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Title: Oklahoma Sunshine

Author: Freeman Edwin Miller

Release date: May 6, 2009 [eBook #28706]  
Most recently updated: August 14, 2009

Language: English

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK OKLAHOMA SUNSHINE \*\*\*

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### Transcriber's note

Minor punctuation errors have been corrected without notice. Printer's errors have been corrected, and the changes are indicated with a mouse-hover and listed at the [end of this book](#). All other inconsistencies are as in the original. The author's spelling has been retained.

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# Oklahoma Sunshine.

By Freeman E. Miller,

Author of "Oklahoma and other Poems,"  
"Songs from the South-West  
Country," etc.

Stillwater, Oklahoma.  
The Advance Printing Company.  
1905.

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*The Gospel of Sunshine is the one Supreme Evangel, the Religion of Love is Mankind's most Universal Creed. They hold in their divine Baptisms the Winning of the Heart to Happiness, the Wooing of the Soul to Heaven.*

*The Author.*

---

Beginning with June 9, 1904, there was a column of verse and prose published in "The Stillwater Advance" under the caption "Oklahoma Sunshine." These were written in the moments of a busy life, amid the crowding of sterner things, and many of them found a wide circulation in the fugitive publications of the day. So many persons have offered expressions of being pleased and helped by them that they are here presented in a more permanent form. The following comprise the year from June, 1904, to June, 1905.

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## **"What Think Ye, Masters, of These Things?"**

**(A Poem read on Oklahoma Day, September 6, 1904, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.)**

O, ye who frame the sovereign law,  
 And heal the hurts of ocean isles  
 Till hid are savage tooth and claw  
 And Peace above the battle smiles,—  
 If Justice reigns and Mercy clings,  
 What think ye, Masters, of these  
 things?

The Father of the Waters greets

Imperial sisters proud and great,  
And nation mighty nation meets  
At festal boards of lordly state:  
But one—one only,—maketh moan:  
Denied the Star, she weeps alone!

The cycles fly on eagled wings:  
A hundred years have run their  
quest  
Since he who bought and sold with  
kings  
An empire added to the West:  
And all his regions rulers are  
Save her alone who mourns the Star.

The wildness in a moment died;  
A garden bloomed and fruited full  
Across the plains and valleys wide  
At touch of hands invincible;  
But mute she stands where deserts  
were:  
The banner holds no Star for her!

The race heaps high its conquered  
spoil;  
The braggart heirs of all men do  
Assemble where the Triumphs toil  
In marshaled columns for review;  
And she, the Starless, at your call  
Brings trophies that surpass them all!

Are not her laurels rich and rare?  
Her apt attainments great with  
grace?  
You crown her here and everywhere  
Save where she pleads for power  
and place;  
The world amazed her praises rings:  
What think ye, Masters, of these  
things?

She wonders wrought with wondrous  
hands:  
Her cities crowd the teeming plains,  
And church and school exalt the lands  
With all of mankind's greater gains;  
—  
The last of all the waste, she brings  
The triumphs of her million kings!

A million white and black and red  
Whose treble toils misunderstood  
Build happy homes and fondly wed  
The desert place with joyous good,  
And at your feet, uncrowned, unblest  
Kneel for the knighthood of their  
quest!

Thralled in her chains, this fairest one  
Of all the realms that greatly found  
Rich largess on the barrens dun  
Pleads from her fetters, vassal-  
bound;  
And still the Star before her swings:  
What think ye, Masters, of these  
things?

---

## Oklahoma Sunshine

---

[1]



## I.

Day-dreams and play-dreams! From  
the rosy morn  
Till the ashy eventide and the stars  
new-born,  
Ever bringing life and heart weary  
with their load  
Promises of hope and cheer while  
tramping down the road.

## II.

Night dreams and bright dreams! In  
the house of sleep  
With their happy faces full and their  
gazes deep,  
World on world so beautiful there they  
brightly bring,  
Till the heart is happy in the songs  
they sing.

## III.

Day-dreams and Night-dreams,—all  
the dreams you will,—  
Beckon up the rocky slope and  
summon o'er the hill,—  
Summon us to do and dare all the  
deeds of yore  
Till the battle ceases, and we strive no  
more!

---

## My Philosophy.

[2]

I've made up my mind  
In spite of the cranks,  
'Tis a pretty good world  
And we ought to give thanks;  
And whether it came  
From the God or the grime,  
The fellow that runs it  
Don't lose any time.

I've made up my mind  
In spite of the tears.  
That the world clambers up  
With the roll of the years;  
And whether it gropes  
Or is led on and on,  
It will come by and by  
To the meadows of dawn.

In spite of the sin  
And the folly around,  
'Tis a much better place  
Than the fore-fathers found;  
And in spite of the fools  
And the devils that grieve  
I'm sure in no hurry  
To pull up and leave.

So shut up your mouth  
And don't grumble nor croak;  
Go put your poor head  
And your poor heart in soak;  
Lay all of your sorrows  
And sins on the shelf,  
For the world is all right  
If you're all right yourself!

[3]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

If the girl with a white muslin dress and a picture hat has any troubles in this world she has a wonderful skill in hiding her real feelings.

Somehow, those men who are all the time telling how well money talks, never get well enough acquainted with it to speak with authority.

"De worst objection to de wortersmillion in Oklahomy," said a Mississippi black man, "is de fact dat it gits ripe too late fer de wheat harvest an' too yarly fer de cotton-pickin."

The average man grieves more when he runs out of chewing tobacco and the nearest neighbor who uses the filthy weed is three miles away, than he does when the mortgage takes the farm. Upon what little things doth happiness depend!

---

## A Busy Family.

[4]

Mam's at a function where you hold  
your breath;  
Liz has got a feller, an' she's talkin'  
him to death;  
Andy has the measles, Susie's nussin'  
Bill,  
Pap is out fer office an' he's runnin' fit  
to kill;  
Pont an' me are fishin', all the signs  
are right,  
Fer the crick is up a-boomin' an' the  
big fish bite!

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"Ive heerd tell," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "thet every dog has his day. But I'm jest as sartin thet he don't know he's a havin' of it when he has it.

"Now, thar was Bill Smith. Bill was a high-up chap, made money, had a rubber-tired buggy, four girls, and chawed terbacker thet cost a dollar a pound. But he never knowed he was a havin' of his day ontell he went busted on the Board of Trade. But now Bill knows it, and has knowed it ever sence he went busted."

---

## Don't Grumble.

[5]

What's the use to grumble, what's the  
use to fret,  
'Cause the cotton's weedy and the  
days go wet?  
'Tis the Lord that sorts the weather  
and the sun and rain to you,  
And you needn't kick and holler 'cause  
he don't explain to you!  
When it rains, don't get to mopin!  
There's more sunny skies than  
clouds,  
And if sorrows drop in singly, why, the  
pleasures come in crowds;  
Black day or bright day, don't you  
fume and fret,  
When the cotton's weedy and the days  
go wet!

---

## A Troublesome Set.

"Dese hyar white folks am a troublesome set," said a Guthrie coon. "We hab a great majority ob

de city, but on 'lection day we nebber git ober half the city council an 'de school board, and four drinks apiece. We am a-talkin' of sendin' 'em back to Englan' whar dey belong ef dey don't do better!"

---

## **A Little of Love.**

[6]

### **I.**

With a little of Love, Dear, and  
something of Song,  
There's a glorified courage that  
conquers each wrong,  
And the years fly as swift as the bird  
on the wing  
Through the snow days of winter and  
rose days of spring.

### **II.**

With a little of Love, Dear, and  
something of Song,  
There's no hour that is heavy, no day  
that is long;  
And the soldier of hope scales the  
mountains that meet,  
Till they lay all their trophies and gifts  
at his feet.

### **III.**

With a little of Love, Dear, and  
something of Song,  
All the mighty exalt, all the feeble are  
strong,  
And the breast bravely bares to the  
breast of the foe,  
And, forever full armored, gives blow  
for his blow!

### **IV.**

[7]

Then a little of Love, Dear, and  
something of Song!  
What shall matter the struggle with  
error and wrong?  
For the lilies and roses of gladness  
shall bloom  
Till we sleep the long slumber as dust  
in the tomb!

---

## **Caught on the Fly.**

It's no use to try to trot in a race where you are out-classed. Better be a good weed-puller at so much per pull, than a member of the legislature without any pull at all.

If a woman's hair is smoothed up, her hat on straight and her belt all right behind, the other cares and responsibilities of this life sink at once and forever into insignificant nothingness.

This thing of "hitching your wagon to a star" may be all right for a steady occupation, but the fellow who plants garden truck in his back-yard nights and mornings will have more on the table at meal-times.

---

[8]

## **Don't Frown.**

Don't frown!  
In the world's market place,  
For a scowl there's no price,  
And a long, gloomy face  
Never cuts any ice!  
Look pleasant, look pleased,  
Or as pleased as you can;—  
With a smile can be seized  
All the great things of man!  
Don't frown!

Don't frown!  
With a smile on your lips  
You can reach to the end  
Of the world's last eclipse  
Or the heart of a friend;  
And the things the gods throw  
Over life's weary mile,  
Are the gifts they bestow  
In return for a smile.  
Don't frown!

Don't frown!  
As you walk down the way  
Where the world scatters chaff,  
Light your labors with play  
And your griefs with a laugh!  
And when it's all o'er  
And you reach heaven's stile,  
You will get through the door  
If you carry a smile!  
Don't frown!

---

## Jog Along.

[9]

Jog along, my brother,  
Jog along, I say;  
There's no cozy corner  
For one that wants to play;  
Don't stop to whistle,—  
Whistle good and strong,  
But be careful that you always  
Jog along.

Jog along, my brother,  
Jog along, I say;  
Keep yourself in motion,—  
You needn't stop or stay;  
Someone will hear you  
And will help your song,  
If you do your part and always  
Jog along.

Jog along, my brother,  
Jog along I say,  
Doing God good service  
Till the final day;  
For He will crown you  
After all the wrong,  
With his choicest blessings, if you  
Jog along.

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

[10]

"There be some things," says Uncle Ezra Mudge, "that it is best to take on faith. I don't know for certain that the devil has split hoofs and a forked tail and carries a four-tined fork along with him in the hope of finding a hay-field handy; but rather than make a private appointment with him to find out, I am willing to take the word of the picture books on the subject."

---

Whatever weaknesses he may have, the man who is so thick-skinned that he can go on about his regular business and pay no attention to the little distractions of this life, has a great advantage in the world. The rhinoceros would not look well in a beauty show, but it can always sleep well, even if hundreds of mosquitoes are buzzing around hunting for a full meal.

---

Spring is that season of the year when the new plow-boy and the old plow-mule patiently learn again the world-wide difference between "haw" and "gee."

---

## **The Harvest Time.**

[11]

### **I.**

The harvest time is over! And across  
the fertile plain  
Stand the winrows of the meadows  
and the stocks of golden grain;  
And the aching limbs of labor take the  
rest of happy ease  
From the scorching suns of noon-day  
in the shadows of the trees.

The harvest time is over! And the  
husbandman receives  
For the days of hard endeavor all the  
wealth of garnered sheaves;  
And the land of hill and valley smiles  
exalt with joys untold  
Heaping high above the stubbles in  
the piles of ripened gold!

Harvest time! Harvest time!  
Hours of toil are told;  
Hill and valley both rejoice  
With their wealth of gold!

### **II.**

The harvest time is over! After all the  
years of strife  
There's a joy for every sorrow and a  
crown for every life;  
And the songs of Heaven's angels on  
the straining soul arise  
As the weary foot-steps falter on the  
walks of Paradise.

[12]

The harvest time is over! All the  
struggle has surcease!  
After life, the stars above us! After  
battle, love and peace!  
And the glories of achievement that  
atone for sin and strife  
Are the sheaves of good we garner as  
we reap the fields of life!

Harvest time! harvest time!  
Years of struggle gone,  
Joy shall crown the soul with  
light  
In eternal Dawn!

---

## **The Kingbolt Philosopher.**

"Fer accumulatin' much experience in a short while and in a rapid manner," said Uncle Ezra

Mudge, "thar is nothin' under the sun beats a-goin' to law. With only a toler'ble fair case and a good lively lawyer on the other side, a man can git enough out of one single law-suit suitably appealed, to decently equip a whole neighborhood fer at least three generations."

---

## Mister Cantaloupe.

[13]

Hello, Mister Canteloupe,  
When did you arrive?  
Glad to see you, and I hope  
That you're all alive!  
How-dy do and how-dy do!  
Hope your folks are well,  
And are coming after you  
For to stay a spell!

Hello, Mister Cantaloupe!  
Please excuse my smile,  
But I'm just so glad, and hope  
You will stay awhile;  
Put 'er here and put 'er there!  
If you've traveled far,  
Come with me and take a chair  
In the dining car!

---

Life is neither comedy nor tragedy, but sometimes it pushes up so close to both that it keeps a fellow on the dodge between smiles and tears.

---

## Rainy Weather.

[14]

Our Mud Creek correspondent sends us the following items, having to do with the recent wet weather:

"Bill Hughes cut his wheat last week. He rigged up a header attachment to a row-boat, and nipped the heads off at the surface of the water.

"It rained so fast last Saturday night at Tad Wilson's that the water couldn't all run off the roof of his new house. The water stood four inches deep on top of the comb for over half an hour. Then Tad took an ax and sharpened the comb so it would split the drops better, and the water soon ran down.

"Jem Bilkins' incubator hatched last Wednesday during the heavy rain. Jem set only Plymouth Rock eggs; but, when they hatched, over half of his chickens were ducks. They were given web feet by an accommodating providence."

---

## Get in the Game.

[15]

Get in the game of life, my boy,  
Get in the mighty game;  
There'll be something of care and  
somewhat of strife  
And something of sin and shame!  
But after the years and the toils they  
bring,  
There'll be a time of joy,  
If the heart stays sweet and the soul  
can sing,  
So get in the game, by boy.

Got in the game of life, my boy,—  
That is the game for all;  
For the hazards are sweet and the  
days are rife  
With the fortunes that rise and fall;  
But after the losses the triumphs stand

Enemies can't destroy;  
So get in the game with a full, clean  
hand,  
So get in the game, by boy.

Get in the game of life, by boy!  
That is the game men play,  
And whether it's gladness or whether  
it's strife,  
It lasts to the One Great Day;  
The crowns and the stars and the  
laughs of love  
Beckon with hands of joy,  
Till the soul grows vast in the home  
above,—  
So get in the game, my boy!

[16]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

My son, this world has so much work to do that it has not even room for a lazy man to sit down and rest. The hen that doesn't lay, the horse that balks, and the cow that refuses to give down her milk, don't get up to the feed-rack very long.

The Athletic Clubs are always inventing some new way of giving a big strapping cub an adequate form of exercise, but the average farmer finds more kinds of it than he wants when the crab grass gets busy.

It isn't every dude that wears patent leathers and parts his hair in the middle, who hasn't sense enough to flag the bread-wagon when it comes tearing down the pike.

---

## Dreaming.

[17]

Let those who prefer it  
Keep hatching their schemes,  
But all through life's summer  
I'll cherish my dreams!  
Go on with your struggles,  
Your worries and wrongs;  
I'll camp with the lillies  
And list to their songs.

I'll dream with the daisies  
That sweeten the sod;  
I'll dream with the roses  
That whisper of God;  
I'll dream with the wild birds  
That sing of the right,  
And out of the shadows  
Dream garlands of light.

I'll dream through the darkness  
Of sorrow and strife,  
Till love brings the morning  
And laurels the life;  
And over the meadows  
My happy feet roam,  
Still dreaming, still dreaming,  
Till Love takes me home!

---

## A Jolly Good Game.

[18]

### I.

You may talk as you please about Life's  
necromancy;—  
'Tis a journey of smiles or of tears as

you fancy—  
For I always have found,—and I'm  
happy to say it,—  
'Tis a jolly good game if one knows  
how to play it!

## II.

The Dealer sits yonder,—the hands  
that he serves us—  
The brains and the beauty and courage  
that nerves us,—  
And strength for the struggle; and  
then he gives warning,  
To play to the ceiling till dawn of the  
morning!

## III.

And mighty the stakes that he sets us  
to try for!  
Fame, Fortune and Honor, and Love,  
that men die for!  
The Sword, or the Crown, or the Star,  
or the Garter,  
And all the high winnings men bargain  
and barter!

## IV.

He deals us the hand,—and no one  
may discard it!  
The game must go on with no power to  
retard it!  
And whether the hand be a good one  
or bad one,  
He asks of us only to play it a glad one.

[19]

## V.

Then let people talk about life as they  
see it;  
You can make it for you what your  
heart may decree it;  
For I always have found—and I'm  
happy to say it,—  
'Tis a jolly good game if you know how  
to play it!

---

## A Contented Farmer.

Wheat-crop heapin' in de shock,  
Corn jes' keeps a-bumpin';  
Oats a-yallerin' in de sun,—  
Cotton des a-jumpin'!  
Millet, Kafir-corn an' cane  
Bust their selves a-growin';  
Oklahoma's home for me  
Till Gabriel goes to blowin'!

---

## Hell and Heaven.

[20]

"Doan't tell me dat hell am away off yander," said an old darkey as he stood before the display window of the vegetable market where a dozen water-melons, the first of the season, reposed in unconscious temptation. "Dem millyuns cost a dollar apiece, an' I hain't got but thirty cents ter save me from the bad place. Go 'way, man! I tell you hell am right hyar, an' hebben only sebenty cents away!"



---

## Caught on the Fly.

Of course, it is all right to aim high, but it's the fellow that never shoots at all that fails to bring down the game.

After all, the alleged failures of life are not of much importance. It is what one does with his failures that tells the story of his despair or hope.

When a man is always dressed and has his boots on ready for the journey, Opportunity comes along in her automobile and invites him to get in and ride with her.

---

## June Time.

[21]

Pleasures fond are singing,  
Love, for you and me,  
And the moments bringing  
Joys of land and sea!

June-time is tune-time!  
Don't you hear the song?  
All the time is love time  
Where the roses throng!

Don't you sigh or sorrow!  
Raptures full and free  
Crown each glad tomorrow,  
Sweet, for you and me!

June-time and tune-time,  
Where the roses throng,  
Life-time and love-time  
And the world of song!

---

## The Candidate.

He's getting so busy, he makes the  
world dizzy,  
His smoke can be seen from afar;  
He kisses the babies and flatters the  
ladies  
And gives the old man a cigar!

---

## Good-bye, Dear Heart.

[22]

### I.

Good-bye, Dear Heart! I go my own  
sad way,  
And you go yours, and Life is agony;  
And yet I must not weakly beg you  
stay,  
In spite of all your absence means to  
me.

### II.

Though distance part, though sky and  
sea divide,  
To you I must not reach detaining  
hands;  
The years are many and the world is  
wide,  
And Love's fair roses bloom in many  
lands.

### III.

With all the joys and all the wishes  
fond  
My soul sends after you, we can't  
regret;  
The raptures wait us in the sweet  
Beyond,  
And we shall teach our memories to  
forget.

### IV.

[23]

We meet no more! The hand-clasp and  
embrace,  
The hot, mad kiss, the crush of lips  
to lips,  
The melt of eye and tender flush of  
face,—  
These all for us have passed to last  
eclipse.

### V.

So, good-bye, Dear! Good-bye for  
evermore!  
Adown the years our halting feet  
shall press,  
Our lone hearts wander, till the quest  
is o'er,  
And Love shall lead us back to  
happiness!

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

[24]

"I've knowed some mighty fine scholars in figgers," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "that never could calkilate the problem of human life. Purty near every feller when he gets to figgerin' on it, tries to git the Almighty Dollar fer the answer, and it won't figger out. I've seen lots of men in my time an' I never seed one yit that money made happy. An' if happiness ain't the answer to all this here figgerin' an' foolin' an' fightin', then I give it up.

"I'd ruther have Myrandy sing 'Ole Fokes at Home' when I'm lonesome like than to hev \$10 Williams layin' around all over the place. It's more comp'ny to me, a whole lot more!"

---

## Toss a Kiss to Care.

Toss a kiss to Care, and say,  
"You are only for a day";  
You with all your woes and tears  
Never linger through the years.

Toss a kiss to Care, and be  
Happy in your ecstasy;  
Bid your grief begone, and smile  
With the pleasures for awhile!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[25]

The bass-drum is all right at the head of the procession, but the still-hunt cuts the most ice in politics.

The up-to-date dude, a-sport with patent-leathers and a Panama hat, puts on lots of style, but he began life as a bald headed and bare-foot boy along with the common herd.

Whenever you see an old maid who giddily shies off from the croup when the little folks grow wheezy, you can put it down as a sure sign that she is trying to conceal her age.

---

## The Glorious Fourth.

Sister got her new hat wet,  
An' her white dress fair;  
Mother got a cannon-crack  
'Sploded in her hair;  
Pap got powder in his face  
Shootin' anville thayre;  
Billy got an' ear tore off,  
Sammy lost an eye;  
Got two fingers broke myself,  
Fourth o' ole July!

---

## When the Bills Come Due.

[26]

There are many things that bother  
In this mixed up world of ours,  
And the paths we wander over  
Are not always filled with flowers;  
While some days are bright and sunny  
There are others black and blue,—  
And the day that brings the trouble  
When the bills come due!

When the bills come due,  
After all the debts accrue,  
O, it's all another story,  
When the bills come due!

We blow in without a falter  
For most every thing in sight,  
From the dawn of Monday morning  
Till the dark of Sunday night;  
And we dinner on the dainties,  
Robe in garbs of gorgeous hue,  
But it's all another story  
When the bills came due.

O, we chase the rounds of travel,  
On a cruise from shore to shore,  
And no difference what we purchase  
Still we always buy the more;  
It's a barter every minute,  
Till possessions large accrue,  
But the clouds come down with  
darkness  
When the bills come due!

[27]

When the bills come due,  
After all the debts accrue,  
O, it's all another story,  
When the bills come due!

---

## Well Prepared.

"How are you getting on, Mose?" asked an anxious creditor of an impecunious colored farmer.

"Wull, boss, pickin's kinder slim erroun' de cabin jes' now, but I'm a livin' in hopes. I've got two yakers er cotton's dat's middlin' fine, an' ten yakerser worter-millyuns dat am de bes' I ever see; an' ef I doan't git er millyun yakers er hebben dis fall, I miss my guess mighty bad!"

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

[28]

"Thar's nuthin' in all this world so dog-cheap ez advice," said Uncle Ezra Mudge. "I've give my

seven boys enough advice off an' on to fix over the world an' finish up Heaven, an' 'en they don't know enough to let cigarettes alone, even. Thar's nuthin, arter all, that teaches a boy so quick es a lickin.' When he gits lammed all ter pieces by some kid thet he kep' a-pickin' at till good natur' fergot ter be a vartue, an' pasted him several between the eyes, he may not look so purty but he will know two or three things so blamed well he'll never fergit 'em ontell Gabriel blows his conk shell in the mornin'!"

---

Life may be One Grand Sweet Song but we are generally furnishing the music by pounding the bass-drum for the fellow who is pounding the bass-drum for us.

---

"Love's young dream" may be the sweetest thing in life, but there is nothing like pork gravy and hot biscuit for sticking to the ribs.

---

## **"There's No Use to Worry."**

[29]

There's no use to worry,  
When trouble appears,  
For she leaves in a hurry  
And bottles her tears;  
There's a song for each sorrow,  
A smile for each grief,  
And the joys of tomorrow  
Bring happy relief.

There's no use to worry!  
This world's a good place,  
If you fly from its flurry  
And keep a bright face;  
There is never a sorrow  
That sickens the soul,  
If you wait for the morrow  
And let the cares roll!

---

## **A Prayer.**

Lord, as I journey down the way,  
Grant me good work for every day,  
And, till my labor here is past,  
To work with Thee until the last!

---

Words are poor vehicles for the carrying of thought. The glance of only one bright eye can tell a sweeter story than was ever written out in all the books of men.

---

## **A Song of Green Valleys.**

[30]

### **I.**

A Song of Green Valleys,—the valleys  
new born  
With the gold of the wheat and the  
green of the corn,  
Where the roses arise from the dews  
of the night  
And the paths for Love's feet are a-  
swoon with delight!

### **II.**

The Voice of the Valleys! The brooks to  
the seas  
Mingle multiplied praises with Love's  
lullabies,  
And the shouts of glad children  
exultingly rise  
From the daisies of earth to the stars  
of the skies.

### III.

The calm of the Valleys! The raptures  
increase  
With the calls of content and the  
pleasures of peace,  
And the homes of the happy their  
gladness engage  
From the rose-days of youth to the  
snow-days of age.

### IV.

[31]

The bliss of the Valleys! There life  
blossoms sweet,  
And the night-time and noon time in  
melody meet,  
Till the sorrows that sadden the care-  
clouded day  
Find the smiles ever beaming and  
vanish away.

### V.

A Song of Green Valleys! O, joys that  
they bring  
Where the breeze whispers love in the  
love-days of spring,  
And the songs of the thrush from the  
love gardens float  
With the music that spills from the  
mocking-bird's throat!

### VI.

A Song of Green Valleys! O, valleys  
that spread  
From the croon of the babe to the  
dirge of the dead,  
Beyond the long journey we leave you,  
—but then,  
God grant we shall meet you and have  
you again!

---

## Ate Boys Himself.

[32]

He was a four year old Oklahoma Fountleroy, in knee pants, and with golden curls that would make an angel envious. His face still wore the divine beauty of the cradle, and his large, luminous eyes reflected an innocence unspotted of the world.

But the carpenter on the building did not appreciate his company. He was always in the way. So the carpenter thought he would frighten him away, by a story of horrible danger.

"Do you see that big man coming there?" said the carpenter to him.

The child nodded assent.

"Well," continued the carpenter; "you would better run away before he gets you. That big man eats a boy for breakfast every morning, and he may eat you."

A look of ineffable scorn slowly penetrated beneath the curls. The large, innocent eyes took on an expression of supreme contempt. Then the angel indifferently said:

"I ate a boy once; he was a nigger!"

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[33]

A drummer is known by the stories he tells.

Don't be in a hurry to do a mean thing. You'll have plenty of time to get sorry if you put it off until day after tomorrow.

When a man stops to count the cost of a noble deed, temptation has already stormed and captured the fortifications of his honor.

The \$1 bill is a very popular brand among the people, but if history makes no mistake, it takes the \$1,000 bill to secure votes in the Missouri legislature.

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"I notice," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "Thet the self-made man is always kept so busy tellin' about the fine job of work he turned out, thet he never has time to get the roof on an' the doors an' winders hung. A self-made feller generally shows a rough job put together with dull tools an' in mighty poor taste when you git to lookin' at it real clost, an' it could be mightily improved on by a middlin' sight of polishin', wood-filler an' hard-oil, well rubbed in!"

---

## "What Shall It Matter, Dear?"

[34]

### I.

What shall it matter, Dear, how goes  
the weather.—  
We with our hands and our hearts  
linked together,—  
We with our faces, till daisies we're  
under,  
Set to the skies with their welcomes of  
wonder.

### II.

What shall it matter, Dear, how goes  
the battle?  
Something is greater than all of its  
rattle,  
Something that gladdens the heart  
with the story  
Telling of Love and Love's infinite  
glory.

### III.

What shall it matter, Dear, how the  
world use us?  
'Tis but a show and its antics amuse  
us!  
World that knows nothing of all our  
sweet gladness  
And of the love that dispels every  
sadness!

### IV.

What shall it matter, then, what shall it  
matter?  
Peace still awaits after all of earth's  
clatter!  
Peace still awaits, all our love-dreams  
adorning,  
There in the bliss of the Glorified  
Morning!

[35]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Life's experiences are very much the same as when we go fishing. The biggest fish always gets away. But even then we have a pretty good feast on the minnows.

Yesterday is life's departed king; tomorrow holds all the possibilities of clown and emperor. Only today wears the glittering crown and the purple robes of power.

Don't pray for what you want, and quit with the prayer. Spit on your hands and grab it as it hurries by.

---

The lawn-mower is quite a play thing for the city-bred man, but in the interest of humanity he ought to be vaccinated against the back ache.

---

## "When the 'Phone Bell Rings."

[36]

It's no difference what you're doing,  
Whether you're asleep or ain't,  
When the 'phone begins pursuing  
It will catch you,—no complaint!  
For its call is strong and steady,  
And it always answer brings,  
For you hurry with your "ready!"  
When the 'phone bell rings!

O, it interrupts your vision  
With its long, unceasing howl;  
It dispels your dreams elysian  
With insistence fresh and foul!  
O, it summons you at meal-times  
With a joy that stays and clings,  
Till you swear it's always de'il-times  
When the 'phone bell rings!

It's no matter where you're straying,—  
In the garden, barn or bed,  
There's no time to spend in praying.  
Or in playing, quick or dead;  
And if Gabriel "in that morning"  
Wants a good old trump that swings,  
Just let "central" sound his warning  
While the 'phone bells rings!

---

## The Negro's Warning.

[37]

Doan't yuh grumble, brudder!  
Doan't yuh nebber doubt it,  
Debbil gwine ter git yuh  
'Foh yuh think erbout it!  
Put yuh in de iurn-works  
Whar de sinnah weeps,  
Loadin' up de injines  
Shovelin' coal fer keeps!

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"I've often noticed," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he slowly filled his Missouri meerschaum with Virginia twist,— "I've often noticed that nerve is the most vallyble asset in the credit items of human life. The pore man thet's got a plenty of it is an uncrowned king with pears's an' di'monds at his command, but the king thet lacks it will soon be uncrowned too. When a rich man er a famous man gits down in the mouth onct an' loses his nerve, it's all day with him in a minnet, an' a rope or a six-shooter generally winds him up. But if a feller hangs on to his nerve, he is alright

## "Hands Around, My Honey."

[38]

Sparrow on the wagon-shed,  
Chirping with a will;  
Robin in the cherry-tree  
Warblin' fit to kill!  
Every thing's rejoicin',  
Hidin' of the wrong,—  
So hands around, my honey,  
And we'll join the song!

Mock-bird on the chimney top,—  
How that rascal mocks,—  
Spillin' songs of melody,  
From his music-box!  
Over all the live-long place  
All the pleasures throng,  
So hands around, my honey,  
And we'll join the song!

