

Whether Common or Not

The Strenuous Life.

Hi, there! Steady!
Now, then; ready!
Here comes Teddy

With his courage and his carnage on display.
Eyeballs gleaming,
Nostrils steaming,
Coat-tails streaming,
And press agent feeling very blythe and gay.

Ted's a fighter
With typewriter
Day or night, or
Any old time, be it early, be it late.
Shooting, boating,
Writing, voting,
Always noting
That a kodak flend is handy with a plate.

Singlehanded
Teddy landed
And disbanded
All the Spanish knaves that Cuba did contain.
Say, you'd ought'er
Seen Ted slaughter
With great hauteur
Tens of thousands of the warriors of Spain.

Gun and bowie,
Slouch hat showy,
Brag and blow, he
Leads a life that he calls strenuous, you know.
Wounding, killing,
Red blood spilling,
Ever willing
In the magazines his prowess great to show.

Secret of Longevity.

The delegation of young men was ushered into the presence of Methuselah, who warmly extended greetings.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" inquired the aged man.

"Sir, we have come to learn the secret of your longevity," replied the spokesman.

"That will I gladly reveal to you. I have lived nine hundred and sixty years because bacteria and bacilli and microbes and germs will not be discovered for 5,000 years to come. Where ignorance is antiseptic it is folly to study bacteriology."

So saying Methuselah bowed his visitors from the office.

Rare Curiosities.

"Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen, and view the greatest curiosities of the century! One dime admits to all! They live, they breath, they talk intelligently, answer all questions and appear wholly human! The last chance to see the only living pair of their kind!!"

"I don't see nothin' but a man and a woman who appear to be rather old," complained Mr. E. Z. Thingge, as he gazed at the old couple on the raised platform.

"Ah, my friend!" explained the manager. "You are gazing upon the only man and woman born in 1819 who never danced with the late Queen Victoria."

New Decoration.

"Hello, Blinks! What's that ribbon on your left arm? New decoration for bravery?"

"Yep! Been vaccinated."

Promotion Richly Earned.

"But why are you promoted after living for years in Washington, while I, who have served in several Indian campaigns, am still a lieutenant?"

The staff officer glanced haughtily at the presumptuous subaltern and exclaimed:

"It is plain to be seen that you know nothing of the perils that beset the army officer detailed for duty in Washington."

The lieutenant, who had served in many a hard fight on the plains, admitted that he did not.

"What danger do you encounter in Washington?" he asked.

"Many!" said the staff officer. "Only last sum-

mer I barely escaped being sent to Manila, and the winter before I was detailed to fix the order of social precedence at the white house functions."

The lieutenant shuddered at the dangers that confronted his comrade and gladly returned to his comparatively safe duties at Bagalong.

Leaks.

Only the rich love to talk about the blessings of poverty.

A flower in life's pathway is better than a floral design on the coffin.

Cupid loves a shining \$.

Man hesitates to measure himself by the standard he sets up for woman.

The spendthrift and the miser reach the same destination by widely separate routes.

There is a difference between accumulation and accretion.

"Now, why should I study for four years or more,
And go to a great lot of bother.

When I can secure a commission because

I've a pull as the son of my father?"

From Army Rhymes by A. Goodson.

A Task for Science.

Mr. Bildad—"I see that the scientists claim that within the next decade they will solve the problem of communicating with Mars."

Mrs. Bildad—"I wish the scientists would devote their time to solving a greater problem right here on earth."

Mr. Bildad—"What is that, my dear?"

Mrs. Bildad—"I want to know why the baby would rather play in the coal scuttle than in the nursery."

Municipal Ownership.

The gas and electric light companies of the state have united to defeat the municipal ownership bill in the legislature. That is certain. There is too much reason to believe that the street railroad and other companies have joined this combination, created a common fund of great size, and stand ready to defeat by united effort any legislation directed against any of their interests.

We have therefore clear cut and reduced to its simplest terms the struggle between those that want to see the people free and the power that is interested in keeping them bound that they may be safely robbed.

