

Hagspiel, Bruno  
Cheer up! A prescription  
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# Cheer up!



DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES  
TECHNY, ILLINOIS



Let us sing a song of cheer  
That will last throughout the year;  
And your heart will fill with joy  
Just as mine — God's little boy.



CHEER  
UP!

*By*

(Rev.) BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V. D.



A  
PRESCRIPTION  
FOR  
WEARY SOULS



DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES  
TECHNY, ILL

IMPRIMI POTES

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Deacidified

When feeling "in the dumps," depressed, discouraged, melancholy, and generally at odds with the world about you, pick up this book and dip into it entirely at random, making no mental selection of any kind, but being absolutely indifferent to which little medicinal dose you are going to administer to your passé soul. While the homeopathic curatives inclosed in each pellet of wisdom are sure to have an occasional astringent or acid flavor, due to lack of sugar-coating, you may be sure that the ultimate result will benefit your whole system profoundly, eventuating in a final recovery from your temporary malady.

It is urged that the dose be repeated as often as the patient feels the need for it.

THE AUTHOR, YOUR PHYSICIAN



*This booklet "CHEER UP!" is the first of a series of five, commonly known as the "SUNSHINE BOOKLETS." While "CHEER UP!" is intended for people in every walk of life, the succeeding four booklets, "BE OF GOOD HEART," "HAVE CONFIDENCE," "TAKE COURAGE," and "LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS," have a special appeal for all those who desire a more ascetic spiritual approach to the problem of discouragement and pessimism.*

# Cheer Up!

An optimist is one who sees an opportunity in every difficulty — a pessimist is one who sees a difficulty in every opportunity. Which are you?



## A WORD ON DISCOURAGEMENT

Believe it or not, —

Once upon a time the devil decided to go out of business. He offered his tools for sale to whomever would pay the price.

On the night of the sale they were all attractively displayed, a bad-looking lot. They were Malice, Hatred, Envy, Jealousy, Sensuality, and Deceit, and all the other implements of evil. Each was marked with its price.

Apart from the rest lay a harmless-looking wedge-shaped tool, much worn, yet priced higher than any of the others. Someone asked the devil what it was.

"That's discouragement," was the reply.

"Why do you have it priced so high?"

"Because," replied the devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's conscience with that when I could not get near him with any of the others, and when once inside I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is so much worn because I use it with nearly everybody, as very few people yet know it belongs to me."

It hardly need be added that the devil's price for discouragement was so high that

it was never sold. He still owns it and is still using it. Beware of it!



Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

An optimist looks at an oyster and expects a pearl.

A pessimist looks at the same oyster and expects ptomaine poisoning.



## DEFINITION FOR A DICTIONARY OF GOOD CHEER

**PESSIMIST:** one who turns out the light to see how dark it is.



## THE OPTIMIST

We're always glad when he drops in — the pilgrim with the cheerful grin, who won't admit that grief and sin are in possession; there are so many here below, who coax their briny tears to flow, and talk forevermore of woe, with no digression! The man who takes the cheerful view has friends to burn, and then a few; they like to hear his glad halloo, and loud ki-yoodle; they like to hear him blithely swear that things are right side up with care; they like to hear upon the air, his cock-a-doodle. The Long Felt Want he amply fills; he is a tonic for the ills that can't be reached with liver pills, or porous plasters; he helps to make the desert bloom; he plants the grouches in the tomb; he's here to dissipate the gloom of life's disasters!

WALT MASON

The pessimist looked out at the street.  
Raining again. It had been going on for  
hours.

He held his head and moaned.

"Do you think it will ever stop raining?"  
he asked.

The optimist smiled.

"It always has," he replied.



Face the sunshine.

You will find that the shadows always fall  
behind you.



God helps those who help themselves.

But the optimist applies this knowledge:  
he believes that God will help him only if  
he makes every effort to help himself.



"Twixt the optimist and the pessimist  
the difference is droll;  
The optimist sees the doughnut,  
while the pessimist sees the hole.



## DISCOURAGED?

On May 6, 1896, the first successful flight  
of a heavier-than-air machine was made. Dr.  
Stephen Langley was the inventor. Most people  
and a vast number of scientists remained skept-  
ical, especially since the first official plane  
commissioned by the Government (in 1898)  
from Dr. Langley met with an accident in  
launching on December 8, 1903, and failed to



fly but fell into the Potomac River instead. Langley, wounded by the scorn of scientists and the neglect of the public, died of a broken heart on February 27, 1906. Only a few days after his unsuccessful attempt, on December 17, 1903, Wilbur Wright made the first flight with the Wright airplane.

In 1914 the old Langley airplane was taken from the Smithsonian Institution, and with Mr. Curtiss in the pilot's seat, it was flown, SUCCESSFULLY, over Lake Keuka. If only Dr. Langley had kept on trying longer. . . .



What indeed does not the word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind, loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.

THACKERAY



## THE OPTIMIST'S CREED

Promise yourself —

to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind;

to talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet;

to make all your friends feel that there is something in them;

to look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true;

to think only of the best; to work only for the best; and to expect only the best;

to be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own;

to forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future; to wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile;

to give so much time to improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others;

to be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON



## TWO SIDES OF IT

At the time of the Johnstown flood, Hank and Dave were neighbors.

Hank saw the waters rising and climbed out on the roof and lit his pipe calmly.

Dave launched his boat and was about to leave the house when he saw Hank on the roof.

"How be yeh?" he cried.

Hank reflected a moment, removed the pipe long enough to spit, and replied: "Not bad, considerin'."

"All my fowls been washed away," groaned Dave; "how about your'n?"

"Mine, too," said Hank; "but they wasn't much and the ducks kin swim."

Dave took up his oars and started to pull away.

"I see the water's up to your windows already," he warned as he left.

"Oh well," smiled Hank, as he nudged the chimney on top of the roof more comfortably, "them winders needed washing anyway."

## THE TWO FROGS

Two frogs fell into a tub full of cream and since they had not yet learned to swim they both were in a miserable predicament.

The one frog was a pessimist — and what else could be expected of a pessimist? He blubbered around, lost heart. "Poor me!" he whined, "I'm done for. I'm simply all through. No use trying. I can never get out of this mess of cream. Besides, I have to die anyway."

And he sank to the bottom and stayed there, a very dead frog.

The second frog was just as frightened and just as ignorant of swimming. But he was an optimist.

"What," he cried, "— to die here? Nothing doing! Let me out of here!" And he began floundering around and puffing to and fro as only a frog can — and lo and behold! to his utter surprise the cream, churned about so violently, turned to butter, and Frog No. 2 hopped out onto dry land — a very live frog.



### WE DON'T WANT THEM!

Keep your troubles to yourself,  
put them on an upper shelf;  
far away as they may be,  
where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share  
of affliction, pain and care;

why should you, though sorely tried,  
burden them with yours beside?

Give of treasures you possess  
loving care and tenderness,  
cheerful smiles or sordid pelf,  
but **KEEP YOUR TROUBLES TO YOURSELF!**

J. POLLARD



It pays to have an eye on the future, but not too much so. . . . You can easily take such good care of the future that you will find it "ain't there" when you arrive.

People who look too far ahead for opportunities to solve their troubles remind me of little Willie, who was invited to a birthday of a pal.

The cake, candy, nuts, fruit, were all just grand, and Willie did his share in putting them where they would do the most good.

"Won't you have some more, Willie?" asked the hostess smilingly.

"No, thank you," replied Willie, "I'm full." He seemed well satisfied with himself.

"Well then," went on the lady, "put some fruit and cookies in your pocket to eat on the way home."

Again appeared that air of smiling satisfaction.

"No, ma'am, thank you," replied Willie, "they're full too."



Before harvest must come a storm of rain.  
Before a tree takes root, the kernel must rot  
to pieces to liberate the seed.

In the immortal words of Francis Thompson:

"Nothing begins and nothing ends,  
that is not paid with moan;  
for we are born in other's pain  
and perish in our own."



An optimist and a pessimist looked at some roses.

"What a pity," sighed the pessimist, "that next to the roses are the thorns — and such large and sharp thorns too!"

The optimist smiled quietly.

"Thank God for this wonder," said he, "that He has so marvelously arranged everything in nature that next to the thorns He has placed the roses, the queens of all flowers."



When a man tells his troubles to another he usually exaggerates them so they really sound bad. After a while he believes them himself ... and then they ARE bad.

A man in charge of an aquarium divided a small tank into two sections with some plate glass, and in one section put small minnows, and in the other a healthy black bass of the vicious "small mouth" variety. For three days the bass kept charging into the glass partition to get at the minnows. At the end of that time, he desisted from further efforts, and surrendered to pessimism, melancholy and a sore head.