---

## The Spirit of Compromise.

"I done heah dat de dimmycrats kinder comp'omised at de St. Looney convention meetin'," said old Black Mose. "I tell you, man, dat com'p'omisin' bis'ness am a great thing, suah! My ole woman en' me hez quahled en' fit en' fussed erroun' fer nigh fohty yeahs ober wheddah I should pack in de watah er chop de wood, en' we fin'ly comp'omised de mattah by hur a doin ob 'em bofe!"

---

## Best of All.

[39]

Pie-million, cantaloope;  
Musk-million tall;  
But de blessed worter-million  
Am de bes' of all!  
Whar de worter-million grows,  
Hebben's dar bechune de rows!

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"It hain't so much difference what kind of work you do as how you do it," said Uncle Ezra Mudge. "The feller thet sets around an' kicks on the kind of a job he has never gits many others offered him, while the chap thet does good work at whatsumever he gits giner'ly finds a ladder to climb up to the top.

"I reckon David out there herdin' the sheep never kicked much on his job, an' I'll bet four 'coon-skins thet he wuz the best sheep-herder in all the Promised Land, er the Lord wouldent a-picked him out an' set him to work at the job of bein' king."

---

## Little Sermons.

[40]

Where the world is going is not of much consequence. It's where you are going that cuts the ice.

When the sermon gets over thirty minutes long, the Devil comes to church and takes a seat in the Amen corner.

Heaven is in every man's easy reach, but some are too contrary to even tip-toe for the blessings of the other Kingdom.

---



## "Don't Worry or Fret, My Dearie!"

Don't worry or fret, my dearie!  
The shadows will soon go by;  
Before half your tears have vanished  
The sun's in the happy sky;  
There's trouble enough, my dearie,  
In days of a glad life long,  
But Sorrows will die with no one to  
sigh  
With Love and a little of Song!

---

There are some things about "our island possessions" which will bear imitation this hot weather. The costumes Of the Igorrotes, for instance.

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[41]

Mr. Knowing How commands a princely salary while Hard Work is on the bum hunting for wages. Some people are so anxious for happiness that they make themselves miserable in running it down.

Whether we learn much in the school of experience or not, we all register for the full term and pay the entire tuition mentioned in the catalogue.

Charity is something of which the mills of human life never turn out an over-production. Even some of the blessed saints could use a little more in their daily walk and conversation.

---

## Hope.

All the path is dark with shadows  
And the road is hard to see,  
But there's sunshine on the hill-tops  
And that's the way for me!

---

There are many blessings in this world, but a shade-tree at the end of the cotton row, and a water-melon cooling in a seventy-foot well are two of its greatest joys.

---

## To One Departed.

[42]

### I.

This life, Dear Heart, seems all so  
small and mean  
Since thou art gone,—its prizes  
vague and vain,  
Its efforts fruitless and its glories lean,  
And all its heaped-up treasures  
worthless gain!

### II.

Amid them all my slow feet wander  
lone,—  
My heart cries hopeless for its  
perfect mate;  
The fancies murmur and the longings  
moan  
For thee whose absence leaves me  
desolate.

### III.

Yet, somewhere, somehow, in the  
years that shine  
With God's perfected wisdom  
throned above,  
I know thou wait'st my coming, with  
divine  
Enraptured welcomes of supremest  
love.

### IV.

[43]

The Vision beckons, and I fix my gaze  
Unchanging to the promise of the  
skies:  
The full fruition of these lonely days  
Dwells in the heaven of thine angel  
eyes!

### V.

What matter, Dear, though dullard  
thousands throng  
And jostle rudely at Life's holy feast?  
The dull ears hear no tender strains of  
Song,  
And they that know Love best know  
Love the least.

### VI.

And still with yearning hands that  
longing grope  
And straining eyes that search to  
pierce the doom,  
I creep the path-ways of my only Hope,  
And seek the Loved One passed  
beyond the Gloom!

---

## When the Dollar Pounds the Door.

[44]

It's no matter how exclusive  
Men may be in social ways,  
And how uppishly their manners  
Every one of them displays:  
Born to home-spun or the purple,  
Very rich or very poor,  
They're at home to every caller  
When the Dollar pounds the door!

They may dwell in stately mansions  
With extensive yards and grounds;  
They may run their automobiles  
And play golf through all the rounds;  
But within their mountain villas  
Or resorts by ocean shore,  
They're at home to every caller  
When the Dollar pounds the door.

Whether in the humble station  
Or the mighty seats of state,  
Eating crusts to banish hunger  
Or a-feast on fruits of fate,—  
There's no one who's found forgetting  
That great lesson taught of yore,  
For they're home to every caller  
When the Dollar pounds the door.

Mister Dollar, Mister Dollar!  
You have such a winning way,

That I'd like you in the fam'ly  
Every hour of every day!  
And no matter where I'm staying,  
Please break in with rush and roar  
For I'm always glad to see you,  
Mr. Dollar, at the door?

---

[45]

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"I've wunder'd through this vale of sunshine for about sev'nty years," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he filled his Missouri meerschaum for the twentieth time, "an' I never yit seen a feller thet amounted to shucks who wuz allus a-hangin' on to someone else. The pore soul thet hain't got enough git up an' git to him to strike out fer hisself an' find a path of his own through the woods is mighty nigh sartin to git lost in the brush.

"Purty nigh ev'ry feller I ever knowed thet did anything wuth while did it by usin' the climbers on his own legs. Ef he stan's 'round waitin' to borry somebody else's tools, he wastes a mighty sight of his own time an' don't know how to use 'em when the other feller gits ready to be accommedatin'!"

---

## Don't You Grumble.

[46]

### I.

Don't you grumble at the weather  
when the clouds are hanging  
flat,  
For the sun will soon be shining and  
you'll have to growl at that,  
And before in working order you your  
growler well have got,  
You will have to change its focus for  
another kind of shot!

### II.

Don't you grumble at the fortune that  
the Fates incline to send!  
If it's good, rejoice with gladness; if  
it's bad, why, make it mend;  
And before you hit the gravel for the  
world beyond the years,  
Things will balance pretty even  
through the tangled smiles and  
tears.

### III.

Don't you grumble at the meanness  
that heaps up your path with  
wrong!  
There are golden hearts of goodness  
that are full of love and song,  
And along the ways you wander all  
their anthems ever rise  
Like a chorus of the angels from the  
mansions in the skies!

[47]

### IV.

Don't you grumble at the weather!  
Don't you growl around at fate!  
In this world of life and labor, you  
must fish or cut the bait;  
And if here you're always fretting o'er  
each little sob and sigh,  
You will hardly relish heaven when you  
reach the Bye and Bye.

---

## Enough Heaven for Him.

"Go 'way, man!" said an obsarvant Logan county darkey. "Doan't yuh come en talk to me erbout gittin' rich er bein' pooah! Nary one ob dem things boddors me. Ef perlitical campaigns'll jes' las' all de time en canderdates run all de yar roun', dis wor'll be hebben ernuff fer me!"

---

## "Keep Away from Trouble."

[48]

Keep away from trouble,—  
Keep away, I say!  
He will double, double,  
If you walk his way;  
Go the other path-way;  
Pass the rascal by;  
Keep your face a-smiling  
For the glory-sky!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The man that can't find any heaven in this world of sunshine has no promise of getting a chance to hunt for it in the next.

David said in his haste that all men are liars; and the Good Book does not record that he took it back after he had plenty of time to think it over.

The sublime faith that moves mountains and conquers kingdoms is frequently helpless and hopeless against the clatter of a garrulous tongue.

---

## The Darky's Heaven.

[49]

I sho'ly doan't know  
Whut soht ob a place  
Dat de Lawd's fixin' so  
Foh his own culled race;  
But ef he "in dat day"  
Wants de dahkeys ter catch,  
Give 'em banjoes ter play  
In a big millon patch!

Millon patch thet's so long  
Dey can nevab git cross it,  
En a feller not strong  
Jes' purtendin' ter boss it;  
Whar nebber's a dog  
Ter molest whut yuh swipe,  
En wharebber yuh jog  
All de millons ah ripe!

---

## No Room for Bankruptcy.

"Things ah sholy lookin' up ahroun' de cabin dese heah days!" said the jubilant darkey. "With watah-millions crowdin' de cohn-rows full, de cotton laid by, en fohty canderdates runnin' foh office, de bankrup'cy cou't am moah den foh hund'ed miles away, shuah!"

---

## Minnows and Big Fish.

[50]

In the happy days of childhood,  
By the river's rushing tide,

Where the crystal waters murmured  
Over all the ripples wide,  
It was perfect joy to angle  
Through the spring time's laughing  
day  
Though we only caught the minnows  
And the big fish got away.

'Twas no matter how we waited,  
How we watched with anxious eyes,  
—

For the finny tribe to yield us  
Captures of enormous size;  
There was always disappointment  
Filling us with deep dismay,  
For we only caught the minnows  
And the big fish got away!

And it's much the same in manhood!  
As we line the stream of life,  
Fishing for the fame and fortune  
In the waters full of strife,  
It's no matter how we angle  
As the young years turn to gray,  
We can only catch the minnows  
And the big fish get away!

But the sport, the sport, is royal,  
And it never had a match!  
So it's really unimportant  
As to what we lose or catch!  
Let us use our highest efforts  
Till the Father calls to say:  
"What a splendid mess of minnows  
Though the big fish got away!"

[51]

---

## Little Sermons.

Christianity and religion are great things, but a holy life knocks the spots off them both in the long run.

Wealth comes from toil and sacrifice, but the treasures of the heart are vaccinated with love and are the parents of all real happiness.

There is no use to spend any time in worrying about the next world. Take care of the world you have, and the next one will take care of itself and you, too.

It's better to whistle than cry, brother,  
It's better to whistle than cry;  
The day may be gloomy and dreary  
And black with the storms of the sky;  
But whistle your heart to the sorrows!  
They'll smile as they hurry you by!  
It's better to whistle than cry, brother,  
It's better to whistle than cry!

[52]

---

## Plenty of Exercise.

"Mary Jane," said Farmer Jim to his wife as he pondered over the letter just received from their boy Silas who was away at College; "Mary Jane, what does Si mean about all this 'tarnal athletic business he's a-talkin' of?"

Mary Jane had been a school-teacher before she married Farmer Jim, and so she quickly explained:

"Why, he means dumb-bells and Indian clubs and trapezes and such things, to give exercise to the boys, father."

"Wull, I'll be dumb-belled ef I had him out yander in the cottonfield a-choppin' out the crab-grass, I guess he'd git all the exercise he wanted!" snorted Farmer Jim.

---

## "Away With the Sorrow."

[53]

Away with the sorrow,  
The troubles and tears!  
We'll laugh with the morrow  
Through all of the years.

Away with the errors  
That scourge as a rod!  
Our sins and our terrors  
Shall vanish with God.

The sob of our sadness  
Shall cease bye and bye;  
Away to the gladness,—  
We're bound for the sky.

---

## The Real Article.

"Doan't yuh talk ter me erbout yoh tahrpin en clam-bakes en yoistah fries!" exclaimed a recently arrived Guthrie coon. "Des' gib me sweet-'taters smotahed in 'possum gravy en all baked brown like we uster hab 'em down in ole Mississip! Go' way, niggah! Dat wuz high-libben like de real ahticle, I done tole ye!"

---

## The Bright Side.

[54]

### I.

The bright side! The bright side! In  
spite of wind and snow,  
The summer comes in beauty and buds  
and blossoms grow,  
And whatsoe'er the fortune that brings  
the rose or rue,  
A kindly Heart in heaven is taking care  
of you!

### II.

The bright side! The bright side!  
Through all the hours of night,  
The holy stars are watching you with  
sentinels of light,  
And no matter how the sorrows may  
darken all the day,  
The pleasures come in legions and  
drive their ghosts away.

### III.

The bright side! The bright side!  
Though disappointments throng,  
Sweet labor lifts the burden and  
satisfies with song,  
And after all the sadness that shades  
the rugged life,  
There's glory for the struggle and  
slumber for the strife.

### IV.

The bright side! The bright side!  
The side that's always there  
Across the ways I wander and all the  
paths of care;  
No matter what the darkness, the

[55]

storm of land or sea,  
The bright side still is shining, and  
that's the side for me!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Don't cry over spilled milk. Tie up another cow, and try it again.

Don't trail over the world hunting for happiness with a candle, when the sunshine Of God's mercy is over every thing.

Who can understand the deeps and heights of another's nature? Nay, who can measure and comprehend even his own?

---

Four-tined forks are splendid implements in the hay-field, but any fork is a mighty poor thing to impale the gorgeous bliss reposing in a ripe water-melon's ruddy heart.

---

## The Weather Man's Mistakes.

[56]

No doubt, we all have troubles  
That arise from this and that,  
And we seldom make a home-run  
Though we're often at the bat;  
But the prince of all the fellows  
That performs the wildest breaks,  
Is the chap that brings the burdens  
Of the weather man's mistakes.

"Sunday, fair and cool and pleasant"  
So you hie yourself away  
To the wild-wood sweet and shady  
For a joyous, happy day;  
Then the rain comes down in torrents  
Till it drowns the very snakes,  
And you have a high example  
Of the weather man's mistakes.

"Wednesday, storm, perhaps a  
cyclone!"  
So you stay at home and wait,  
With your windows tightly shuttered  
For a hurricano great;  
But it's all as mild as morning,  
And you shout, "Of all the fakes!"  
While you grumble, wildly helpless,  
At the weather man's mistakes.

[57]

And some day a patient people  
Turned to furies by their wrongs,  
Will arise and smite the building  
Where the weather man belongs;  
And whatever then shall happen,  
They will know the joy that wakes,  
When no longer made to suffer  
From the weatherman's mistakes!

---

## In Supplication.

Dear Lord, I ask not that I live so long  
That all the joy is gathered, all the  
rose;  
But rather let me perish, ere the Song,  
The highest Hope and perfect Vision  
close!

I.

Talk about the joys of winter! Whut's  
the fun of foolin' round  
With the posies dead en buried, en the  
snows upon the ground?  
When the wind's a-tossin' blizzards in  
a most distressin' way  
Tell you have to set a-straddle of the  
fire-place all the day!  
But I tell ye life's a-livin' when the  
summer grows the grass  
Over all the nooks en crannies whayre  
a feller's feet kin pass,  
En the whole world seems of heaven  
but a half-forgotten type,  
When the roas'in'-ears air plenty en  
the worter-millions ripe!

II.

Roas'in'-ears is best of eatin', though  
not very much fer style!  
Shuck an arm-full fer yer dinner, sot  
'em on en let 'em bile;  
Salt 'em well, en smear some butter on  
the juicy cobs ez sweet  
Ez the lips of maple-suger thet yer  
sweet-heart has to eat!  
Talk about ole Mount Olympus en the  
stuff them roosters spread  
On theyr tables when they feasted,—  
nectar drink, ambrosia bread,—  
Why, I tell ye, fellers, never would I  
swop the grub I swipe  
When the roas'in'-ears air plenty en  
the worter millions ripe!

[59]

III.

Near the sugar camps of glory is the  
worter millon patch  
Like a great big nest of goodies thet is  
jest a-gone to hatch;  
En ye take yer thumb en finger in an  
ecstasy so drunk  
Thet ye hardly hear the music of theyr  
dreamy plunky-plunk!  
En the griefs air gone ferever, en the  
sorrers lose control  
Ez ye feed the angel in ye on the  
honeys of a soul,  
En ye smack yer lips with laughter  
while the birds of heaven pipe,  
When the roas'in'-ears air plenty en  
the worter-millions ripe!

IV.

O, the darlin' days of summer when  
the stars of plenty shine  
With the apples in the orchard en the  
graps upon the vine!  
When the hedges bud en blossom, en  
the medders rich en rare  
Breathe the perfumes of the clovers  
like an incense everywhayre!  
En the world seems like yer mother,  
with the tender hands thet bless

[60]



All the restless race of struggle with a  
heaped-up happiness,  
En her han'kerchiefs of glory from yer  
eyes the weepin's wipe,  
When the roas'in'-ears is plenty en the  
worter-millions ripe!

---

### **Don't You Fret.**

[61]

Don't you fret about the weather  
'Cause it seems a little hot;  
You will find it rather sultry  
Over yonder, like as not!  
And unless you mend your manners  
You will land without a doubt,  
Where the brim-stone keeps a blazin'  
And the fire is never out!

---

### **The Kingbolt Philosopher.**

"In spite of whut some fellers say, this world never owed anybody a livin' yit!" said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he whetted his scythe and tried the edge on the broad part of his thumb. "Thet heresy wuz invented fer the lazy cuss thet wuz too ornery to git up in the mornin' and hustle fer grub while the grass wuz wet.

"Some fellers seem ter act on the habit thet the world not only owes 'em a livin' but air willin' fer some body else to do the collectin' fer 'em. Leastways, they never do much hustlin' in thet direction theirselves. En I hev noticed thet when other fellers collect the livin' fer a feller, they giner'ly confistigate the most ov it in commissions!"

---

### **"Doing Pretty Well."**

[62]

There are many that you meet with  
Who are always full of gloom,  
And they chew the rag forever  
'Bout the darkness of their doom;  
But as through the world we journey,  
There's a joy that none may tell  
When we meet the pleasant people  
Who are "doing pretty well."

There are fellows by the dozens  
Who are always in the skies,  
And forever capture fortunes  
Of the most gigantic size;  
But we stagger from their presence  
And their glories that repel,  
For the quiet-spoken persons  
Who are "doing pretty well."

O, it's neither sun nor shadow  
All the time from year to year,—  
And it's neither all of pleasure  
Or of pain,—the journey here!  
But whatever clouds may gather  
Or what sunshine, for a spell  
Let us keep a steady temper  
And keep "doing pretty well!"

---

### **Caught on the Fly.**

[63]

Hitch your wagon to a star, if you will, but always stand ready to throw the harness on the mules, also.

The man who masters the world may trust in Providence, but he climbs to greatness on the stepping stones of hard work.

In the economy of farmers entirely up against the crab-grass in the cotton-patch, the mule is mightier than the sword.

---

What shall it matter though sorrows  
distress us?  
God sends the sun and the shadows to  
bless us!  
And through all the years  
Joy ever appears,  
With a little of love and a little of  
laughter  
To fashion this life for a jolly  
hereafter!

---

## **The Kingbolt Philosopher.**

[64]

"I want ter say," remarked Uncle Ezra Mudge as he began his Sunday shaving and stropped his razor on his thumb-nail, "I want ter say thet eddication is a big thing, but there air some things it can't do. One of 'em is ter give brains ter a fool. No school wuz ever yit found thet could change a wooden head ter flesh en blood; en the pore teachers air bein' continually pestered ter death with idiotic payrents a-tryin' to have 'em stuff brains in their kids which the good Lord dident give any to. You kin plant jimson weeds in the garden, en tend 'em and water 'em, en nuss 'em the hull season through, en you'll hev only a leetle bigger crop of jimson seed at the wind-up. En it's jest thet way when brainless cubs air sent off ter collidge!" And the old man wiped his face with a hot towel and went on with his shaving.

---

There are many pleasant things in this world, but it is the job that allows us to get up when we please in the morning that makes life one grand sweet song.

---

## **In Prayer.**

[65]

Beyond the narrow years Thou sendest  
me,  
Flecked with their sun and shadow,  
tears and wrong,  
Grant me this glory, Father, this to  
see,—  
A world made happy in a world made  
strong!

---

## **The Kingbolt Philosopher.**

"Them millionairs kin hev all the money they want en all the fun they kin git outen it," said Uncle Ezra Mudge as he drew on his blue denim wampus and whistled for the hounds, "but I kin git more ra'al fun en pure enjoyment outen a three hour 'coon-hunt with ole Lead then they git outen all theyr tom-foolin' aroun' with awty-mobeels en yats en summer ree-sorts en sea-side foolishness. It takes mighty leetle money ter make a man happy thet loves his work, en all the millions they kin pile up in front of him wouldn't buy a single beller from ole Lead on a hot trail! Come on, Lead!" And the old man strode away through the clearing with all a boy's enthusiasm for the hunt.

---

## **The Little Boy Land.**

[66]

I.

Away in the dim and the dusk of the  
years  
Lies the Little Boy Land of the Soul,  
Where the days are alight with the  
love that endears  
And the lullabies tenderly roll;  
Where the cares never come with their  
burdens of woe  
To the gates of the kingdom of day,  
And the joys are supreme as the little  
feet go  
Through the glorified path ways of  
play.

## II.

There are beautiful curls in the realms  
over there;  
There are cheeks that are rosy and  
glad;  
There are eyes full of glee, never  
clouded by care,  
Never shadowed by tears that are  
sad;  
There are toys for the wishing,—tops,  
marbles and strings,—  
There are ponies no hand may  
control;  
And the moments go by on their  
wonderful wings  
In the Little Boy Land of the Soul.

## III.

[67]

There are mother's fond kisses,  
enraptured with love;  
There are joys never sullied with  
stain;  
There are dreams brighter far than the  
dreams born above,  
And the raptures that banish all  
pain;  
And the world is so good that it cannot  
be true,  
And its paths lead to Heart's happy  
goal,  
While the joys of content every longing  
imbue  
In the Little Boy Land of the Soul.

## IV.

O, Little Boy Land! How afar into  
wrong  
From the vales of your virtues I  
roam!  
How far, since the croon of her lullaby  
song  
I have wandered from mother and  
home!  
But here is a heart that can never  
forget  
Where the joys of our kingdom's yet  
roll,  
And I see through the mists of the eyes  
that are wet  
All the Little Boy Land of the Soul.

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[68]

Faith and hope count a hundred, while idleness and discouragement are getting ready to figure.

There are many different motives concealed in the various compartments of man's being, but Vanity holds the key that unlocks them all.

---

## **The Kingbolt Philosopher.**

"The feller thet is so wibbly-wobbly thet he can't trust his own idees," said Uncle Ezra Mudge as he stopped in the midst of his wood-chopping and leaned up against a log to rest, "is the kind of a feller who never amounts ter shucks in a cow pen. It takes a man who hez kep' hissself in sich a condition thet he knows jist whut he kin depend on when the firin' begins, who allus wins in the bayonet charge. En it don't pay to fool aroun' huntin' up other people's idees before you strike hard licks. Ef you do, the chances air your wood'll be scarce when the cold days blow aroun'!" And the old man spat on his hardened palms and went on with his labor.

---

## **In the Best Society.**

[69]

"It sho'ly costs like ebryti'ng to move in de bes' socieety at Saint Looley!" said a newly arrived Guthrie coon to an old resident. "It jes' erbout takes all de money yuh kin make to keep up wid de pace ob de high flyahs in dat ole town. So I jes' come down heah whar a pooah coon kin hab a good time en save some ob de coin on foh dollahs a week, en git in de bes' culled socieety foh an ole banjo in de week days en two bits in de collection hat on de Sunday mohnin's!"

---

## **Be Strong to Dare.**

Not he whose craven soul rejects the  
fight  
And flees abjectly from the booming  
strife  
Achieves the summits of his greatest  
might  
Upon the blood-red battle-fields of  
life.  
Be strong to dare! And if the conflict's  
lost,  
Men boast the fight when misers count  
the cost!

---

## **When Mr. Money Comes to Town.**

[70]

When Mister Money comes to town,  
The waiting thousands throng  
The crowded highways up and down  
To see him pass along;  
They cheer him as he passes by,  
They clap with loud acclaim,  
And shout applauses to the sky  
At mention of his name.

They push and jostle with delight  
No matter what the day;  
They follow him through all the night  
To hear what he may say;  
They leave old friends divinely sweet  
To chase this new one down,  
And fall devoutly at his feet  
When Money comes to town.

Forgotten all the scenes of yore,—  
The joys of other years;  
The perfect bliss that went before  
And gladdened toils and tears;  
Behold! The old things pass away,  
And new ones come to crown  
The dazzling glories of the day

When Money comes to town.

O, Mister Money! What's your rush!  
Why do you hurry so!  
Entangled up in all the crush,  
I can't get next, you know!  
Just come and camp with me and  
mine!  
You'll never see us frown;  
To have you with us will be fine  
Whene'er you come to town!

[71]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

When a man barter his honor for money, he never gets a chance to rue back.

Running this big world must be quite a job, but every man who talks politics thinks himself capable of bossing the whole works.

The next crop that needs looking up in the quotations is the length of the pole required for the persimmons about election day.

---

## Feelin' Fine.

Roas'in' eahs dar on de stalk,—  
Millons 'tween de rows;  
Eb'ry t'ing a-makin' talk  
Gin de crop ob woes;  
Hebben come en settles down  
On de millon vine;  
Dis heah dahkey's shuah in town  
Feelin' mos'ly fine!

---

## The Little Feet.

[72]

Little feet that weary so  
Down the dusty roads,  
Pebbled are the paths you go  
With your heavy loads,—  
When the restless hours are o'er  
And you cease to weep,  
Little limbs shall ache no more  
In the arms of sleep.

Little feet that weary so  
On their journey long,  
You shall lose the hurts you know  
In the smiles of song!  
All the lullabies of light,  
All the smiles of play,  
Romp across the darks of night  
Into brightest day.

Little feet that weary so!  
Come and let me take  
All the heart-aches of your woe  
For your baby's sake!  
Cuddle on my lap, and flee  
From the world's distress;  
Let us run away and be  
Where the fairies bless!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[73]

The fellow that "soldiers" too much in the hay-field generally soldiers too little in the battle-field of life.

The smile is a lightning-express train that carries you fast and far, while the frown is only a wheel-barrow that you have to push along.

In the battle of life, nothing is gained by deserting your guns to the enemy. Stand by them till the ammunition is gone, whether they are popguns or flint-locks.

---

If you ever feel inclined to blame a man for making mistakes, just look in the glass and behold the manner of man he is.

---

The Sunday School is undoubtedly a good place for a boy, but as a corrective measure it cannot be compared to an apple tree limb and a handy wood-shed.

---

The folks who sit on the back-steps and worry about the future never catch any smiles from the present as she passes the front gate.

---

## Love's Dream.

[74]

### I.

Love gave me a Dream in the years  
that have fled  
From the glorified joys of her  
beautiful home,  
And over the world of the living and  
dead  
It has followed forever wherever I  
roam;  
And over the mountains and through  
the black night  
It has guided my feet with its  
wonderful light.

### II.

It has joyed at the triumphs that came  
with renown,  
And its rapture surpassed what the  
multitudes knew;  
It has grieved at the failure that lost  
me the crown,  
With a faithful devotion unknown to  
but few;  
Through Despair's heavy shadow and  
Hope's holy gleam,  
How my lips still were kissed by the  
lips of the Dream!

### III.

[75]

It has wept with my sorrow,—the  
sorrow that fell  
Where the heart battled hard with  
the merciless foe;  
It has laughed with my laughter when  
fortune was well  
And the blossoms of triumph were  
blooming below;  
And far through the black and the  
bright of each year  
It has followed my feet till it followed  
me here.

#### IV.

O, the Dream that has lived through  
the years of the lost,  
That with constancy shares all the  
paths I have trod,  
Never leave me alone till the harbor is  
crossed  
And I stand in the power and the  
presence of God;  
And on through the ages no glory shall  
seem  
Half so sweet as the love of my Dream,  
—of my Dream!

---

### The Frying Pan.

[76]

"With all your talk about necessary house-hold implements," said Sooner Dave, "none of 'em is in it with the frying pan,—just the common, ordinary, every-day frying pan, that you chuck under your buck-board or tie to your saddle-horn. These parlor ornaments, side-boards, new-fangled stoves, potato-mashers, coffee-strainers and all the everlasting tribe of culinary jim-cracks have to turn out of the trail for the frying pan and give it the right of way.

"With the frying pan for his companion, the civilized idiot is at home any where,—prairie or woods, creek bank or deer-lick or prairie-chicken trysting place. With a frying pan and some bacon fat, home is never far away, and a full meal is so near that heaven comes close to the hungry man. It has fought more battles, made more forced marches and won more victories than Napoleon. It has surveyed lands, bunched cattle and soonered claims. It has done all the pioneering for the frontiers-man. In this one divine utensil, the wanderer fries his meat, bakes his flap-jacks and brews his coffee; and as they all come steaming from its exalted circumference of life-sustaining food, what chafing-dish or modern steam-cooker was ever waited on by such a willing appetite?

[77]

"When I die," continued Sooner Dave, "I want a frying pan chiseled on my tomb-stone; for it has been the sole companion of the truest happiness I have known in this world. And if over in the next world there is a chance to choose one's crown after the style and finish the wearer may desire, I am going to take my faithful old frying pan along and wear it for a few thousand years just to show the angels how much a man can appreciate good things!"

---

### The Quest.

What matters bog or bramble of delay,  
—  
The mountain slope or shore of  
ocean reeds?  
Pursue thy goal! Thy feet shall find the  
way  
Unerringly where thy One Vision  
leads!

---

### To the World!

[78]

#### I.

To the world! To the world! Let us  
carol its song,  
Let us conquer its grief and the wrath  
of its wrong,  
Till the lilt of its laughter shall sweeten  
the sod  
With the joys of the skies and the  
gladness of God!

#### II.

To the world! To the world! Where the

gleam hides the gloom  
And the lilies of love on the battle-  
fields bloom,—  
Where the light of the longing lies low  
on the stream,  
And the soul seeks the crown of his  
dream,—of his dream!

### III.

To the world! To the world! To the  
world that we know  
With its sunlights of love and its  
shadows of woe,—  
To the world lifted up, lifted far to His  
face,  
And the mercy that dwells in His  
bountiful grace!

### IV.

To the world! To the world! It has  
beautiful years  
With the pleasers of peace and the  
turmoil of tears,  
And wherever the feet wander fainting  
or far  
Every day is a sun, every night is a  
star!

### V.

To the world! O, the world! Ah, the  
fruits of its soil  
From the gardens of love drive the  
terrors of toil,  
And the sins that embitter us leave us  
and then  
We shall stand in His presence  
perfected of men!

[79]

---

## The Glory Train.

[80]

Yondah stan's de gospel station  
Whar de railroad runs away  
Foh de house ob many mansions  
Ober at de judgment day!  
Bettah git a move on, sinnah!  
Doan't yuh let yoh folks detain!  
Hurry up an' git yuh ticket  
Foh de glory train!

It's on time an' sho'lly comin'  
Wid on measu'hed powah,  
Wid the ingine flames a-spoutin'  
Moah dan fohty miles an houah!  
Doan't yuh stan' dar jes' a-foolin'!  
Wid de judgment on yoh brain!  
Hurry up an' git yoh ticket  
Foh de glory train!

