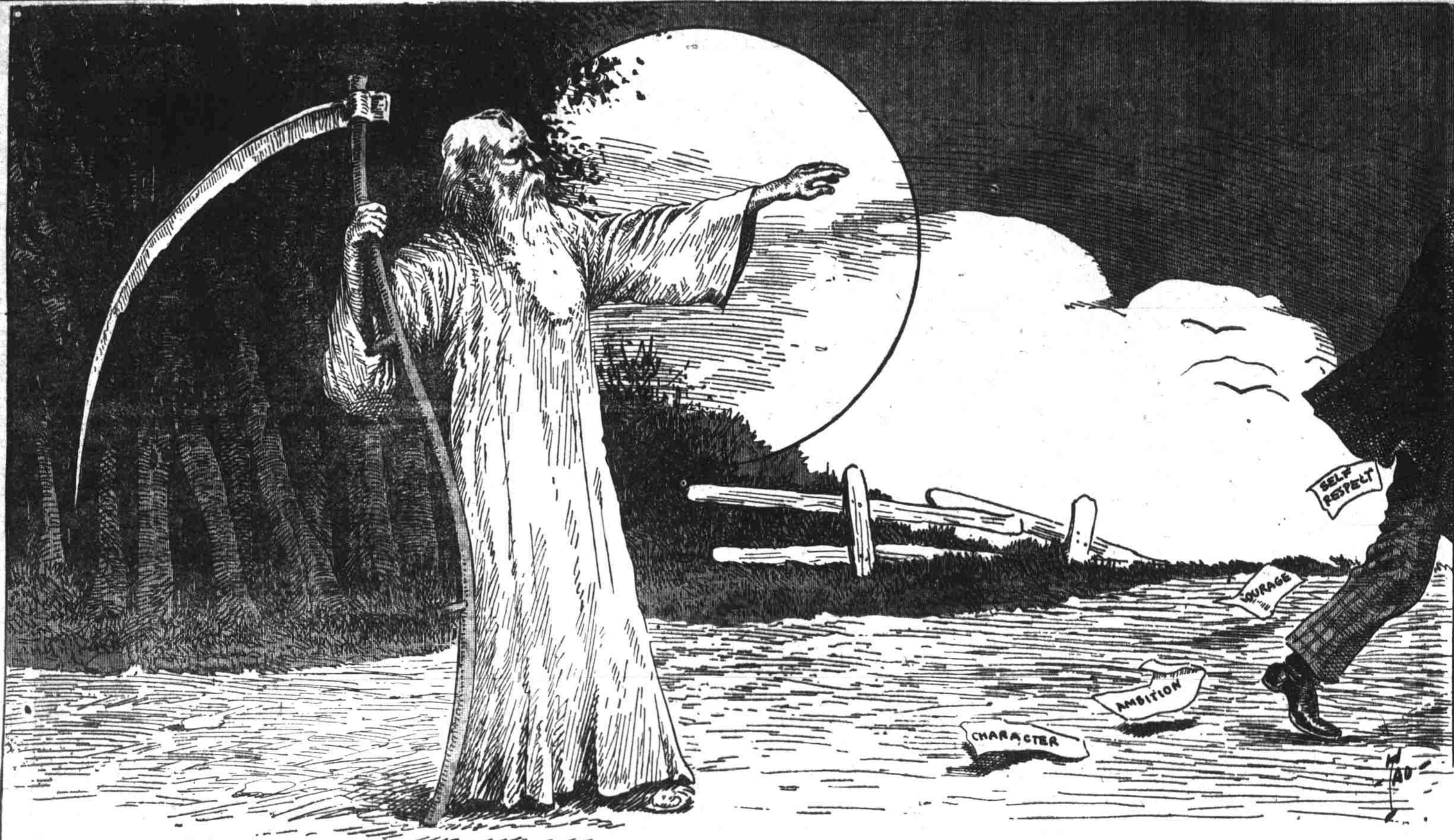


"Haven't You Dropped Something?" Asks Old Time



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HOW long have YOU been walking on this life road?

You will look at this picture and ask yourself, as every thoughtful man will: "What have I dropped in MY years of walking? What will you answer to yourself?"

We each begin life with power more or less highly developed. Like the leaves on the tree, we are all different. No two leaves in the greatest forest of the world are alike.

But, like the leaves of the great forest, we are so nearly alike that we may look upon each other as identical leaves on the big tree of humanity.

Certain things we have when we start, ALL OF US.

Certain powers are ours, powers of the body and of the mind.

Some of us add to our power and to our possessions, some of us lose, dropping the qualities like the man in this picture, one by one, as we walk along.

What have we dropped? What have we kept?