The keeper then removed the partition and the minnows of course swam all around the bass. But he paid no attention to them.

**HE WAS CONVINCED THAT BUSINESS  
WAS BAD!**

Death is the only thing that comes to the man who waits. If you want success, work for it. Don't wait for it.

It is not even wise (not to mention Christian) to be knocking all the time. Only a woodpecker can engage in constant knocking and get along all right. And he lives on grubs and insects.



## THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work,  
nothing to eat but food,  
nothing to wear but clothes  
to keep from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,  
quick as a flash 'tis gone,  
nowhere to fall but off,  
nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs,  
as well! alas! alack!  
nowhere to go but out,  
nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,  
nothing to quench but thirst,  
nothing to have but what we've got,  
thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,  
everything moves that goes,  
nothing at all but common sense  
can ever withstand these woes.



"The past is death's — the future is thine own," wrote ethereal Shelley.

What are handicaps but means of bettering ourselves in the very sphere in which we are apparently inferior?

Jimmy Archer of the Chicago Cubs became one of the greatest baseball catchers in the game BECAUSE of a serious accident in his youth which gave him a crooked right arm. A serious burn he received shriveled up the tendons of the arm so that he could not throw as well as others. By practicing a snap throw, hour after hour, Jimmy hoped to straighten out the crooked muscles. This served him in good stead as a catcher, for from a squatting position he could burn them down to second base with the speed of a bullet and without moving from behind the bat.

Ducornet, the famous French painter, was without arms. His desire to be a painter was so great that he taught himself to paint with his toes — and succeeded marvelously. His historical scenes and portraits fetch good money today. He just would not let this handicap keep him behind his fellowmen.



Keep looking at the bright side of things. The silver lining is there.

A baker left the gas turned on in his shop one night and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it.

The resulting explosion blew him clear to the middle of the street.

A passerby rushed to his aid, picked him up, asked solicitously: "Are you hurt?"

The baker paused in brushing himself off, looked at his shop which was now burning briskly, and chuckled, "Bless you, brother, no! But I got out just in time, eh?"

If you are a real optimist you know no fear or discouragement.

You would admire the spirit of the young medical student who was asked by an old friend what his plans were.

"Well, I'm planning to become a great surgeon." The friend looked doubtful.

"You know," he objected, "the profession is crowded already...."

The young man smiled confidently.

"I know," he said, "but now that I have started in, those already in the profession will just have to take their chances. That's all."



## NEVER COMPLAIN!

"O my God, I will never complain." You will get heaven by keeping this one resolution — "Never to Complain." We are always rebelling or inclined to rebel. Oh! how few are the exceptions to this sweeping accusation. We are all, of us inclined to rebel, and most of us do rebel, and are perpetually rebelling. We forget the little compact that God enters into with all of us. It is this He says to each one of us, "My child, walk on submissively in the stormy path I have marked out for you during your few years of trial here, and in reward of your obedience to My will, I will bestow on you an eternity of happiness." This compact really exists; it has been made with every one of us. How beautifully St. Paul alludes to it. "For I reckon," he says, "that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come that will be revealed in us" (Rom. 8, 18).



To survive you must struggle.

Scientists tell us the greatest fighting animal of all time was the prehistoric saber-tooth tiger which had swordlike teeth extending a full foot from its jaw. It could kill without difficulty any animal that ever appeared on the face of the earth.

The most superb fighting machine Mother Nature ever turned out died because it was too good to live.



Keep within your limitations and you'll be contented. Don't worry over the fact that the next man seems to be getting further than you. Perhaps he isn't and it is all just "front." Remember J. K. Bang's funny little verse?

I love to watch the rooster crow.  
He's like so many men I know  
who brag and bluster, rant and shout,  
and beat their manly chests without  
the first damn thing to brag about.



On a train trip I once met a man who seemed so soured on life that I was hard put to it to console him. Remembering how St. Ignatius danced a lively Spanish dance before a gloomy novice to cure him of the "blues," I managed to swing the conversation around to the point where I asked him the difference between a pessimist and an optimist.

"I don't know," he replied.

"It's quite simple," I came back. "A pessimist looks at a bottle containing some liquid and says: "Oh, golly, it's half empty"; but the optimist smiles as he looks and he says: "Glory be, it's half full."

Thanks be to God, the man laughed. A sense of humor was still left him to help save his soul. Always be on the lookout for the whimsical things in life; the world

"is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,"

as Robert Louis Stevenson put it. (PS. Don't forget, he, too, suffered all his life from an incurable malady.)



The Sage of Concord, Emerson, urges us:

"One topic is peremptorily forbidden to all rational mortals; namely, distempers. If you have not slept, if you have the headache, or leprosy, or a thunderstroke, I beseech you by all the angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning. Come into the azure and love the day."



## WORTH WHILE

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows on like a song;  
But the man worth while is one who will smile  
when everything goes dead wrong;  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
and it always comes with the years;  
and the smile that is worth the praises of earth  
is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent  
when nothing tempts you to stray;  
When without or within no voice of sin  
is luring your soul away;  
But it's only a negative virtue  
until it is tried by fire;  
And the life that is worth the honor of earth  
is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,  
who had no strength for the strife,  
The world's highway is cumbered today;  
They make up the sum of life.  
But the virtue that conquers a passion  
and sorrow that hides in a smile —  
It is these that are worth the homage of earth  
For we find them but once in a while.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



## KEEP UP YOUR GRIT

Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say.  
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your  
way.

Sitting down and whining never helps a bit;  
Best way to get there is by keeping up your  
grit.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes  
down;

Grab a spar or something and refuse to  
drown;

Don't think you are dying just because you're  
hit;

Smile in the face of danger and keep up your  
grit.

Folks die too easy — they sort of fade away;  
make a little error, and give up in dismay;  
kind of man that's needed is the man of ready  
wit,  
to laugh at pain and trouble and keep up his  
grit.

LOUIS E. THAYER



The man who borrows trouble will never  
lend smiles.



It ain't no use to grumble and complain,  
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;  
When God sorts out the weather and sends  
rain, —  
why, rain's my choice.

JAMES W. RILEY



Those who bring sunshine into the life of  
others, cannot keep it from themselves.

J. M. BARRIE



Where you can't remove an obstacle, plow  
around it.

LINCOLN



## WORRY

What plows deep wrinkles in the face?  
What robs of beauty and of grace?  
What makes gray age come on apace?  
'Tis worry.

What weighs us down with loads of care?  
What wraps in gloom this earth so fair?



My birdling friend and I  
Look upward to the sky,  
And merrily we sing;  
We know that God on high  
With ever-watchful eye,  
Guides us in everything.

What ends too oft in dark despair?  
'Tis worry.

What chases kindly sleep away?  
Makes labor bitter all the day?  
And banishes each cheering ray?  
'Tis worry.

What paints the future dark and drear?  
Makes phantom foes seem real and near?  
and racks us with tormenting fear?  
'Tis worry.

What fills the mind with gloomy doubts?  
What crowds our faith in heaven out?  
What puts the soul to utter rout?  
'Tis worry.

Oh, why, then, should we anxious be?  
Does God not care for you and me?  
Just trust Him, and He'll set us free  
from worry.

O. S. HOFFMAN



## KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON

If the day looks kinder gloomy,  
and your chances kinder slim,  
and the situation's puzzlin',  
and the prospect awful grim,  
and perplexities keep a-pressin'  
till all hope is nearly gone —  
Just bristle up and grit your teeth  
and keep on keepin' on.

Fumin' never wins a fight,  
and frettin' never pays;

There ain't no good in broodin' in  
those pessimistic ways;  
smile just kinder cheerfully  
when hope is nearly gone,  
and bristle up and grit your teeth  
and keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'  
and grumblin' all the time,  
when music's ringin' everywhere,  
and everything's in rhyme;  
Just keep on smilin' cheerfully  
if hope is nearly gone,  
and bristle up and grit your teeth  
and keep on keepin' on.



## ADVICE FROM A PRESIDENT

"Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow; and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, — but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

A. LINCOLN



Look around you once. Lift up your head to the stars. Marvel at the wonders God has spread around you: the Milky Way at night, the blue skies at day, the sun and the flowers, the picturesque panorama of this brave earth. Keep a mental pair of rose-colored glasses, and use them when the outlook seems dismal and befogged. It is our vision which makes

the picture, but the picture itself, as are all the good things of God's making, is compact only of lovely things. Remember Stevenson's immortal lines?

"Two men looked out from prison bars;  
The one saw mud; the other stars."