Preachah say yuh have ter hurry,  
'Case de kyars go whizzin' by,—  
Ef yuh want ter check yoh baggage  
Foh de mansions high;  
Bid farewell ter ebery pleasuah,  
An' de bad wo'ld's burnin' pain;  
Hurry up an' git yoh ticket  
Foh de glory train!

---



There are many dainties that hold attractions for the epicure, but in the strenuous times of campaign struggles they all give way to "pie."

---

## **The Bright Day.**

[81]

The bright day, the bright day,  
The shadows smiling through,—  
The bright day, the bright day  
Where Love looks up at you!  
The bright day, the bright day!  
The sorrows fade from view;  
The white day, the light day,  
The child heart always knew!  
The bright day, the bright day!  
The sun is golden there;  
The sad clouds are glad clouds  
And gone is every care.  
The sky life, the high life,  
Is waiting at the shore;  
The bright day, the bright day,  
Shining evermore!

---

## **Caught on the Fly.**

The wonder of it all is how a fool can ever have any money to be parted from.

When the efficient man appears, there is no juggling with occasion or ceremonious tradition. The instinct of helpless selfishness clothes him on the spot with robe and crown.

Shoot arrows at the sun, if you will; but before you proceed to unload your quiver in that direction, set aside a sufficient reserve fund to discharge squarely at beef-steak and potatoes. [82]

---

## **The Kingbolt Philosopher.**

"I heered tell," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "thet one of them-air brass-collared fellers down at St. Looey thinks he hez a baboon thet is the connectin' link betwixt men en monkeys. I seed the same thing over to Lumpkinsville the last time I wuz thar. I guess thet feller must hev gone down thar en caught it en put it in a cage. It wuz in some respects much like a human. It walked on two legs en wore clothes, shoes, a shirt en a hat like a man. It wuz erbout the size ov a fourteen-yar ole boy, en it kep' on smokin' cigarretts all the time. A feller tole me thar it 'ud smoke six boxes ov 'em a day. I don't see whut's the use ov goin' clar to St. Looey to see a thing like thet, when they keep plenty ov 'em as near as Lumpkinsville! Stan'nin' right out on the main streets, too, en not chargin' a-cent to look at it all ye want to!"

---

If you have the "good resolution habit" swear off on that and do business.

---

## **Little Sermons.**

[83]

The man who has a good appetite needn't worry the Lord with any troubles.

If faith without works is dead, that of the average loafer must be worse than an Egyptian mummy.

The brother with the best lungs may pray the loudest, but that gives him no insurance of a cool place over yonder.

---

## **Pretty Good World.**

Pretty good world,  
If you know how to use it,  
Pretty good life  
If you never abuse it;  
Jog along, brother,  
Through pleasure and sorrow;  
All will be lovely  
With sunshine tomorrow!

---

There are many patent ways to keep young these days, but we have observed that they all fail after a woman passes forty-five.

Don't estimate your engine power too high. Many a man with a \$5,000 education is too small for a 30-cent job.

---

## **We Sat and Talked of Other Days.**

[84]

### **I.**

We sat and talked of other days,—two  
old and wrinkled men,—  
Beyond the dreams of boyish hours  
and all we fancied then,—  
And as we talked our hearts grew  
warm, and down the noiseless  
night  
We romped again with golden feet and  
hearts of pure delight.

### **II.**

The dreams we dreamed when life was  
young and all the world was new  
Came back again from vanished ways  
with raptures smiling through,  
And all the high resolves of heart and  
all the deeds of hand  
Returned equipped with robe and  
crown and showed the Promised  
Land!

### **III.**

We sat and talked of other days,—the  
days that went away,—  
Of child-hood's dreamy hours of joy  
and child-hood's heart of play;  
And as we talked of other days,  
forgetting weal or woe,  
The boys and girls came back again  
across the Long Ago.

### **IV.**

We knew this life of men and things  
with all its griefs and glees  
Is not a dream of pleasures sweet or  
lilt of lullabies;  
And yet despite the shadows deep that  
o'er the sunshine fall,  
'Tis always worth the living and its  
songs are all in all.

[85]

### **V.**

We sat and talked of other days! O,  
days that died unfelt,  
Where innocence was crowned with

love and all the virtues dwelt;  
And in our hearts we sadly knew,  
whate'er the sages say,  
That Heaven romps with us no more  
since those days went away!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Finding fault is not hard work, but it is a great waste of valuable time.

"Food for thought" is a popular and necessary brand, but the hungry man entirely overlooks it on the bill of fare.

If you would have a soft berth in this world, you must first run the full-feathered goose down and then do the plucking by your own main strength.

---

## The World All Right.

[86]

Don't sing of a bright world  
That waits "over there,"  
But warble of this world  
And banish your care;  
Beyond the dark valley  
Sweet heaven may be,  
But the world is all right  
And it's all here for me!  
It has a few shadows  
And something of tears,  
But they only make brighter  
The beautiful years;  
And this world is so jolly  
Whatever may grieve  
That I'm not in a hurry  
To pull up and leave!

---

## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"I've noticed," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, "thet many en many a time it ain't knowin' how to git up thet makes a success of a man so much ez knowin' how to git down. Sooner er later a tumble comes rollin' along fer the best of fellers, en before he knows what's a-comin' he's clear down at the bottom of the pile. The feller thet kin git up a-laffin' under sich peculierr sarcumstances is the feller thet wins out en is on top when Gabriel goes to tootin' of his horn; but the feller thet mopes aroun' en talks erbout whut he hez bin instid of tellin' whut he's a-goin' ter be is kivered over in the scrap-heap, world without end, ferever en ever, Amen!" And the old man knocked the ashes from his Missouri meerschaum and ambled into the kitchen where the long green hung.

[87]

## God Give Us Change!

God give us change! The days are long  
With labors hard that make us  
weary,  
And o'er the gladness of each song  
There floats a cadence somewhat  
dreary;  
We'd like to loaf awhile, for—say—  
Some five or ten sweet years, or  
twenty,  
And chase the dull cares all away;  
God give us change and give us  
plenty!  
God give us change! The dull days flow  
With quietude that palls a little;  
Just anything to make it go

And heat the steam up in the kettle;  
No matter how the fortunes kind  
In dull monotony prove pleasant,  
We'd rather mix things up and find  
A stirring scramble of the present!  
We do not ask for all the gifts  
To fall upon us in a tumble;  
A very few where life's boat drifts  
Will keep us happy through the  
jumble;  
We only ask the mirth of men,—  
Where'er we be we'll always love it,  
And if the big bills vanish, then  
God give us change and plenty of it!

[88]

---

## "The Sooners."

The "Sooners" may have their faults, but as a general propositions they are to be preferred to the "laters." Every good thing that has blest mankind since Adam had his celebrated adventure with green goods in the Garden of Eden, has been discovered, invented, dug out or dug up, by a "sooner." He has always been a dare-devil whose courage was so prominent as to attract the envy and malice of every "later" that whittled dry-goods boxes into splinters and used his time to cuss "the government." God bless the whole "sooner" tribe, say I, from Adam down to General Kuroki!

---

The home lights! The home lights!  
How they blaze and burn  
Through the darkness of the shadows  
Everywhere we turn!  
What if stormy weather gather  
On the hills we roam,  
We shall refuge find forever  
In the lights of home!

[89]

---

## Stand Pat.

In the mighty game of life,  
Stand pat!  
Don't be moved by storm or strife,  
Stand pat!  
Keep within your heart a song,  
And the days will not be long,  
Till you conquer every wrong,—  
Stand pat, stand pat!  
Don't be bluffed by this or that,—  
Stand pat!  
Half the howls are chitter-chat,—  
Stand pat!  
When you hold the ruling hand  
You are always in command,  
And you'll surely beat the band.—  
Stand pat, stand pat!  
There's no need to draw or fill,  
Stand pat!  
Play your cards to make a kill,  
Stand pat!  
If there's one that wants to raise,  
Back your last chip while he plays  
Till the chump no longer stays,—  
Stand pat, stand pat!  
There's a stack of reds and blues,  
Stand pat!  
For the chap that knows their use,  
Stand pat!  
When the game is o'er and won  
Are the stakes that urged us on,  
God will cash our chips at dawn,—

[90]

## The Valleys of Rest.

### I.

What matters it, Dear, though the  
burdens be sore?  
In the Valleys of Rest we shall weary  
no more,  
And the music of mirth with its solace  
shall sing  
All the songs of delight the beatitudes  
bring!

### II.

Nevermore shall the days with the  
sorrows be sad  
Where the love-roses bloom and the  
joy-mornings glad—  
Where the violets dream through the  
east and the west  
Of the beautiful lands in the Valleys of  
Rest!

[91]

### III.

There the heart from its grief in a  
moment shall cease,  
And the soul hush its cries in the  
cadence of peace,  
And the life with the laughter of  
rhapsody blest  
Shall rejoice through the years in the  
Valleys of Rest.

### IV.

O, the dear dreams that fled down the  
deeps of the past  
That await with their welcomes our  
coming at last;  
And the lips of our love that our lips  
never pressed  
Smiling there for their own in the  
Valleys of Rest!

### V.

O, the raptures that stay for our  
glorified feet  
When the joys of the past and the  
future shall meet,—  
When the hopes of the years shall  
return from their quest  
For the love-crowns of life in the  
Valleys of Rest!

### VI.

Ah, the days, Dear, the days with their  
griefs and their glees  
Sail away on swift ships o'er eternity's  
seas;  
But at last we shall anchor with Love  
for our guest  
On the Paradise shores by the Valleys  
of Rest!

[92]

---

## The Ignorance of the Court.

They tell a good story over at Guthrie at Judge Burford's expense. Recently, an old Tennessee darkey, charged with stealing chickens, was brought into court for trial. The facts were all against him. He had no attorney, and when the Judge asked him if he wanted an attorney appointed to defend him, he declared that he did not.

"But you are entitled to a lawyer," the court explained, "and you might as well have the benefit of his services!"

"Yoh Honah would jes' a'pint me some ob dese hyah po'ah white trash lawyeys," the old darkey replied, "an' he wouldn't do me no good. Ef it's jes' de same to you, jedge, I'd ruthah depen' on de ignorance ob de couht!"

---

## The Quest for Joy.

[93]

### I.

A phantom I follow forever through all  
of the shadow and shine,  
Whose face is fair as the blossom,  
whose form is as warm as the  
wine;  
Whose lips are as sweet as the  
dewfalls that velvet the  
mornings of June,  
And eyes as the deep stars of Autumn  
that glow in the glories of noon!

### II.

A phantom I follow forever! Yet never  
on ocean or land  
Have I heard the sweet voice of her  
music or leaped at the thrill of  
her hand,  
And never, ah, never a greeting she  
gives that is tender and kind,  
As I follow through mazes of beauty  
where flowers in her foot-steps I  
find!

### III.

A phantom I follow forever! What  
matter though careless of me,  
She drifts to the sands of the desert  
and sails on the wave-tossing  
sea?  
With foot never parched by the  
barrens, with boat never broken  
by storm,  
I follow, I follow her passing and  
clutch at the wraith of her form!

### IV.

[94]

And still I will follow the phantom!  
Whatever the questing may seem  
I'll conquer the spoil of her glory and  
climb to the crown of her dream;  
And over the deeps of my yearning and  
over the hills of my hope,  
She leads and I follow forever,  
wherever her phantasies grope!

### V.

And there at the last I shall find her—  
the angel that led me afar,—  
And we shall rejoice in the raptures

where all the beatitudes are,  
And whether the journey be little, or  
whether the journey be long,  
I press the red lips of her beauty and  
leap at the lilt of her song!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

When Misfortune concludes to pay you a visit, she pushes the door open and walks in without knocking.

Woman's inhumanity to man,—the one she has and the other she wants,—maketh the divorce lawyer fat with ali-money.

Temptation is the dangerous banana-peel on the side-walk of upright conduct; and even the bare foot sometimes takes a fall-down. [95]

---

## Too Busy.

Trouble will double  
If trouble gets room,  
But will pine if you leave her  
And die in her gloom;  
For trouble is lonesome  
And moans from the start  
If you face her with firmness  
And lock up your heart

Sorrow will borrow  
Wherever she can,  
But will leave when you tell her  
You're never her man;  
Don't flirt with the vixen,  
Don't welcome her face,  
But exhort her to leave you  
For some warmer place.

Make Trouble and Sorrow,—  
The couple that moans—  
Keep out of your pathway  
And limp on the stones  
Just let them go weeping  
Through all of the years;  
For a man is too busy  
To join in their tears.

---

## "When the Crow's Feet Come."

[96]

When we reach the Land of Forty,  
And the hot blood cools a jot,  
There's a mighty sight of changes  
In our vision, like as not;  
And we sober down a little  
As we figure up life's sum  
When we waken in the morning  
And the crow's feet come.

When they scratch their little wrinkles  
Round the corner of the eyes  
We begin to chase the creatures  
In a horrified surprise;  
But they cling with cool persistence  
And our hearts are stricken dumb  
For we know they'll never leave us  
When the crow's feet come.

We may tonic and cosmetic,

We may take our beauty sleep;  
We may rub and punch and powder  
But the claws go deep and deep;  
And before we understand it  
All our beauty's on the bum  
For the years are turning yellow  
When the crow's feet come!

But it's all the way of Nature!  
There's no use to sob or sigh,  
'Cause the chin takes on a wobble  
And the wrinkles wrap the eye;  
If we heap our hearts with gladness  
Life with music still shall hum,  
Though we reach the Land of Forty  
And the crow's feet come!

---

## A Welcome for Winter.

[97]

### I.

A welcome for Winter! Though  
summer shall fade,  
There is joy on the prairies her  
bounties have made,  
And the Land of the Sunshine all  
happiness knows  
Through the days of the shadows and  
nights of the snows!

### II.

A welcome for Winter! What matters  
the cold  
Which the harvest has warmed with  
the russet and gold?  
All the valleys of plenty shall laugh  
through the white  
Of the snow-laden day and the storm-  
ridden night.

### III.

A welcome for Winter! Though June,  
rosy-red,  
Has plucked all her blossoms and  
frightened far fled,  
There are hives with their honeys and  
granaries sweet,  
And the fiddles of music with spring  
for the feet!

### IV.

[98]

A welcome for Winter! If far from the  
days  
All the lilies have gone from the violet  
ways,  
There is joy that will dance o'er the  
meadows and sing,  
Where the carols of plenty their  
blessedness bring.

### V.

Then, ho, for the Winter! There's love  
on the hills,  
There is laughter and peace by the ice-  
covered rills,  
And the hearts shall rejoice in the  
songs that arise



## Caught on the Fly.

Some people act on an idea that work is so sacred they fear to touch it least they profane its divine nature.

Opportunity is a beautiful bird, but so shy that it feeds on the wing and never alights long enough for a common man to pluck its plumage.

Every man has within him the essentials of exalted greatness; but most of us are so enmeshed in small follies that the greatness cannot break through. [99]

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## The Kingbolt Philosopher.

"I've lived off en on in this land of Trouble fer mor'n seventy years," said Uncle Ezra Mudge, as he adjusted a shingle-nail in place of a missing button for a suspender hold. "En I never yit got a chance ter shake han's with him. I hev hearn tell that he is a mighty big feller, but my observation is thet when you onct git up close to whayre he's a-stayin', he shrivels up so under a brave look frum honest eyes thet you hev ter git a maggifyin' glass ter diskiver the kind ov an animile he actu'lly is!"

---

## When Willie Goes to School.

When Willie goes to school, it seems  
The house has lost its light,  
And silence like a shadow dreams  
Of sunshine out of sight;  
The place assumes a somber air,  
And lonely musings rule  
The moments slowly passing there  
When Willie goes to school.

We hustle him from bed, and tell  
To quickly wash and comb,  
His breakfast eat, and gather well  
The books he carried home;  
We brush his coat and fix his tie,  
And with him fuss and fool,  
And kiss him as he hurries by  
When Willie goes to school.

And all day long we anxious wait  
To hear his foot-steps fast,  
Make music sweet there at the gate  
When he comes home at last!  
The lonely heart with rapture fills  
And life's hot warrings cool,  
And all the home with laughter thrills  
When Willie comes from school!

Ah, World, the school that young  
hearts seek!  
We know full well that you  
Will keep him long at tasks that speak  
Of books and ferule, too!  
God grant that in the far-off years  
He finds no dunce's stool,  
Whereon to weep with foolish tears  
When Willie goes to school!

[100]

---

## 'Tis Morning on the Hill-tops.

## I.

What though the valleys wander in  
shadows manifold?  
'Tis morning on the hill-tops and all  
the skies are gold,  
And on the purple summits the  
raptures of the blest  
Are crooning their evangels and  
singing songs of rest!

[101]

## II.

'Tis morning on the hill-tops? The  
darkness at the feet  
Shall blossom at the dawning with all  
the roses sweet,  
And every grief we gather and every  
tear we know  
Shall vanish into gladness as up the  
paths we go.

## III.

'Tis morning on the hill-tops! The  
glories of His love  
With life and light supernal are  
waiting there above,  
And up the slopes of shadow our  
weary feet shall climb  
To kiss the smiles of rapture beyond  
the tears of time.

## IV.

'Tis morning on the hill-tops! What  
matters sob or sin?  
The Master waits our coming and  
welcomes us within;  
And there beyond the shadows where  
gladness reigns alway  
We'll meet the hosts of morning, and  
dwell with them for aye.

[102]

## V.

O, Morning on the Hill-tops! The dim  
eyes look to you,  
Beyond the darkened valleys and all  
the griefs they knew,  
And to the sunshine waiting in realms  
of rhapsody,  
The paths lead on and upward to  
where you wait for me!

---

## The Defeated.

Not he who loses but who fails to fight,  
In God's long years reaps  
harvestings of blame;  
Not he the blind but who destroys the  
sight  
Receives the curses of the ages'  
blame!

---

## See the Side-Show.

When you visit at the circus

And behold the steeds bedight,  
And the hoops and rings and races  
And the clowns that make delight,—  
You will miss the happy touches  
That complete your broadest grin  
If you see the main performance  
And don't take the side-show in.

There'll be high and lofty tumbles,  
There'll be acrobatic feats,  
There'll be leaps and bounds and  
twistings,  
That will lift you from your seats;  
But with all the glare and glitter,  
You'll but know the fun begin,  
If you see the main performance  
And don't take the side-show in.

There'll be elephants and lions.  
There'll be bears and tigers, too;  
There'll be clowns in robes and  
spangles  
All to please the boy in you;  
But the raptures of your gladness  
Nothing can completely win,  
If you see the main performance  
And don't take the side-show in.

Life is something of a circus:  
It has half a hundred rings  
Where its jumbled aggregation  
Earth's attractions to you brings;  
But they leave the heart still heavy  
As it stirs with stress and din,  
If you see the main performance  
And don't take the side-show in!

[103]

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## Voting Around.

"Well, Sam, how's cotton-picking getting along?" asked a white man of his colored neighbor.

"Hain't doin' any cotton-pickin' yit," replied Sam. "'Lection time's a-comin' an' I'm jes' a-votin' erroun' tell the candahdates quit runnin'!"

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## Little Sermons.

[104]

Religion is too often what the other fellow ought to practice.

Good never bears any fruit for you, except when cultivated in your own heart.

The devil always has a patent medicine recommended to cure trouble and increase pleasure.

Examine the looks of your conscience. It may be only prejudice that has placed its hand-baggage in the wrong room.

We are always glad to gather the harvest, which is abundant for the whole world, but are willing to leave the weed-pulling to the other fellow.

---

## Love Brings the Song.

What if there's trouble  
And what if there's wrong?  
God sends the sunshine  
And Love brings the song!

What if you stumble  
When racing it strong?  
Love will uplift you,

For Love brings the song!

Bury your troubles,  
And life will be long:  
God sends the sunshine  
And Love brings the song!

---

## Mistah Cotton.

[105]

Mistah Cotton come toh me  
In de young spring-time,  
En he say, say he toh me,  
"Sambo, bet yuh dime,  
Dat you'll never pick dat patch!  
Dat I'll fool yuh crap,  
Fer de weeds'll make a catch  
En de bolls'll drap!"

Den I chase him up en down,  
En I take his bet;  
Chop dat cotton clar toh town;  
How dis niggah sweat!  
En I plow him sho'ly fine,—  
Wo'k him day en night,  
En de fust t'ing, how he shine  
Wid de rows ob white!

Mistah Cotton, doan't yuh t'ink  
Yuh kin fool me now;  
I'll dis pick yuh quick es wink,—  
Lemme show yuh how!  
Pile yuh in de wagon-bed,  
Sell yuh, ting a ling!  
How de silvah-dallahs spread  
Dat sweet song dey sing!

---

Don't use a telescope to discover your neighbor's faults. Even the sun has a few spots, but it would be a cold day for you without the glory of his shine.

---

## Hear the Song.

[106]

### I

There are dark and gloomy corners full  
of sorrow, like as not,  
But the world is glad with music and  
it carols everywhere;  
And if now and then a shadow dwells  
upon a little spot,  
There is sunshine on the meadows  
and the wide ways laugh at  
care.

O, my children! Don't you worry,  
As you go along;  
Let your life be glad and  
cheerful  
And you'll hear the Song!

### II.

As we wander down the valleys where  
the griefs of life assail,  
We will find a few obstructions that  
are heaping in the road;  
But with feet that never weary and

with hearts that never quail,  
We shall mount the glory-summits to  
the Summer-lands' abode.

O, my children! Don't you weary  
As you go along;  
Climb the path-ways to the hill-  
tops,  
And you'll hear the Song!

### III.

[107]

You will bend beneath the burdens as  
you meet the toils of life,  
And your arms will ache a little as  
you labor down the way;  
But the rest of God's perfection waits  
beyond the bitter strife  
And He crowns the souls that  
struggle with His Everlasting  
Day!

O, my children! Don't you  
murmur,  
As you go along;  
Look above to God's Anointed,  
And you'll hear the Song!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

When Love leaves life, Laughter packs up her things and gets ready to move.

When Hope dies in the heart, all its poor relations refuse to remain for the funeral services.

The people who are all the time trying to manage other people should remember that though Providence created Man in His own image, it has been unable to manage him ever since.

---

## "When Canderdates Git After Pa."

[108]

When canderdates git after Pa,  
Set up seegars, an' tell him flat  
How big a man he is, and Ma  
How good she cooks, an' all of that,  
I slip aroun' an' let 'em know  
I'm something on the homestead,  
too,  
Fer onct upon a time or so  
They'll hand a nickel out fer you!

When they come here, it's mighty fine!  
Pa stops the team, an' work we quit  
An' them there fellere stays to dine  
An' talk the day-lights outen it!  
They tell us how the gover'ment  
Is goin' on, an' quote the law  
An' tell their choice fer president,  
When canderdates git after Pa!

An' then they'll brag about his farm;  
How fine his hogs an' hosses air;  
How slick his cattle, till my arm  
Gits tired at all the jollies there!  
An' then they tell Ma she's a peach,  
A honey-lulu without flaw,  
A angel fur beyond their reach,  
When canderdates git after Pa.

When after dinner they hitch up  
He sends me out to feed the shoats,  
An' then they drink with nary cup

[109]

An' talk about the township votes;  
An' after they git gone, Pa he  
Has got a breath that's orful raw;  
But I tell you it's nuts to me  
When canderdates git after Pa!

---

## **Don't Worry.**

O, brother, don't you worry,—  
Don't you sob or sigh;  
Just soak yourself with sunshine  
And let the world go by!  
What matters all, my brother.  
The world may do or say?  
For you and I outlive the sky  
And it lives but a day!

---

Keep at work, my brother;  
Keep at work I say!  
There's not a cosy corner  
For lazy ones that play;  
And as through life you labor  
And gladly jog along,  
Just soak yourself with sunshine  
And fill your heart with song!

---

## **Little Sermons.**

[110]

If Heaven is too far away for you to reach out and shake hands with it, there is something wrong with your conduct.

If this life isn't worth living well, how do you expect to take one with you into another world that will be worth any more?

While you are praying for the unregenerate sinners of this world, don't forget to put in a word now and then for your own personal benefit.

---

## **"The Lord is Good to Me."**

"The Lord is good to me!" he said,  
As on his bended knees he knelt  
Above his meager crust of bread  
And voiced the gratitude he felt;  
And from his supplications, he  
Arose with strength renewed to face  
The pinchings of his poverty,  
The sorrows of his humble place.

"The Lord is good to me!" she prayed  
Above her sleeping babe at rest,  
While smiles of exaltation played  
Across her features, care oppressed;  
And from the crib of anguish where  
The fever-wasted baby slept  
She happy slipped away from care  
And all the anxious tears she wept.

"The Lord is good to me!" he cried  
'Mid life's wild wreck as close he  
grasped  
The scattered fragments to his side  
Of millions lost that once he clasped:  
And with a peace and thankfulness  
He never knew when Fortune  
smiled,

[111]

He put behind him all distress  
And laughed as lightly as a child.

"The Lord is good to me!" How slight  
The gifts of God we grateful bless,  
While countless treasures of delight  
Escape the praise of thankfulness!  
Through days of sunshine and of rain,  
Through nights of griefs and  
rhapsody,  
How I forget with high disdain  
How much the Lord is good to me!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

In these days of beef trust domination, every man is known by the breakfast food he eats.

The charity that covers a multitude of sins generally runs mighty short of blankets in the winter time.

Fishing poles are now out of date, but the candidates are bidding mighty lively for the pole that is long enough to reach the persimmon.

---

## A Doubtful Voter.

[112]

"Well, Jimmy, how's your Pa getting along with his corn-shucking and cotton picking?" inquired Bill Smith of his neighbor's son, which neighbor was noted for his industry and thrifty habits.

"Pap's gittin' erlong fine with 'em," answered the boy. "Ye see there's five county tickets in the field a-runnin' this year, an' pap's a doubtful voter; an' whenever a candidate comes, pap jes' goes erlong shuckin' corn or pickin' cotton, an' the candidate helps him fer the sake of comp'ny. We've got all our corn shucked, en ef we hev no bad weather, there won't be cotton enough left to pick by 'lection day to lint yer whiskers with!"

---

## Another Vintage.

"It is more of the Spirit of '76 that we need!" shouted the campaign orator.

"I haven't any of the spirits of '76," broke in a bystander in the audience. "But I've a quart of 'white mule' here in my pocket as fine as was ever brewed, if that will relieve your wants any!"

---

## Providence Takes Care of his Own.

[113]

"De Lawd am pow'ful good to de culled fokes," said a negro philosopher speaking from his dusky meditations. "No soonah am de wohtah-millions gone de way ob all de yarth dan de pahsimmons git ripe ernuff toh make de possum fat, bress de Lawd!"

---

## Forgotten.

He conquered all the foes that  
bannered wrong;  
He strove with might and did heroic  
deeds;  
Yet nameless he; for to his lofty  
meeds  
None wrought the immortality of song.

---

## Give Us More.

No matter how the world may go,  
How high it heaps our store,  
For all the joys that banish woe  
We always wish for more!

And from the cares that fume and fret,  
We cry as e'er before:  
"We thank thee, Lord, for what we get,  
But give us more,—still more!"

---

## In Yearning Mood.

[114]

### I.

Turn back, O Time, to where the young  
years rove  
And smile with rosy lips and sing  
through joyous days;  
The dull feet grow so heavy, and so  
far the ways  
They wander from my love!

### II.

It was not this world where the  
dancing feet  
Kept pace with joy and leaped  
through lanes of perfect hours;  
It was that far-off world that sang  
with birds and flowers,  
And all the raptures sweet.

### III.

It was not this world where our glad  
lips clung,  
And close between the long-drawn  
kisses fondly told  
Of dreams revealed not and of  
ecstasies that rolled  
From glad hearts always young!

### IV.

The dream-face beckons yonder,—  
beckons o'er  
The long years fled afar and lapse of  
longing days,  
Who leaned against my bosom in the  
love-wreathed ways.  
Then fled, and came no more!

[115]

### V.

Turn turn, O Time, and lead with thy  
hard hands  
Me like a child back where two  
young hearts fondly met:  
A music laughs there always, and  
beyond the dim eyes wet  
Love rules her perfect lands!

---

## On the Road to Riches.

"What are you foolin' with now, John?" Asked the inquisitive neighbor of John who was always inventing something that he thought would bring him fame and fortune.

"I'm on the right track at last," replied John gleefully. "I'm inventin' a pole that will knock the



persimmons, an' if I can only make it work, I'll be a millionaire in fourteen minutes, selling out to the candidates that are running for office this year!"

---

A little life in which to do  
The little deeds that rise before;  
A little love, a song or two,  
And then the little life is o'er!

---

## **"When Troubles Come, My Honey."**

[116]

When troubles come, my honey,  
And sorrows dark the sky,  
We'll seek the cave of faithful love  
And watch the clouds go by;  
A refuge safe, my honey,  
From all the storm and strife,  
Where joy shall keep the strong heart  
young  
Through all the cares of life.  
Then come with me, my honey;  
What though the wild winds blow?  
With hand and heart true love shall  
keep  
Us safe through weal and woe!  
The storm-clouds dark, my honey,  
May fret the deep blue sky,  
But love shall keep us smiling still  
Of bright days by and by!

---

## **Be Patient.**

Don't you lose your stock of patience  
When the world seems going wrong;  
It was here before you found it  
With its happiness and song;  
And it's altogether likely  
That it's pretty sure to stay  
With its music and its blossoms  
After you have gone away.  
And no matter how you labor  
Smoothing down the rocky way,  
On the paths where men shall wander  
It is likely stones will stay.  
Here and there the little pebbles  
You may banish one by one,  
But the mountains rise forever  
And your work is never done.

[117]

Don't despair! What use to worry  
When the load you have to leave?  
Other hands and hearts will follow  
And the heavy task receive;  
Do your own part to the limit!  
Give it all the strength you can,  
And as sure as God is ruling  
He will crown you all a Man!

Step by step the world advances  
Up the long and slippery slope;  
Step by step it slow upwanders  
Through the valleys of its hope;  
Leave the tasks that rise beyond you!  
Do the little deeds you can,  
And the millions coming after  
Shall complete what you began!

