets through the world under the disguise of religious fervor. We know a lot of people who are always exhausting their energies in telling what they are about to do. The man who gives his own business due attention seldom has any time to attend to the business of others. Perhaps it is all for the best that the world does not take the college graduate quite as seriously as the graduate takes the world. What has become of those good old people who spent so much time discussing baptism that they forgot to discuss brotherly love? We dare Wizard Burbank to tackle the job of producing beans, peas and radishes that can outgrow ragweeds and sunflowers. "Wisdom is good, with an inheritance," says Solomon. Reminds us of the staunch patriots who are always cheering for the old flag—and an appropriation.

A BENEFICENT RULE

"So you are 94 years old. To what do you attribute your long life?" "A good many things have contributed to it, the most important, I think, being the care which I have always taken not to get into a fight with a bigger man than myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CONSUMER'S DILEMMA The consumer would not mind the raising of the cost of living if he could raise the price of living.—St. Paul Dispatch.

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