## HAVE NO VAIN REGRETS

Of all sad words  
of tongue or pen  
the saddest are these:  
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Let's add this thought  
unto this verse:  
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
A GREAT DEAL WORSE.



The darkening streets about me lie,  
the shame, the frets, the squalid jars;  
But swallows' wings go flashing by,  
and in the puddles there are stars.

F. LANGBRIDGE



Charles Lamb used to read the old English dramatists looking eagerly for anything comic or whimsical — while right in his own home he had a terrible tragedy living, as it were, with him: his insane sister. Yet he asserted: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."



Blessed is he who can laugh, for he shall have company.



Farmer Jones was a real optimist.

He started work one morning with the hired hand.

"Well, Jake," he said, "here we have forty rows to hoe."

Jake took a hoe, spit on his hands and looked rather glum. Forty rows were a powerful lot to hoe.

Farmer Jones decided Jake had the wrong view of things.

"Now, Jake, when we get these two rows hoed, and eighteen more, the piece'll be half done."



Talking about hoeing reminds me of Spurgeon's sage remark: "Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts."



Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather.

RUSKIN



Disappointment — *His* appointment  
— Change one letter, then I see  
that the thwarting of my purpose  
is God's *better* choice for me.



The White Knight (in "Alice in Wonderland") who carried a mousetrap with him for fear he might be bothered with mice on his travels, has his counterpart in many of us.

Don't let the genie of worry out of the bottle; unlike Sinbad, you may not be able to get him back in again.

Have you ever awakened with a start sweating with terror or fright over some impending calamity or fear or worry . . . and try as you might have found yourself unable to remember one tittle or jot of the incubus that scared you out of sleep? Aren't most of our waking hours beset with worries which we would do better forgetting just as quickly?



The famous preacher Beecher exhorted his audience once to have a high regard for work, as a solvent for worry. "Work is healthy! you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. But worry is rust upon the blade. It is not movement that destroys the machinery, but friction."

And in *Harper's Magazine* I recall having read last year about a detailed study into the reasons why people grow old and die. And apart from disease over which we have little control, I gleaned the general summation that the heart-trouble which causes millions of deaths annually is provoked chiefly by worry over matters which never repay the time wasted on them, and which breed a race of brooders prone to disease and death.

Not for nothing have men such as Mohandas Gandhi (known better as Mahatma Gandhi) or Jawarhalal Nehru — both the leaders of India — achieved such mastery of their fellow men. Their poise and freedom from useless care, whether in jail or traveling about the country almost ceaselessly (Nehru journeyed 100,000 miles over India

in a little over a year, which is SOME traveling in India, where the railroads are few, and primitive methods obtain), their calm and placid acceptance of whatever comes enables them to lead full lives, crowded and busy, but devoid of all the frenzied agitation that characterizes our own businessmen or other leaders.

Have you ever noticed that the men who really amount to something are the ones who have learned how to take things in their stride — and "take it easy"? They might be busy and have myriads of affairs waiting on their attention, but they somehow emanate an effortless manner in handling their affairs. Lincoln, President Roosevelt, Edison, Ford, typical Americans all, yet all of them stamped with that indefinable ability to get things done without worrying about them to the extent they are deeply affected in their next task.



Be one who never turned his back, but  
marched breast forward;  
never doubted clouds would break;  
never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph;  
held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
sleep to wake.

BROWNING



Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope.

HELEN KELLER



Be matter of fact: first get to the bridge,  
then cross it.

And meantime, don't worry whether you  
get to the bridge or not.



Are you almost discouraged with life, little  
man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick  
That will bring you contentment, if anything  
can —

Do something for somebody quick.



When the outlook is not good, try the up-  
look.



What does your anxiety do? It does not  
empty tomorrow of its sorrow; but oh! it does  
empty today of its strength.

IAN MACLAREN



## THE OPTIMIST

The optimist's a cheerful man,  
He always wears a smile  
That beams from out his kindly face,  
and sweetens all his toils,  
He knows not anything of blues,  
He never once complains,  
He's happy when the sun doth shine,  
He's happy when it rains.

The optimist's a hopeful man,  
He's not the easy prey  
of dull, despondent, gloomy moods  
That drive all hope away.  
He's full of faith and courage too,

Fear dwells not in his breast,  
Serene, he waits the coming days,  
and tries to do his best.

The optimist's a helpful man,  
Man's burdens he would bear;  
Believing that God put us here  
each other's loads to share;  
He's full of human sympathy,  
shows kindness where he can;  
No wonder everybody loves  
the optimistic man.

O. S. HOFFMAN

## ◆ ◆ LEANING AND LIFTING

There are two kinds of people on earth today,  
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say;  
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well  
understood,  
The good are half bad and the bad are half  
good;  
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's  
wealth  
You must first know the state of his conscience  
and health;  
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little  
span  
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;  
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying  
years  
Bring each man his laughter and each man  
his tears.

No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean  
Are the people who lift and the people who  
lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's  
masses

Are always divided in just these two classes.  
And oddly enough you will find too, I wean,  
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.  
In which class are you? Are you easing the  
load

Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?  
Or are you a leaner who lets others bear  
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



An optimist, however light, who is still  
game to take hold and lift, is more helpful  
than the most powerful pessimist who has let  
go.

EDWARD S. MARTIN



You are stricken to earth? Well, what of that?  
Come up with a smiling face!  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there — that's disgrace.  
The harder you're thrown, the higher you  
bounce!

Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're beaten that counts,  
It's how did you fight — and why?

EDMUND V. COOKE



Dante's exile produced the immortal "Divina  
Commedia."

Wilde wrote his best book only after a  
harrowing session in prison.

Cervantes spent years of physical pain, isolation in prison, and then drudged through more years as a tax-collector for King Philip of Spain, before he emerged with the inimitable book on the "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance," Don Quixote.



It is not the work, but the worry,  
That makes the world grow old;  
That numbers the years of its children,  
Ere half their story is told;  
That weakens their faith in heaven  
And the wisdom of God's great plan;  
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,  
That breaks the heart of man.



Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

LINCOLN



Josh Billings' spelling was terrible, but his sense was solid stuff. Let's remember (and put in practice) what he said about "laffing":

"Anatomikally konsidered, laffing iz the sensation ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.

"Morally konsidered, it iz the next best thing tew the ten commandments. . . .

"Theoretikally konsidered, it kan outargy all the logik in existence. . . .

"Pyroteknikally konsidered, it is the fireworks of the soul. . . .

"If a man kan't laff there iz sum mistake made in putting him together, and if he won't laff he wants az mutch keeping away from az a bear-trap when it iz sot.

"Genuinely laffing iz the vent ov the soul, the nostrils of the heart, and iz just az necessary for health and happiness az spring water iz for a trout.

"Laff every good chance yu kan git, but don't laff unless yu feel like it, for there ain't nothing in this world more harty than a good honest laff, nor nothing more hollow than a hartless one."



"God gives us our faces; we give ourselves our expressions," wrote witty John Ayscough. In other words, a "sourpuss" is made, not born.



Two buckets met at the well.

One of them looked morose.

"What's the trouble?" asked the second bucket sympathetically.

"Oh!" replied the first, gloomy bucket, "I get so weary of being dragged to this well. No matter how full I am, I always come back here empty."

The second bucket laughed.

"How curious!" it chuckled, "why! I always come here empty and go away full. I'm sure if you started to think that way, you would feel much more cheerful."



In Ibsen's play "An Enemy of the People" Dr. Stockman is abandoned by his employers,



friends, acquaintances, but startles them all by declaring staunchly: "The strongest man in the world is myself" . . . and when questioned, he explains: "The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone."



Without question we conjure up most of our own evils, and forebodings and perplexities exist in our imaginations which do not have any substantial home in reality.

A pilgrim met the Plague going to Bagdad. "What are you going to do there?" asked the pilgrim.

"I'm going to slay 5000 people," boasted the Plague, with a hideous leer.

The pilgrim shuddered and changed his plans. However, sometime later he encountered a refugee from the stricken city and learned that not 5000 but 50,000 people had died in Bagdad.

And soon after that he met the Plague again, traveling to another city.

"You lied," accused the pilgrim. "You said you were going to slay only 5000 people."

"My friend," explained the Plague as pleasantly as it could, "I did kill only 5000, and the rest of the 50,000 died from fright."



The next time you are winding up your clock think of Emerson's way of computing time.

"Do not say: another hour of life is gone — but I HAVE LIVED AN HOUR."

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose  
the good we oft might win by fearing to at-  
tempt.

SHAKESPEARE



From remote India comes this Hindu prov-  
erb to assist you in bearing your trials —

"Help your brother's boat across the river,  
And lo! thy own has reached the shore."