We may as well look at this issue very soberly, for it expresses in a condensed form the issue that the whole country will probably have to face.

No arguments are urged against municipal ownership. No one suggests that it would be anything but a benefit. No one debates about it or questions it. There is no difference of opinion, no conflict of arguments for and against. There is none and there will be none.

The interests arrayed against municipal ownership have no argument on their side but money.

We shall have an opportunity to see, when this matter comes up for a vote, just how strong that argument is against a reform demanded by practically all the people.

The corruption fund at the disposal of the gas highwaymen last year for use at Springfield was estimated at \$300,000. This year the new combination is supposed by experienced observers to have about five times that sum in ready cash and unlimited supply at their demand.

Well, patriotic American, how do you like the idea of all the monopolists that legislation is no longer a matter for argument, but of a bargain-counter price list?—Hearst's Chicago American.

Chawley Gotrox—"I think it's delightful to have nothing to do."

Dolly Dimples—"And you do it so well, Charlie."—Ohio State Journal.

Side Lights on Tolstoi.

In an article (copyrighted) written for the Christian Herald, Ernest H. Crosby gives two interesting incidents in the life of Tolstoi; the first led him to reflect upon the ties of human brotherhood and the second illustrates his philosophy of non-resistance:

(1) Leo Nickolavitch Tolstoi is a representative of one of the old and noble families of Russia. Born in 1828, he was brought up as a nobleman's son, and in due time became a student at the great University of Kazan. He gave up his studies there suddenly, and the story which they tell of him to account for his departure throws a light upon his whole life. One bitter winter night he went to a ball at a nobleman's house in the neighborhood of Kazan. When he entered the house he left his sleigh which brought him, with its peasant coachman, outside to wait for him. He passed the night in feasting and dancing, thinking of nothing but his own pleasure. When in the early morning he was about to return to the city, he found that his coachman was nearly frozen to death. For several hours the man lay unconscious, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts, by continuous chafing of his arms and legs and the administering of every remedy at hand that his life was saved. The mind of young Tolstoi was much struck by this dramatic incident. It seemed to present to him a picture of the society in which he lived. There was he, a young nobleman with all the money he could use, although he had never been of any use to anybody, going into the warm, gay and brilliant house to pass the night in costly amusement, while his driver, the representative of the great working class, which builds the houses and prepares the food and drink, and does the hard manual work of the world, was shut out there in the cold, and not allowed to enter into the luxury which he and his fellows had produced by their toil. Tolstoi left the University for he could no longer find it in his heart to devote himself selfishly to his own intellectual improvement, while the great mass of his countrymen were in poverty and want.

(2) I had the great pleasure of visiting him at his country home in 1894, when he had already been leading this life for a dozen years. In his peasant's blouse, with his patriarchal beard, his kindly, searching eyes, his frank and sincere manner, his geniality and his seriousness withal, he looked as the early Christians must have looked, and the love which had become the essence of his life was evident in every word and gesture. A little story of an event which occurred a day or two before my arrival will show how he asserts his influence in his own family. It was told me by the governess who was living with the Tolstoi family, and who saw it with her own eyes. His little daughter, Sacha, ten years old, had been out in front of the house playing with one of the peasant boys from the village. They had quarreled, and the boy had struck her with a stick on the arm, making it quite black and blue. She came running into her father to complain of him, the tears coursing down her face.

"Oh, papa, whip this naughty boy."

The count took her up on his lap and wiped her eyes and reasoned with her.

"Why, Sacha, what good would it do to whip him? He struck you because he was angry and hated you. If I whip him he will hate you more than ever and hate me too. Wouldn't it be better to make him love us? I tell you what I would do if I were you. I would go the pantry and get some of that raspberry jam that we had for lunch and take it out to him."

And this she actually did, and if I know anything of human nature there was far more chance of that boy's turning out a good man than if he had received the whipping which he doubtless deserved.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said: "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live on the fourth floor of this tenement and there is no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty, I lug the coal up four flights of stairs, all by myself. It is a pretty big hod, and it takes all my strength to get it up there. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—Lincoln (Neb.) Post.