---

## To the Light.

[118]

### I.

To the Light! To the Light! Let us  
climb to the Star  
That is swinging above where the  
benisons are,  
Till we rest in the meadows where  
blossom above  
All the daisies of Peace and the roses  
of Love!

### II.

From the dim and the dusk of the  
blood-sprinkled years,  
How the nations have toiled from the  
valleys of tears,—  
How the races have groped through  
the shadows of Wrong  
To the gladness of Joy and the music of  
Song!

### III.

And the Man with the Race, how he  
leaps from the woe  
Of the battle fields dead and the  
sorrows they know,—  
How he gathers his tents from the  
dark of the night  
Till he finds a sweet home in the  
gardens of light!

### IV.

Oh, the thousands that fell by the  
mountains and stream  
Where the men of the past spilt their  
blood for a dream!  
How the feet, ever striving, slow  
stepped from the past  
Till they found the sweet music of  
rapture at last!

[119]

### V.

To the Light! To the Light! Yonder still  
shines the Star  
That is waiting for us where the  
benisons are,  
And there in the meadows that  
blossom above  
We shall gather in peace all the roses  
of Love!

---

## Little Sermons.

Some people do all they can to make others uncomfortable, and call it their religion.

The love which is so superfine that it can't find a place for its home in this world is entirely too good for a hearty welcome in the next one.

The reason why the preachers don't have larger congregations must be on account of their not

## **In the Light.**

[120]

Keep in the sunshine, brother!  
Walk in the golden light;  
The shadows are over yonder,  
And there is the night, the Night!

Keep in the sunshine, brother!  
It gleams on the grayest slope,  
It smiles with the lips of pleasure,  
And laughs with the lips of hope.

Keep in the sunshine, brother!  
It gladdens the world with light;  
The shadows are over yonder,  
And there is the night, the Night!

---

## **Little Sermons.**

However we may measure it, the heart of the world is always greatly bigger than its head.

Love will stir the heart into laughter when all the gold of Ophir only brings a snow-storm to life's roses.

That work is only worthy which adds something to the store of things that contribute multiplied joys to the lives of men.

God loves a mute but kindly tongue six days in the week more than a yawping mouth of prayer on the seventh day.

---

## **Wanted to Hide.**

[121]

"What art thou, miserable creature!" shouted Pluto in a great rage as he beheld a shrinking, cowering form, hiding away in the deepest shadows.

"Pardon me, O, god of the realm of darkness," implored the miserable shade. "I am an ante-election prophecy, and am only trying to hide myself away and be forgotten forever more!"

"Poor thing, go and sin no more!" replied the king of shadows with a great pity in his voice. "Thy punishment is, indeed, deserved!" And he strode away to stir up the animals in another quarter of his dominions.

---

## **Little Sermons.**

The thankfulness of some people stops in saying grace at the table before meals.

It isn't always the front seats that are occupied by His humblest children, when the collection plate gets busy.

The religion that is so brief as to last only a few hours on Sunday can be at home in a place too warm to cut ice in the great hereafter.

---

## **The Sunshine Song.**

[122]

### **I.**

It's no matter what your sorrows, they  
will vanish sure and soon  
If you'll only use your whistle on the  
sunshine's golden tune;

And no matter what the weather nor  
how the troubles throng,  
If you practice on the music of the  
sunshine's happy song.

## II.

What's the use to pout and pester  
when the joy-bells cease to  
chime?  
Sweet the daisies fill the meadow and  
they blossom all the time!  
Keep your heart heaped up with  
gladness and a faith that's full  
and strong.  
And through all the ways of winter  
sing the blessed sunshine song!

## III.

If the mountain path is steeper than  
your easy fancies thought,  
Keep on climbing for the summits and  
the glories that you sought;  
And if winter comes and pelts you with  
the snows that crowd along,  
Lift your heart and feet together to the  
sunshine's golden song.

## IV.

[123]

Over yonder bloom the lilies and the  
roses and the life;  
What shall matter all the brambles and  
the underbrush of strife?  
Don't you hear the angel carols rising  
o'er the cries of wrong?  
Ope your heart and fill to bursting  
with the sunshine's blessed  
song!

## V.

O, my brother, don't you worry! Up  
and down this world we go  
Where the summer brings the  
blossoms and the winter brings  
the snow;  
But it's spring the wide world over as  
through life we push along  
If the heart is full of music and we sing  
the sunshine song!

---

## Little Sermons.

In a glad smile from a clean heart there was never room for evil to find a place to plant a suggestion of wrong doing.

It may be wrong for some folks to dance, but the devil would rather have some people talk about their neighbors a minute than to dance a whole week. They can do so much better job at it.

---

## The Lights of Home.

[124]

### I.

Heave ho the anchor, laddies! The  
ocean rolls before;  
We'll climb the waves undaunted and

search the far off shore;  
We'll breast the angry breakers that  
on the beaches comb  
And sail, ah, sail, my hearties, for  
harbor-lights of home!

## II.

'Tis far the ships have drifted across  
the booming seas;  
'Tis far our sails have darkened with  
toils and agonies;  
'Tis far that youth has wandered  
where life's deep sorrows come  
But ho, my lads, we're sailing for  
harbor-lights of home!

## III.

Beyond the raging tempest, beyond  
the waves that roar,  
There waits the peaceful harbor and  
lights upon the shore;  
And when the voyage ceases, beyond  
the farthest foam  
We'll anchor there forever 'neath  
harbor-lights of home!

## IV

[125]

Then weigh the anchor, laddies! The  
ship of life shall sail  
Once more to youth's glad mornings  
and joys that never fail;  
No matter how the weather, how far  
the course may roam,  
There always shines a welcome in  
harbor-lights of home!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Life is a great university, but it offers no post-graduate course for its pupils.

Prejudice plays the fool, when mere lack of sense would be the highest wisdom.

Too many people forsake praising God for the pleasures they have in order to pray for trouble they haven't.

However you may shape things up, there is more down fool prejudice about politics than anything else in this world except Mormonism and religion.

One of the strangest things in the economies of this world is that the poor people who need money never have it and the rich people who don't need it have more than they can use.

---

## "When the Campaign Liar Quits."

[126]

When the hurrah days are over  
And the ballots all are cast,  
There's perchance a tinge of sadness,  
Over glories that are past;  
But we have our compensations;  
For no matter how it flits  
There's a joy that beats unbounded  
When the campaign liar quits!

While the red fire and the rockets  
Fill the skies with rosy glare,  
There's a kind of inspiration  
In the shouts and music there;  
But we pass it up with gladness

And contentment on us sits,  
When the ballots all are counted  
And the campaign liar quits!

He is trained in facts and figures,  
He's a prodigy, in sooth;  
He can tell the smoothest story,  
But he shies away from truth;  
So we gladly lose the glory,  
(It was never worth two bits!)  
When the ballots all are counted  
And the campaign liar quits!

So, no matter how it ended!  
Whether your men lost or mine.  
We can shake hands all together  
O'er this recompense divine;  
For we have a joy that pleases,—  
That exalts our blessed wits;  
And we know when all is over  
That the campaign liar quits!

[127]

---

## **Thank the Lord for Work.**

Never pray for idle hours,—  
Never try to shrink;  
But with all your honest powers  
Thank the Lord for work!  
Labor brings the pleasures high  
And the joys that thrive,—  
Where men laugh and where men cry,  
Dearest thing alive!

Thank the Lord for strength to toil,—  
Thank him day by day,—  
Son of sky or son of soil  
On life's vagrant way.

With a soul that fearless grows  
And a good arm strong,  
Joyously the glad heart goes  
Up the world of song!

---

There was a young lady from Beaver  
Who feared that her fellow would  
leave her;  
So she popped to her beau;  
But he answered her "Neau!"  
And she called him a heartless  
deceiver!

---

## **"Sing a Song of Sunshine."**

[128]

Sing a song of sunshine!  
Life is full of bliss;  
'Nother over yonder  
Just as good as this;  
When the trouble's over,  
And the waiting long,  
We will sing the music  
Of the sunshine song!

---

## **Mighty Lonesome.**

"Things am might loneseme erroun' de cabin now," said old Black Mose. "'Lection is ober, en de candahdates am all quit runnin' so suddenly dat nary one ob em's bin hyar fer two whole days, en de chilluns am all outen side-meat!"

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Merit generally wins, but sometimes it is the doped horse in the swift race.

The fellow who starts out to do the greatest good to the greatest number, generally concludes that the greatest number is No. 1.

Amid the thunder and the crash of worlds, the chief question after all is how to get the most bread and butter with the least hard work.

---

## Better Hide Out.

[129]

Mockin' bird up yander,  
Singin' in de trees,  
Clean fohgit it's wintah,  
An' de time toh fieeze!  
Bettah hide out, Mistah,  
'Foh yuh stahve to def!  
Wintah's gwine toh git yuh  
Foh yub ketch yoh bref!

---

Though the world of care and the  
griefs that cry  
May burden the years with a sob and  
sigh,  
Yet with one true heart and a hand  
that stays  
There's a rose for the snows of the  
wintry days!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

A little laughter, a little love and something of tears, and then the curtain falls on the great drama of this life.

No doubt, Adam had many bad habits, but he never walked about with hands in his pockets until after Eve started the first tailor shop.

Some men's consciences are so worthless that if put up and sold to the highest bidder, the auctioneer would have to call off the sale.

---

## Thanksgiving Hymn.

[130]

Dear Lord, for all the joyous days  
Thy loving hands to us have told  
We thank thee humbly, and we praise  
Thy wondrous mercies manifold!

We thank thee for thy gifts of love,  
Thy blessed benisons of good,  
For all thy mercies born above,  
And every fond beatitude.

For all the blessings thou hast sent,—  
For paths that led us far from wrong,  
—

For holy joys and sweet content,  
We praise thee with our hearts of

song.

From thy rich treasuries above  
Thy freest bounties full have come  
To swell the laughters of our love  
Around the happy hearths of home.

The fields have borne abundant store;  
The roses and the lilies white  
Have crowned the prairies and the  
shore  
With raptures of their love and light.

The orchards bend with fruitage tall,  
And plenty rules from sea to sea,  
And at the Harvest Home we call,  
Dear Lord, in thankfulness to thee!

[131]

Through mingled ways of shine and  
shade  
Thou hast our foot-steps guided far,  
And all our pilgrimages made  
Glad journeys under sun and star.

Our sacrifice, O Lord, we bring!  
Thou hast sufficed for every need;  
Bless thou the meager offering  
Of vagrant heart, imperfect deed!

And be our Keeper through the night,  
And through the long years of our  
quest,  
Till thou shalt welcome to delight  
And lead us in the ways of rest!

---

## Duly Thankful.

"Lawd, we am mighty thankful foh all dat we hab received fum thy bounteefu' han's!" prayed the reverent darkey; "en above all, we am thankful dat de sheriff nebber got erroun' to take de ole mule erway 'foh de cotton crop got tended to!"

---

## "When Pa Puts Up the Stove."

[132]

'Long in the fall when it gits cold  
An' Ma takes on the shakes,  
Then Ma at Pa will talk an' scold,  
"The kids'll freeze, my sakes!"  
Then Pa he ties a aprun on  
An' mittens double wove,  
An' we kids know we'll have some fun  
When Pa puts up the stove!

He grabs the pipe he laid away  
There in the attic high,  
An' jumps aroun' jes' lively! Say,  
My Pa is orful s pry!  
He dumps the soot upon the stairs,  
An' gits blacked like a cove,  
An' what he talks ain't sayin' prayers  
When Pa puts up the stove!

He cuts his fingers some, an' grows  
All black an' white in turn,  
An' that bald place his old head knows  
Gits red ernough to burn;  
An' when we laugh, he snaps his eyes  
No matter where we rove,—  
An' say! Ma gits so mad she cries  
When Pa puts up the stove!



An' Ma she jaws erround an says  
He hain't no sense, an' we  
Hide out behind the barn a-ways  
To miss the jamboree.  
I tell ye, fellers, they're a sight!  
No picnic ever throve  
Such as we have of love an' light  
When Pa puts up the stove!

[133]

---

## His Platform.

"My opponents are running on various platforms," said the ambitious candidate, "but none of them promise you full relief from the evils that beset you. None of them reach down into your hearts and search out your wants and comprehend the good measures that will bring relief." And he paused for a moment, in order that the full import of his language might sink deep into the hearts of the mighty throng before him. "I favor," he continued, extending his right arm toward heaven in an impressive gesture: "I favor pensions for all the republicans, offices for all the democrats, free passes on the railroads for all the niggers, the whole earth for the socialists and the five oceans of water for the prohibitionists!"

And then the delighted crowd went wild with applause.

---

## The Meal Ticket Man.

[134]

(Suggested by John Golobie's recent article, "The Apotheosis of the Meal Ticket Man")

Away with the heroes that litter the  
past!  
Tear the crown from the brow of  
each unworthy pate!  
We have come to the truth and its  
virtues at last,  
And our heroes are modern and  
quite up to date!  
Neither warrior nor prelate is  
praiseworthy now;  
Neither saint nor philosopher  
cumbers our plan;  
Let us gather the laurels and twine  
o'er the brow  
In a crown of delight for the Meal-  
Ticket Man!

Just search through the musty old  
mists of the years,  
For the men who have lifted the  
world to the stars!  
You will find it was never the sages or  
seers  
Who have healed human hearts from  
their terrible scars;  
They were those who from one vagrant  
week to the next  
In the garret or cellar lived life's  
little span,  
And whatever their thought or where  
ever their text,  
All the glory belongs to the Meal-  
Ticket Man.

[135]

What matter though seedy his hat and  
his coat.  
That his pantaloons bagged and  
were ragged and frayed?  
Still the world by its modern,  
unanimous vote  
Says it danced to the tune that his  
chin-music played!

At the touch of his hand, at the thrill of  
his thought,  
It leaped on the paths where the  
greater truths ran,  
And though in the ways that were  
humble he wrought  
Yet it crowns him at last—the great  
Meal-Ticket Man!

Then hail to this hero of shadow and  
shine!  
Never doubt he's as great as the  
greatest in worth,  
And his greatness surpasses the  
greatness divine  
Of the sword and the miter that  
saddened the earth!  
From the poverty-ways where his  
fellows hard toil  
All the blessings arise that our  
sorrows shall ban;  
He's a hero, indeed! He's the king of  
the soil!  
Then a song and a crown for the  
Meal-Ticket Man!

[136]

---

## Our Joe's at Home Agin.

Yaas, our Joe he run fer office:  
Said he'd try his hand a bit;  
Thet the kentry needed savin'  
An' he'd tinker some at it;  
But the 'lection now is over,  
An' our Joe he didn't win;  
But we're glad,—me an' his mother,—  
'Cause our Joe is home agin!

Joe made quite a race fer sartin'!  
He's a pollytishun right,  
An' he's jest a bully feller  
At a foot-race er a fight;  
You jest ort ter hear his speeches!  
How they cheered with mighty din!  
But the 'lection now is over  
An' our Joe is home agin!

Spent two months a polly-tickin';  
Workin' every day and night;  
Says its harder work then thrashin';  
Beats rail-splittin' out o' sight!  
But to hear the brass-ban's playin'  
Nerves him up, he says, like sin;  
But we're glad,—me an' his mother,—  
'Cause our Joe's at home agin!

[137]

Course we'd like our Joe elected,  
But it makes no diff'rence now;  
If the kentry needed savin'  
Guess she'll manage it somehow;  
Fer she's got to do without him,  
An' we're glad he didn't win;  
An we'll keep him,—me an' mother,—  
Sence our Joe's at home agin!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Nobody has to take a dog and gun and go out to hunt trouble. It generally calls you up by 'phone and says it's coming around for lunch.

"Politics makes strange bed-fellows," no doubt; but the candidate for office seldom goes to bed, and he manages to get along on very little sleep till the returns get in.

It may be doubted whether "the Devil takes care of his own" in every way, but we'll bet our old hat that he never allows them to get hard up for fire-wood in the winter season.

---

## In the Shine.

[138]

### I

As through the world we wander  
Through comforts fair and fine,  
Let's miss the ways of shadow  
And travel in the shine!

### II.

No matter what the weather,  
Just watch the danger sign;  
Keep off the roads of shadow  
And travel in the shine!

### III.

The paths run every which way  
To fool you, brother mine!  
Pass out of every shadow  
And travel in the shine!

---

## Nice Doctrine.

"Dat sunshine docterin' am mighty nice to read erbout," said old Black Mose; "but when dese yer blizzahds come en de clouds hang mighty low down, en de snow goes toh sniftin' erroun' de shanty, dat's de time when I want plenty ob back logs en' a hot fiah goin' day an' night!"

---

## Where Bill Was.

"Where is Billy Spudder tonight?" inquired one of the boys the second night after the election as they lounged up to the bar and missed Bill's familiar presence. [139]

"Bill? Why, Bill, you know, was a candidate for constable on the Walkover ticket and got beat so bad they couldn't count the votes," answered another. "And now Bill's at home getting acquainted with his wife again and being introduced to the new baby that appeared since he started his 60 days campaign!"

---

## The Real Question.

"But," argued the republican candidate for office; "the republican party freed the colored people and made them the equals of the white folks. Didn't you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln, who set your people free?"

"Dat's all mighty true, Mistah man," said the hesitating darkey; "but flouah am mighty sca'ce erroun' de cabin en we hain't had no bacon since day befoh yistiddy; en I see a dimmycrat candahdate comin' down de big road a-whuppin' ob his hosses like he hed flouah en hog-meat on behin' en bringin' it all toh me!"

---

## The Sunshine Way.

[140]

### I.

Wherever your feet may wander,  
wherever your fancies stray,  
The paths that you walk are golden,  
for there is the sunshine way;  
And roses are there with their beauties  
that over the path-ways twine,  
And all of the world is a blossom that  
smiles in the tender shine!

## II.

There's never a murmur of evil, there's  
never a cry of wrong;  
The daisies are sweet with laughter  
the birds are alit with song;  
The days dance by in their gladness as  
sweet as the sweetest wine,  
Where the swift feet linger in rapture  
through ways of the golden  
shine.

## III.

What matters if shadows may hover  
o'er blue hills far and dim?  
A star on the beautiful summits of the  
clear horizon's rim!  
The calls of the happy lovers whose  
hearts beat swift and strong,  
As they carol the sunshine music and  
whistle the sunshine song!

## IV.

[141]

The pleasures greet ever the seeker  
that comes to their doors and  
woos,  
And life with its sun and its shadow is  
whatsoever we choose;  
And like some resplendent mirror it  
frowns or it smiles as we  
Weep with the eyes of weeping or  
smile with the lips of glee!

## V.

Then ever and on, my brother, through  
all of the golden days;  
Let us echo their music forever and  
keep in the sunshine ways!  
And whether we walk with the  
blossoms or stray where the red  
leaves fall,  
There is laughter for all of the sorrows  
and love for the griefs of all!

---

Reports indicate that nine newspaper men will be members of the next Oklahoma legislature, and even the names are mentioned. There is no kindness in giving the fact undue publicity. The poor fellows will have hard enough time to live it down, so let us treat them as charitably as the circumstances will permit.

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[142]

Love and loud lips soon part company.

Accusation is fruitless. We all have our faults and are satisfied with them or we wouldn't keep them.

If people only did the best they could half of the time, they would be amply prepared for the

worst the other half of the time.

Some men's dream of hell is a place where scolding women have the full run of the range and no one dares to talk back when they get busy.

Divorce may be a great evil, but every lawyer knows it is often an effective crow-bar to pry some very good people loose from hell.

---

## Never Worry.

Let us never worry!  
The flowers little care  
How much of the weather  
Is foul or is fair;  
They blossom at morning;  
They fade at the noon,  
And blooming and fading  
Their beauty dies soon.

Let us never worry!  
The birds freely sing  
In autumn's drear weather  
As blithe as in spring;  
They chorus their music  
In joy's happy tune,  
And singing and singing  
Their songs vanish soon.

Let us never worry!  
If short is the life,  
Whether laughing with music  
Or weeping with strife;  
'Tis the shine of the morning,—  
'Tis late afternoon;  
Ah, the night-fall is coming  
And darkness so soon!

[143]

---

## Little Sermons.

Love is the greatest thing in the world, and it carries the world's griefs on its shoulders.

If vice were as safe and inexpensive as virtue, heaven would have few candidates for admission.

I am always nervous when I meet these self-righteous people. I fear they will demand that I make the world over to fix it good enough for them, and when I fail they will blame me with all their troubles.

---

## One Drawback.

[144]

"Well, did you have a good time Thanksgiving, Uncle Billy?"

"Splendid, splendid! All the boys an' gals come home an' brung theyr kids along, an' me an' mother felt twenty years er more younger. An' mother an' the gals got up a spankin' dinner an' we had a plenty of raal fine enjoyment. If it hadn't a-been fer one unfortnit thing, it would a-been mighty nigh perfect."

"What was that?"

"The crusts to mother's mince-pies all soaked in the bottom, an' she couldn't eat fer grievin' over it!"

---

## Signs of Winter.

Winter's comin', fellers!  
Blizzards soon'll blow!

Cotton all is gethered,—  
Money spent, ye know!  
Ole Thanksgivin's over,—  
Weather's so and so,  
Kids a-lookin' Christmas  
Everywhayre ye go!

---

## **Keep Them Alive.**

[145]

Keep Hope alive! Though failure  
comes  
Adown life's varied stream,  
Behold, joy beats her mighty drums  
And brave men toil and dream!

Keep Faith alive! Though evil strays  
Across the paths you tread,  
Yet Goodness blesses all your ways,—  
The living and the dead!

Keep Love alive! Though burdens  
press  
And crush with anguish sore,  
Sweet Love shall crown with  
happiness  
The sad heart evermore!

---

## **Little Sermons.**

Nothing takes a man down so much as to contrast what he is with what he meant to be.

Some people are so sure they are going to miss hell in the hereafter that they proceed to make as much as possible while in this world.

We don't know what Satan's steady occupation is, but if all reports are true he must saw lots of wood in order to keep up the fires in his settlement all the year 'round.

---

## **The Christmas Fiddles.**

[146]

### **I.**

Tune up the Christmas fiddles! There's  
happiness about,  
And willing fingers waiting to coax the  
music out!  
There's music in the valley, there's  
music on the plain,  
And music in the measures of happy  
sun and rain;  
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! The  
music fond and sweet  
Is waiting,—waiting ever,—the music  
of the feet!

### **II.**

Tune up the Christmas fiddles! The  
royal raptures flow  
From finger-tips of gladness to happy  
heel and toe,  
Till joyous hearts are beating and rosy  
lips of love  
Are sweet as fairy music from the  
heaven harps above!  
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! To match  
the merry sound

We'll dance the Christmas chorus and  
swing the partners' round!

### III.

Tune up the Christmas fiddles!  
They're lonely with the song  
Their bosoms kept so closely in  
silences so long;  
The boys and girls are weary with  
toilsomeness that grows  
Where labor drowns the music of  
melodies she knows;  
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! Each  
happy heart shall beat  
To glories of the raptures and  
trippings of the feet!

[147]

### IV.

Tune up the Christmas fiddles!  
Where royal music rings,  
Where lips are red with laughter and  
romping rapture sings,  
We'll find surcease of sorrow and  
Care shall die away  
While the feet shall dance the music of  
happiness for aye!  
Then fix your fiddles, fellers! Our  
sweet-hearts laugh applause,  
And Love repeats the echoes in a kiss  
for Santa Claus!

---

Mistah Trouble, Mistah Trouble!  
Happy dat yuh met me  
When de pleasuhes all am heah,  
En de joys beset me!  
Happy dat de house am full  
So yuh'll hab toh trabble;  
Mister Trouble, stretch yoh laigs  
Libely down de grabble!

---

## So Santa Claus'll Come.

[148]

My Mommer says ef I ain't good,  
Thet Santa'll stay away,  
En never bring a top er thing  
Thet boys want Christmas day;  
En I'm jes' purfic now, I guess,  
Er purficker then some,  
En I'm behavin' like a man  
So Santa Claus'll come!

I hop up out of bed, you know,  
'Fore Mommer calls me thayre,  
En dress myse'f en wash my face  
En nicely comb my hair;  
En then I help my Mommer work,  
En make a happy home,  
En please my Popper all I kin,  
So Santa Claus'll come.

I go to school through all the week,  
En never hookey play,  
En I'm so good I'm never made  
Tell after school to stay;  
En when the Sundays come, you bet,  
I quit each idle chum,  
En go to Sunday School ez nice,

So Santa Claus'll come!

En Mommer says I'm orful good,  
En teacher says so, too,  
En call me jes' a angel, all  
But havin' wings,—they do!  
En Popper says thayre at the store's  
A dandy big bass drum!  
You betcher life I'm bein' good  
So Santa Claus'll come!

[149]

---

## Mister Sorrow.

Mister Sorrow came one day  
When the times were blue,  
And he said: "My brother, say  
Can I stay with you?"  
And he looked so mighty nice  
That I asked him in;  
Nothing said about the price;  
'Fraid he'd go agin!

Mister Sorrow from that day  
Hangs around here so!  
Makes himself at home, to play  
He's my friend, you know!  
When I hint it mighty strong  
That he'd better roam,  
Says he's boarded here so long  
That it seems like home!

---

If the Kingdom of Heaven was like a mustard-seed two thousand years ago, it has not changed its appearance any since; it seems so small now-a-days that it is pretty hard to find down here below.

---

## The Women and the Bill.

[150]

(EXPLANATORY NOTE:—The press reports state that the women of America are strenuously opposing the statehood bill, and demanding that it provide for Equal Suffrage and Prohibition in the new state.)

It was years and years in coming, but  
it hove in sight at last,  
And we hoped our cares were over and  
our disappointments past;  
It was fought for on the hustings, in  
the platforms was declared,  
And with all the big campaigners it has  
every honor shared;  
And we thought we surely had it  
where no evil hands could kill,  
Till the women went to  
knocking  
on the  
Statehood  
Bill!

Don't the last of you remember how  
we whooped it up with might  
Through the speeches of the daytime  
and orations of the night;  
How resolved and re-resolved, and  
then resolved again,  
That our people were the people, and  
our men the very men?  
And we shouted out the story of our  
deeds with honest will;—  
But the women now are

[151]



knocking  
on the  
Statehood  
Bill!

Don't you now recall distinctly how we  
speechified till hoarse,  
Trying to convince the people what  
was just the proper course?  
How much time and toil we lavished in  
the beauty of our schemes  
Just to save the state from danger to  
the dearness of our dreams!  
But, alas! we see the finish! And alas!  
for manly skill!  
For the women all are  
knocking  
on the  
Statehood  
Bill!

We have seen the new star rising from  
the territorial seas,  
We have seen it mount the zenith  
where the old flag split the  
breeze;  
And we boasted of our glories in  
rejoicings grand and great  
As we thought we raced for honors in  
the new-created state!  
Vanished now the dreams of sal'ry and  
the offices to fill,  
For the women all are  
knocking  
on the  
Statehood  
Bill!

[152]

O, the grave and mighty Senate! Mr.  
Beveridge mighty too!  
We can understand your pickle and we  
know just what you'll do;  
There is only one escaping, only one to  
ransom us  
From the rumpus we have kicked up  
and the madness of the muss:  
Give the women all they ask for! We  
were chumps to treat them ill.—  
We're undone if they keep  
knocking  
on the  
Statehood  
Bill!

---

## A Hard Winter Ahead.

"Yessuh, we am lookin' foh de hahdest wintah dis yeah dar hez bin foh a long time; but ef de neighbors keeps on erraisin' chickens en de possums doan't git too scahse, I believ we kin pull thew toh grass widout a-sellin' ob de houn' pup!"

---

## The Charity Ball.

[153]

Rich man foh de pooh man dance  
One night in de yeah;  
Pooh man foh de rich man prance  
All times, do yuh heah?  
Pooh man play de violin  
While de rich man swing;  
Pooh man squeeze de fiddle in

When he wants to sing!  
Mistah rich man, hab yoh fun  
Makin' grub foh us;  
Min' dat stohy ez yuh run  
'Bout ole Lazaruss!  
Guess yuh'll dance some ober dah,  
Jes' ez like ez not;  
Swing dem pahtnehs fas' en fah  
'Foh de fiah git hot!

---

## Little Sermons.

The man who can't live right in this world can't expect to get the chance in the next.

There may be more devotion in tears than in laughter, but I'll tie up with the latter and take the risk.

No one except Christ ever called the devil Satan to his face; and then they went up into the high mountain and into a private place where no one else could hear the muss.

---

## The Santa Claus Boy.

[154]

The Santa Claus boy is the latest thing  
out;  
He's the rage of the season, they  
say,  
And wherever you wander, you'll find  
him about  
With his beautiful, dutiful way;  
He's as spick and as span as a  
dandified man.  
And his look is a heavenly joy;  
And however he does it, whatever his  
plan,  
We know he's the Santa Claus boy!  
He jumps out of bed in the morning  
himself,  
And he never lies still for the rest;  
He dresses in haste with the skill of an  
elf,  
And he washes and combs with the  
best;  
He does up the chores while his small  
sister snores,  
And his whistle no longer annoys;  
He's the pride of the house and the  
king of out-doors,—  
This wonderful Santa Claus boy!  
He hastens to school with a heart full  
of glees,  
And he never turns truant to play:  
His lessons he learns with the greatest  
of ease,—  
He recites in a beautiful way;  
And the teacher's so glad that the boy  
who was bad  
All his failings has learned to  
destroy;  
And she smiles with delight as she  
breaks up her gad,  
At the change in the Santa Claus  
boy!

[155]

When the Sabbath day comes with its  
Sunday School hours,  
He is never once absent or late;  
And the verses he speaks beat the  
memory powers  
Of the sages exalted and great;

But he dreams of a Tree, full of  
presents to be,  
And with treasures that know not  
alloy;  
And the vision he sees fills his bosom  
with glee  
For the Sunday School Santa Claus  
boy!

Ah, well, this old codger laid up on the  
shelf,  
In the rubbish piled high on life's  
ways,  
Knows how it all is,—he has been  
there himself,—  
He has romped through the Santa  
Claus days;  
Whatever appears, whether laughter  
or tears,  
Let a song every moment employ,  
As the world tosses gifts through the  
beautiful years  
To the glad-hearted Santa Claus boy!

[156]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Young woman, learn to cook. No man wants his home turned into an experiment station for biscuit making.

In these last days, a man is known by the patent medicine promoter to whom he sends his testimonial photograph.