Do not worry if you stumble — a worm is  
the only creature that can't fall down.



Every day we hear of skin restorers and  
beauty packs and mud baths designed to re-  
vivify the fading charm of women's faces.

Shall we tell you a little secret?

There is no greater restorer and freshener  
of your looks than an unfailing cheerfulness.  
An old lady I know has the skin of a baby,  
and her recipe is: laugh as often as you can,  
and when you can't, smile.



If you have the right viewpoint, your bur-  
dens will appear light.

A little Scotch girl was accosted by a pass-  
ing fellow traveler who was aghast at the  
size of the lad she was carrying, who was al-  
most as big as she was.

"Isn't that boy much too heavy for you to  
carry?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh no," she returned confidently; "he's na  
heavy ... he's ma brither."

Add this to the Beatitudes:

Blessed are the joy-makers.



Longfellow wrote some of the simplest yet most significant poetry of America.

American optimism can go no further than his lines starting:

"There's always morning somewhere."



Out of the mouths of innocents comes wisdom.

A little tot said to me one day:

"I'm so full of happiness that I just couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

You can be sure God was very close to that tiny bit of humanity.



Fate served me meanly, but I looked at her  
and laughed,

That none might know how bitter was the  
cup I quaffed;

Along came Joy and paused beside me where  
I sat,

saying, "I came to see what you were laugh-  
ing at."



Time and again people called on Lincoln, individually and in groups, on private and public business, during the dark days of the Civil War.

And time and again they went away astounded at the man who was able, in spite of all the horror and confusion raging through-

out the land, to sit and repeat to them humorous stories or brief witticisms. Some visitors were even disgusted at the Chief Executive who could waste time on such trivialities.

But Lincoln's jests and quaint stories were safety valves by which he kept control of his inner serenity in hours when a lesser man would have been driven desperate.

It pays to have a sense of humor and to cultivate it so it pays you dividends.

Even staid Dr. Samuel Johnson advised: "A man should spend part of his time with the laughers." And he was a man afflicted throughout life with an inveterate melancholy.



## NEVER SAY DIE!

Never say die! Let some one else pronounce those words over you.

Jay Cooke was penniless at 52. He had been a millionaire many times over, but at that time of his life he might well have succumbed to the ordeal facing him. Three thousand creditors had to be paid. He paid them all, and in the process of working to liquidate that debt, he built another fortune.

He is companioned in misfortune by Sir Walter Scott, whose romances thrilled Europe generations ago. Late in life, the great Scots writer found himself overburdened with debts incurred through the publishing firm he had sponsored. Strictly speaking, the debts could have been shifted to another man, but Scott began writing novels all over again and saw most of the obligations wiped off the books before death took him.

It is not enough to begin your work. Or your business. Or your studying. Or your enterprise no matter what it may be.

You must carry on . . . you must keep muddling through. . . . When seeing slack workers I am often reminded of the story I heard from the superintendent of a "nut factory" — a home for the insane.

One of the inmates decided he was going to write the best adventure story ever penned.

Three days later he called the keeper and showed him the manuscript.

The keeper obligingly took it and started to read out loud: "General Jackson leaped upon his faithful horse and shouted, 'Giddyap, giddyap, giddyap, giddyap' . . ." and so on for hole reams.

"What's this?" said the keeper bewildered. "Why, it's nothing but pages of giddyap."

"Ah," said the inmate cunningly, "can I help it if the horse won't move?"



"Give me your beliefs," said Goethe — "I have doubts enough of my own." Help people, don't hinder them.



To climb up a ladder you must be willing to make efforts. And to get to the top you must keep confidence. After years of struggling, Benjamin Disraeli, descended from Jewish parentage, managed to get elected to the House of Commons in England.

Finally the day arose when he was to deliver his maiden speech.

He set himself to the task with great flourishes and gestures.

The House roared with laughter and ridiculed him so that he never finished that speech.

He sat down.

But before he did, he paused and said, "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me."

And the time did come.

He ascended the ladder slowly but with confidence until the day dawned when he was a peer of the realm and the Prime Minister of all England, acclaimed for his statesmanship.



If you  
cannot  
get  
what you like —  
why not try  
to like  
what you get?



Why worry over what has not happened?

The Chinese are really clever people in the art of living. They know the answers.

They have a proverb: "To what purpose should a person throw himself into the water before the boat is wrecked?"



Mrs. Smith met Mrs. Jones after an interval of several weeks.

Mrs. Smith thought Mrs. Jones looked thinner than she had last time. "Are you taking

treatments or dieting, Mrs. Jones?" she asked politely.

Mrs. Jones, throwing up her hands, said: "Oh, no! That's only because of the trouble I have with my new maid."

"Why don't you fire her?"

"I'm going to," replied Mrs. Jones, "just as soon as she worries me down to 140 pounds, I'm going to order her out of my house."

This is the only instance, in all honesty, which I can recall of worry actually benefiting anyone.



Traveling in the Southland I met a Negro who was perpetually smiling.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"By years, sah," he grinned, "I'se 25. By all the fun I'se had, I'se 100."

How old are you?



The old Greek poet Pindar was wise in worth-while things.

Wrote he:

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
and every grin, so merry, draws one out."



What would we do without humorists?

J. K. Bangs has a good word for us:

"Don't worry, friend, because it's midnight;  
there's really nothing in it.

The sun is only out of sight,  
and he'll be back with lots of light  
in just a minute."



When we use the word merry, just what do we mean? The word comes from the old

Saxon, and was in imitation of the sound caused by the choking or strangling of an animal when seized by the throat by another animal. We still refer to the worrying of sheep by dogs; the seizing by the throat with the teeth; killing or badly injuring by repeated biting, shaking, tearing, etc. The word now means to tease, to trouble, to harass without killing, to annoy with care or importunity or anxiety. In brief, it is undue care, needless anxiety, unnecessary brooding, fretting thought.



Worry kills more people than work, because more people look for worry and work away at that.



A generation ago the lightning-rod agents made fortunes with their wares. They so preyed on people's fears that nobody felt safe unless he rigged up a lightning rod on his house. Today folks don't pay much attention to lightning rods. Aren't they wiser?



## CANTANKEROUS

is a good American word.

Otherwise you could use any of these substitutes; sour, crabby, grumpy, testy....

Personally I think "cantankerous" hits the mark, smack in the middle.

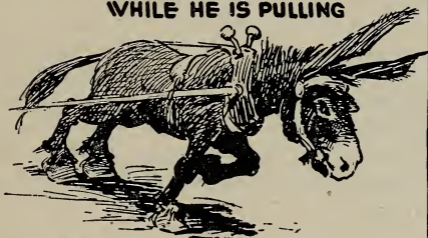
Dyspepsia, lost love, insomnia, the high cost of living, a stubbed toe — anything and everything will set off a cantankerous cuss like a match to gunpowder. He is just yearn-



**A MULE CANNOT  
PULL WHILE HE  
IS KICKING -**



**AND HE CANNOT KICK  
WHILE HE IS PULLING**



**NEITHER CAN  
ANY ONE OF US!**

*Chit*

## **A THOUGHT FOR TODAY**

A mule can't pull  
while kicking.

This fact I merely mention.

And he can't kick  
while pulling,

which is my chief contention.

ing to explode in any direction — even the weather will serve. As Mark Twain said: "Everyone talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." But your cantankerous individual creates the impression something ought to be done, and that it is a crying shame something isn't done.

Let's have a little general examination at this point: HAVE YOU EVER JOINED THE CRABBY ORDER OF CANTANKEROUS CUSSES?



Nature laughs. Everything in nature that is pleasant is honored with smiling or laughing adjectives: poets vie with one another in choosing words, such as happy, smiling, joyous, bright, merry, rippling, glad — add a few onto the list yourself and you will agree with me.

Only man, with his pride, does not laugh naturally. He must be startled into it. He pays money to go to theaters and have clowns cajole him into laughing. He makes a rite of laughing, at set times; he reserves his after-office hours for fun and frolic. Not that we ought to giggle our way through a day of work. Not much work would be done, I fear. But a steady joviality is good for the soul. And for whatever work you are doing, too.

If men had less pride and more willingness to laugh, they would not need so many hospitals. Doctors now agree that certain stomach ulcers are caused by nothing but worry.... Laugh! it's healthful — and it's natural.

Whenever I travel in the Southland, I am instinctively reminded of watermelons, that special delicacy of Negro palates.

And watermelons remind me of the best definition of worry I ever encountered.

It seems there was an Irishman who bought a watermelon — and, strange as it seems, he had never seen or heard of a watermelon before. Nor had his wife. When he lugged the green melon into the house, she looked at it in perplexity.

