



THE
SHORTEST
ROUTE

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Now, the shortest way to heaven
Is by climbing up a ladder
That isn't resting firmly on the floor.
If the ladder isn't level,
You may visit with the devil,
Who can always make some room for just
one more.

You may go to see St. Peter,
Who is still official greeter,
If you climb a ladder which has lost a rung.
If you're careless in descending,
You may have a sudden ending
To the tune of angel music, sweetly sung.

If you don't watch how you're climbing,
Church bells o'er you may be chiming,
And it's up to you to see which way you'll go.
If you're good, you'll just climb higher
And, if not, they'll light your fire
For a hot time in that city far below.

If the ladder isn't steady,
Both the places will be ready,
So you will forget the things you've left behind.
You may go to meet your Maker
Or become a brimstone breaker
-If the ladder isn't properly inclined.

If you carelessly keep standing
On the ladder, you'll be landing
Very likely in a quiet family plot.
And since you have no selection
Of your ultimate direction,
Play it safe and keep the only life you've got.