



Whether Common or Not

By Wm. N. Napier.

Like a Boy Again

O, I am growing anxious, just as anxious as a kid,
To see the Christmas presents that I know are snugly hid
In closet or in bureau—anywhere my eyes won't see
Until they hang in splendor on the lighted Christmas tree.
I know my children bought them for they slyly nod and smile,
And mamma—who's their partner—wears an air of utter guile.
I know I should know better at my age, but Gee Whiz! when
The Christmas season strikes me I am just a boy again.

I know it would be proper at my age if I'd decide
To court a quiet manner and be grave and dignified;
That 'twould be more in keeping with my age and hair of gray
If I would look important and put childish things away.
But what's the use of talking? When the kids begin to sneak
Around upon their tip-toes, and they scarcely dare to speak
Above a giggling whisper—something strikes me biff! and then
I know it's nigh to Christmas and I'm a just a boy again.

At close of day I hasten toward the lights that shine for me;
I want to hear the music when my children laugh with glee;
I want to see them scatter as they haste to hide their things
That I'm not supposed to look at till old Santa kindly brings.
I want to be a sharer in the old-time Christmas joys
That have made the old world brighter to uncounted girls and boys.
And that's why I can't be stately or austere, like many men,
For I get chock full of Christmas and become a boy again.

Ambiguous

"As I have before said, and as I would now reiterate," said Honorable Seizemore Chaunceys, "I have nothing to unsay nor to withdraw from what I have hitherto said or written regarding this matter which I have taken occasion to refer to before when I said what I have already said and which I do not now unsay nor retract for the purpose of deviating in any particular from what I have taken occasion in the past to say

Grip Pains

It would be utterly impossible to imagine anything more distressing than La Grippe pains. They are simply indescribable, and seem to be composed of all the misery sensations known. Yet they can be relieved, and in a very short time by taking.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

the greatest remedy on earth for pains of any kind. Their soothing influence upon the nerves is felt throughout the entire system.

"I had La Grippe pains all over me, and I was in such distress I thought I could not endure it. I thought of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and after taking three doses the pain disappeared, and I slept peacefully. My brother has a swelling on his neck, and uses them, as they ease the pain and leave no bad effects like quieting powders."

—ADELIA LANE, Portage, Mich.
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concerning this matter of which I am now speaking with intent to merely emphasize all that I may have at any time in the past said concerning the matter of which I am now speaking."
"Well, that's all right," remarked Uncle Josh Weatherby, who was nothing of a diplomat, "but what we want t' know is, air ye goin' t' run aga'in?"

Discouraged

"I remember one time endurin' th' panic of '47," began the Oldest Inhabitant.
"O, that's a chestnut," interrupted the stranger in the village. "What I want to know is where I can get during this panic of 1907 a five dollar bill to send to my wife to buy Christmas fixings for the children."

Christmas Adages

A twenty-five cent doll in the baby's stocking is better than a two dollar bill in the safety deposit vault.

A Christmas candle can shed more light in a child's heart than an arc light can on a street intersection.

People who object to Christmas trees because the custom denudes the forests, never think of going barefotted because leather depopulates the feed lots.

The echo of a child's laughter on Christmas morning is ample reward for a month of sacrifice.

All Alike

John-D. Rockefeller is a member of the American Press Humorists' Association, and while we had long doubted his eligibility we now have had all doubts removed.

Brother Rockefeller is eligible.
"I have not now, nor have I had, \$100,000,000 in government bonds since the beginning of the present panic," declared Mr. Rockefeller one day last week.

That's why we say Mr. Rockefeller is eligible.

That puts him on the same high plane as the rest of us.

Neither have we \$100,000,000 in government bonds, and we haven't had any such amount since the inception of the panic.

A Financial Fable

Being somewhat short of cash and owing several bills which were constantly presented by insistent creditors, we decided upon a clever scheme.

Instead of paying the bills in real money we kept what little cash we had and offered to pay the bills we owed with promises to pay made out in the shape of certificates.

Whereupon there was a loud outcry, and several creditors hastened to the nearest justice of the peace and secured a garnishment of our wages.

"Just have confidence," we pleaded, with tears in our eyes. All you need is confidence."

But to no avail. Our wage was garnisheed.

"You ought to pay your bills—what you owe—when you have the money," said a friend.

After studying the matter over we have concluded that this financial game is too deep for a workingman, so we have abandoned it.

In the meanwhile the weekly envelope contains a certificate for an amount which, when added to what

is held out on garnishee, equals our liberal stipend.

Perhaps it was all because we failed to incorporate ourself.

Guarded

The life insurance agent thought for a little while that he had struck a big snap.

"I want about \$25,000 on my life," said the caller. "And I want to pay a year's premium in advance."

The agent gasped, but recovering himself he reached for his blanks and began asking the usual questions.

"Come to think of it," interrupted the caller, "you'd better make that policy read \$35,000."

By this time the agent was seized with a premonition.

"Look here," he said to the caller, "this policy will contain an exception clause. We pay no beneficiaries if the insured meets with death while acting up as a cotton batting Santa Claus."

"Then I'll look elsewhere," shouted the caller, reaching for his hat.

Long Ago

When I was just a little lad,
Not very good nor very bad—
Say just about the average boy
A-bubbling o'er with fun and joy—
I used to think it lots of fun
To furbish up my broomstick gun
And buckle on my sword of lath
Then sneak along the garden path
And out the gate and down the lane
Until the sumac patch I'd gain;
And there I'd slay the Injun braves
Until the woods was strewn with graves.

All that was very long ago—
But if you really want to know
I'd like to sneak out there today.
Forget my years and once more play
That I'm an Injun slayer bold
Whose deeds no book has ever told.
Now on the square,
My good friend there,
Just answer me straight out and true,
Wouldn't you?

When I was just about so high,
With stonebruised heel and shining eye,
I'd whistle at Pard Pryor's gate
Then hide behind the barn and wait
Until he found a chance to sneak
With me off to old Walnut creek;
And there the Hvelong summer day
We turn and turn about would play
At Crusoe's isle—first he would be
The Crusoe, then next day 'twas me.
And on the island in the stream
We'd play until the last sun gleam
Would warn us that the coming night
Would soon hide all things from our sight.

When off we'd go without a care
To home and welcomes waiting there.
All that was in the bygone years
I only see through mem'ry's tears;
But I don't hesitate to say
I'd like to sneak out there today
With Pard and play that game again
Although we both are grayhaired men.

Now on the square
My good friend there,
Just answer me straight out and true,
Wouldn't you?

Brain Leaks

Life is what we make it, not the way we take it.

Some people who are in the church are out of Christ.

The man who courts the limelight should not object to the spots revealed.

The man who never has any trouble is always willing to advise, "don't worry."

In addition to the fun of propagating the Santa Claus idea, there is the economy of it.

One trouble with Santa Claus is his tendency to feel the effects of a stringent currency market.

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