"What shall I do with it?" she inquired.

"Why," he scratched his head, "it's green, so I suppose you must bile it a bit."

And "bile" it they did.

Still it looked tough.

"Bile it some more," instructed the husband.

His wife did so. And some more. And more. After a while the husband came into the kitchen and lifted the lid off the pot.

"Let's see what it looks like," he said. He peered into the vessel. "Glory be," he shouted, "'tis a big nothing."



Be contented with your lot. You'll find it does not pay to worry too far in advance of your troubles.

A contractor was talking once with one of his men.

"Mike," he said, "did you tell me once you have a brother who is a bishop?"

"Yes, sor, I did that."

"And you're a hod carrier. Well, things of this life are not divided equally, are they, Mike?"

"Indade, sor, and they are not," said Mike

as he shouldered his hod and started up the ladder. "Poor brother. He couldn't do this to save his loife, sor."



It pays to be philosophical like old Mose and be able to laugh it off.

"How come you broke off your engagement with Miss Jackson, Mose?" asked a friend.

"Well," said Mose, "in the fust place, she had buck teeth, and she didn't have no money, and she nagged like de debbil; and secondly, she wouldn't have me; and thirdly, she went off wid another niggah. So I tuk de advice of my friends and jes' dropped her."



The frontier between Burma and the rest of British India is not determined by regular markers.

The officials of the Indian Civil Service have a unique way of telling when they have reached Burmese territory.

"You are in Burma," runs their rule — of — thumb — "when you see the natives smile."

What a commentary this is on their neighbors — and how glad people must be to get out of that country into the carefree Burmese land!



A grim face and a sour disposition are frauds. They are substitutes for thinking.

The man with cheer in his heart and courage in his soul and joy on his face will go farther and do better than any peddler of sadness.

On the heights there is always sunshine.  
The best and finest work in the world is always accompanied by a certain joy.

Socrates joked in his death cell.

When Kepler discovered the famous laws that bear his name, he capered and laughed like a little child.

When the ancient Greek in his bathtub discovered the law of specific gravity, he was so recklessly happy he ran out into the streets, naked, crying "Eureka!" — "I have discovered it!"

Abe Lincoln enjoyed funny stories and while considered by small minds as a buffoon he relished a quiet chuckle in the midst of his tremendous affairs.



## FRIENDLY OBSTACLES

For every hill I've had to climb,  
For every stone that bruised my feet,  
For all the blood and sweat and grime,  
For blinding storms and burning heat,  
My heart sings but a grateful song —  
These were the things that made me strong!

For all the heartaches and the tears,  
For all the anguish and the pain,  
For gloomy days and fruitless years,  
And for the hopes that lived in vain,  
I do give thanks; for now I know  
These were the things that helped me grow!

'Tis not the softer things of life  
Which stimulate man's will to strive,  
But bleak adversity and strife

Do most to keep man's will alive.  
O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep,  
But brave hearts dare to climb the steep!

L. E. THAYER



Cicero said: "It is a great misfortune not to have experienced trials" ... and he knew.

Purely from a philosophic viewpoint, did he not benefit by studying the riddle of suffering from first hand?

Would he have been able to frame those abstract considerings and ponderings which rank him as a philosopher among ancients and moderns alike?

Suffering is a teacher.

An ennobler.

A clue to the road that leads to God.

Don't throw that clue away.



We all crave happiness.

Even the suicide yearns for happiness, for relief ... and plunges to ruin to get it.

Happiness is relative. A miser hoards gold; a wastrel throws it away ... and both are happy.

The secret lies within your own heart. "If a man is unhappy," said the Greek sage Epictetus, "this must be his own fault ... for God made all men to be happy."



When a mosquito hums bloodthirstily in your ear on some drowsy summer evening, you think for a moment that a Stuka dive-bomber is about to annihilate you. Then with

your sense of proportion firmly entrenched you recall your tiny enemy's size and with a casual brush of the hand—he is gone forever.

Look through a microscope, and you will recoil in horror at the gargantuan mastodons crawling about within a foot of your face.

They were wee gnats under glass. . . .

Don't magnify your troubles beyond their natural size. You will find they are small enough, and even smaller than you think.



Prophets are seldom with honor in their own country.

There is a reason.

From time immemorial, men have learned that when another man stands up in the marketplace and starts predicting plagues and bankruptcies, ruin and havoc, famines and floods, revolution from within and war from without — the chances are that his liver is out of order. Or else he **LIKES** to borrow trouble.

We get plenty of such talk during election time. The classic instance I can recall is when Hoover asserted bitterly that if he was not elected grass would grow in the streets.

To date I have not seen anyone using a lawnmower on our pavements.

When you borrow trouble, you are going to be obliged to pay interest on the note.



Among the horrors of the recent world war is the incendiary bomb, which, containing the thermite, is dropped from airplanes and burns fiercely when it lands.

A picture of London not long ago showed a poor old newsvender woman wretchedly dressed standing near her "pitch" where one of these bombs was blazing away in full vigor. What was the old woman doing? Well, it was winter, and she was a practical person. She was warming her hands at the fire.

Try that one on your "worry-bone" next time something bothers you . . . see if there is not an actual advantage to be derived from it instead of just misery.



Re-reading the story of Helen Keller the other day, I recognized the truth of her own statement: "Our worst foes are not belligerent circumstances, but wavering spirits."



A lady once showed Ruskin a costly handkerchief on which had fallen a large blot of ink.

"What a shame," she moaned, " — it is absolutely good for nothing now. It is totally spoiled.

Ruskin said nothing but asked to borrow the handkerchief for a day.

The next day he handed it to her without a word, and the lady delightedly saw that using the blot as a starting point, the great art critic had designed an intriguing pattern on that corner of the handkerchief.

The handkerchief was actually worth more than it had been before the blot had disfigured it.



Aren't there many lives like that handkerchief? . . .



Every time I see those words, "the triumph of failure," I cannot but think of the great Cardinal Newman whom they fit so well.

His effort to found a National University in Ireland failed.

He actually started a new translation of the Bible, which was sadly needed by the English Church, when obstacles arose and Cardinal Wiseman yielded to the protests against the proposal. Again Newman had failed.

He accepted the editorship of the *Rambler* only to have a Bishop denounce one of his articles to Rome as heretical. There was even some talk of summoning the great Oratorian to Rome for discipline. After two months as editor, Newman resigned. Another failure.

He fought valiantly to have the Congregation pro Propaganda Fide in Rome permit him to open an Oratory in Oxford, his intellectual home. Although Bishop Ullathorne backed him, Cardinal Manning fought against the plan; and on the other hand, his former colleagues in Oxford itself roused opposition. Propaganda expressly directed that the proposal be vetoed; and Cardinal Reisach, sent to gather information on the question, deliberately avoided Newman.

One after the other, his high hopes were mocked, his purposes sneered at, his failures elaborated until it seemed nothing he undertook would ever come true. For almost thirty years he labored under suspicions from friend and foe alike. Not until the conferring of the

Cardinalate on him in 1879 did the clouds begin to vanish.

The esteem and prestige enjoyed by the Cardinal in his remaining years added to the serenity and calm of the evening of his life to a degree that few men of high degree have experienced. Truly he could write in 1884, ". . . for myself, now, at the end of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me."

In Newman, failure proved to be the greatest of successes. In his own inimitable words: "It is the rule of God's providence that we should succeed by failure."



I read the story some place of a little girl who lived in a dank dark back-alley in the slums of London who nevertheless won first prize in a flower contest.

The judges asked how her flower had managed to survive in such a cheerless spot.

She explained her "secret"; a little ray of sunlight came into the alley and as soon as it appeared she put her flower pot right in its path and as it moved she moved the flower so that it had sunlight all day.

What a lesson for us!



Laughter is worth money in any market. Vanderbilt invited the celebrated mimic Coquelin to his yacht, lying in the Bosphorus, for a private recital. The famous monologist delivered three of his special numbers. Soon

after, he received this memorandum from the millionaire:

"You have brought tears to our eyes and laughter to our hearts. Since all philosophers are agreed that laughing is preferable to weeping, your account with us stands thus:

"FOR TEARS, six times .....	\$600
"FOR LAUGHTER, twelve times ..	\$2400
	<hr/>
	\$3000

"Kindly acknowledge receipt of enclosed check."



Whatever you do, don't burden your memory with remembrance of things past which have annoyed or which may disturb your peace of mind.

Whenever I pass a menagerie, I think of the story of the man who sued a friend for libel two years after the event.

"What happened?" inquired the judge.

"Your honor," replied the plaintiff, "this man called me a hippopotamus."