The man who gets stooped shoulders from carrying other people's heavy burdens went to the wrong school in his youth.

Religion is a mighty good thing, but it never pays the rent bill; and the Christianity of warm clothes and wholesome food beats its balance on the record books of the angels.

---

## "'Twill All Come Right."

[157]

O, brother, don't you worry,  
When the sorrow brings the night!  
It is never long till morning,  
And 'twill all come right.

Do the loads seem hard and heavy  
As you bear them with your might?  
Love will lift the bending burdens,  
And 'twill all come right!

Do you feel the hate and malice  
Of the foolish ones that fight?  
They will find your heart is worthy,  
And 'twill all come right!

Do your duty to the utmost!  
Then the foes shall vanish quite;  
Let the world howl on with censure,—  
It will all come right!

God awaits us over yonder,  
Where his lilies blossom white;  
In his love the griefs shall perish,  
And 'twill all come right!

---

The happy days when the mistletoe makes raptures for young hearts and loving lips will soon come 'round again. Heaven grant us all to be young and confiding enough for all the love and joy and the glad music of the Christmas times!

---

## Good-bye to Trouble.

[158]

O, it's good-bye, Mister Trouble!  
There's a joy the angels know,  
With the mistletoe above us  
And our sweet-hearts here below!

Then play the fiddle, Mister!  
Love and laughter are in sight;  
And swing your partners, fellers,  
Till the dawning of the light!

O, its good-bye, Mister Trouble!  
For the fiddle says, "Be gay!"  
There's the mistletoe up yonder,  
And we kiss the griefs away!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

All things are forgiven to the woman who holds her tongue.

The greatest vice of the women is gossip, and the greatest folly of the men is greed.

If some people get to heaven, no one will be more surprised at the achievement than themselves.

Troubles have walked the highways of human life since the morning stars sang together; and yet when we meet them on the dusty roads we travel, we pretend astonishment and annoy high heaven with our cries.

---

## Too Much Prosperity.

[159]

"Dis heah big cotton crap am a great calam'ty toh de cullud folks," said old Black Mose dejectedly.

"How is that, Uncle?" inquired the astonished white man.

"So many ob 'em hab sabed up emuff money toh buy tall hats en long-tailed coats dat de conf'rences will all be jam-full ob cullud preachehs befoh spring, en de cotton-fiel's'll miss some mighty good han's nex' season, shuah!" was the reply.

---

## Little Sermons.

Don't go too much on the sensibilities. Feelings are a mighty poor regulator when it comes to determining the necessity for hard work.

The days of the gray hairs and wrinkled brows utter few petitions to the merry god of all the happy Christmas eves; but if they asked of Santa Claus the supremest gift in all the world of men, they would implore him for one more Christmas as happy and as innocent as smiled upon them in the days of childhood long ago!

---

## To the Lonesome Fiddle.

[160]

You needn't look so lonesome, Mr.  
Fiddle, hanging there  
With the pretty girls about you and the  
pleasures every where;  
For I know your heart is heaven with  
its music angel sweet,  
And it all will go to singing at the  
coming of the feet!

Then don't you look so lonesome!  
The happy days we'll meet;

For the Christmas times are coming  
And the dancing of the feet.

You needn't look so lonesome! In your  
happy soul abound  
All the airs of royal rapture that the  
golden cycles found,  
And the willing fingers waiting are  
staying close about,  
Just to pick your heart to pieces and to  
coax the music out!

Then don't you look so lonesome!  
The laughing lips shall meet  
With the mistletoe above us  
And the coming of the feet!

You needn't look so lonesome! I can  
see you laughing there  
To the tune of "Old Dan Tucker" as you  
drop the loads of care,  
And the melodies immortal drive the  
troubles all away  
As you spill the tender music of "My  
Darling Nellie Gray."

[161]

Then don't you look so lonesome!  
All your dreams will come  
complete,  
And Love will swing his partners  
To the tripping of the feet.

O, you needn't look so lonesome! All  
the good times you shall feel  
As you shout the mighty chorus of the  
"Old Virginia Reel,"  
And Love shall join the music with the  
raptures that abound,  
As we heel-and-toe-it lively and we  
"swing the ladies 'round!"

Then don't you look so lonesome!  
Love and happiness shall meet,  
And we'll shout good-bye to trouble  
In the shuffle of the feet!

---

Let the boy eat! The grocery-man is a less expensive guest than the doctor, and mush and milk  
are more palatable than medicine.

---

## **"If Santa Claus Don't Come."**

[162]

If Santa Claus forgets to come,  
I don't know what I'll do;  
I 'spect I'll get as bad as some  
An' cry a little, too;  
I wrote an' told him plain as day  
What he should buy an' bring;  
An' if he don't, I'll always say  
That he's a mean old thing!

I want a drum to pound all day  
Fer ev'ry passin' crowd;  
A punchin'-bag an' foot-ball,—say,  
An' gun that shoots out loud;  
I'd like to have a pony, too,  
An' big dog fer a chum;  
Dear me, I don't know what I'll do  
If Santa Claus don't come!

I'll hang my stockin's anyway!

They won't hold half enough,  
But I'll jes' write a note, an' say  
The place to leave the stuff!  
I'll jump in bed at candle-light,  
An' act both deaf an' dumb!  
But 'twill be awful here tonight  
If Santa Claus don't come!

Of course, he may not have to spare  
Jes' ev'ry thing I lack,  
An' yet I hope he'll leave me there  
'Bout all a boy can pack;  
But if he'll come an' bring a few,  
I'll not be very glum;  
But oh! I don't know what I'll do  
If Santa Claus don't come!

[163]

---

## The Call of the Fiddle.

Don't you hear the fiddle, fellers?  
It is singing to the bow  
All the glory of the music  
Underneath the mistletoe!

Then good-bye, Mister Sorrow!  
For the cares have run away;  
Love and music both are shouting  
And we answer them "Hooray!"

Don't you hear the fiddle, fellers?  
It is calling us to know  
Joys that circle to the music  
Underneath the mistletoe.

Then good-bye, Mister Sorrow,  
Good-bye for many a day!  
Love's lips are smiling at us,  
And our hearts respond "Hooray!"

---

I have often thought it very appropriate that good resolutions come after instead of before the Christmas days. The heart is then in much better mood to give them pleasant welcome.

---

## A Queer Dream.

[164]

"Ah done had a queeah dream las' night!" said Sambo.

"How was that? Tell us about it," said the interested white listener.

"Ah dreamed I wuz in hebben on Crissmuss eve, en de angels all had a Crissmuss tree en ole St. Petah played de Santa Claus, en de angels all got new French hawps in dey stockin's; en dey couldn't play 'em at all en de white angels all wanted fiddles en de black angels all wanted banjoes; en dey wuz a-havin' a awful time up dar, shuah!"

"Well, how did it come out?"

"Ah dunno how it come out! Jes' ez dey wuz a'pintin' a ahbitratoh, my boy Jim sot up a howl foh 'possum en woke me up!"

---

## The Same Old Gifts.

"What do you expect for Christmas, Major?" inquired the hospitable store-keeper as the gray-haired Major hobbled in with his crutch and rested his rheumatic leg on a sack of coffee.

"The same as usual, sir, the same as usual! My wife always works me a pair of slippers two sizes too small, each one of the girls gives me a neck-tie I can't wear because of its color, and each of

[165]

the boys a new-fangled revolver I can't shoot and have to turn over to them. Only my old army friend in Kentucky knows me well enough to know what I can use."

"What is that?" inquired the amiable store-keeper.

"Four gallons of mountain-dew fresh from the still, bless God! And I always get away with it in plenty of time for good resolutions on New Year's day!" replied the valiant Major, smiling and smacking his lips.

---

## The Greatest Gift.

The Wise Men in the desert bare,  
Heart-hungry in their need,  
Behold a Star, and forth they fare  
Wherever it may lead;  
And find at last, full reconciled,  
God's greatest gift,—a little child!

---

The ballot may be more powerful than the bullet, but sometimes the gun contains the wrong load.

---

## For the New Year.

[166]

### I.

Through all this New Year's varied  
walks and ways,  
Let us like kings Truth's royal  
raiment wear,  
And whatsoe'er the burdens of the  
days,  
With brave hearts bear;  
For amid the starless night  
Love exalts the lilies white,  
And the hours of wrath and  
wrong  
Leap with laughters of her song.

### II.

Wherever fate may lead the vagrant  
feet,  
Let us hail Duty as Life's holy guest,  
And in the shock of battle bravely  
meet  
Foes breast to breast;  
For unto the timid fields  
Love her staunchest courage  
yields,  
And her martial music thrills  
To the summits of the hills.

### III.

Whatever fortune crowns imperfect  
deed,  
Let us keep Hope our comrade  
evermore,  
Nor fear to follow where her banners  
lead  
On sea and shore;  
For despite the tears of men,  
Love shall sing her songs again,  
And beyond the wintry snows  
Blooms the redness of her rose.

[167]

### IV.

With Truth about us and with Duty  
near,  
With Hope beside and Love along  
the way,  
Life climbs the hills and all the  
darkness here  
Grows bright with day;  
For each fond beatitude  
Crowns the dreams of greater  
good,  
And the stars of living light  
Lead the footsteps through the  
night!

---

### **Finally.**

Finally, brethren, finally,  
We are marching to the sky,  
And all this earthly music  
Tunes us up for bye and bye!

---

### **If We Were Wise.**

[168]

"If we were wise," said the social philosopher, "civilization would be of a different metal. But we are not all of us wise, and therefore we build court-houses and churches and sanitariums, and lawyers, doctors and preachers become necessary, all being the inventions of our lack of wisdom." And the man knew, for he had just been through the alimony court, turned out of church, and was on his way to a winter resort for the tinkering of his health.

---

### **Life.**

A little day through which we play  
In spite of wish and warning;  
A little love along the way,  
And then good-night,—till morning!

---

Pluck thou now the Good Resolution from the topmost bough of the sublime tree of righteous will; and preserve it as the apple of gold in the silver pictures of the life that has no ending.

---

### **Sighs and Songs.**

[169]

Don't begin your sighing  
When you see the snows;  
Yonder blooms the lily;  
Yonder burns the rose!

What's the use to shiver  
When the blizzards blow?  
Yonder blazes August  
Hotter than you know!

Hope is ever ringing  
All the bells she brings;  
Keep a life of laughter  
And a heart that sings.

Good-bye to the trouble!  
Farewell to the wrong!  
Man forgets the sorrow  
When he sings a song!



---

## Caught on the Fly.

The cart of imperfect deeds travels with more speed than the palace car of good intentions.

If the pew would practice only one day in the week what the pulpit preaches on Sunday, the Devil would put out all the fires in his settlement and join the angels before Saturday night.

---

## The Third House.

[170]

Yes, they say the Legislature  
Soon will come along and sit,  
And for sixty days of wonder  
We'll behold the likes of it;  
But with all the mighty glory  
That around it waves its wings,  
Don't forget who does the voting  
Nor the chaps who pull the strings!

There's the grave and mighty Senate  
Full of statesmen wise and great,  
With profound deliberations  
Ere they choose to legislate:  
But with all their stores of wisdom  
They are slow at doing things,  
For they only do the voting  
While the Third House pulls the  
strings.

There's the House, a wondrous body,  
Full of patriotic souls,  
Each with ideas that would hurry  
Up the world as on it rolls;  
But before they get in action  
Sober wisdom caution brings,  
And they only do the voting  
While the Third House pulls the  
strings!

O, my dear, deluded people!  
When the statesmen cure your ills,  
Look around before you honor  
Those who pass the proper bills!  
To the fellows you elected  
There is little glory clings,  
For they only do the voting  
While the Third House pulls the  
strings!

[171]

To the Third House bring your laurels!  
There you'll find the wisdom rare,  
Free to tell the verdant statesmen  
How to legislate with care;  
There you'll find the brain and virtue  
That afar the evil flings:  
While the others do the voting  
These delight to pull the strings!

---

## Play Ball.

In the great orchestra of life, if you can't play the first violin, beat the drum; if you can't beat the drum, pound the triangle; and if you can't contribute anything at all to the music, get in step with it and do the best job of marching in the army of the hopeful-hearted.

---

## Sing a Little.

[172]

When the times are sad with sorrow,  
Sing a little;  
Things will brighten up tomorrow,  
Sing a little;  
And when all the world is gloomy and  
the storms around you roar,  
Then stuff your heart with gladness  
and just sing a little more!

When you meet the bleak Decembers,  
Sing a little;  
There's a June each heart remembers,  
Sing a little;  
And if winter comes and lingers as he  
never did before,  
Think of all the summer blossoms and  
then sing a little more!

If the cares of life oppress you,  
Sing a little;  
Joy will gladly come and bless you,  
Sing a little;  
And the Love that never wavers shall  
reward with happy store  
While your heart is bright with  
sunshine and you sing a little  
more!

---

## Remembered by Santa Claus.

"Well, what did Santa Claus bring you?" inquired Neighbor Jones of Neighbor Smith on Christmas morning. [173]

"Why, my wife got me a new silk dress and fur boa, my daughter bestowed a fine pair of No. 6 kid gloves, and each of my sons contributed a pair of skates and a sled. There is nothing like having Santa Claus remember you well, is there?" answered Neighbor Smith.

They had both been there so often that they went off behind the barn and took something to bring the sunshine in.

---

## Evil Prophets.

The doleful prophets sadly say  
That the world is going wrong;  
But out yonder blooms the May  
With its flowers and song.

The moaning brothers come and say  
That the world is as dark as night;  
But out yonder shines the day  
With its laughing light.

O, brothers, don't you worry so!  
Let us bravely march along;  
The roses blossom where we go  
Across the fields of song!

---

## A New Year's Resolution.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:  
I'm as good as good can be,  
And the world will lose its follies  
If 'twill only follow me!  
I was sired by good intentions,  
I was nursed with loving care,  
Fully armed, like great Minerva,  
From my birth to do and dare.

[174]

I'm a New Year's Resolution:  
You can see me robed in white  
Where the fortunes of the future  
Men and nations come to write;  
You have met my kith and kindred  
As you struggled in the strife,  
And you gave them love and praises  
All along the ways of life.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:  
I'm as good as good can be,  
And the fates predict my goodness  
Soon will prove the death of me;  
But you'll honor me while living,  
And if I should pass away  
You will bury me in blossoms  
In remembrance of today.

I'm a New Year's Resolution:  
Treat me kindly as you can;  
For I'm growing weak each moment,  
Starved to death by cruel man;  
Soon I'll sleep among my fathers,—  
What a countless host they make!  
Who in childhood went to slaughter  
For a good intention's sake!

[175]

---

## Little Sermons.

One lapse from sunshine makes the whole world sin.

If you want to pluck nose-gays, you must wander in the sunshine to find the flowers.

The Devil would rather tackle a a good man in a discouraged mood than a hardened criminal with Hope singing in his heart.

---

## A Hard World.

"Ah done tole yuh, Mose, howebber yuh fix it up, dat dis hyar am a mighty hahd wohld we lib in?" said one colored brother to another.

"How am dat, Sambo?"

"Why, we am allus habin' ouah troubles. No soonah am de Santa Claus bills paid, den de leglslachuh come erlong en stay foh sixty whole days!" and he shook his head and refused to be comforted.

---

## A Quartette of Don'ts.

[176]

Don't sleep too much. Remember what happened to Adam when he tried an experiment of that kind.

Don't talk too mean about the Devil. There is no telling how soon he may have the chance to roast you to a turn.

Don't neglect your privileges, brethren. There is more opportunity to get through the eye of a needle in the collection baskets than in the sermon.

Don't worry any about the dead. The good Lord will take care of them, and they don't cause him half as much sitting up at nights as the living do, and he always knows where to find them when the curfew blows.

---

## It Died Young.

"Did you make a Good Resolution, Sandy?" inquired the inquisitive neighbor.

"Yes, but it didn't live long."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, the good die young, you know, and when I went home that night I found it had crossed the river when I wasn't watching."

---

## To the Love Lands!

[177]

O, my Heart, the days are weary with  
the burdens that we know:  
Hand in hand we'll haste and hurry to  
the Love Lands long ago!

Let us stroll as happy lovers down the  
roaring ways of men  
Till the lilies of contentment blossom  
sweetly once again.

It was there we wove our Daydream, it  
was there the Promise sung,  
For the world from us was hidden and  
our little lives were young.

There were happy lanes of laughter  
that our childish rambles knew,  
Where the roses gave their glories in a  
ruddy crown for you.

Let us wander through the deserts and  
the dusty ways they know  
To the green fields and the meadows  
of the Love Lands long ago!

On the road, perchance, we'll gather  
some of sweetness and of song,  
As we thread the dim aisles fearful and  
the pathways lorn and long.

You remember how we pledged us all  
the glories of renown,—  
Pledged the gold of Ind and Ophir and  
the greatness of the crown.

You remember how we pledged us in  
the fancies of our youth,  
We would run the quest forever for the  
Holy Grail of Truth!

[178]

You remember how we pledged us we  
would banish want and woe,  
As we laughed and sang the love-song  
in the Love Lands long ago!

What if we have failed to keep it?  
Hard the struggle, fierce the  
throng,  
And the shoutings of the rabble drown  
the glory of the song!

What if we have failed to keep it?  
All the maddened mobs of hate  
Hurl the stones of mirth and malice  
where Truth opes her timid gate!

Shall we sorrow at the wreckage that  
is heaped along the shore  
Where the waters gnaw unceasing and  
endeavor sails no more!

Shall we sorrow that the laughters,  
left the shadows of the way,  
And the cares of life unlifting fringed  
the rosy skies with gray?

Shall we sorrow without comfort for  
the dreams that fled in tears,—  
For the hopes forlorn and shattered on  
the shores of other years?

We have lost the glare and glamor of  
the dreams we dreamed of old,  
But the Wise of earth have brought us  
of their frankincense and gold.

We have lost the green of May-time,  
but the autumn gardens red  
Hang with all the fruited wisdom for  
the blossoms that are dead!

We have lost our foolish boasting,—we  
are cleansed of evil pride,  
And we face the past and future with  
their vistas wild and wide!

Still, my Heart, the days are heavy!  
Wisdom weights and wearies so!  
Let us run away together to the Love  
Lands long ago!

[179]

---

### **Caught on the Fly.**

Beauty is not always skin-deep. Sometimes it is put on with a rag.

If you don't want Trouble to bring her dogs and hunt all over your place for game, you should tack up warning signs over every fence-post on the premises.

Lots of money is said to bring lots of trouble. But, Lord, our shoulders are mighty broad and we always did think we would like to have experiences of that kind.

---

### **Trudge Along.**

Trudge along, my brother,  
Through the snows!  
Over yonder wait the summer  
And the rose.

Trudge along, my brother,  
Trudge along!  
Over yonder wait the angels  
And the song!

[180]

---

### **A Fine Job.**

"Ah done tole yuh, Mose, howsomevah de people conflastahgate, dese heah legislachuh pohsishuns am sho'ly de bes' places in all de wide woahld dat a cullahed man ebber had in de wintah time when de wood am skeerce en de snow flyin' high!"

"How come, Rastus?"

"Why, yuh fool niggah yuh, doan't yuh see dat Ah git foh dollahs a day jes' toh open en shut de dooah befoh en aftah de Sanatohs when dey come in en go out foh erbout two houahs a day, en den sot down by de hot fiah all de res' ob de time while anothah niggah shubbles in de coal whut anothah niggah totes in at de same good price!"

---

### **A True Hero.**

He wore no crown, he had no sword,  
He sat him in no throne of state;  
He shed no blood, he spent no hoard,

[181]

And therefore was not great;  
Yet to his tomb the nations throng:  
His heart was love, he sang a song!

---

When Trouble comes to your front gate and hears you whistling in the back-yard it scares him so bad that he never stops running till he crosses the divide into the next settlement.

---

## Little Sermons.

Taking it all up and down, this world is a pretty good place. Only so many of us never get up or down!

Lord, we don't ask to see a thousand miles ahead. All we want is light enough to keep out of the holes two feet ahead when the Devil gets after us.

Some folks are always boasting of how many miles they keep ahead of the Devil, but I'm always thankful when I just manage to keep out of his reach when he's grabbing at me.

---

## Never Mind the Hills.

[182]

What matter the hills above us?  
What matter the dismal road?  
We're climbing to those that love us  
And crossing to their abode;  
And over the mountains we'll crown  
our quest  
With beautiful blossoms of all that's  
best!

---

## He Voted "Graft".

He was quite a famous statesman  
From a district where the folk  
Were so honest that their honor  
Had become a standing joke;  
But this man that represented  
Such a people, such a craft,  
Always shouted for "retrenchment,"  
While he always voted "graft."

He was quite a famous "poser,"  
And he had the nimble art  
Of deluding men to thinking  
That he owned an honest heart;  
He was always hinting "boodle,"  
At which hints the lobby laughed  
For they knew he talked  
"retrenchment,"  
But he always voted "graft!"

He was frequent in the papers  
With a lengthy interview  
'Bout the "welfare of the people,"  
And the "octopi" he knew;  
And he made long-winded speeches  
As he raked things fore and aft,  
But he only talked "retrenchment,"  
While he always voted "graft!"

[183]

O, the dear, deluded people,  
Hear this Sermon from the Mount:  
When a Bill is up for passage  
It is only votes that count;  
And you'd better watch the fellow

On the legislative raft  
Who forever talks "retrenchment,"  
And then casts a vote for "graft!"

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The worst thing about failure is that it makes so many good people most unhappy.

The man who never laughs at all is as great a trial to his friends as is the one who laughs too much.

No beauty of Nature, either of heart or flower or fruit, was ever grown without the lavish use of sunshine for its development.

---

## Joy is Here.

[184]

What to us is Trouble?  
Joy is here today;  
Care is but a bubble  
Bursting with the May.

Onward we are drifting;  
What if skies are gray?  
All the clouds are lifting,—  
Joy is here today!

Harbors over yonder;  
Billows die away;  
There we all shall anchor,—  
Joy for aye and aye!

---

## Something Left.

There's joy in Oklahoma!  
Let's go it good and strong;  
There's sunshine on the prairies,  
The land is glad with song;  
What though the cotton tumbled,—  
What if the wheat was short?  
We've corn for hog and hominy  
Of every blessed sort!

---

Charity not only covers a multitude of sins, but she also tucks the quilts in around the feet and gets up in the middle of the night to see if the blanket is on straight.

---

## Not Afraid.

[185]

"Aren't you afraid some of these lobbyists will persuade you by their eloquence into supporting some bad measure?" asked a friend of a member of the legislature.

"Not a bit of it, sir, not a bit of it! Just let them try it as often as they wish!" answered the confident statesman. "Just let me get at them one by one, privately, in a dark room with their pockets bulging with the eloquent long-green, and when they get away their pockets will be so dumb that they will be in no condition to make arguments again until they call on their employers for a new supply of oratory!"

---

## A Blazing Future.

What's the use of getting blue  
When the joys are so amazing?  
This life's sunshine through and  
through  
And the other life is blazing!

---

I have often noticed that the dog which uses up all his spare time in growling generally looks mighty hungry and seldom trees any game.

---

## The Legislative Pass.

[186]

I'm a Legislative Pass:  
I'm a wonder now displayed  
In a large and growing class  
Marching out on dress parade;  
I am issued "on request"  
From a statesman full of might,  
And I'll never know a rest  
Till adjournment is in sight.

I'm a Legislative Pass:  
I am given free as air,  
And I reach from shortest grass  
To the farthest every where;  
I am happy in the fame  
That around me fondly flits,  
Just to keep the statesmen tame  
Till the Legislature quits.

I'm a Legislative Pass:  
I have wondrous work to do,  
And I use the mighty mass  
Of my glories daily, too;  
I'm considered pretty nice  
By the hundreds of my friends,  
That I carry without price  
Till the Legislature ends.

I'm a Legislative Pass:  
I'm the master of the state,  
While the people think, alas!  
They are something wise and great;  
Treat me kindly every day,  
As I summon dear delight  
Down the legislative way  
Till adjournment is in sight.

[187]

I'm a Legislative Pass:  
Fly with me,—there's no expense,—  
From the weary ways of gas  
And the halls of eloquence;  
Let us travel far and fast!  
Soon we'll journey nevermore!  
For I know my day is past  
When the Legislature's o'er!

---

## Little Sermons.

The dog that believes in you is more inspiration than the tawny lion that distrusts you.

It was all right for the Christ to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," but I'd rather keep him on in front where I can watch his tricks.

The man of most exemplary habits never finds congenial spirits to herd with. The marvel is not that Christ was crucified, but that he was allowed to live till he was thirty-three years old.

---



Fold the hands and let him rest!  
He shall sorrow nevermore;  
Grief has done her worst and best,  
But his grief is o'er!

What to him the dangers dark,—  
Terrors of the waveless stream?  
God shall guide the helpless barque  
Through the shadowed dream!

He has fought with storm and strife,  
He has conquered, all alone;  
He has plucked the rose of life  
For his very own.

Farewell to the world of sighs!  
He has laid the burden down;  
Here each grief and sorrow dies,  
And he claims the crown!

---

### **Caught on the Fly.**

Fate is blamed with all the failures for which laziness is responsible.

The world may owe you a living, but you'll never be able to collect it till you foreclose the mortgage by hard hustling.

However late some people get up in the morning, they always have plenty of time to spare for other people's business before bedtime.

---

### **With a Song.**

No matter what the weeping,  
No matter what the wrong,  
Just toss a kiss to trouble  
And soothe him with a song.

When all the world is winter  
And storms unceasing throng,  
Just clasp your hands with sunshine  
And warm them up with song.

When fortune flies the window  
And leaves you lonely long,  
Still hum the happy music  
And sing it out in song.

The summer time is coming,—  
Is coming good and strong!  
A welcome for the roses,  
A greeting full of song!

O, life is filled with shadows,  
And sorrow still is strong;  
But walk the ways with laughter  
And climb the hills with song!

---

Live your own life so happily to yourself that neither men, women or devils can swerve you one degree from the divine light shining upon your direct pathway to the stars.

---

### **De Hant!**

## I.

De Hant he come en hollah f'um de  
honey-locus' tree:  
"Ah'd thank yuh, Mistah Niggah, foh  
dat money yuh owe me!"  
But Ah gib Mis' Sal a banjo, en a silky  
scarf toh Chloe,  
En de cotton's sho'ly squandah'd en  
dat's all dis niggah know!

## II.

De Hant he come en hollah f'um de  
bahn's ole gable deep:  
"Whah's dat New Yaar Resolution dat  
Ah gib you-all toh keep?"  
But Ah kep' it en Ah kep' it, twel ole  
Satan come erlong,  
En dat New Yaar Resolution got a  
move on mighty strong!

## III.

De Hant he come en hollah right above  
de cabin doo':  
"What yuh done wif all dem good t'ings  
dat Ah tole yuh 'bout befo?"  
En Ah dassent answeh nothin'! En de  
ole Hant stay en stay!  
When dis niggah wuzzent lookin', all  
dem good things run away!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

[191]

When Hope comes on the scene, Trouble has urgent business over in the next settlement.

Don't wait to plant a flower for your neighbor until it has to blossom beside his tomb-stone.

Growling at the weather may give the tongue plenty of exercise, but it never buys meat and potatoes or swells the bank account.

Be confident. No coward heart ever won an important battle, and the battle-field of life is the one that demands the fullest courage.

---

## Little Sermons.

Be thankful as long as there is a buttered side to your bread; and when the butter runs out, thank God for the bread!

Charity covers the sins all right, but many a poor sinner gets mighty short of blankets in the cold winter times of folly.

One heart of love and two glad lips of song have lifted many a mediocre soul up the slopes of happiness to the bright, eternal morning.

---

## That New Year Resolution.

[192]

Dat New Yaar Resolution  
He come to me en say:  
"Ah likes de looks ob dis heah place,—  
Ah hope yuh'll lemme stay!"

O, listen, listen, bruddehs!  
Ah axed de angel in;  
Ole Satan come en raised a row,  
Ah tuhned him out again!

Dat New Yaar Resolution,  
He scrumpshus company;  
But dat fust day Ah's satisfied  
He all too good foh me!

O, listen, listen, bruddehs!  
A'll nebbeh tole yuh why,  
But when ole Satan come erlong  
Ah knowed it hed toh die!

Dat New Yaar Resolution!  
Ah hollahed toh him: "Say!  
Dis house am mighty crowded;  
Ah wush yuh'd go erway!"

O, listen, listen, bruddehs!  
Ah choke him in de th'oat;  
En when ole Satan come erlong,  
He wrop him in his coat!

---

## "Said Governor Tom."

[193]

Said Governor Tom to the law-making  
boys:  
"You are green at the bus'ness, I  
know;  
It is well that you move rather slow;  
If you'll let me advise,  
You'll be worthy and wise,  
And the people secure in their joys,—"  
Said Governor Tom to the boys.

Said Governor Tom to the law-making  
boys:  
"I will warn you of dangers that lurk  
In the ways of your dangerous work;  
If the lobbies entice,  
You should take my advice,  
And turn a deaf ear to their noise,—"  
Said Governor Tom to the boys.

Said Governor Tom to the law-making  
boys:  
"In the passing of measures  
immense  
Is involved quite a lot of expense,  
And the armies that stand  
When there's peace in the land  
Are the most unproductive of toys,—"  
Said Governor Tom to the boys.

[194]

Said Governor Tom to the law-making  
boys:  
"It is well to remember the wills  
Of the people who settle the bills,  
And the anger that lurks  
In the hosts at the works  
Is a matter that greatly annoys,—"  
Said Governor Tom to the boys!

The boys heard the message, each  
sentiment seized,  
And then went ahead and did just as  
they pleased;  
And no one would know  
From the way that they go,  
From the money they spend and the  
peace they destroy,  
What the Governor said to each law-  
making boy!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

If some people couldn't worry, or make others worry, they'd never have a moment of happiness.

Don't go gunning for happiness. When you are least expecting it she squats at your feet and hops out to meet you.

---

## Little Sermons.

[195]

If there wasn't a Devil, some people would have nobody but themselves to blame their sins on.

When we link hands with pleasure for a few minutes, we forget all the wisdom Trouble has taught us through the years.

Some people like to move about so much, that if they bought a ticket for heaven they'd insist on getting a round-trip in order to be on the safe side.

