



Brain Leaks

Failure only makes success sweeter.
 A lot of people go away from home to tell the news.
 The child that always has it own way usually ends in a bad way.
 The first ingredient in the making of a clean city is the clean home.
 Poor bread has been responsible for an awful lot of domestic trouble.
 There is something lacking about the minister who is popular with the worldly minded.
 The man who has accumulated riches by fraud is very apt to look upon poverty as a crime.
 The work day seems doubly long when its wage must be paid out for yesterday's dissipation.
 When a man falls he is apt to call it "luck." When we win we are quite sure it is pluck.
 We never hesitate about accepting an invitation to dine when it is extended by the good, old-fashioned woman who is proud of having taken a premium at the county fair on her preserves and pickles.

Missing Word Contest

Not to be outdone by any of its esteemed contemporaries, The Commoner or Not department has decided to institute a missing word contest. Below will be found several pieces of poetry in the shape of "Limericks," with the final word missing in each one of them. The object is to supply the best obtainable word. Here goes:

There was a young fellow from Nile
 Who wearily walked a long mile.
 At the end of the stunt
 He remarked with a grunt:
 "It seems to be time for a —."

The first prize is a set of three bone collar buttons, the freight on which must be prepaid by the winner. Second prize, a copy of the president's St. Louis speech. Third prize, a mental photograph of the Mississippi river pilot whom the president discharged. Contestants will be required to send seven dollars with each answer, which in no case will be returned. We need coal. Make all drafts, checks, postal notes and promissory notes payable to the architect of this department.

There was a young maiden in Wister
 Who looked very much like her sister.

Sister's steady, named Steve,
 Met the maiden one eve,
 And being mistaken he —.

First prize, a photograph of the first trust the president really busts. Second prize, an order on the government printing office for a full set of Congressional Records. Third prize, a copy of the first speech Senator Platt makes in favor of the parcels post system. Each contestant must send nine dollars with answer. In no case will the money be returned. The price of coal has gone up since we inaugurated the first contest.

There was a young fellow named Coker
 Who fancied himself a great joker.
 He slapped a friend's back
 With a hearty good whack,
 And the friend handed back a real —.

First prize, a photograph of a na-

ture fakir faking. Second prize, the twenty-one holes in our weekly meal ticket. Third prize, our last summer's straw lid, freight to be paid by the recipient. Each contestant must remit eleven dollars with answer. In no case will the money be returned. Coal is still advancing in price.

Suggestive

"I'm afraid that Juggleman is losing his memory."
 "Gee, is he as rich as all that?"

October

The sumac's red,
 The grass is brown;
 Coal prices up
 And coal piles down.

October

Put up the stove yet?
 How about the coal supply?
 Potatoes \$1 a bushel!
 Found the ticket for your overcoat yet?
 What will remove the odor of mothballs from winter underwear?

The Question

'Tis not a heavy care of state
 That doth this day perplex us;
 It is no question of rebate
 That rises now to vex us.
 O, no; our thoughts now daily run
 Down vastly different channels—
 Shall we, or shall we not, now don
 Our heavy winter flannels?

The Higher Education

Now to the university
 The young man of the nation
 Proceed most energetically
 For higher education.
 An hour a day to algebra,
 Geometry, geography—
 And all the rest with "hip, hurray!"
 They spend in football toggery.

Come On, Boys!

The summer now is past and gone,
 No more we'll have to mow the lawn.
 —Milwaukee Sentinel.
 But what's the use; ahead, you know,
 Looms large the time to shovel snow!
 —Washington Herald.
 Look to the present and condole
 With him who has to buy the coal.
 —New York Mail.

And help the man who's now in doubt
 'bout getting winter flannels out.

The Future

"Good morning, Mrs. Muley. My, but your little calf is looking fine and healthy."
 "O, yes, Mrs. Shorthorn; the calfy is doing real well."
 "How can you keep it so and our milk selling for ten cents a quart?"
 "Goodness, I don't waste my high priced milk on calfy."
 "What do you do?"
 "Why, my dear little one took the prize offered by the manufacturers of Smellem's Calf Food. You'll soon see the precious little darling's picture in all the herd books."

The Last Day

Not the last day of the week, nor of the month, nor of the year. Not the last day of summer, nor the last day of the summer's vacation.
 Not any of these last things. But the last fishing trip of the season.
 It wasn't much of a fishing trip.

Just a little jaunt of twelve miles, but it was out in the woods, under the blue October sky, and gave the tired office worker a chance to fill his lungs with pure air and revel in the autumnal glories. The fiery sumac, gorgeous in its blazing robes, looked like a flame of fire against the brown of the landscape.

Reclining lazily on the sloping bank of the classic Salt Creek the angler watched his cork as it floated lazily. Through half-closed eyes he saw the purpling distances in all their glorious colorings, and watched the blackbirds and the crows as they winged their way hither and yon. Now and then a venturesome bullhead took the bait and was landed and promptly put on the string. How many got away the angler can not tell, for about half the time he was watching the skyline instead of the cork. Summer's memories came and went in silent review. Memories of days long gone obtruded now and then—memories of good times and hard times; of bright days and dark days. A leaf falling from an overhanging tree settled slowly towards the ground, as often in days ago bright hopes had fallen. Now and then a gust of wind caught a leaf before it had touched the ground, and whirling it aloft carried it far away and out of sight—just as in other days fortune had picked up a hope almost lost and carried it upwards and onwards.

The angler was not alone. With him went an old newspaper comrade. The two lay side by side under the blue sky and maintained one of those silent conversations more eloquent than words. Now and then a broken sentence; a question lazily asked and as lazily answered.

And when the sun had gone down until it no longer lent a glow to the sumacs, and the blackbirds had ceased their chattering, the two anglers wound up their lines and sauntered back to the little country depot to await the stub train that was to carry them back to the old work.

The last day! Not the last of all days, to be sure. But the last day of one glorious summer, the last chance to commune with nature when at her best. And the memory of it will be a benison through all the years that may come.

Not much of a day as days run, but just one of those days when a fellow is feeling just right and in the mood to appreciate all that kindly fortune and Mother Nature have done for him.

A Pair of Them

There was an old toper in Lincoln
 Who emptied a glass without
 thincoln;
 It was stuff to make hair
 Grow on heads that were bare,
 But he never knew what he was
 drincoln.
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

There was an old boy in Chicago
 Who tried, but in vain to make
 lawgo;
 But he starved at the feat
 So to earn food to eat
 In the backyards he is making the
 sawgo.

Bad Judgment

"How is Bingerly getting on with that new furnace he invented?"
 "He went broke."
 "That's strange. I thought it was really a good furnace."
 "O, the furnace was a good one, but Bingerly used bad judgment in naming it."
 "What does he call it?"
 "O, he mortgaged everything he had to advertise it and then was foolish enough to christen it the Lusitania."

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