"But that was two years ago, according to this record," replied the judge.

"That's true," said the man doggedly, "but it was only yesterday that for the first time I saw a hippopotamus."



Did you ever stop to reflect how often pride magnifies the wrongs done us, which make us so cast down?

Affronts, rebukes, neglects, disparagements — were they really planned or did they just happen, without premeditation on the part of the one causing them? Perhaps he or she is

entirely unconscious of the insult or injury we fancy was aimed at us.

Why worry about it, then?

When Rothschild was visiting a painter in his studio, the friend decided the wealthy banker's face would fit into the canvas he was painting, and he asked him to model for him. Rothschild did so — anything for a friend! The corner of the canvas called for a beggar to be painted in. So Rothschild sat on a stool with a dirty old cloth thrown over his fine apparel. A young art student happened into the room, and thinking the model was a genuine beggar, slipped up to him and without a word put a small coin in his hand. . . . Wouldn't Rothschild have been a fool to be angry at this seeming affront to himself, the richest man in Europe?



## ONE USE FOR WAR

During World War II, now happily over, many curious angles on human behavior have come to light.

The N. Y. *Survey Graphic* reports this item:

"One of the strangest twists of the war is that London's psychiatrists are sitting in their offices with nothing to do. London's neurotics, estimated at seven percent of the population, have something else to think about now."

How many people there must be in the world who plague themselves daily and constantly with worries "which ain't" — wouldn't it be a real blessing for them to have a real problem or ache to occupy their tangled nerves? How about you, for instance, begin-

ning today to refuse to be bothered or agitated by anything unless it fairly forces itself upon your concern? Let worry chase you; do not chase worry.



## GIVE ME LAUGHTER TODAY

Give me laughter today  
For the battles I fight.  
And let hidden away  
Be the weapons of might.  
Give me sunshine and cheer  
And the grip of a friend,  
And I've nothing to fear  
From today to — the end.

Give me gladness and joy  
As I struggle along  
With the zest of a boy  
And the snatch of a song:  
Let me throw off the chains  
And from fetters be free;  
Only laughter remains  
For the days still to be.

Give me laughter inspired  
By the sting of defeat;  
Though I'm wearied and tired,  
Let me never retreat.  
Give me laughter and hope  
And the will to forge on,  
As through darkness I grope  
To a sun-blazoned dawn.

Give me laughter today —  
Nothing else do I ask;

Laughter drives care away,  
Laughter lightens the task.  
'Tis my load-lifting creed  
For the frown-laden fray:  
For the strength that I need,  
Give me laughter today!

C. P. McDONALD



When President Roosevelt was inaugurated he spoke over the radio and with his very first words poured fresh courage into the hearts of all Americans.

He enunciated the simplest of truths, but few of us had stopped to reflect on it before he reminded us.

He said: "We have nothing to fear but FEAR." Like all wise doctors, he knew that fear is a disease that can be cured. And he assured us, his patients, that we had to cure ourselves — no one else could. And we did.



Strangely enough, whenever I hear of an annual celebration of Civil War veterans, I think of the beloved priest-poet of those days, Father Abram Ryan.

And I shall never forget his lines:

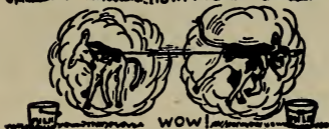
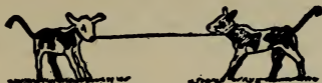
"Life is a burden — bear it;  
Life is a duty — dare it;  
Life is a thorn crown — wear it."



A witty physician years ago diagnosed the case of a colleague to me as "Americanitis."

Briefly, it is the essential nature of our American people to force their manifest destiny on to its culmination, whether they are the Boones and Carsons of their day piercing

# DOES CO-OPERATION PAY?



IT DOES!

relentlessly the wilderness, or whether they are businessmen who drive to completion one merger after another, with business as the Alpha and Omega of their existence.

Eventually such a ceaseless drive (caricatured by Sinclair Lewis in many novels) results in total expenditure of the nervous reserves of energy and the individual is a bundle of nerves and does not do any task with proper forethought or deliberation. In the anxiety for action, he loses sight of all thought processes. Then he begins to pile regrets and cares over misjudgments, mistakes, failures, and the man starts to develop other ailments. More people have died from sheer worry than from battles.



## SMILE A WHILE

Smile a while,  
and while you smile,  
another smiles,  
and soon there's miles  
and miles of smiles,  
and life's worth while,  
because you smile!



Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail, in good spirits.

R. L. STEVENSON



How many of us fret and worry about money! You can't take it with you — not one shroud has a pocket — but we all stew and sweat over the almighty dollar.



I like to recall to myself the story told of Travers, the close friend of William Vanderbilt, who was asked by an acquaintance how much money Vanderbilt had left when he died.

Traves replied, tersely: "He left it all."



## WHAT! NO SHADOWS!

Thomas Dreier, the columnist, records this story: A Boston business man named H. B. Neal is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. He was giving a talk to some young people and took out some enlargements of his outdoor photos. One set of prints were what the camera recorded: the second set had the highlights touched out; the third set were the photographs without shadows.

Let Mr. Neal finish the story himself:

"They admired the straight prints. And those without the highlights weren't so bad. But when you took out the shadows, the pictures were just nothing at all. You can't have life as we know it without shadows. If there were no struggles or griefs or the shadowy side of life, what a bunch of wishy-washy people we'd be!"



The movement in German literature which produced the descriptive word: "Weltschmerz" — world pessimism — can be seen, when analyzed, to be a direct negation of God Himself.

Just try once to list the beauties of nature. Gather a compendium of the brave and

noble things you yourself have witnessed and heard of.

Think of episodes in the history of man which make you feel better, and make you realize everyone must have a soul.

Think of the inexplicable forces in nature, history, the progress of mankind which centuries later are seen to fit into a plan . . . a God-made plan.

It must become apparent to you that there is a plan, that there is a plan for the Universe of which you are a part, that therefore you fit into that plan also. Hence pessimism, denying that anything of which you disapprove can be worth while, is the refusal to agree with that plan (of which you know very little or indeed nothing at all), and thus you are refusing to pursue your role in the plan of God, made before time began. Think it over: you are a very small atom to make such a daring gesture.



## TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

It has been truly said that all the stories worth while in the world are but stories of escape. It seems to be the only thing that interests us.

The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the books of the early Aryans, the Chinese plays, the sagas of the Norsemen, the children's "Mother Goose Rhymes" of blessed memory — such juveniles as "Robinson Crusoe," and "Treasure Island," and such mature works as Casanova's "Escape from the Leads," and certain of Shakespeare's plays all indicate this

longing filtered down to us through literature of every age and clime.

Any method which secures for us the blessed sensation of release is to be encouraged, if thereby the oppression of the Genie of Dejection is removed.

And what strange ways some people have taken to ease themselves of the humors flooding their system!

Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," when most depressed, used to go down to the Thames River and listen to the bargemen squabble . . . and this was enough to set him laughing so violently he had to hold his sides.

Richard Jeffries, far from his beloved countryside in the heart of London, was wont to steal into the British Museum or the National Gallery for just one glance at the peerless statuary brought from far Grecian shores . . . "and I became myself."

Ruskin, curiously enough, made the British Museum his rendezvous, also, to look, however, at — penguins! "the only comfort in life" . . . he called them.

Music's hypnotic rhythms have consistently been one of man's standbys in escape patterns. How many artistic souls have found in the wistful strains of a lyric or the valiant arias of an opera the stimulation their soul demanded!

In busy cities all over the country I have time and again stopped in for brief visits to unfamiliar churches, often at the noon hour, and found working people all around me, seated, kneeling, walking up and down the Stations of the Cross — positively the most

soothing and restful places in any city are its churches, and the common people know this instinctively.



It is not enough to have a good idea — you must stick to it until it proves to be one.

Then, like Columbus, you may find a New World; like Rhodes, you may chart whole vast reaches of Africa; like Marco Polo, you will show a profit on your adventure.

A good idea usually works if you do. Between inspiration and perspiration is the difference between failure and success. So don't whine, but win.

Like the colored preacher, define perseverance in this way: "It means: first, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, nebber to let go."



The famous preacher Henry Ward Beecher used to startle his audience at revival meetings by asking blandly if they took exercise and if their bowels moved regularly, calling this "Clinical Theology," as he claimed it helped him distinguish in his penitents between dyspepsia and piety.

Have you been exercising lately?

Perhaps that moodiness is just poor health ... faulty conditioning of your motor.



The greatest heroes that I know are those that are afraid to go — but go.



It doesn't matter a stitch  
Whether I'm poor or rich!

