



**Don't Worry**

When the sun is blazing hot,  
Don't worry!  
When the breezes bloweth not,  
Don't worry!  
Think how it affects the corn;  
Bumper crop, as sure's you're born—  
Get up smiling every morn.  
Don't worry.

When the iceman brings his bill,  
Don't worry!  
Keep your tongue and temper still.  
Don't worry!  
Pay his huge outrageous toll,  
For they've got you in a hole—  
If not ice, then it's for coal—  
Don't worry!

Things look bad the country  
through?  
Don't worry!  
Can't help things by looking blue.  
Don't worry!  
Smile and just keep on your way,  
Things will work out right some day,  
So let nothing you dismay—  
Don't worry.

Every dark cloud in your sight—  
Don't worry!  
Has a silver lining bright.  
Don't worry!  
Don't let trouble trouble you;  
Just refuse to fret and stew;  
To your own good sense prove true—  
Don't worry!

Hot, of course; but what of that?  
Don't worry!  
It will make the harvest fat.  
Don't worry!  
Toil today—tomorrow rest;  
Brace your nerves to stand each test,  
For whatever is, is best—  
Don't worry!

**Provided**

"What you need," said the eminent specialist, "is more exercise—physical exercise."  
"That advice is worthless," moaned the great financier. "Have I not been dodging the process servers for three weeks?"

**Thoughts on a Variety of Things**

Of course you "feel just as young as ever," and you "never expect to grow old." That's all right, too—just the thing. "As a man thinketh so is he."  
But, just the same, there are a few things we can not get away from, and they convey the unwelcome information that the years are accumulating. When we descend from a street car and have to cross the track to reach our destination we take a lot more care than we used to. We instinctively recognize the fact that we can not dodge as deftly as of yore.

When we had to mount the ladder last spring to fasten in the upper screens we went up much more deliberately than we did of yore—but we felt as young as ever, just the same. And when we descended the ladder we were very sure that the right foot was on the round below before we let loose with the hands and shifted the left foot further down. And in the morning we do not turn a handspring to get out of bed. It is further from the bed to the floor than it used to be. But just the same the sun shines as bright as in the old days. The birds sing just as tunefully, the grass is just as green—and the shade improves with age.

When we go to a ball game we can shout as loud as the youngest of

them, and we can stamp our feet and clap our hands equal to the best of them—but when the game is over we are not jumping any fences or hurdling the crowd in order to reach the first car. We feel plenty young enough to do it, of course, but we are not in such a hurry to get back to town as we were a few years ago.

The eldest son and heir rigged up a parallel bar in the back yard the other day, and proceeded to go through a lot of stunts learned in the gymnasium. The Pater used to be something of an expert on the bar—the parallel bar—in the old days, and he proceeded to show the youngster a few things. But that extra sixty pounds of flesh accumulated during the last twenty or twenty-five years was too much of a load to lift, and the first attempt at "chinning the bar" was a rank failure. The "Indian leap," which was so simple a few years ago now looked like a circus feat, and the distance from the bar to the ground seemed to have increased something like a quarter of a mile. Only a few days ago, seemingly, it was easy to perform the feat of "grinding the muscle," but on this occasion it was impossible to summon up enough courage to even try for position. But we were confident we could do it if we wanted to, for we felt just as young and as capable as ever.

But, after all, it was easier and more pleasant, as well as safer, to sit in the shade and instruct the son and heir in matters "technin' on an' appertainin' to" the old-time feats on the bar.

And it was something of a shock, too, the other evening, when a stalwart young man, clad in his best, called at the house and the oldest daughter met him at the door with a smile and ushered him into the front room. It set the Pater to thinking. It seemed only yesterday that he togged out in his best, stuck a rose in the coat, gave his shoes a last surreptitious brush and started for the little cottage over on the other side of town. Only yesterday that a trim figured maiden with a becoming blush met him at the door and ushered him in and gave him the most comfortable rocking chair. Only yesterday that he had trouble in properly and satisfactorily disposing of hands that seemed like hams and feet that looked as big as box-cars. Only yesterday that his throat was so dry he couldn't talk even about the weather without croaking like a frog. And now, he had to look at a grown girl of his own and see another young man enjoying the same pleasant agony of suspense. And when Pater, after passing the time of day, took his evening paper and hid away to another room he realized that although he felt as young as ever he was in reality something like twenty years older than he was when he made a similar call on the biggest girl's mother.

It was only yesterday, too, that you wondered why father and mother worried about you when you happened to be out a little late at night, or went with a crowd down to the swimminghole, or took a jaunt over to the lake for a boat ride. You were amply able to take care of yourself, and they were very foolish to worry about you. You really couldn't understand why they should worry.

But you can understand it now,

all right. It all depends upon the point of view. You were a son then—you are a father now. And so you worry a lot over what seemed foolishness to you twenty or more years ago, and you can not understand why your children should be just like you were when you were their age.

The man who grows too old to enjoy celebrating the Glorious Fourth ought to be Oslerized. Bless you, the young man of middle age who engineers this department can get as much fun out of a bunch of firecrackers as he ever could. As a matter of fact he gets more, because he makes the shooting thereof contribute to the happiness of three little shavers who throw spasms of delight every time a cracker lets go and cracks the surrounding atmosphere. There's a lot of fun in making a noise like a lively American on July Fourth, but a lot more in hearing the happy shouts of your own little ones as papa touches the glowing punk to the fuse and jumps back before the cracker explodes. A half a dollar invested in comparatively harmless crackers and fiery pinwheels and shot off for the amusement of your own little ones pays about 3,000 per cent a minute on the investment.

But, really, we wasted a lot of the last Glorious Fourth wishing we could enjoy another celebration like the ones they used to have in Walnut Grove just east of the old home village. We'd give anything on earth, almost, to hear Amanda Pick-erill read the Declaration of Independence again, see the thirty-six village maidens arrayed in red, white and blue, impersonating the states, with one proud young beauty representing Columbia; to hear Hon. John Soandso orate with patriotic zeal and snatch enough feathers from the tail of the eagle to dim the lustre of the sun, and see once more "the grandest display of fireworks ever shown in Macon county;" and to go home again so tired and sleepy that our eyes glued shut before we could unbutton our shirt collar—just tumble over on the bed, half undressed and dream of fireworks and patriotism and Declarations of Independence and all that sort of thing.

Gee whiz! Wouldn't you like to see a repetition of the time when Monroe Willard and John Maquire and Ed Holmes were deputized to shoot off the fireworks, let a rocket tip over and set the whole caboodle on fire! That was the greatest celebration ever! Fizz, bang, boom! Rockets shooting in every direction, roman candles spitting fire to all points of the compass, red and blue fire making the night like a dream of paradise, and bombs going off like a park of artillery. My, how the girls and women screamed and tucked their skirts for a swift run to safety!

O, it was glorious—and the memory of it is worth more than all the gold old Solomon ever took from his famous mines. Honestly, now, wouldn't you give about all you have, or expect to have, to slip about thirty or thirty-five years from your shoulders and enjoy a repetition of that glorious event?

And, say, don't you remember the time that you and a lot of the boys—

But what's the use? You are a lot older now, even if you do feel as young as ever, and try as you will you can not forget the responsibilities resting upon you—responsibilities as fathers and as citizens. So you sober down a little, but if you lose your smile and your cheerfulness and your youthful disposition you are lost. The years count for nothing as long as the heart remains young.



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