Is it too late for us to turn around, pick up and get back what we have lost?

With what expression does Old Time gaze upon us? Does he think of us as hopeless or as being still with a chance, as his wise old eye looks at us passing along his road, and as he says to us: "Haven't you dropped something?"

Reader, haven't YOU dropped something?

You have, and every man has. Some of us have gained. But every one of us has also lost.

This Sunday, with its time to rest and think, is a good day to question ourselves, learn what we have dropped, study how we can

It is not a Very Long Journey from Toothless Babyhood to Toothless Old Age.

It is a Short Walk in the Eyes of Father Time. Yet to Each One of Us Time says, as He sees Us go: "Haven't You Dropped Something?"

And most of US DO Drop that which We Need More and More, as the Years Come Upon Us And Weigh Heavily.

We Must Gather New Strength, New Quality, or Drop on the Way Part of That with which Life Began. There is No Stagnation, No Standing Still, Every Day We Gain or Lose.

get it back, what chance we still have to keep and increase our possessions while we walk the remaining few days, or years, on the road that ends so soon.

In a cradle, struggling with its little hands and feet pitifully, pathetically looking down the road of life and wondering what is coming, lies a little child.

That child once was you.

It had such a start in life as could be given to it by its mother and father, its grandmothers and grandfathers, reaching back in a straight, unbroken line for tens of millions of years to the lowest form of life.

Wonderful, awe inspiring and unquestioned is the fact that YOU are the descendant of life uninterrupted, a link in a chain of existence that has actually lasted upon this planet since the first little spark of life moved here and began its gigantic task of evolution.

After millions of years of travel through various forms of life, your individual existence began in that cradle, with the power of mind that heredity gave you.

What had you then? What have you added to the qualities that you had, before you could talk or think?

And what have you lost, dissipated, squandered and thrown away of those qualities that your father and your mother, in her hours of pain, gave to you?

These are the questions that ought to interest every one of us.

With what did we start? How much have we left? What have we added to our original start? What have we dropped or thrown away?

It cannot be denied that a man born with average health and a normal brain starts life WITH EVERYTHING THAT HE NEEDS FOR REASONABLE SUCCESS. One child may be so far ahead of the other at birth that the race is hopeless as between the two.

But no child with a normal brain and a normal body, even of average brain and average body, need fail of great success, if the child, following the ancestors, and the man, following the child, will only keep and develop the qualities inherited at birth.

Each of us is born with a certain amount of self confidence, which is MENTAL ENERGY. It is the greatest asset in the mere struggle for success.

What you yourself believe and what you feel is what MAKES YOU. If you have kept that con-

fidence, that mental energy, it will give you the power to attack the problem that presents itself, to fight it today and continue fighting it tomorrow.

Have you still the courage that you had in the cradle, with which you defied the universe with your roaring?

Have you the open mind, the power to see the truth and to enjoy the world that you had as a child?

That is a valuable asset. Have you got it? Or is that one of the things that Old Time has seen you drop on your slow journey?

What about persistency, that quality which is to the brain what hardness is to armor plate and elasticity to the steel spring?

Can you still try, try and try again?

Or is persistency one of the things that Time has seen you drop?

What about faith in yourself, in human beings and in the wisdom that governs this universe?

You had it as a child, when you looked at the stars, wonderful in beauty, and the moon in its phases, at the green trees and the sunlight.

Have you kept or have you lost that feeling of reverence which makes man what he is and lifts him above the animal?

Or have you dropped that feeling

and taken in its place cynicism, hopelessness, indifference and callousness of mind?

Happy the man who takes into old age the joyousness and the faith of childhood. Sorrow cannot destroy him and failure cannot prostrate him. He is a happy man.

Unhappy he who has lost his illusions, his hopes, his belief. No money, honors, fame or success can make up for that.

Success is ashes to the bitter mind that no longer hopes and believes.

And happiness lives in the mind that does believe, that still HAS FAITH, though it may not have won the victory.

Have you the faith of your childhood, and its hopes, or has Time seen you drop them?

This picture is a sermon.

Every man needs it. The successful man needs it as much as the unsuccessful, and perhaps more.

For the man of success must be a man of power. And his responsibility to humanity is as great as the power that humanity gave him.

Think this over. Apply it to yourself.

It is not too late. IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to make up for mistakes. For only the body gets old, not the brain. And any brain can start again, and pick up what it has lost. It can if it will be its own ruler, turn around to Old Time and say at the last day:

"I did drop many things. But I have picked up some of them. And although the journey that you have marked out for me has been a hard one, I go down into the grave carrying with me the best of that which I got at the start, and all that I have been able to gather since I realized my duty."