Physicists tell us that there is a saturation point — for instance, a sponge can hold just so much water and no more. Put one more drop of water into the sponge and another drop will form and separate itself from the sponge. The sponge has reached its saturation point.

In pleasure and pain alike there is such a critical moment also.

There comes a moment of tedium in every pleasure which must be survived lest the pleasure perish.

First comes the fear of death — followed by the joy of battle; first comes the shock of the icy water, then the cheery glow that floods the bather; first comes the moment of abnegation, then the ecstasy of martyrdom. This "instant of potential surrender," as Chesterton calls it, is what gives life its piquancy, as salt makes a dish palatable.

Do not therefore allow yourself to linger on the gross and displeasing moment which accost you in life: else the further acquaintance of life itself will be for you an endless misery.



A certain doctor we know was very conscientious to his profession. At the time I discovered the fact I tell, he was undergoing great hardships and griefs in his private life, and found it difficult indeed to maintain the smiling demeanor which people come to expect in a doctor. Yet several times I met him across the bed of some sick person in my pastoral care, and he was always pleasant and cheery and when we left the sickbed, the atmosphere around it radiated optimism —

the "get-well" spirit every doctor looks for.

My curiosity got the better of my tact and one day outside a sickroom I asked him point-blank for the secret of his ability to thrust off his cares when tending the sick.

"Well, Father," he said, "a doctor infected with a disease should of course never attend a patient bothered with some other complaint. Before I go into the sickroom I remind myself that I may very easily infect my patient with the germs of worry and pessimism which I am probably carrying around, so — for the time being I leave my germs outside his sickroom."



William Lyon Phelps writes in his AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

"I have no doubt that my ardent religious faith is largely responsible for the happiness that I have found in mere living; but it is not wholly responsible. G. K. Chesterton was profoundly religious, and Arnold Bennett was certainly not. Yet it would be difficult to say which of these two men lived with more gusto. Arnold Bennett's attitude toward life was a chronic wonder, amazement, delight, the innumerable gadget of modern existence pleased him prodigiously. And Mr. Chesterton used to say that he hoped he would never be too old to stare at everything; and that the most important emotion to preserve in maturity was *the enjoyment of enjoyment.*"



It was Cordova who in the critical moment of the battle that decided Spanish fortunes once for all in South America rallied his men

and sent them onward against the enemy with these words: "Arms — as you please; Step — forward, as of conquerors!"

What a slogan for all of us!



Here is something to "perk you up."

A young man who had both legs crushed in an accident got himself a job which required a good deal of walking.

People commented on it.

"Well," he explained, "I couldn't find anything at a desk, and besides, **WHAT ARE CRUTCHES FOR?**"



Take a mirror.

Look into it.

Let the muscles of your face go slack.

That is a frown.

Make a little effort.

That is a smile....

It takes a little work to make the muscles twist around and produce the grimace we call a smile.

A smile is worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent.

Try the mirror trick once in a while.

The little effort is worth it.



Of course, there are times when it seems just silly to continue wearing a grin or looking at life gaily.

Then it is good to remember poor sick Stevenson's exhortation: "Every heart that has beat strongly and cheerfully has left a hope-

ful impulse behind it in the world and bettered the tradition of mankind."



You just can't live a normal life and expect every part of it to be a success.

If you do, yours is not a normal life.

If it is not normal ... what causes the abnormality? Find out and remove it.

Howells said truly that "the trouble with success is that it is apt to leave life behind or apart." Are you having too much success?

You just cannot have too much failure ... it may seem so now; but when your success comes, it will be all the more gratifying.

The lad who climbs his father's apple tree arduously to get an apple appreciates it more than the lad who has one handed to him on a plate at dinner.



## THE CHINESE ARE CHEERFUL

A cheerful race our yellow brethren. Look for the soul of a nation in its proverbs.

Here is a Chinese proverb:

"The legs of a stork are long; the legs of a duck are short. Why worry about it?"



In Eden we all were children. God remembers. "Happy as a child" is still the best way we can describe complete bliss.



As we grow better, we meet better people.



Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith: "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor  
be afraid."

BROWNING



Just to prove to ourselves that determination to succeed let us perform this self-imposed task:

Try stuffing toothpaste back into a tube.



## WHY WORRY?

There are only two reasons for worry.

You succeed or you do not succeed.

If you succeed — fine!

If not, there are two possibilities.

Your health is good or bad.

If good — great!

If not, there are two possibilities.

You will get well or you will die.

If you get well — why worry?

If you are about to die, there are two possibilities.

You will go to heaven or to hell.

If you go to heaven — what more do you want?

If you go to hell — you will be so busy shaking hands with and greeting old friends who were as pessimistic as you were in your life that you will forget to worry at all.

## THANK GOD FOR A HANDICAP

I came across a little story some time ago which is too good to keep.

An editor was admiring the splendid brilliant colors of a certain illustrator. You have seen this particular artist's work in magazines, more than once, if you are a reader of even a few magazines.

The art editor looked over the shoulder of his confrere, discussed the latest picture, mentioned casually "our color-blind friend." The editor was stunned. He could not believe the artist was color-blind.

"Oh yes," explained the art editor, "he hires a man to mix his paint. His mixer tells him which paint is red, blue, yellow — of course the artist can see that dark blue is darker than light blue and so on . . . but otherwise he would just as easily use dark red as dark blue when he wants contrast."

The editor persisted: "Yet he has made such a great reputation as a colorist?"

"Not only that," replied the art editor, "but we pay him twice what we pay others, just because he handles color so beautifully."

No question of it — the people who really excel in a certain field very often have reached their eminence just because of the handicaps with which they started out.

Demosthenes stuttered. He filled his mouth with pebbles and walked the seashore shouting at the waves until in spite of his handicap he became Greece's most famous orator.

To England, Nelson is still the greatest hero of all for his marine victories. He was the best and most valiant strategist England ever had in its Navy. Yet he never conquered the

seasickness which assailed him the first time he took to the water and kept recurring all his life whenever he boarded a ship.

What grander symphonies were ever written than Beethoven's . . . and yet the master of melody was deaf and towards the end of his life could not even hear his own immortal notes.

Clarence Chamberlin, the aviator who flew the Atlantic, could never pass the standard test for depth perception (which enables flyers to know how far they are from the ground when landing). In his case officials waived regular requirements, since he could never qualify for a flying license. They knew Chamberlin as one of the safest flyers in the game, able to set a plane down on the ground — as "gently as if he were landing on eggshells."

Glenn Cunningham, who hung up new records for the mile in running, had both legs so badly burned he was expected never to be able to walk again. . . . His handicap proved a blessing.

Study your handicaps: it may be a real boon. From it you rise "on stepping stones of your dead selves to higher things."



## ABOUT WEARY WILLIE

Years ago there was a comic strip about Weary Willie, the tramp that would gladly go out of his way to avoid work.

Science today has determined that Weary Willie may have had his weariness caused by poisons in his body or by anemia or lack of

enough vitamins, proteins, minerals, or slow circulation, or — and here is where we ought to sit up and take notice — BY HIS STATE OF MIND.

We all know how being bored makes us yawn and feel very tired. People not interested in their tasks, or those troubled by fears or anxieties, or without zeal for a definite goal very often find themselves fatigued and blame it on their lack of fitness for the work. If they would allow fun, excitement, competition to enter into their lives, fatigue would very often be banished.

Before taking examinations, for instance, who has not felt that worn-out droopy reaction, as though we had already struggled through a whole war . . . and yet we have not even started to do any thinking about the questions?



Personally I do not smoke. But I recommend nonetheless heartily the following advice:

“When people all around are making faces, and all the world’s ajangle and ajar, I meditate on interstellar spaces, — and smoke a mild segar.”

A friend of mine tells me that the concentration needed to blow a series of unbroken smoke rings usually banishes all but the most pressing difficulties from his mind within a few minutes. If the problem still is there, then he admits to himself it must be a major problem — or else he has not control of his digestion. A materialistic viewpoint? Well — isn’t it better than growing gray hairs on

your head before your time?" Besides, "happiness is reflective like the light of heaven," according to Washington Irving, and it does one more good to see a man blowing rings than to watch him blow steam. By this I do not mean to encourage the spectacle of women smoking, especially in public — one of the displeasing results of the modern freedom of manners.



If we only read the record of men who have gone before us, how much wisdom we can have just for the taking!

Silvio Pellico was an Italian imprisoned for political reasons who wrote a book called "My Prisons."

Through the hardest kinds of experience he discovered how to maneuver his way through life, no matter where he was situated.

Neurotics, please pay attention!