If the golden streets could be dug up and carried off to the smelter, there'd be whole battalions of people lined up before daylight with grubbing-hoes on their shoulders waiting to stake off claims.

---

## Mister Ground Hog.

Ole Mistah Groun'-hog rouse hisse'f  
Fum dat long nap he take;  
He say: "Ah 'spec' Ah'd bettah move,—  
It's gittin' late, my sake!"

So he jes' rub his ole eyes wide,  
En dress up foh a stroll;  
He wax his whiskehs up, en den  
He crawl out ob his hole!

[196]

Up yondah shine de big red sun,  
Eh-blazin' in the sky,  
En at his side his shaddeh walk,—  
So Mistah Groun'-hog fly!

He skeehed so bad he tuhn him 'roun'  
En say, "Ah wake too soon;  
Ah'll jes' go home en take a nap  
'Twel Sunday aftehnoon!"

So Mistah Groun'-hog run en run  
En crawl his deep hole in,  
Toh snooze ehway foh six moah weeks  
'Foh he wakes up ehgin!

---

## When Trouble Came.

Ole Trouble come toh ouah house  
One stohmy day en say,  
"De road am hahd toh trabble,—  
Ah hope you'll lemme stay!"

He staht toh hang his hat up,  
En pull his ober-coat:  
Ah box him oh de eah-muffs  
En choke him in de tho'at!

Ah say, "Ole Mistah Trouble,  
Ah'm pleased so much toh say  
Dis house am mighty crowded,—  
You-all jes' go ehway!"

[197]

Ah take my happy fiddle  
Up dah beside my hat,—  
Ah play him Ole Dan Tuckeh,

## Wanted a Bill or Two.

"Where are you going, Rastus?" inquired the reporter of an old negro at the depot.

"Ah's gwine obah toh Guthrie whah dem legislachuh men am passin' dem bills!" was the reply. "Ah's done libed hyah long ernuff, anyhow, en ef Ah git obah whah de bills am a passin' dey may pass a few whah my pockets stay, sho'!"

---

Whenever you find a man who has made an ignoble failure of managing himself properly, you'll always find one who thinks he could give the Lord pointers on running the universe.

---

## Look out for Trouble.

[198]

When yuh see ole Mistah Trouble  
Jumpin' high ehlong yoh way,  
Jes' twis' yoh lips toh puckah,  
En whistle night en day!  
He'll nevah stop a minute  
Toh tell yuh how-de-doo,  
But take ehcrost de kentry  
En jump de fences, too!

Doan' spen' yoh time eh-gazin'  
Up yondah at de sky:  
It shuah will make yoh dizzy  
En pain yoh lit'le eye;  
Jes' keep yohse'f eh-lookin'  
Clah down de way yuh go:  
De bulgine sho'ly comin'  
De fus' thing dat yuh know!

Doan' twis' yoh neck, my bruddeh,  
Eh gawkin' at de sun;  
He'll shine up dah forebbeh  
No mattah whah yuh run;  
Jes' look out foh de bresh-piles  
En cross de mud-holes slow:  
'Twill keep yuh mighty busy  
Watchin' dese hyah paths yuh go!

---

Don't growl if Fortune didn't trust you with more. Just think what a fool she would have been to favor you with greater gifts!

---

## The Good Times Song.

[199]

Sing a song of good times!  
Life is full of bliss,  
And the merry music  
Who shall dare to miss?  
Joy delights the valleys,  
Plenty's everywhere,  
And pleasure swells the chorus  
Till we conquer care.

Sing a song of good times!  
That's the tune for me;  
The bow's upon the fiddle  
And the fiddle's full of glee!  
It's swing your pardners, honey,

And swing them all the night;  
The good times call the measures  
And we're dancing to the light!

---

## **Nobody Hurt.**

"I hear that Slugem and Hittem met last night."

"Yes, so they did."

"Which one of them got the worst of it?"

"Oh, there was no damage done. They made it all up, and nothing suffered but their New Year Resolutions!"

---

## **In the Legislature.**

[200]

"An' Oi say, Moike," said Patrick O'Ferrall, to his neighbor Mike O'Neill, "Oi say, Moike, have ye heerd from yer bye Dennis lately who wint out wist?"

"Thet Oi hev, Pat."

"An' how is the poor bye gettin' on?"

"The divil take it, Pat, thet's whut breaks his mither's heart ontoirely. He wroites me thet he hez jest bin sintinced to the Legislachoor fer two years!"

---

Life, and labor along its way,  
Life, and a shade of sorrow;  
But Love is there with her lips of song,  
And the sun shines out tomorrow!

---

To live life happily, to work life earnestly, to leave life fearlessly,—what greater success ever crowned with ivied laurels the infinite brows of Adam's mortal sons?

---

## **On Behalf of the Minority.**

[201]

Note—(The Oklahoma Legislature has a republican majority in both houses, and the following is supposed to be uttered by one of the democratic minority.)

To the Sleek and Fat Majority: We  
recognize your smoke,  
And in meek and humble fashion we  
have passed beneath the yoke;  
We've no foolish reservations: all the  
earth is yours to claim  
With the grandeur of its glory and the  
fullness of its fame;  
So accept our due submission; all we  
ask is that you give  
Ample chance to filibuster and  
preserve the right to live!

In the manner that Respectable  
Minorities behave,  
We shall justify the title while the  
heathen rage and rave;  
And according as 'tis written we shall  
every one be good,  
Though we smash the logs you're  
rolling into fancy kindling-wood,  
While we stir the sleeping animals  
with long and lively prods

To the pleasure of the nations and the  
laughter of the gods!

And we pity you sincerely! You had  
quite a job at hand  
To divide the loaves and fishes as the  
bosses made command!  
Fifty places for five hundred hungry  
souls that wild cavort  
Is a work requiring statesmen of the  
most exalted sort:  
And we weep our tears of sorrow as  
we're looking on at you,  
While you bump the heads of many  
and anoint the chosen few!

[202]

You shall pass appropriations, tossing  
out the toothsome "pork,"  
In a way to please the faithful and to  
keep the "boys at work;"  
And whatever seems the proper thing  
majorities should do,  
Why, the ocean's there before you and  
the course is up to you;  
But remember as you voyage that we  
have a little boat,  
And we're always steering madly  
tow'rd a record making vote!

We'll play our own part bravely, and  
we'll play it o'er and o'er:  
Approve, condemn, and criticize, like  
statesmen gone before;  
We'll rant about "the people, sir!" and  
shout "economy!"

And stab appropriation bills each  
opportunity;  
And long preserve our "honesty"—  
unstained and white as snow:  
Since you have swiped the offices,  
that's all we have, you know!

[203]

And our task shall be most pleasant!  
Underneath the shade we'll flop  
While you fellows do the sweating for  
the legislative crop!  
We shall criticize your labors; if you  
reach the roads of doubt,  
We shall lend the hand of wisdom and  
in mercy lead you out;  
And at last, the harvest gathered, we  
shall sift the good and true  
For our own exalted portion while we  
leave the bad for you!

And after while the time will come,  
howbeit soon or late,  
When we shall guide the government  
and steer the ship of state,—  
When we shall trade our craft for  
yours, and our proud flag shall  
float  
O'er battle-ships of greater things as  
people then shall vote;  
And then we'll show you something  
else beyond the hearty strife,  
And do our best to visit you with touch  
of higher life!

---

## At Valentine's Day.

[204]

The Wind came out of the poppied

East,  
And said to heart of the lonely earth:  
"I bring you laughter and love  
increased,  
And all the music of might and  
mirth;  
I bring you dreams that were born  
above,  
And melting kisses as sweet as wine;  
And one waits lorn with her lips of love  
And dimpled arms, for her  
Valentine."

The Wind came out of the brazen  
North,  
And said to heart of the grieving  
world:  
"I bring a message, I call you forth  
Where Love the flags of her faith  
unfurled;  
I tell of peace that is sweeter far  
Than song that croons where the  
tropics twine;  
For one waits long 'neath the northern  
star  
With eyes of love, for her Valentine."

The Wind came out of the winsome  
West,  
And said to heart of the longing  
race:  
"I bring you tidings of all that's best,  
Of love and laughter and loved one's  
face;  
I come from red of the reeling sun,  
I bring you dreams of the things  
divine,  
And at the rim of the world waits one  
Who lists for the call of her  
Valentine."

The Wind came out of the sweet-  
breathed South,  
And said: "I carry her call to thee;  
She waits with songs in her mellow  
mouth,—  
She waits, and her lips like the  
corals be!  
She waits with embraces of long  
delights,  
And eyes that utter a language fine,  
—  
There, there, in the aisles of the  
romping nights,  
She waits for the call of her  
Valentine."

O, call of this world to the world that  
dreams,—  
Sweet call of the Near to the Soul  
Afar,—  
Beyond the shadows of earth's cold  
themes,  
There's one that waits where the  
love lights are!  
There's one that waits with her cheeks  
aglow,  
And eyes earth-round with a fearless  
shine,  
And Near and Far with their linked  
hands go  
To mate with the fate of their  
Valentine!

[205]

[206]



## Little Sermons.

There is more religion in a home full of bread and butter than a hotel full of canvas-back and terrapin.

If the Lord sends a tin-cup full of happiness, don't spend your time upbraiding Him for not supplying a ship-load.

Some people are so unreasonable that if the Lord sent them a turkey they would raise a row because he didn't furnish a barrel of cranberries, too.

---

### A Valentine.

[207]

Don't you dare to tell me  
Love is old and gray!  
He's as young and rosy  
As the blooms of May!

Don't you dare to tell me  
Love is wed with wrong!  
All his deeds are holy  
With the smiles of song!

Don't you dare to tell me  
Love is only strife!  
Hands of his shall lead us  
To the perfect life!

Love and hope with happy  
Feet shall scale the sky,  
Through the dismal shadows  
To the bye and bye!

---

### Its Principal Work.

"Has the Legislature done much?" inquired one anxious citizen of another.

"No, not much," was the answer. "Its principal act was to pass a bill repealing Ground Hog day, but they fear the Governor will veto it."

---

### Life's Way.

[208]

When the heart grows weary  
Of the storm and strife,  
Don't you worry, dearie,  
'Tis the way of life!

'Tis the way we wander  
Through the world of wrong;  
Sorrow makes us fonder  
Of the smile and song.

Don't you weep or weary  
At the storm and strife:  
Love shall lead us, dearie,  
Through this tangled life!

---

### Caught on the Fly.

Some one's contrariness is responsible for nine-tenths of life's tragedies.

Popularity is an ice-box where men are preserved in cold storage against the fickle mob's changes in temperature.

When you board the train of life for the city of happiness, don't let Conductor Sorrow ring the bell and drop you off at the wrong station. Check your baggage through, and don't use the sleeping-car too much.

---

## Uncle Joe and Statehood.

[209]

(Note: The press dispatches indicate that Uncle Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is doing all he can to defeat the Statehood bill.)

If Uncle Joe'd come off the perch and  
let us build a state  
We'd resolute to beat the band and  
call him wise and great;  
We'd hand him taffy, chunk on chunk,  
and sling the sugar out  
Till that old duffer'd surely think he's  
what you read about:  
But your Uncle Joe is mighty and he  
has a stubborn will,  
And he's done malicious murder to the  
Statehood bill!

It is true the bill is faulty; it is true if  
we'd our way,  
It would need a lot of fixing ere it saw  
the light of day;  
But we beggars are not choosers, and  
just any sort of state  
Now would set the anvils roaring when  
we came to celebrate;  
And we think he's small potatoes and  
quite scanty in the hill  
When he sets himself to knocking on  
the Statehood bill!

If he'd just be rather friendly, we  
would praise him up a bit  
And we'd give him such a jolly that  
he'd lose his nerve and quit;  
But he carries him so haughty and he  
bangs his hands so loud  
That he scares the day-lights out us  
and he frightens all the crowd;  
And whate'er his plan or purpose, it is  
plain he's bound to kill  
That sweet child of all the statesmen  
that we call the Statehood bill!

[210]

If he'd listen to our troubles and his  
haughtiness relax,  
Then the bill we love and cherish  
would escape the butcher's ax  
But with him across the pathway, it as  
plain as day appears  
That our hopes are only rainbows and  
we chase them down the years;  
Oh, we wish him every gladness and  
we never wish him ill,  
But we hope he'll quit his meanness to  
the Statehood bill!

Uncle Joey! Uncle Joey! Won't you for  
the once be good?  
Won't you let us find fruition for the  
hopes misunderstood?  
If you'll only mend your manners and  
repenting let us in  
We will jolly you forever, we will pat  
your cheek and chin;  
Or we'll lay for you till doom's-day and  
we'll then be hoping still  
That the boys will overrule you and

[211]

## Small Bills.

"Is the Legislature passing any big bills?" inquired Weston.

"No I think not," said Preston. "I was over there the other day, and I couldn't even hear the crinkle of one bigger than \$10!"

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The homely virtues may be old, but they are still young enough to carry the world's burdens.

The crust on the pie at a charity dinner may be long, but it covers a multitude of culinary sins.

Every good thing in this world costs money; and since experience is the best thing of life it is always expensive, also.

---

## The Sunny Side.

[212]

Oh, no matter what the weeping,  
Or what awful ills betide!  
Let us walk the ways of gladness  
On the happy, sunny side!

When the sorrows come and settle  
With their tears and cares and pride,  
Don't believe their tales of sadness,  
For there's still a sunny side!

What's the use to go to weeping  
When the shadows wander wide?  
For the sun is shining somewhere  
And there's yet a sunny side!

It's no difference what the weather,  
What the flow of wind or tide;  
There's the holy joy of living  
And God keeps a sunny side!

---

## Keep Busy.

Don't sit down so lonesome  
Through the speeding years;  
Drink the wines of gladness  
And forget the tears.

Life goes down the distance  
Swift as eagle's flight;  
Stop to say "Good-morning."  
And it ends "Good-night!"

---

## Wait Awhile.

[213]

Don't you worry at the winter!  
There's a streak of shine about,  
And before the storm is over  
There's a daisy peeping out!

Spring is coming clothed in beauty,  
And her lilies laughing white

Wait beneath the melting snow-drifts  
For the days of their delight!

Over yonder smile the gardens,  
And the sky above is blue;  
And your sweet-heart trips the  
meadows  
With the roses red for you!

---

## Little Sermons.

A man's conscience preaches more eloquent sermons than the Savior on the Mount.

If men were less evil, it would be much easier for their fellows to walk the narrow way.

If the Bible reduced virtue to a mathematical demonstration of its cheapness over Vice, the mourner's bench would break down with the repentant sinners.

---

## At the End.

[214]

At the end of the day  
What reward shall we gain  
For the pleasures of play  
And the presence of pain?  
When the sun shall have set  
What reward shall we get?

As we sing and we sigh  
Through the years' tangled ways,  
Through the winter's wild cry,  
Through the blooms of the Mays,—  
When the years all have set,  
What reward shall we get?

Through the battle and strife,  
Through the right and the wrong,  
We shall climb to the life  
Where the years are a song;  
When the sun shall have set,  
There's a crown we shall get!

---

If the Luxuries and Vices were banished from this world, Virtue would get so rich in a twelve-month that she would summon them all back and give them greater liberties than they enjoyed before.

---

## A Popular Preacher.

[215]

"Ah done tole yuh, Sam, dat new pweacheh ob ouahs am de bestes' man in de pulpit dat ebbeh Ah see."

"How come, Rastus?"

"Why, doan't yuh know, de otheh night when de weatheh wuz so mighty col', he nebbeh said a wohd ehbout hell-fiah, but jes' exhohsted ehbout hebben bein' a wahn en pleasan' place whah de flowehs bloom en de wohteh millions git red heahs de whole yeah roun'; en sebenteen ob dem young sinnehs come up to de mohneh's bench en got 'ligion mighty quick!"

---

## An Incurable.

"And what is the peculiar derangement of this patient?" asked a visitor of the Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, as an especially abject victim was seen writhing and cowering in a padded cell.

"O, he is not insane,—he is just a common idiot," said the Superintendent. "He sent comic valentines, and they had no other place to put him!"

---

## Good Morning,—Good Night!

[216]

As life with its glories  
Crowds close in the light,  
Tell pleasure good-morning  
And sorrow good-night.

No matter what fortune  
Comes down in swift flight,  
Tell pleasure good-morning  
And sorrow good-night.

Walk still in the sunshine,  
Where blossoms bloom bright;  
Tell pleasure good-morning  
And sorrow good-night.

And out through the orchards  
Where mirth rules in might,  
Tell pleasure good-morning  
And sorrow good-night!

---

It is always easy to find plenty of weeds in the garden of life, if you are looking for weeds; but then even the weeds have blossoms of love upon them!

---

## Kansas Has Her Dander Up.

[217]

When Kansas gets her dander up and  
reaches for her gun,  
I think some folks will chase  
themselves and hike out on the  
run;  
I think the railroads will be good, John  
D. come off the perch  
And christianize the Standard Oil until  
it joins the church;  
I think the trusts and wicked men that  
once were all so bad  
Will mercy pray when once they know  
that Kansas can get mad!

The people there have stood a lot since  
first the state began;  
They've passed through many trying  
times as varied seasons ran;  
They've had the drouth, survived the  
flood, and isms good and ill  
Have overcome with sturdy heart and  
never-dying will;  
But now with patience broken quite  
new battles must be won:  
And Kansas has her dander up and  
reaches for her gun!

The Octopus must watch his ways and  
guard his awful arms,  
And keep his eyes peeled mighty close  
around the Kansas farms;  
The days of peace are over there! too  
long the robber-trust  
Has rifled all their pocket-books and  
left them but a crust;  
But Kansas has a sudden way of  
stopping all the fun,

[218]

When once she gets her dander up and  
reaches for her gun!

"John Brown of Ossawatimie!" There's  
freedom in the phrase!  
St. John with prohibition and old Peffer  
with his craze!  
And now the world is waiting for the  
fire-works and the sights  
When Trusts will get insomnia and lie  
awake of nights;  
For she will take the bakery and  
capture every bun,  
When Kansas gets her dander up and  
reaches for her gun!

O, bold and reckless financiers! Take  
warning ere you fall!  
You'd better stop awhile and read the  
writing on the wall!  
Your hands are red with human blood,  
they're dripping human gore,  
And by the gods above they swear, you  
shall not rule them more;  
With hands that act, with hearts that  
dare, she'll get you every one,  
For Kansas has her dander up and  
reaches for her gun!

[219]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The language of love is mostly adjectives of the superlative degree.

At twenty, life is purpose; at thirty, doubt; at forty, philosophy; and after that, experience.

No woman ever was so much of a woman that she was not still enough of a child to enjoy being petted and flattered.

---

## Rolling on to Glory.

Rolling on to glory,  
Still the old world goes!  
Still the ancient story  
Of the wants and woes;  
Here a little sighing,  
There a little song,  
Preaching, praying, dying,  
Down the ways of wrong!

Rolling on to glory,  
Still the old world goes,  
Through the battles gory  
Of the friends and foes!  
Here it sees a vision,  
There it gains a truth,  
Moving with precision  
To immortal youth!

Keep the laughter sunny  
As you walk the night:  
Neither might nor money  
Brings the living light!  
Still the ancient story  
Love, the Wonder, knows:  
Rolling on to glory  
Still the old world goes!

[220]

---

## **Don't Fall Out with Life.**

Don't fall out with life, my brother;  
It will please, you like as not;  
If you'll sort its pleasures over,  
You will find it worth the living,  
And it's all the one you've got!  
You would better keep it friendly  
And not rib it up to fight:  
It will play you joyous music,  
It will give you love unceasing,  
If you only treat it right!

Don't fall out with life, my brother,  
If it slaps you in the face:  
Every time it brings a shadow,  
Every time it gives a sorrow,  
There's a rain-bow 'round the place;  
O, its heart is filled with pleasure  
And its raptures slay the wrong;  
All the stars repeat its praises,  
All the suns exalt its glory,  
And you'd better join the song!

[221]

Don't fall out with life, my brother!  
If it has the wintry snows,  
There's the scarlet of the summer,  
There's the russet of the autumn,  
With the lily and the rose;  
It holds harvests for your labor,  
It has crowns for you to win;  
Open wide the glory-shutters,  
Fling the doors of deeds far-open,  
Till the sunshine saunters in!

---

## **Not Extravagant.**

"Are the members of the legislature extravagant in their habits?" inquired a suspicious citizen of a press reporter.

"No, not at all!" answered the veracious reporter. "I know several of them who came here at the beginning of the session with a clean shirt and a five-dollar bill, and they haven't changed either of them yet!"

---

## **Away from the Winter.**

[222]

Away from the Winter and all his wild  
ways,  
To the blossoms that smile in the  
spring's laughing days,—  
To the rivers that sing  
In the gladness of spring,  
Where the birds cleave the air on the  
love-laden wing!

Away from the walks of the snow-  
smitten town  
To the fields where the bees for the  
honeys go down,  
To the vales and the hills,  
And the love-singing rills,  
And the song of disconsolate, grieved  
whippoor-wills!

Away to the paths where the white  
lilies grow  
And the daisies besprinkle the  
meadows below;  
Where the roses blush new

In the arms of the dew,  
And the stars toss the sweets of their  
kisses at you!

---

### **Just be Patient.**

[223]

Don't you worry at stupidity! It may be  
trying some  
Just to keep your patience present  
when the dullard pounds the  
drum,  
And the discord of his rumpus fills the  
palace of your soul  
With a horrid inclination that you  
hardly can control;  
But the world keeps making music,  
and as on the ages fly  
It will learn the angel chorus, and will  
sing it bye and bye!

Don't you worry at the darkness! It  
may seem a little thick  
As through life's entangled thickets  
you your pathways try to pick,  
And the struggle for advancement  
seems so bitter as you roam  
Through these vagrant ways of wonder  
to the beacon-lights of home;  
Over yonder shines God's lantern! And  
the shadows all shall die,  
In the glories of the sunshine when we  
reach the bye and bye!

Don't you worry at the winter! When  
the snow is all about;  
It may seem a time of trouble for the  
blossoms peeping out,  
And the sere leaves of the forest and  
the dead grass of the hills  
Bring a set-back to the roses and the  
lilies have the chills;  
But the world is rolling onward! and  
the spring is drawing nigh,  
When the birds will spill their music  
through the blossoms bye and  
bye!

[224]

There's no need to get impatient! All  
the tangled ways will cease,  
All the outer darkness vanish, all the  
battles end in peace;  
All the griefs that vex and hurt us, all  
the ills that worry so,  
Shall forsake the roads we wander and  
the weary paths we go!  
Up and on the world forever! Up and  
on to meet the sky,  
And the Good shall slay the Evil in the  
blessed bye and bye!

---

### **Off the Reservation.**

There is war throughout the country!  
Don't you hear it rage and roar  
From the West Virginia mountains to  
the California shore,  
O'er the Illinois prairies and the  
valleys of Mizzoo,  
Far across the plains of Kansas and of

[225]



Oklahoma, too?  
'Tis the people that are marching!  
They've a purpose that is just;  
They have left the reservation and are  
smashing at the Trust.

It has been a time of patience; for the  
folks were slow to wrath,  
And they thought to go it easy down  
the Standard's stony path!  
But the loads were heaped too heavy,  
and the patient oxen broke  
From the proddings of the drivers and  
they splintered up the yoke;  
And however much the masters shout  
their curses through the dust,  
They have quit the reservation and are  
out to smash the trust!

Yet it was no sudden movement that  
expanded in a night:  
It for months and years was coming  
with tornadoes full of might:  
And the fuse was in the powder and  
the sure result was seen  
When Tom Lawson stuck a fagot in the  
mighty magazine!  
Then the people knew the Issue!  
Either yield or fight they must,  
So they quit the reservation and went  
out to smash the trust!

[226]

Tommy Lawson! Tommy Lawson!  
What a naughty boy you are,  
Stirring up the people this way till they  
rise and shout for war!  
Don't you wish you hadn't done it? You  
are like to break the rule  
Of the "System" and the Standard and  
disrupt the Sunday School!  
For the people are so earnest, in the  
ire of their disgust  
They have left the reservation and are  
out to smash the trust!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

If the bad people never made scandal, what would the good people have to talk about?

Opportunity may call once, but she never rings the bell for the servant when she finds us visiting our wife's folks.

The lazy man is always willing to give the hustler a big percentage for collecting the living that the world owes him.

---

## Don't Trade with Trouble.

[227]

Don't make a trade with Trouble!  
He would buy you bargain cheap,  
And you'd have to pay a ransom  
That would climb up mighty steep!

Don't sell yourself to Trouble,  
'Cause he banTERS you each day!  
Out beyond the snows of labor  
Wait the blossomings of play!

Don't make a trade with Trouble!  
Never stop to name a price;  
Tell him plain he'd better travel

Without any more advice!

Trouble never paid a dollar  
Of the mighty debt he owes;  
Don't sell yourself to Trouble  
And the sorrows that he knows!

---

## Little Sermons.

The Devil has such a good appetite that you can't afford to have him boarding at your hotel.

Broken heads are more numerous than broken hearts, and they also pay more fines in the police court.

When Faith and Hope leave a woman's heart, it is entirely empty of the graces; for Charity never had a home there.

---

## Life and Love.

[228]

Life, and the trouble that comes along,  
—

Life and the griefs it carries;  
But Love comes by with her lips of  
song,  
And the joy that forever tarries!

Life and the love and the bliss  
supreme,—  
Life and the smiles of gladness;  
And the song she sings is a holy dream  
Where the soul forgets the sadness!

---

## Where Love Abides.

We walk in the present as roamed we  
the past,  
With gladness before us and joys  
unsurpassed,  
And Love lights the new days as Love  
lit the old,  
With the smile of her joy and the laugh  
of her gold!

The world and its sorrows no longer  
supreme  
Fade away in the smiles of the  
wonderful dream,  
And the light of its love overshines the  
abode  
Of the shadows that falleth on  
beautiful road.

[229]

O, Sorrow, stay far in the desolate  
night,  
Where the black of your wings bears  
the black of your flight,  
And hasten, O tears, down the deserts  
that lie  
In the silences vast of the bleak bye-  
and-bye!

O, Joy, tune the stars till they sing  
through the night,  
While Love wreaths the lilies of Good  
with delight,—  
Till the stars fill the earth with the  
seraphim song,

And Love with her garlands hides all of  
the wrong!

---

### **Keep in the Light.**

It's no use to court the shadows!  
They will hide your heart in night!  
If you want to gather roses  
You must linger in the light!

---

### **It's Good bye, Mr Speaker.**

[230]

O, it's good-bye, Mister Speaker, when  
the motion to adjourn  
Says the stuff is off forever and forbids  
us to return!  
And there's much of tears and  
laughter, much rejoicing and  
regret,  
At the measures we enacted and the  
things we didn't get;  
But the sixty days are over! And this  
hope each heart imbues  
That the people are forgiving and our  
errors will excuse!

It was sixty days of labor with but little  
recompense;  
It was sixty days of struggle with the  
rivalries intense;  
It was sixty days of effort to enthrone  
the people's will,  
And to legislate the good things and  
the evil things to kill;  
And if we but scanty trophies for our  
battles can display,  
Still it's good-bye, Mister Speaker! We  
are going home today!

We have found there's something  
mighty in the large affairs of  
state,  
And we know beyond a question it is  
hard to legislate!  
For there stand so many fellows  
plucking at the public goose,  
That it's moving lofty mountains when  
you try to pull 'em loose!  
But it's good-bye, Mister Speaker! If  
we failed to do the best,  
Let's be glad at what we purposed and  
surrender all the rest!

[231]

It is pretty safe to figure that the  
legislature man  
Shall receive but scanty praises  
though he does the best he can,  
And with fellows on the left of him and  
fellows on the right,  
Full of sage advice and counsel, his is  
not a happy plight;  
But the record has been written and  
for us it stands for aye,  
So, it's good-bye, Mister Speaker! We  
are going home today!

O, it's good-bye, Mister Speaker, and  
it's farewell this and that,  
And it's wish you well, my brother,

with the work you labor at!  
And if we have missed our calling and  
we don't deserve applause,  
Nevermore we'll leave the furrow just  
to tinker at the laws;  
If we failed, 'twas worth the trying,  
whatsoe'er the people say,  
But it's good-bye, Mister Speaker! We  
are going home today!

[232]

---

## A Memory.

A scarlet on the maples,  
A daisy down below,  
And perfumes of the gardens  
That blossomed long ago!

Love lifts the face of morning,  
And walks the twilight late,  
And one is there beside me  
And leans across the gate!

Love sings her angel music  
Through all the laughing days,  
And we, the lovers, loiter  
Adown the rosy ways.

O, scarlet of the maples,  
O, daisies down below,  
And perfumes of the gardens  
That blossomed long ago!

---

## Richly Deserved.

"I see Jingles is becoming quite a poet. I presume he must have got a good deal for that last poem of his."

"Yes, I think he deserved six months for it, at least!"

---

## Sunny Side Out.

[233]

Though the skies are gray and gloomy  
And the shadows hang about,  
Yet the world is bright and bloomy  
When the sunny side is out.

There is still an angel chorus  
That shall put the griefs to rout,  
And the sorrows flee before us  
When the sunny side is out.

Then ring the bells of glory  
And swing them with a shout!  
This life's a laughing story  
When the sunny side is out!

And fill the lips with laughter!  
Let ancient worries pout!  
With joys before and after  
And the sunny side still out!

---

## Little Sermons.

It's a mighty poor religion that isn't better than some of its devotees.

If God is in your debt, you can meet the Devil's sight drafts on demand.

The honest doubter will be welcomed to glory while the canting hypocrite is hustled into the patrol wagon for the infernal regions.

---

## **Fishing Time.**

[234]

Yonder by the river  
Grasses growing green,  
And the wild birds singing  
Over all the scene!

Yonder by the river  
Violets are blue,  
And the skies are dropping  
Tender dreams of you!

Yonder by the river,  
Where the ripples sing,  
In the tangled thicket  
Burns a crimson wing!

Yonder by the river!  
We have waited long;  
Let us greet the sunshine  
With a smile and song!

---

## **Life's Eternities.**

Who can measure the dynamic force of one small life, or even of its smallest act? Verily, he that plants faith and hope in one brave heart and summons it with trumpet call to the lofty labors of the rolling years, has borrowed creative energies from the treasuries of God and throned eternal might to rule again among the skies!