Here is his advice: "Govern the imagination; and we shall be well wherever we happen to be placed. A day is soon over; and if at night we can retire to rest without actual pain and hunger, it matters little whether it be within the walls of a prison or of the kind of building which is called a palace." Then he adds: "Sound reasoning; but how are we to contrive so to govern the imagination?" Well, that is your individual problem. Tend to it, today.



## TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Suicide goes far back in civilization. It goes back even to primitive people, and even to the beasts. It has even been asserted by

competent observers that rattlesnakes when mortally wounded will turn on their own bodies and strike the poisonous fangs in deeply.

Let's look at some facts about suicide.

Of every 1,000 infants born in the U. S. A. ten males and three females will eventually take their own lives.

Of these half will be among persons 45 years of age and over.

Each advancing period of life shows an increase in suicide tendency.

Age, weariness, disillusion, helplessness, loss of emotional outlets . . . all these explain the desire of self-annihilation, which you have already seen is chiefly a masculine reaction.

Now, significant is this fact that apart from business reversals, the very highest rates of suicide occur among people of high social and business standing, of intellectual or professional pre-eminence . . . all of whom labor under nervous pressure.

If you are sick or depressed or discouraged and feel that you want to join the ranks of those who have decided "not to be," reflect for just one moment that you most probably are one of a class that has more of the good things of life than other less fortunate brethren. Then start adding up all the things really worth while, and balance them against the things that nauseate and discourage you.

Don't be afraid to pray for strength to maintain yourself in the struggle of life.

And you will find yourself wondering what ever made you think of suicide.



Keep smiling!



## PAIN IS A BLESSING

Don't laugh! I mean that. Pain tells us where there is a weak link in the armor of life. When we have a sharp headache or shooting pain in the leg or back, or a bad toothache, it is just pain that tells us something is wrong with our body at that vital point.

When a baby is born it cannot speak for many months. But it is hungry: so it yells. That is its way of signaling what is wrong. Nerve cells cannot speak — but they can yell: and we call that pain. Listen to them. Many a time they would save you from further agony and suffering if you would but heed their "yell." By studying the type of pain, the doctor can tell you what is wrong.

Admit it now: isn't pain a blessing?



## ARE YOU A WINDMILL?

"I feel jest like that windmill there," says Hiram Grum, my neighbor, "existin' on a daily fare of dull and barren labor, jest gittin' blowed around and around, till j'int's and bearin's show wear, a-stickin' to the same old ground, and never gettin' nowhere!"

"Well, now," I tell him, "it depends on how a feller views it. Whatever way the weather trends, yon windmill aims to use it; it gits a heap of pumpin' done, when comes a blow to race it,



because it don't turn tail an' run,  
but stands right up to face it!"

W. B. FRANCE

◆ ◆

Don't be afraid to go ahead, and keep your spirits up even though the rest of the world seems to frown on your enterprise, and is bent on making you depressed.

"God and one constitute a majority," said Lincoln, surely one of America's worst-used presidents.

◆ ◆

The old English ballads were fresh with the spirit of a young and courageous nation:

"Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,  
I am a little hurt but am not slain;  
I will lie me down for to bleed a while,  
and then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Johnny Armstrong, the hero of this song, might easily be a model for all of us.

"Fight on again." ...

◆ ◆

## A PRAYER

This quaint prayer hangs outside the door of the refectory of the Cathedral of Chester, England

Give me a good digestion, Lord,

And something to digest:

Give me a healthy body, Lord,

With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,

To keep the good and pure in sight,

Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,

But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh;  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About the fussy thing called "I."  
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
To get some pleasure out of life  
And pass it on to other folk.



This world that we're a-livin' in  
is mighty hard to beat;  
with every rose you get a thorn,  
but ain't the roses sweet?

FRANK STANTON



Keep trying, keep striving for new boundaries, keep going even if the road is rough. Looking around at banquet tables which I have attended, often by prosperous people, I have frequently mused on E. F. Benson's dictum "God help those who have attained." Their spiritual boredom and weariness and general lack of cheerfulness is written in their faces.



A booklet of 72 pages containing the diary of a young girl was published less than a year ago by the Co-Missionary Apostolate, Techny, Ill. It is entitled "The Red Rose of Suffering." In that short space over 100,000 copies have been distributed. The booklet costs 10c. The Co-Missionary Apostolate itself, numbering over 100,000 members recruited from all over the world, has found in

this authentic document from the pen of a model sufferer for Christ a real inspiration. Thousands of people are flocking to join the Apostolate; there are no dues and no fees, the only purpose being to adopt a missionary priest in a far land to offer up the daily trials and troubles that afflict all of us for the priest. The priest in turn remembers his "victim souls" in his own prayers, though these people remain personally unknown to him.

The perusal of the letters streaming in every day from these thousands of generous souls drives home with irresistible force the lesson that to get, one must give, that to be getting the most out of life, one must put the maximum amount into it. So many of these devout people assure us that they are happy and contented with their day's work and worries, whereas before they simply could barely endure the thought of facing another day. They are happy and cheerful now because they have found a reason for their existence in a concrete way; the things that pricked and irked them formerly now have a place in the narrow orbit of their lives. It is especially remarkable how the shut-ins, invalids, cripples, blind, and others similarly afflicted have discovered this to be their real apostolate in life. It is ardently hoped that more and more people will "catch on" to the real meaning of their otherwise apparently meaningless life. . . . Give to God, and He will repay you abundantly in just those spiritual things which you lack, yet are perhaps unaware of . . . a smiling spirit, a cheerful personality, a radiant soul.



## ONE MORE ROUND

James J. Corbett was asked what was the greatest one thing about fighting or boxing. His reply is a classic.

*"Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the ring, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding and your eyes are black and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round — remembering that the man who always fights one more round is never whipped."*



They were fighters. The Lords of Bruges were warriors in times when men fought for very existence. The record of their wars is still to be seen in their castle in the lovely town of Bruges. Over the portal is a knight carved in relief, and underneath run the words: PLUS EST EN VOUS. This is, "There is MORE in YOU."

You can sense at once how such words would be a war cry and rallying shout in the midst of a battle. A chieftain telling his men there was MORE in them would be sure to rouse that extra something which wins battles.

It must have sounded like a tocsin many a time in medieval Europe, on many a battle-field.

It must have cleared away all doubts as to who the final victor would be, it must have won many a struggle.

Up and at your task, it said.

Hammer away — you have the extra strength to do it.

Give an extra blow — your arm has the power.

Keep trying, and perhaps you really have MORE than the other fellow, or there may be more push than the trouble before you can withstand ... and you will be victor.



A wise old owl lived in an oak —  
The more he heard, the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke, the more he heard;  
Why can't we be like that old bird?



## THE LADDER OF SUCCESS

100%—I did

90%—I will

80%—I can

70%—I think I can

60%—I might try

50%—I suppose I should

40%—What is it?

30%—I wish I could

20%—I don't know

10%—I can't

...0%—I won't



The other day I dropped in for a visit with a doctor friend, and in his office I spied the following placard regarding Honest Abe.

"How about having a copy of that sometime?" I asked the doctor.

"Sure thing," he replied. "It is good, isn't it?"

The doctor's secretary copied it out and the next morning the mailman delivered the doctor's inspiring placard to me.

Here it is:

## LINCOLN'S FAILURES

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent 17 years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He fell in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged — then she died.

Entering politics he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the vice-presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

But in the face of all this defeat and failure he eventually achieved the highest success attainable in life, and undying fame to the end of time.



## DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM?

Face it.

Make a decision.

Forget about it.

In traveling through France I saw an inscription in old French under a cathedral clock: "Listen! the hour has passed and we are on our way to better things."



## A DAILY "DO" FOR YOU

"He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear," wrote the Sage of Concord, Emerson.



How about making some money for yourself?

Says Johnson: "The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than one thousand pounds per year."

Start piling up that kind of currency right now!



## A DIALOGUE

PESSIMIST: "What a world! Why, if I tried, I'm sure I could make a much better world myself."

OPTIMIST (cheerily): "Fine! let's go and do it!"



Of all the troubles  
great and small,  
the greatest are those  
that don't happen at all.



Take the Little Flower's motto for your own: "I forget the past, I don't worry about the future, I live only for the present."

## FOR ALL YEAR ROUND

we know of no saner and more religious advice to give a man than this utterance quoted from the Christmas Broadcast of the King of England in 1939:

"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'"

May that Almighty Hand guide and uphold us all.

With the apostle let me exhort you, "Rejoice in the Lord; rejoice always!"



### *FINIS*

As you come to the end of this booklet designed to drive from you all worry and care, we cannot but hope, with all our heart, that to have finished this brochure has meant for you also to have ended with undue discouragement, depression and pessimism.