---

## **The Days.**

[235]

Day-time and night-time,  
Bright and black weather,  
Life-song and love-song  
Blended together!  
Sorrow's an exile  
At Joy's high endeavor;  
Tears for a moment,  
Then laughter forever!

---

## **Little Sermons.**

A bowl of hot soup is sometimes more christian than a cup of cold water.

Even a bald-headed man can be a prophet. There was Elijah, for instance, whom the bears revenged.

Patience is sometimes imposed upon. Job not only had great suffering, but his friends lectured him about his sins.

---

Spring is the creative season of the world. Then all the creatures of earth and air, of sky and sea, find their well-loved mates, and though the individuals pass away, the pair grows all immortal in the children of their love.

---

When the birds come back! When the  
birds come back!  
There's a call of rolling music for the  
lonely hearts that lack,  
And across the hills and valleys that  
have silent been so long  
There's a lilt of love and laughter and  
a rhapsody of song;  
And the cares that brought the  
sorrows and the shadows bleak  
and black  
Hide away their gloomy faces, when  
the birds come back!

When the birds come back! There's a  
sky of sweeter blue,  
With the breezes blowing softer and  
the blossoms peeping through;  
There's a daisy in the meadows and a  
green upon the trees  
With a welcome for the songsters and  
their swelling melodies;  
And the pleasures trip the measures  
and their happiness unpack  
Over all the waking wood-lands, when  
the birds come back!

When the birds come back! Ah, the  
wonders of the spring  
And the blossoms that are longing for  
the choruses they sing!  
And the roses that are sleeping  
through the darkness of the  
night  
Till the love-song calls and summons  
to the lover and the light!  
Then we sail the seas of laughter,  
though the tempests lower  
black,  
As the blossoms greet the morning,  
when the birds come back!

[237]

When the birds come back! Ah, the  
days of heaven when  
All the songs shall sing forever down  
the perfect ways of men,  
And the lilies and the roses in the  
fields of death and doom  
Shall engarland all the path-ways with  
the bright of bud and bloom!  
What if long the wait and watching?  
What if sky and sun are black?  
Songs and blossoms come to meet us,  
when the birds come back!

When the birds come back! When the  
birds come back!  
O, the raptures and the rhapsodies  
that follow in their track!  
How the memories of by-gones and the  
joys of other days  
Smile again with angel faces down the  
world's entangled ways!  
And the pleasures come and crown us  
with the garlands that we lack,  
When the sunshine floods the valleys  
and the birds come back!

[238]

The rough way, the hard way,  
The way that seems so long!  
Yet still the sweet and happy way  
Across the fields of song!

The sad way, the dark way,  
The way that leads above;  
And still the bright and golden way  
Across the fields of love!

The love way, the song way,  
The way we gladly go,—  
The way of blossoms sweet and fair  
And all the dreams we know!

---

What the world may think of a man is of small consequence either to him or the world; but what he thinks of himself is of infinite and imperishable importance to all the realms of creation.

---

### **Mister Blue-bird.**

[239]

"Mister Blue-bird! Mister Blue-bird!  
Don't you think it's rather soon  
For the making of your music,  
And the striking of a tune?"  
"I have heard the lone trees calling  
And the meadows barren long,  
For the laughter of the lovers  
And the raptures of the song!

"I have heard the dark buds waiting,  
And the roses red to be  
Sent the wailing of their wishes  
In a message after me!

"Never think I come too early!  
I'm the messenger of spring,  
And the roses and the lilies  
Never waken till I sing!"

---

### **He has Lived in Vain.**

The poor man who never was a country boy, and made cider, milked the cows, ran off and went swimming, kissed the girls at apple-cuttings and husking bees, bred stone-bruises on his heels, stacked hay in a high wind and mowed it away in a hot loft, swallowed quinine in scraped apple and castor oil in cold coffee, taught the calves to drink and fed them, manipulated the churn-dasher, ate molasses and sulphur and drank sassafras tea in the spring to purify his blood,—that poor man has lived his sinful life in vain!

---

[240]

Good-bye to the shadows!  
Good-bye to the night!  
We'll walk in the sunshine  
And laugh in the light;  
And the roses and lilies of God's holy  
love  
With their garlands shall crown us for  
mansions above!

---

The hewers of wood and the drawers of water do but little of the real work of the world. The horse, the ox, the insensate thing of steam and steel, does quite as much and more. But the men who dream,—who put something of brain and heart and soul into the clods and fashion them into things of beauty for mankind,—these lift the burdens off the shoulders of the race and plant a song upon the lips of toil!

---

## "Say Good-bye to Sorrow."

[241]

Say good-bye to Sorrow,  
And her ways of night;  
Song for you will borrow  
Every sweet delight.

Say good-bye to Sorrow,—  
Put the rogue to flight;  
Pleasures come tomorrow  
With the blossoms bright.

Say good-bye to Sorrow!  
When she pounds your door,  
Tell her there's the highway  
And to call no more!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The hired hand who needs no boss to keep him busy earns double wages.

Money may buy bread and clothes, but every thing except happiness can be purchased on credit.

The monument and the mausoleum both perish from the world; but the dreamer who created them lives forever in the hearts of his fellow-men, and fashions daily something of their lives.

---

## The Call of the Master.

[242]

### I.

This the call of the Master, and this is  
the great Command:  
"Forward, march, to the shadows!  
Fare forth to the Slumber Land!  
There's the crown and the purple!  
And there is the smile and song,  
Past the ways of the weary, and over  
the hills of wrong!"

### II.

Forth at call of the Master! Still forth  
for his perfect grace!  
Sweet the vision of valor, and fair is  
the loving face!  
Swift the cradle forgetting, and far  
from the sob between,  
March to reign of the rain-bow, and  
dreams of the years unseen!

### III.

Rolls the sword in a circle! The whirl  
and the flash of fire,  
Burn the years like a cinder and claim  
for their monstrous hire!  
Croon of cradle, be silent! And down,  
thou curtain of doom!  
Weird as sobs of the midnight the  
dirge of the wailing tomb!

### IV.

Brothers, step to the music! Still on  
with a shout and song!  
Flags above for the triumphs o'er

[243]



struggles so lone and long!  
Croon of cradle and love-song! The  
ditty and dirge of strife,  
All are daughters of duty and call to  
the golden life!

## V.

See, the purples of even! Lo, Love has  
a rosy hand!  
Hate fades dim in the distance and  
grief is a far-off land!  
Sweet, 'tis time for the slumber!  
With croon of the cradle-song,  
Rest we there in the Father's arms  
where the little ones belong!

---

Dry your eyes, my love, and we  
Both shall laugh with rhapsody,  
Hand in hand through all the days  
And the world's peculiar ways!  
What to us unhappiness  
Of the sad heart's storm and stress?  
Joy shall hold our hands and twine  
Heart to heart through storm and  
shine!

---

## The Baby's Hand.

[244]

In these days of loot and lucre  
When no chap can get enough,  
And the man that wins the praises  
Is the one that gets the stuff;  
When the fellow with a plenty  
Of the "long green" at command  
Is the one that knocks persimmons  
From the tall trees of the land,—  
What for me shall such things matter?  
There's a glory more divine  
Than the jingle of the guinea with the  
baby's hand in mine!

O, it's nice enough,—the money,—  
When the weather's fierce and  
blue  
And the blankets of its comfort  
Come and warm the heart of  
you!  
But it soon demands the minutes  
Every hour and day and week,  
With the gall of angry despot  
And a most unmeasured cheek;  
So I'm reconciled to leave it and its  
tyrannies resign  
For the ways of love and laughter with  
the baby's hand in mine!

For the jingle of the dollars  
Soon disturbs the dearest  
dreams  
With the thunders of their madness  
And the rumble of their schemes,  
Till the heart and brain are weary  
And the revel of their roar  
Drive away the mirth and music  
From the longings evermore!  
But the skies above are bluest and the  
heavens all a-shine  
With the faces of the angels when the

[245]

baby's hand in mine!  
Mister Midas, take your millions  
And the glitter of your gold!  
Life has treasures where the heart is  
That have never yet been told!  
There are sweeter things to cherish,  
There's song of earth and sky,  
That are only faintest whispers  
Of the raptures bye and bye!  
You have little that I value! Let for me  
the roses twine  
With the laughter of the lovers and the  
baby's hand in mine!

---

## **Little Sermons.**

[246]

The prophets only dared to preach what other men felt but chose to conceal.

The Devil is only the personification of the evil things which men find in their own souls for conquering.

Courage is so rare in the presence of priest-craft that when it once speaks it fashions creeds for all the centuries.

---

## **Caught on the Fly.**

A Christian hand achieves more blessings than a religious heart.

If virtue were as expensive as vice, we would all be malefactors.

It takes plenty of grit to keep a proper edge on the tools of success.

There is always a hole for the fellow that wants out, if he is dirty enough to crawl or dig.

What matters it if the peaches are killed and the wheat crop proves a failure! The water-melon crop is still ahead of us, and a heaven of joy in every ruddy heart!

---

## **Love and Song.**

[247]

Ah, Love is no phantom,  
Love's never a dream!  
One hour in her kingdom  
Is life all supreme!  
And ever and ever  
The scepter she swings  
For hearts that are happy  
With laughter that sings!

And Song is her sister  
That makes for the feet  
All the carpets of roses  
And blossoms so sweet!

With hands linked together  
They wander the ways!  
How joyous their kisses  
For grief-laden days!

---

## **Sooner Sayings.**

The race is not to the swift but to the fellow who starts the night before.

Money not only makes the mare go, but it saves you from standing in line at the land-office.

A journey made before the proclamation is issued is a valuable experience and saves much

perjury afterwards.

We'll all go to the Promised Land at the time of the big opening; and God grant that we get a [248]  
filing on a fine claim and no contest.

There is no use in trying to sooner past St. Peter. Have your booth certificate properly signed and ready for inspection or he won't put your name down on the books.

Don't expect to hold down a claim in the New Jerusalem unless you live on it. This thing of using two poles and a hole in the ground for a homestead residence, won't work when you make your final proof.

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Clouds are found where the most flowers bloom: only the desert is a land of clear skies.

War may be a gentleman's game, but the Devil usually wins the most stakes before it breaks up.

All the griefs and tears of the world would cease if Love could only have her way for a very little while.

---

## All Fool's Day.

[249]

God bless the man who hallowed April  
First!

(Or was it, after all, some saintly  
woman?)

May countless barrels of honors  
brimming burst

Across the realms he rules so super-  
human!

A wondrous person he in every part  
With true affection filling all his heart!

For 'tis but proper that one holy day  
From all the hundreds should be  
consecrated,

While Nature triumphs over Arts'  
display

And Life's dear memories are  
celebrated:

This day is ours! Behold, no master  
rules!

We all are equals in the Realm of  
Fools!

The Cap and Bells to active work  
awake,

All dressed in motley garbs for their  
appearing,

With no disguises for the parts we  
take,

Forgetful of the maskings so  
endearing;

And we, the fools before we posed as  
men,

In common claim our heritage again!

E'en every dog, they tell us, has his  
day,

On which fond fortune comes and  
cheers and blesses;

And as the years roll on their endless  
way,

This one and that go by with soft  
caresses,—

How proper, then, that one day from  
the throng

Should unto Us and all the Fools  
belong!

[250]

There are no wise men to contest our  
claim,—  
This day is ours,—is ours without  
disputing!  
Who boasts his wisdom bows his head  
in shame  
And knows his folly ere it goes to  
fruiting;  
The truth we speak! Today we proudly  
know it,  
And in the open to each other show it!  
We meet as equals once for all the  
year!  
The wise and foolish shout with  
kindred laughter;  
No greater and no smaller fools  
appear,  
And Folly flouts the dullard calling  
after!  
No tryant reigns! No hoary falsehood  
waves  
Imperial scepters over willing slaves!  
Then doff the fetters and discard the  
chains!  
Today is ours and let us be rejoicing!  
Forget the wise men and their soggy  
brains  
While we our native follies now are  
voicing!  
We all are fools! Let all the Fools  
unmask!  
One great inheritance is all we ask!

[251]

---

Some men throw a dollar in the contribution box and immediately figure compound interest on it at two per cent per month.

---

## **In the Orchards of Spring.**

[252]

A cloud of white in the orchard  
And blossoms fair in the sun,  
When love comes by in the morning  
And sings till the day is done!

A cloud of white in the orchard!  
O, branches hung with the bloom  
At touch of her fairy fingers  
And breath of her sweet perfume!

A cloud of white in the orchard  
And skies with their deeps of blue,  
And songs of the purple morning  
That come at the thoughts of you!

A cloud of white in the orchard,  
Where Love and her feet has run,  
Where you came by in the morning  
And stayed till the set of sun!

O, cloud of white in the orchard  
And days with the skies of blue!  
And songs that were sweet with  
laughter  
And sang with the lips of you!

The white is there in the orchard,  
The blossoms break as of yore,  
But silent the song and the laughter  
For you will return no more!

---

## Sunshine or Shadow.

[253]

Sunshine or shadow,  
Righteousness or wrong,  
Here we pluck a blossom,  
There we sing a song;  
Whether morn or even,  
Whether noon or night,  
Stars are there above us  
With their love and light!

Sunshine or shadow!  
Through the changing years,  
There is love and laughter,  
There is toil and tears!  
But the stars above us  
Blossom in the blue,  
And the days are singing  
Through the lips of you!

---

The great souls of human history have come from the deserts and the waste places of the earth to wield the sword and to hold the scepter, to sing the great song and prophesy of holiness and peace. Solitude is the true mother of dauntless men, and from her divine ministrations they walk forth to lead and conquer and make new epochs in the history of the race.

---

## Dreams.

[254]

Day-dreams and night-dreams,—  
All the dreams you will;  
Black dreams and bright dreams  
Up and down the hill!  
What if nights are gloomy?  
What if days are sad?  
Life is always bloomy  
With the roses glad!

Day-dreams and night-dreams,—  
All the dreams you will;  
Love is there with kisses  
Through the good and ill!  
Love is there with music  
And her heart so true,  
And amid the shadows  
Still the eyes of you!

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Back-bone is the chief ingredient in the hash mixture of greatness.

There may be plenty of room at the top, but it's a mighty cold place to spend the winter.

Love never has time to spare from joy while she demands or listens to explanations of a fault.

---

## Teddy's on a Hunting Trip.

[255]

"Let the meeting be in order!" said the  
chairman, looking wise;  
(And a mountain lion was he of the  
most enormous size!)  
"There is business of importance to  
consider; for they say  
That a danger swift and sudden on a

special comes this way;  
I can feel it in my whiskers, and I hear  
it in the air:  
Mister Teddy's gone a-huntin' and is  
loaded up for bear!"

Then old Bruin rose: "This Terror has  
no pets among the brutes,  
And the first thing in his path-way is  
the first thing that he shoots!  
Even cotton-tails" (The rabbits in their  
burrows flattened out!)  
"Have no promises of safety when he  
wanders hereabout;  
From the grizzly to the chip-munk it is  
well to have a care;  
Mister Teddy's gone a-huntin' and he's  
loaded up for bear!"

Then up rose the wolf in wisdom: "I am  
sure that Bruin's right,  
And this Mister Man with Big Teeth  
slaughters every thing in sight!  
Why, they say he wears a slicker and  
sleeps close beside his nag  
On the pommel of his saddle in a  
mammoth sleeping-bag!  
We must watch him mighty careful or  
a common fate we share;—  
Mister Teddy's on a huntin' trip and  
loaded up for bear!"

"Mister Chairman!" Said the Old Deer  
with broad antlers great and  
strong,  
"I have roamed the woods and prairies  
and endured the dangers long,  
I've escaped the hunter's rifle, I've  
survived the winter's cold  
And the summer's heat undaunted,  
with a courage brave and bold;  
But my coward legs now tremble, even  
I the panic share:  
Mister Teddy's on a-huntin' trip and  
loaded up for bear!"

"Mister Chairman!" cried the  
Woodchuck in a voice, defiant,  
shrill,  
"By what right does Mister Big Teeth  
come to slaughter us and kill?  
Is not he our chosen ruler, sworn to  
keep the law intact,  
And to serve his faithful subjects with  
his every thought and act?  
Let us fight if he would slay us! Turn  
about is only fair,  
When he comes around a-huntin' and  
is loaded up for bear!"

"Treason! Treason!" cried the rabbits;  
"Treason! Treason!" shouted  
they;  
"If he wants to come and hunt us, he  
must have his bloody way!  
It would be the direst folly for the  
timid, helpless ones  
To combat the deadly bullets of his  
thunder-spitting guns!  
There's a better way to foil him,—'tis a  
way beyond compare,  
When our Teddy's on a-huntin' trip and  
loaded up for bear!"

"Resolved by all the animals through  
all the South and West,

[256]

[257]

When Mister Roosevelt comes along  
we'll take a quiet rest!  
We'll stay at home delightedly and all  
his dogs and guns  
Will never find us where we dwell with  
wives and little ones!  
Every rabbit in his burrow and each  
lion to his lair,  
When this Teddy comes a-huntin' and  
all loaded up for bear!"

[258]

They voted "aye" unanimous; and fast  
and far they hied  
O'er dale and desert, wood and plain,  
each to his ingle-side!  
They hid themselves so closely that no  
hunter cared to roam  
Where these the timid subjects each  
had fashioned him a home!  
They were too wise for Teddy and they  
still life's blessings share,  
Though Teddy went a-huntin' them all  
loaded up for bear!

---

## Sooner Sayings.

Blood tells when it comes to annuities and allotments.

God made the country, but it never fruited till the boomer boomed it.

---

The greatest heroes of the world are not those extolled in song or glorified with monuments and statues. They are the undiscovered ones who in tears and darkness lived their uttermost for the accomplishments of lofty purposes and failed utterly just before the triumph came.

---

## Sooner Sayings.

All town-sites look alike on the map.

[259]

A claim in the run is worth two in the lottery.

One contest beats a fire, and two are worse than a ship-wreck.

A stake on a home-stead is more valuable than a palace on an Indian allotment.

As smoke to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth, so is a contest to the poor man seeking a home.

---

## Little Sermons.

Eloquent sermons never saved a sin-sick soul.

Hate would narrow heaven to a one man's closet.

Charity is the first lesson in the school of righteousness.

The religion that feeds only the heart can never hope to save hungry souls.

If you shake hands with sin as you leave it, you will find it at the station to meet you when the train stops.

---

## In April Days.

[260]

The budding trees  
Perfume the breeze

With breath of blossomed mysteries,  
And soft winds play  
By grassy way  
Through every laughing April day!

Suns rosy rise  
Through turquoise skies,  
And life looks out through tender eyes;  
While cloudlets lift  
Through rent and rift,  
Where floating islands drive and drift.

Clear waters sing  
From stream and spring,  
With music in their murmuring,  
And where they drip,  
With thirsty sip  
A lonely violet lifts its lip.

The balmy croons  
Of tender tunes  
Sing through the drowsy afternoons,  
And faint perfumes  
Of bursting blooms  
Haunt all the aisles of dying glooms!

And dreams arise  
Of perfect skies  
And all the worlds of prophets wise,  
And tender hands  
Whose fond commands  
Lead fast and far through Love's sweet  
lands.

And bending low  
We fondly know  
The love-songs of the Long Ago,  
So sweet and fair  
With raptures rare,  
And lips of welcome waiting there.

O, fields afar,  
Whose echoes are  
Soft whispers flung from sun and star,  
Still faint and dim  
I hear your hymn  
Across the wide horizon's rim!

[261]

---

## Little Sermons.

Drowning men were never rescued by eloquent preachers who stand on the shore and shout at them how to swim.

The church that brings shadows to this world hangs no sunshine o'er the portals of the next.

The noblest ambition of good men is to pluck the thorns from among the roses of upright living.

---

## Without Embarrassment.

[262]

(John D. Rockefeller has recently offered the Congregational Missionary Society \$100,000; after much discussion, they have decided to take the money.)

It must be very trying  
When the wicked  
millionaires  
Desire to trade the pulpits  
Dirty dollars for their  
prayers;  
But I miss the shame, you see,  
And am happy as can be,



For John D.  
Rockefeller he  
Hain't a-throwin' any of his awful coin  
at me!  
Of course, if some rich sinner  
Should attempt to subsidize,  
I certainly would see, sir,  
If I dared accept the prize;  
But I worry none, you see,  
And my fancies all are free,  
For John D.  
Rockefeller he  
Hain't expressed a notion to be  
subsidizin' me!  
  
But I—I have the promise,—  
You may spread the joyous  
news—  
I get whatever millions  
That the churches may  
refuse;  
But I know still poor I'll be  
And from dirty dollars free,  
For John D.  
Rockefeller he  
Will never have occasion to pass on  
the coin to me!

[263]

---

### **In the Dark.**

It's all too lonely for speech,  
Too drear for a swift remark;  
I only grope till I faintly reach  
Your finger-tips in the dark.  
  
But there in the darkness near  
Where the shadows clutch and cling,  
Above the splash of the bitter tear,  
A song and the lips that sing!

---

### **Caught on the Fly.**

Poor cooks make rich undertakers.  
Self confidence is the sharpest weapon in life's fierce battles.  
It is our own infirmities that lead us to suspect infirmities in our fellows.  
Because it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom may account for the wives of so many  
owning all the property.

---

### **"When Teddy Squares the Deal."**

[264]

They tell us that the good old play  
We call the game of life,  
Is fair no more, and every day  
Leads on to more of strife;  
The cards are marked, the hands are  
stuffed,  
The players bunco feel,  
And graft has all the goodness bluffed  
Till Teddy squares the deal!  
  
The gamblers who have won the  
stakes  
By shady ways of wrong  
Will find of dough their biggest cakes

And sing another song;  
The loaded dice so used of yore,  
The marks that help the steal,  
Will disappear forever more  
When Teddy squares the deal.

Then honest men will have a chance  
To play an even game,  
And thrift and virtue swift advance  
To happiness and fame;  
No more will robbers ply their trade,  
Nor shout the tin-horn's spiel;  
The world will call a spade a spade  
When Teddy squares the deal!

He'll slay the "bear", he'll rope the  
"bull,"  
He'll make the brokers stare;  
He'll fill the jails with robbers full,  
And teach them to beware;  
He'll fill the rich man full of pains  
And millionaires shall reel,  
While poor men prosper in their gains,  
When Teddy squares the deal.

I think that life will be worth while  
When force and fraud no more  
Confederate with smirk and smile  
To grab the people's store;  
Get in the game! The laws will cease  
To help the robbers steal,  
And all the land will live in peace  
When Teddy squares the deal!

[265]

---

## A Date with Joy.

When Sorrow stops and hails you,  
Your pleasures to destroy,  
Just tell him, "Something ails you!  
I've got a date with Joy!"

"The roads are good for travel,—  
You'd better go away;  
Just hit the flying gravel,  
For Joy is here today!"

---

## The Gods and the Man-Child.

[266]

### I.

The Gods of Life to the Man-Child  
crept  
They whispered low as the Man-Child  
slept,—  
The God of Love and the God of Hate,  
And the God of the Glories Three;  
And smiles and frowns wove the Man-  
Child's fate  
In a crown that was sad to see!

### II.

"Come worship me!" said the God of  
Love,  
"And life shall equal the realms above;  
My cheeks are ruddy and white in  
turn,—  
And my lips are as red as wine,  
And Grief ne'er comes where the

pleasures burn  
And the joys that are slaves of  
mine!"

### III.

"Come worship me!" said the God of  
Hate;  
"Revenge is sweetest of faith and fate!  
To conquer foes that revile and leer  
With the scorn of the fiends of hell,  
Is work that brings to the soul good  
cheer  
And is worthy of doing well!"

[267]

### IV.

"There is no worship like that of me!"  
Cried long the God of the Glories  
Three;  
"I have no love and I have no hate,  
But the Power and Wealth and  
Fame;  
The crowns I hold are the crowns of  
state  
And of gold and the world's  
acclaim!"

### V.

The Man-Child woke from the world  
old dream,  
And launched his boat on the tossing  
stream;  
A God he sought that was none of  
these,  
But a greater and sweeter far,  
And question made of the rain and  
breeze,  
And the blossom and blazing star!

### VI.

He heard faint calls from the far-off  
days;  
He saw faint steps in the lonely ways;  
He caught faint glimpses by wayside  
path,  
As he threaded the shadows dim,  
And through the years with their  
peace and wrath  
In the quest of the soul for Him!

[268]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

Love heals the wound that truth only irritates.

The world offers no standing-room for the lazy man.

Palpitation of the tongue is the most chronic disease known to the race of women.

---

## Sooner Sayings.

The swift horse plants the first stake.

It is well enough to be early, but too early is worse than too late.

A quarter section isn't big enough for a potato patch when two men claim it.

---

## April 22, 1889-1905.

[269]

It is sixteen years since the race for  
homes,—it is sixteen years today  
Since we on that April morning lined  
up for the mighty race;  
And after the strenuous toiling and the  
griefs that have gone away,  
The fields are glad with their beauty  
and the land is a dream of  
grace.

We raced for homes in the desert  
ways, and we won them fair and  
square;  
We built so well as the swift years  
fled that life was a laughing  
thing;  
And the joys that come as the crowns  
of life, the joys that are sweet  
and fair,  
Build close their nests by the  
brooding eaves where the  
rose-vines climb and cling.

We knew when we entered the  
strange, new land there were  
labors of might to do;  
We knew that Want with his deadly  
sword stood guard at the  
desert gate,  
But far to the swarded prairies and  
valleys that no one knew,  
We spurred our steeds on the holy  
quest for the stars of a mighty  
state!

[270]

The Drouth came out of the sere  
south-west and the corn died low  
in a day;  
The copper sun looked out of a sky  
that burned with a molten fire;  
While Hope sank deep in the bravest  
heart, and over the barren way  
The dumb feet trailed in the steps of  
Want and dead was the old  
desire.

And Famine came with her sunken  
eyes from the dust of the  
parching fields  
And tapped the door with her bony  
hands and her fingers gaunt  
and thin;  
Ah, Hearts grow faint at the hunger-  
cry and the arm of the master  
yields  
When all the world is a heap of dust  
that its creatures wriggle in!

But Plenty heard of our want and woe,  
and gave with a lavish hand,  
And Love loaned ever her cruise of  
oil that never of fullness fails;  
The God of the rains heard all our  
cries and He watered the thirsty  
land  
And sent us a patch of turnips  
instead of a flock of quails!

[271]

O, years of the strife and struggle! O,  
years of the wrath and wrong!  
The hands of toil smote the sleeping

fields and they woke with the  
blooms of light;  
The homes we wrought are the homes  
of peace, where life is a tender  
song,  
And the pleasures romp through the  
laughing days and the dreams  
go down the night!

Between the seas of the big, round  
world there never was such a  
land!  
A land that walks in the paths of  
peace where the stars in their  
plenty shine;  
And the fields are fair with the  
harvests there and the gifts of  
the toiler's hand,  
And the fruit hangs red in the  
orchard trees and the grapes  
on the purple vine!

[272]

It is sixteen years since we ran the  
race, it is sixteen mighty years,  
And the days have come and gone  
again, with the gifts that the  
strong men claim;  
And after the days of the struggle, the  
grief and toil and tears,  
The wilderness smiles in its beauty  
'neath the stars of a wondrous  
fame.

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The younger a bride, the sooner a grass widow.

Lilies are pretty, but the old fashioned potato sticks closer to the ribs.

A magnate and his money are different propositions to the missionary societies.

---

## Willie's Easter.

When Easter Sunday comes along  
I hunt and hunt so hard,  
And find a nest of rabbit eggs  
Out yonder in the yard;  
They're red and yellow, blue and  
green,  
All colored every way,  
And when the rabbits lay their eggs  
I know it's Easter day.

[273]

My Mamma cooks a lot of eggs  
For little Bud and me,  
And says for us to eat ourselves  
As full as we can be;  
And then we go to dress ourselves,  
And find in every shoe,  
The rabbits left a pile of eggs  
As Easter rabbits do.

And Mamma tells us of the Christ  
Who came to earth and died,  
And was so good in all he did  
He soon got crucified;  
But when they took him from the  
Cross  
And buried him away,  
He came to life and rose again

And started Easter day.

And Mamma has some lilies, too,  
And glad flowers of the spring,  
And tells us how the world wakes up,  
And tells the birds to sing:  
And I like Easter mighty well,  
But what is best, I say,  
Is when you find the rabbit eggs  
And know it's Easter day!

---

## **Little Sermons.**

[274]

Faith is a great heart-cleaner.

The godly man never worries over hell-fire.

Good intentions never make the dollars ring in the collection plate.

A man's meanness and woman's frailty make a pair that prayer can't beat when they get together.

The Devil never attends the church of a scolding preacher. He knows that his presence is unnecessary.

If you want a balance in your favor on God's books, see to it that there is no balance against you on the books of men.

At the birth-hour of every soul, there overhangs a divine plan directing its plans and purposes. That plan is holy and immaculate; it has neither spot nor blemish; and as the soul walks out upon the highways of its life, dim whispers and faint intuitions try to teach the road it ought to travel to the stars. Happy the man who understands the story and walks with unerring feet the divine lanes of life and light until the shadows fall again!

---

## **The Blossom Ways.**

[275]

With one true heart and a hand that  
stays,  
This world rolls ever the blossom  
ways,  
And there as it roams the sweet paths  
over,  
The honey bees and the laughing  
clover!

And Love comes by with her lips of  
song,  
To hush the cries and the calls of  
wrong,  
Till life romps on to a merry measure  
With dimpled hands and a heart of  
pleasure!

---

## **Sooner Sayings.**

The swift horse makes the safe filing.

Getting in line is easy, but it's where you want to get that costs the money.

A mother-in-law may not be a popular member of the family, but your wife's folks will do to visit when the crops fail.

---

## **A Modern Love Story.**

[276]

Anent the present divorce agitation, I find in an old paper the following skit which is still in point:

Chapter I.  
They met in the Spring  
And admired everything.

Chapter II.  
In the Summer she said,  
"Yes, dear, we will wed!"

Chapter III.  
In the Autumn this pair  
Had a spat, I declare!

Chapter IV.  
In the winter, of course,  
They procured a divorce!

---

However it may happen, there are times when the common-place soul rebels at the petty chains of trifles and seeks acquaintance with the infinite. Then it is a companion of the stars, an associate of wind and wave, and all of Nature's immeasurable forces. Happy he whose sanity is so brave and strong as to walk with the blossoms at his feet and the stars above his head.

---

## **Sooner Sayings.**

[277]

Usury knows no law in a new country.

It's a poor claim that won't beat Arkansaw.

It takes more than a map and a real-estate sign to make a city.

All signs fail in dry weather,—except those of the money-lenders.

---

## **Better Hurry.**

Man, you'd better hurry!  
Life is mighty swift,  
Fled before you know it  
With the stars adrift!

Soak yourself with sunshine  
All the blessed day;  
Yonder come the shadows  
And the night of gray!

---

## **If Love Abides.**

Old Mister Trouble hides his face  
And crosses o'er the slope,  
When Love is laughing on the place  
And links her hands with Hope.

No matter if in darkest night  
Through tangled ways we grope,  
If Love abides with living light  
Still lip to lip with Hope!

---

## **The Rim of the Circle.**

[278]

### **I.**

We travel the rim of the circle; the  
center is under the feet;  
Today is the sire of tomorrow, the

noon and the night never meet;  
The mornings come out of the purple  
to die in the light of the day,  
And over the dead of the ages the  
living are up and away!

## II.

We travel the rim of the circle! The  
roses are ruddy and red  
Where the blossoms that burst into  
beauty are sleeping the sleep of  
the dead;  
And the trees in the deeps of the forest  
wave scepters of laughter and  
light  
Where the monarchs have perished  
forever and sheathed are the  
swords of their might.

## III.

We travel the rim of the circle! The  
peoples that struggled and  
wrought  
Are the dust of the ways that we  
wander, with truths they  
discovered and taught;  
And back to the morning we hasten,—  
the morning when nations were  
new,—  
For the Voice of the Master is calling,  
and still there is labor to do.

[279]

## IV.

We travel the rim of the circle, yet  
wider and wider it grows,  
Yet farther and farther it reaches till  
Love conquers all of her foes,  
And Faith to the far journey beckons,  
and Truth with her promises  
sweet  
Sounds the call of the masterful ages  
and hurries the march of the  
feet.

## V.

We travel the rim of the circle! Its path  
is a way of delight;  
The morning brings ever the noon-day  
and conquers the shadows of  
night;  
And whether we walk it a little, or  
whether we wander it far,  
Still widens the rim of the circle, and  
yonder the sun and the star!

---

## Playing the Game.

[280]

When Willie first began the game,  
He saw but little in it,  
And often wondered how he came  
To let himself begin it;  
But soon he learned the ball to hit  
A mighty blow elastic,  
And shouted at the rise of it  
With yells enthusiastic.

He talked so much of hits and runs,



Of strikes and fouls and bases,  
That we, the poor admiring ones,  
Could hardly hold our faces;  
His boasting never found an end,  
His bat was always ready,  
And every day he had to spend  
Some hours in practice steady.

He never seemed prepared for meals,

—  
The game held him completely;  
He kept so busy making "steals."  
And running home so neatly;  
And if a "home run" batted he,  
We could forget it never;  
His talk would all about it be  
Forever and forever!

Sometimes I think that Willie's game  
Is like the game life's playing:  
At first we wonder how we came  
Around here to be staying;  
And then we find the game is worth  
The stakes that humans stagger,  
And anxious are to win the earth  
With "home run" or "three-bagger."

[281]

We practice up from day to day  
To gain applause and prizes,  
And fool the precious hours away  
With toilsome exercises;  
Yet 'tis worth while whate'er the strife,  
Whatever you are doing,  
To play your best the game of life  
And keep the prize pursuing.

---

## Little Sermons.

Love pardons where the law condemns.

It's a poor religion that joins the church for popularity.

Both God and the Devil know that neither of them can depend on the hypocrite.

A cup of cold water bestowed in mercy has more christian qualities than millions of dollars given for the astonishment of men.

---

## With the May-time Blossoms.

[282]

### I.

Out with the May-time blossoms!  
How sweet is the May-time song,  
Far from the griefs and sorrows and  
all of the cries of wrong!

### II.

Out with the May-time blossoms,  
where the pleasures dance the  
light,  
And Love is a laughing fairy that  
kisses the lilies white!

### III.

Out with the May-time blossoms,  
where the mocking-bird is king,  
And the songs of the thrush in chorus

with all of the laughters ring!

#### IV.

Out with the May-time blossoms!  
For the lilies lead the way,  
And the roses blush their greetings  
and Love is the Queen of May!

#### V.

And the breezes whisper "Welcome"  
and sweet is the vale and  
stream!  
And life with the rose and lily is only a  
lover's dream!

#### VI.

Out with the May-time blossoms!  
Let youth and her fancies play,  
For Love is the light of the lily and  
Love is the rose's way!

[283]

---

### Caught on the Fly.

Even a dead lie has a poisonous sting.  
Social stars are not all of the first magnitude.  
Grit in men and granite in stone are similar qualities.  
Good opinions are valuable only as they come from good people.  
Love never yet held poison to the lips or poured vitriol in a wound.  
He only is truly rich who carries the sufficiencies of life within his soul.  
The musician who would be praised by the ravens must learn to croak in their serenades.  
Before great men can grow, the proper raw material must be provided. Pearls can't be made from putty.

---

### My Heritage.

[284]

I am rich in the treasures of earth,  
In the deeds that the fathers have  
done,  
And for me from the moment of birth  
All the gifts of the stars and the sun!  
  
At my feet have the multitudes cast  
What the ages have conquered and  
wrought,—  
All the wonders of present and past,  
All the truths that the sages have  
taught.  
  
I'm the heir of the sea and the sky,  
Of the storm and the sun and the  
star,  
And the morning of time toils for me  
Till I cross o'er the outermost bar.  
  
Every truth that the teachers attained,  
Every vision the dreamers have  
known  
Every thought the philosophers  
gained,  
Is forever and ever my own.

I'm the heir of the land and the sea!  
'Twas for me that they finished their  
quest;  
For they toiled the slow cycles for me  
And they wrought that my days may  
be blest!

[285]

---

## Shadow and Shine.

"This world is full of trouble,  
And of sorrows, too, my boy!"  
But Love is here with laughter  
And she dwells along with Joy!

"This life is full of grieving,  
Every pleasure to destroy!"  
But Love is here with gladness  
And she fills the days with Joy!

"This path is full of darkness  
And the gloomy ways annoy!"  
But Love lights all her candles  
And unveils the stars of Joy!

O, this world and all that's in it,—  
Life and every tiny toy!  
Love is all we crave or care for,—  
Love who links her hands with Joy!

---

## The Quest.

Over the hills that rise  
Still pursue the quest,  
Seeking in the shadows  
For the best,—the best!  
And beyond the summits gleam  
All the glories of the dream!

---

## Brighter than the Dreams.

[286]

Never mind the brooding shadows,  
Nor how dark they seem!  
Sweeter are the laughing meadows  
Than the dreams we dream.

Never mind the waves that sever  
As we sail the stream;  
Lo, the harbor's brighter ever  
Than the dreams we dream!

Never mind the griefs that wander  
Where no stars may beam;  
There's a heaven fairer yonder  
Than the dreams we dream!

Never mind the Sword or Miter,—  
Hard or holy theme;  
Brother mine, the world is brighter  
Than the dreams we dream!

Still the dream and still the dreaming,  
Through the tangled scheme;  
But the stars of love are gleaming  
Brighter than the Dream!

---

## Little Sermons.

The cup that runs over is the one that we neglect to empty.

Those who would lie down in green pastures must not sow too many weeds and wild oats.

---

### Howdy, Mister Summer.

[287]

It's howdy, Mister Summah!  
Ah's glad toh see yoh face;  
Ah hope yuh'll lak de kentry  
En visit all de place!

It's howdy, Mistah Summah!  
We'll happy be, Ah knows,  
Wid shiny watah-melons  
Eh-crowdin' in de rows!

So howdy, Mistah Summah!  
Ah's glad yuh back ehgin;  
We'll ten' de craps tohgetheh,  
En roll de melons in!

---

## Little Sermons.

Fast people demand a religion trained to their own pace.

Whatever may be thought of the teachings of conventional theology and its peculiar dogmas, it is undeniable that a moral and an upright manner of living secures the highest happiness for the human family. If death is only a passage-way to eternal sleep, still a goodly life is worth the living for the little years of this world only.

---

### Sooner Sayings.

[288]

Every man's horse is the fleetest, in the contest records.

Fortune favors the first man on the ground,—if he sets his stake and stays with it.

Statehood and "manana" are putting up a fierce contest to become exact synonyms.

---

### A Happy Dream.

"Ah had a happy dream the otheh night, Boss; jes' de happies' one I evah had in all my life!"

"How was that, Rastus?"

"Well, suh, Ah dreamed dat Ah wuz in a field of water-melons jes' eh-eatin' widout eitheh knife or spoon, en de juice a drippin' offen my chin in a reg'lah stream!"

---

### Still Going.

The black way and the bright way,  
And still we trudge along,  
With sunshine o'er each path-way  
And life a summer song.

The tear-drop and the heart-ache,  
And still we tread the years,  
With Love enough for gladness  
And Joy enough for tears!

---

When envy enters a man's heart, the devil never gives him any more attention.

The devil needs no mortgage on the Pharisee. He already owns him in fee simple.

When a man comes to believe he is better than his neighbors, it is high time he were hunting the mourner's bench.

---

### **At the Turning of the Lane.**

Say good-bye to grief and sorrow,  
Leave them in a high disdain;  
All the raptures come tomorrow  
At the turning of the lane!

What if over you the shadows  
And the nights of cold and rain?  
Yonder smile the laughing meadows  
At the turning of the lane!

Still the rose and still the rapture  
Woven through the tangled skein,  
And the joys we still shall capture  
At the turning of the lane.

All the rain-bows arch their story  
Bright above the hill and plain;  
If we wait, we'll see the glory  
At the turning of the lane!

---

### **At the Twilight.**

[290]

#### **I.**

As sure as the red years die, dear, as  
sure as the red years die,  
The day and the hour will come, dear,  
to whisper a last good-bye.  
When Love shall unloose the hand-  
clasp and under the heaping  
clays  
Shall hide in the shadows dark, dear,  
the dreams of the by-gone days!

#### **II.**

Whatever the paths we wander, they  
lead to the ways that part!  
One goes to the realm of shadows, one  
waits with a lonely heart;  
And tears that we weep together shall  
come at the cry of prayer  
And flow in a flood of grieving at  
pangs of the parting there.

#### **III.**

The roses will bloom as red, dear,  
through all of the laughing land;  
The lilies will grow as white, dear, but  
neither will understand;  
For what is the rose and lily to hearts  
that murmur and moan,  
With eyes that were bright all dim,  
dear, and one of us here alone!

#### **IV.**

[291]

Ah, one that is left shall murmur and  
ask of the bud and bloom,  
And question the awful silence and  
mourn at the gates of gloom;  
And call through the nights of  
darkness and sit at the doors of  
woe,  
And never an answer at all, dear, from  
lips that it used to know!

## V.

And one at the darkened window and  
door of the heart's old home.  
Shall wait with an unspoke welcome  
for one that shall never come;  
And one at the gate stand watching as  
there in the years before,  
While the latch of the gate is silent and  
one shall return no more!

## VI.

Whichever it be that goes, dear,  
whichever it be that stays,  
The lily and rose shall bloom, dear,  
through all of the lonely days;  
And all that we lived so bravely and all  
that we loved so long  
Shall dwell with the one that stays,  
dear, and lighten the lips with  
song.

## VII.

Enough that the joys were many, that  
Love was a sun and star!  
Enough that we knew the raptures as  
tired feet wandered far!  
Enough that the years were happy and  
sweet was the golden light  
That came at the first "Good Morning"  
and stayed till the last "Good  
Night!"

[292]

---

## Upward.

What matters the tempest,  
The storm and the night?  
Up yonder is glowing  
The rainbow of light:  
And o'er the red path-ways to glory we  
go  
The feet of our faith in their happiness  
know!

---

Success in its true sense is a personal and subjective matter, after all. Many have commanded armies and sat upon the purple thrones of the world with tear-stained cheeks and the unhappiest of hearts. Unless life has brought happiness to the one who spends it royally, failure of the most ignominious kind has been its dark achievement.

---

## Sooner Sayings.

[293]

The gate to a cow pasture has rusty hinges.

A horse's swiftness is not determined by the saddle he sports.

## Quit Grieving.

Don't you go to grievin'  
At the cry of grief;  
If you'll try to whistle  
You will find relief!

Mockin'-bird up yonder.  
Robin down below,  
An' the world a-singin'  
All the song's they know!

---

A rose is only a rose after all, however sweet and beautiful it may be. And a weed is no worse than a weed, however noxious or deadly its exhalations. Neither can reach into the realm of the other or invade the world of its supremacy. Stick to the world in which you are born, and throw no bouquets at the impossible or the unattainable.

---

## To the Dawn.

[294]

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,  
We go to the gates of day.  
Where the sweet light beckons on,  
dear,  
And the roses line the way;  
And whether the clouds are heavy  
Or whether the skies are blue,  
A song on the lips of love, dear,  
And a light in the eyes of you!

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,  
We go through the happy years,  
Where the feet of the joys have gone,  
dear,  
And the smile of the gold appears;  
And whether the fates are friendly  
And whether the blossoms few,  
The touch of the hand is brave, dear,  
And a song in the heart of you!

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear,  
We travel the dusty road,  
With the bruise of the battle's brawn,  
dear,  
And the weight of the labor's load;  
But whether we lose or conquer,  
And whether the rose or rue,  
A song on the paths we go, dear,  
And a smile on the face of you!

Hand in hand to the dawn, dear  
We go to the gates of day,  
Where the sweet light beckons on,  
dear,  
And the roses line the way;  
And whether the clouds are heavy,  
Or whether the skies are blue,  
A song on the lips of love, dear,  
And a light in the eyes of you!

[295]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

A man is what he is, not what he heaps around him.

When life passes into the rocking-chair existence, it has no energies for combat.

To have one friend who believes in you is more than to be a favorite of extreme good fortune.

---

## Little Sermons.

Untempted virtue is frequently only undeveloped vice.

When a man's religion brings a long face, he simply got fooled in the article he found.

So many people think heaven must be up yonder because they have never tried to find it here below.

---

### You Sang to Me, Dear!

[296]

#### I.

You sang to me, Dear, in the morns far  
away,  
When the birds of the spring sang the  
matins of May,  
And the songs that you sang to me  
then were as sweet  
As the whispers the daisies lisped low  
at your feet.

#### II.

You sang to me, Dear, in the noons far  
away,  
When the fairies of joy sang the love-  
songs of May,  
And the touch of your hand was as  
tender and true  
As the longings of love in the dear  
heart of you!

#### III.

You sang to me, Dear, in the nights far  
away,  
When the dews of the dusk kissed the  
rose-lips of May,  
And the dews of your lips were as soft  
as the dew,  
And your eyes were as bright as the  
stars over you!

#### IV.

[297]

O, the morn and the noon and the  
night, when your lips  
In the sweetest of raptures brought  
sorrow's eclipse!  
They have died with the years on the  
deserts of men,  
Yet your heart to my heart sings the  
love-songs again!

#### V.

And the blossoms still bloom on the  
beautiful way  
Where the dews of the dusk kiss the  
rose-lips of May,  
And the noon and the night from the  
far away shore  
Sing the songs that you sang, to my  
heart evermore!



---

## Caught on the Fly.

A bar-room full of laughter is more attractive than a home used for rag-chewing.

If a man stops to try on every shoe that fits him, he won't get dressed in time to build the fires in the morning.

Strength to do and to endure is the rich, ripe fruit of trial and struggle, grown only in the gardens of supreme courage.

---

### Jist a-Wushin'!

[298]

Jist a-wushin' fer the grass  
Whayre the brook's a-brimmin'  
An' the tow-head fellers thayre  
Strippin' off fer swimmin'!  
Wushin' fer to be a boy  
In the laughin' lan's o' joy,  
Whayre the rain-bows ring the  
medders with a rosy rim of joy!

Wushin' fer the fields o' green,  
Cow-bells jingle, jangle,  
An' the kids thayre on the swing  
In the tree-tops' tangle!  
Wushin' fer to be a boy  
Whayre no sorrows fun  
destroy,  
An' the rain-bows ring the medders  
with a rosy rim of joy!

Wushin' fer a fishin pole,  
Whayre the swallers chatter,  
An' the Bob-whites come an' call  
Through the cat-bird's clatter!  
Wushin' still to be a boy  
Whayre no grown-ups bring  
annoy,  
An' the rain-bows ring the medders  
with a rosy rim of joy!

Jist a-wushin'! Only that,  
Fer tho perished pleasures!  
Jist a-wushin'! Fer the years  
An' their squandered treasures!  
Wushin' still to be a boy  
With the wide world fer a  
toy,  
While the rain-bows ring the medders  
with a rosy rim of joy!

[299]

---

## A Happy Farmer.

What's the use to worry?  
Joy is coming nigh:  
Got the patches planted  
For the melons bye and bye!

What's the use to worry?  
Trust the rain and sky;  
They will stuff the melons  
Full of heaven bye and bye!

---

## Sooner Sayings.

When the cow-path fades, the section line appears.

The testimony in a contest case is often a startling work of fiction.

The booth certificate and the lottery number are worthless to the fellow that won't hustle.

---

### **In the Lap of Spring.**

[300]

Took a walk one day to hear  
Mister Blue-bird sing;  
Found old Winter sittin' there  
In the lap of Spring!

"Mister Winter!" So I said,  
"Guess you'd better hike!  
Give the lady here a chance  
At the rosy pike!"

---

### **Loafing.**

Loafin' in the sunshine,  
On a grassy bed,  
Dreamin' of the melons  
An' their hearts of red!

Loafin' in the sunshine,—  
That is what I said!  
Mockin'-bird a-singin',  
Tree-tops overhead!

Loafin' in the sunshine!  
All the cares are dead,  
Thinkin' of the melons  
An' their hearts of red!

Loafin' in the sunshine,—  
Work an' worry fled!  
Heart's a-dancin' hoe-downs  
With the roses red!

---

### **No Encouragement.**

[301]

"Ah tole yuh, boss, dat book whut yuh calls de Bible ain't no frien' to de cullud people," said Black Mose in a sceptical moment.

"Why, how is that Mose," said the preacher.

"Bekaze it doan't hol' no encouragement out foh de cullud sinnah! Now, ef Hebben wuz a place full ob banjoes en wohtah-millions, all de black raskels would suah come eh-runnin' to de moahneh's bench so fas' dey couldn' be bapsoused!" And the old man slouched away full of indignation at the barrenness of the heavenly promises.

---

Only the chemical tests of the long years can determine the true success or the utter failure,—the worth of a great deed or the nothingness of a mean act. The world's esteemed immortals have survived the shadows of oblivion only because of precious deeds they wrought for fellow men. The rags of yesterday are exchanged for purple robes as the centuries pass, while the crowns of today fade and crumble into forgetfulness. No man succeeds because he becomes a king or fails because he remains a peasant.

---

### **The Grip of the Prairies.**

[302]

Up and down the world I've wandered,

over land and over sea,  
With the rivers rolling under and the  
mountains over me,  
And as sure as truth is certain, you will  
find this saying so:  
When the prairies grab a feller, they  
will never let him go!

For there's something in the stretches  
of the plains that comes and  
takes  
All the loves and all the longings for  
their own exalted sakes,  
And the man that gets to breathing of  
their glories day and night  
Finds the prairies hold his heartstrings  
in a grip that's good and tight.

He may tread the balsam forests with  
their whiffs of fir and pine;  
He may sail the tossing oceans and  
inhale their breaths of brine;  
He may walk the rosy valleys, climb  
the mountains to the snow,  
But if once the prairies grab him they  
will never let him go!

Ever see the sun rise proudly from the  
prairie's naked rim  
Filling up the world of wonder till it  
overflows the brim?  
'Tis a glory that's unrivaled! 'Tis a  
most exalted sight,  
And the prairies that present it come  
and grab you good and tight!

O, the grandeur of the prairies! O, the  
seas of grassy plain!  
How they soothe with satisfaction all  
the hopes of heart and brain!  
'Tis a truth beyond disputing, and your  
own heart says it's so:  
When the prairies grab a feller, they  
will never let him go!

[303]

---

## Caught on the Fly.

The man who has only two hands has none to spare for his neighbor's business.

Some people get up and fool around in the dark so they can grumble at the lack of sunshine.

The man who laughs in the sunshine and sleeps when the shadows fall will never suffer much with the heart-ache.

---

## The Meadows of Morning.

[304]

The raptures grow the blossoms  
Over all the fields of May,  
And they bring the birds with music  
Just to sing the time away;  
O, brother, lift your voice  
In the anthems that rejoice  
While the roses rim the meadows of  
the morning!

The glad hearts send the gladness  
Over all the fields we go,  
And the glory of the sunshine  
Brightens all the world we know;  
O, brothers, come along!

Let us sing the rain-bow  
song  
While the roses rim the meadows of  
the morning!

The good Lord gives his bounties  
To his children through the  
years,  
And his gifts of love and labor  
Conquer all the griefs and tears;  
O, brother, bye and bye  
We shall reach the home on  
high  
While the roses rim the meadows of  
the morning!

---

## Fields of May.

[305]

Here's a road that's never long,  
Where it leads away  
Through the blossom and the song  
To the fields of May!

There the rain-bow bends above  
Bags of gold, they say;  
And there's laughter, light and love  
In the fields of May!

Here's the road that's never long!  
Come and let's away,  
Through the blossom and the song  
To the fields of May!

---

With all the strife and struggle after riches, the greatest joys of life are forever more the gifts of nature, within the reach of rich and poor alike, and beyond the measurings of gold. The clear sky and the green grass, the sunshine of the noon, and the dew of the morning, the blossom and the bird-song, good health and sound sleep, and the love of a man for a woman and of a woman for a man,—these have no prices in the catalogues of wealth and poverty alike.

---

## The Journey.

[306]

This life, my dear, is a varied journey  
And most of its ways are queer,  
But those who laugh through its work  
and wonder  
Will find that it holds good cheer;  
And whether we laugh or languish  
And whether we sigh or sing,  
I am sure that still  
There is good for ill  
And the flash of an angel wing!

The world, my dear, and the folk that  
use it  
Care naught for our waste or worth;  
The smile and sorrow of hope and  
hurry  
Are small to the brave old earth;  
And whether with pain or pleasure  
And whether with smiles or tears,  
There is something glad  
For the dark and sad,  
And we go to the blessed years.

The deeds, my dear, that we faint in  
doing,  
The dreams that we catch and

cherish,  
To those that walk in the ways beside  
us  
Are naught when they fall and  
perish;  
But whether they fail or triumph  
And whether the rue or rose,  
To the hearts that hold  
They are more than gold  
Till the years of the gods unclose.

[307]

It's up, my dear, with the purple  
morning,  
And death to the heart's annoy;  
No stop nor stay on the endless  
journey  
To rest on the hills of joy!  
And whether the paths are easy  
And whether the roads are long,  
There is rapture still  
For the ache and ill,  
As we wander the ways with song!

Yes, life, my dear, is a varied journey  
And most of its ways are queer,  
But those who laugh as they wander  
onward  
Will find that it holds good cheer;  
And whether we laugh or languish  
And whether we sigh or sing,  
I am sure that still  
There is good for ill  
And the flash of an angel wing!

---

## "When the Sad Time Ends."

[308]

What's the use to beckon trouble  
As you journey down the road?  
Life will find its burdens double  
If it cherishes the load!  
Keep a smile and be contented  
With the favors fortune sends,  
And the joys will romp around you  
Till the sad time ends.

What's the use to keep complaining  
At the gifts the good days bring?  
For each tear that flows from heart-  
ache  
There's a hundred laughs that sing;  
For the day that's dark and gloomy,  
God a hundred bright days lends,  
And his sunshine will be ceaseless  
When the sad time ends.

What's the use to go to growling  
When the comrades that you knew  
Turn their backs on all your kindness  
And unsheathe their knives for you?  
For the scamp that proves a traitor,  
You will find a hundred friends,  
And their golden hearts ne'er waver  
Till the sad time ends.

What's the use to welcome trouble?  
Chase it from the paths you go!  
There is always plenty of it  
If you cherish every woe.  
Keep your life alight with gladness  
Till a song each day attends;  
You will reach the land of sunshine  
When the sad time ends.

[309]

---

## Sooner Sayings.

The land office is the grave-yard of many a happy home.

In driving a settlement stake, one man is company and two's a crowd.

The ox-team makes a swift run when its owner understands how to drive them at the land-office window.

---

## Snake Bit.

"Did you have any accidents on the fishing trip?"

"No; none to speak of?"

"Any one snake bit?"

"Yes, but that's nothing. Bill Jones got snake-bit every time his clothes rubbed him, and hollered for whiskey; and in order to save any, we had to undress Bill and put him under guard for the general welfare."

---

## The Books.

[310]

### I.

Close the book and put it by!  
What it held of song and sigh,  
What it held of smile and tear  
Laughs and sorrows through the year!  
Pages dark and pages fair  
Each to each are wedded there,  
And no sage e'er understood  
What was evil, what was good!

### II.

Close the life and put it by!  
It was made of song and sigh,  
It was made of smiles and tears  
And the struggles of the years!  
Days of dark and days of fair  
Closely came and blended there,  
And but He who judges could  
Know the evil and the good!

---

Every day and hour from which Love witholds her smiles and hides her happy face is a desert path in the rose-fields of this life. Only he who welcomes the laughing goddess to his heart and holds her dear hands close with an abiding faith, receives that holy happiness discerning souls call a success worth having.

---

## Move Along.

[311]

Move along, brother!  
The way may be long,  
But yonder's the sunshine  
And here is the song.

Move along, brother!  
The rain-bow is red;  
The clouds with the shadows  
And darkness have fled.

Move along, brother!  
The turn of the lane!  
Here's laughing for weeping  
And pleasure for pain!

---

## The Sage.

Removed from pygmy ways afar,  
He feels the heft of sun and star,—  
He traces winding paths that go  
Beyond the ways that dullards know,  
And sails swift thoughts across the  
    seas  
Of God's unsailed immensities.

His vision sees the First and Last  
To present smallness welded fast,  
And he beholds with prophet eye  
The brotherhood of earth and sky,  
And, when Time's voyage wild is o'er  
The lights upon the farther shore!

---

## Still Onward.

[312]

What if the paths be dark and  
    shadowed still  
    The summit roads and hope hides in  
    eclipse!  
Beyond the tangled ways that murmur  
    ill  
    The touch of tender lips!

Forth on the dark ways though still  
    darker grow  
    The paths before the groping finger-  
    tips!  
Beyond the shadow years our visions  
    know  
    The touch of tender lips!

---

## Finis.

A sigh and a song,  
    And a song and a sigh;  
But the song helps along  
    To the sky bye and bye!

---

### Transcriber's note

The following changes have been made to the text:

In the Table of Contents:

Poetry:

Page number for [A Valentine](#) changed from 307 to 207.

Page number for [Life](#) changed from 158 to 168.

Page number for [Mistah Cotton](#) changed from 149 to 105.

Page number for [Off the Reservation](#) changed from 225 to 224.

"Our Joe's Home Again" changed to "Our Joe's Home [Agin](#)".

"Governor Tom" changed to "[Said Governor Tom](#)" and moved to appropriate place in the list.

"See the Side Show" changed to "[See the Side-Show](#)" and page number changed from 4 to 102.

Page number for [The Legislative Pass](#) changed from 187 to 186 and moved to the appropriate place in the list.

Page number for [The Little Boy Land](#) changed from 67 to 66.

[The Rim of the Circle](#) was moved to the appropriate place in the list.

"The Valley of Rest" changed to "[The Valleys](#) of Rest".

Page number for [Without Embarassment](#) changed from 269 to 262.

Prose:

Page number for [Caught on the Fly](#) changed from 282 to 283.

"Mighty Troublesome" changed to "Mighty [Lonesome](#)".

Page number for [Wanted to Hide](#) changed from 151 to 121.

Page 16: "dosen't lay" changed to "[doesn't](#) lay".

Page 16: "hair is the middle" changed to "hair [in](#) the middle".

Page 31: "the the care-clouded" changed to "[the](#) care-clouded".

Page 34: Added "[I](#)" to the first stanza.

Page 39: "Pie-millon" changed to "[Pie-million](#)".

Page 59: "roas'in' ears" changed to "[roas'in'-ears](#)".

Page 62: "And they they chew" changed to "And [they](#) chew".

Page 74: "whereever I roam" changed to "[wherever](#) I roam".

Page 76: "new-fangeled" changed to "[new-fangled](#)".

Page 78: "it shadows of woe" changed to "[its](#) shadows of woe".

Page 80: "Wid de jedgment" changed to "Wid de [judgment](#)".

Page 82: "Lumkinsville" changed to "[Lumpkinsville](#)".

Page 85: "all the vitrues" changed to "all the [virtues](#)".

Page 102: "harvesings of blame" changed to "[harvestings](#) of blame".

Page 104: "other fellow out" changed to "other fellow [ought](#)".

Page 106: "These is sunshine" changed to "[There](#) is sunshine".

Page 111: "food he easts" changed to "food he [eats](#)".

Page 158: "Good Bye" changed to "[Good-bye](#)".

Page 179: "Caugh on the Fly" changed to "[Caught](#) on the Fly".

Page 195: "battallions" changed to "[battalions](#)".

Page 217: "They ve passed through" changed to "[They've](#) passed through".

Page 227: "Trou le" changed to "[Trouble](#)".

Page 237: "when the birds!" changed to "when the birds [come back](#)!".

Page 240: "molasses and sulphur" changed to "molasses and [sulphur](#)".

Page 241: "Say Good bye" changed to "Say [Good-bye](#)".

Page 249: "Fools Day" changed to "[Fool's](#) Day" to match Table of Contents.

Page 253: "song and prophsy" changed to "song and [prophesy](#)".

Page 265: "millionairs shall reel" changed to "[millionaires](#) shall reel".

Page 266: "The whispered" changed to "[They](#) whispered".

Page 282: "May time" changed to "[May-time](#)".

Page 283: "vitriol" changed to "[vitriol](#)".

Page 284: "sun and the star" changed to "[the](#) sun and the star".

Page 293: "bouquets" changed to "[bouquets](#)".

Page 309: "Snake Bite" changed to "Snake [Bit](#)".



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