



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Nod-a-Ville

To the quaint old town of Nod-a-Ville,

Out there in the Sundown West; Just over the crest of Slumber Hill, Where the evening shades lie cool and still,

And the birds have gone to rest— To a quaint old house on Quiet Street,

Deep shaded by Sleepy Tree, While the sighing breeze sings low and sweet

They haste away with their willing feet,

My babies three—with me.

Dick-e-Dum marches with air sedate, And Margy-ree—half-past two— Waddles along with a queer-toed gait,

Worried for fear that she may be late,

And the dark blot out the view. But Charlotte May—brand-new you know—

She couldn't climb Slumber Hill— So she rides a knee the journey through,

And the only comment she makes 's "goo-goo,"

On the way to Nod-a-Ville.

In the quaint old house they softly creep

As the sun sinks in the west; And kneeling there in the silence deep

They whisper their "lay me down to sleep,"

And in God's strong arms rest. O, Nod-a-Ville! Through all the night.

May angels watch o'er thee; And when the morning has dawned clear, bright

Send back with their faces rosy alight

My babies three—to me.

From Such, Deliver Us!

Deliver us from the man who is always grumbling—or is about to grumble—over the fact that he must buy a lot of Christmas presents. The premium man is the fellow who grumbles because he has to spend some money along about Christmas time. He'd use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button if he could. He'd stop the clock when he went to bed to save wear on the wheels. If he caught a fly on the sugar he'd brush off its feet before killing it or driving it out of the house. He's too utterly mean and sordid to be worthy of trust and confidence. The man who has little ones and is unwilling to dig up the ultimate penny he can spare from the actual necessities of life in order to make the little ones happy at Christmas time—such a man is fit for treason, strategem and spoils; he is an excrescence on society, a wen on progress, a cancer on the body politic. The man who feels a pang of regret when he lets go of a quarter of a dollar for a little gim-crack for the baby hasn't got heart enough to appreciate the baby's caress—and don't deserve to have a baby. And God pity the baby of such a man!

Commend us to the father who is willing to pawn his overcoat in order to bring smiles to the faces and laughter in the voices of his children at Christmas time. It costs so little to make the kiddies happy, and the returns on the investment are so big, that we wonder more men do not try it, and try it on a larger scale. If you haven't any kiddies of your own, just hunt up the kiddies

whose fathers are up against it and invest a dollar or two in making them happy. The finest Christmas "stunt" I ever heard of is the "Big Brother" society organized in several large cities a year or two ago. A lot of club men, men of wealth and without family ties, banded together, each agreeing to make one or more children happy at Christmas time. They had a charitable organization furnish them with the names and addresses of the poor kiddies, and then these big-hearted club men went right to those homes—each man picking his kiddie—and the time those kiddies had at Christmas was something they'll never forget. And I'll bet those club men will never forget it, either. And here's another wager that those same club men will play the game again this year.

Isn't that a beautiful scheme? Easy to work, inexpensive—and the happiness it carries into the lives of the unfortunate little ones is so big and so fine that it fairly makes a fellow ache to get out and do something, no matter how little, just so it is his best.

For goodness sake, loosen up! Limit the cigar money; walk and save car fare; cut out the billiards; skip an occasional midday lunch—anything to save a little piece of money to invest in the business of making the children happy at Christmas time.

Quick Wit

Strickland W. Gillilan, the poet and lecturer, was addressing a Lincoln audience recently. In the midst of his lecture the electric lights suddenly winked out and the audience showed signs of restlessness.

"Don't be uneasy," exclaimed Gillilan. "The darkness does not bother me. Some of the best audiences I ever held I held in the dark."

Just then the lights flared up again.

"The audiences I held in the dark were not as large as this," continued Gillilan, "but I held them much closer."

Little Willie

"What is it you want to say to me, Willie?" remarked the visitor.

Whereupon Willie's mamma squirmed but before she could send Willie from the room he said:

"Your husband must be awfully stout, ain't he?"

Another squirm from mamma and a warning frown.

"Why, what makes you think he is so strong, Willie?"

"Cause papa said he saw him carryin' an awful load last Saturday night."

"I Rule the House"

The above is the title of a book of poems just fresh and sparkling from the pen of Edmund Vance Cooke. It is a book of verses written about children by one who loves them, understands them and is trusted by them. Edmund Vance Cooke's verses are familiar to readers of the daily press and the magazines, for he is one of the most popular versifiers of the country. There is that dainty little heart appeal, that intimate knowledge of child life, that tender touch of the kindly hand, about all of his child verses that commend them to parents. The Architect of this department acknowledges with grateful thanks the receipt of a copy of "I

Rule the House" accompanied by the author's best wishes. It is just the thing for a Christmas present—and there's nothing like a good book for a Christmas gift.

Cautious

"Where are you going, Johnnie?" "Down in the basement to watch papa fix the furnace."

"No you are not, Johnnie. You learn enough bad language from the boys on the street without getting within hearing distance of your papa when he is fixing the furnace."

The Limit

"Are you still interested in the Boy Scout movement?"

"I should say not! I stood for it until Johnnie tried to scalp the baby and burn Millcent at the stake, then I put a quietus on the whole thing so far as my family is concerned."

Short Arm Jabs

"I have just begun to fight."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"I'm glad an American has won the championship."—John L. Sullivan.

"Who licked?"—Robert Fitzsimmons.

The Birmingham Age-Herald says the stork record is a baby every twelve seconds in the United States. We hope the real mother record is equal to that stork record, but we doubt it.

From the pictures we have seen of King Manuel we judge that he would be a success behind the glove counter of a Chicago department store.—Toledo Blade.

This is an unwarranted insult to a lot of young gentlemen who are at least earning their money.

There is a movement afoot to have the government buy the Mammoth cave. Is this a scheme to provide a habitat for Joe Foraker?—Detroit News.

No; a scheme to secure a modern cave of Adullam for the use of the eminent gentlemen who have been pried loose from g. o. p. office and are therefore discontented.

The shortest day of the year is December 21.—St. Louis Times.

And the longest day of the year is December 24. But there are a lot of us who have found January 1 to be the really "short" day.

Mr. Roosevelt says he has had no rest since he returned from Africa. Has anybody else?—New York Herald.

And he isn't half as tired as some of the rest of us.

At any rate Mr. Roosevelt is not weasel-worded about the result. He is speechless.

If the Ultimate Consumer didn't have much show before the ways and means committee, he at least made his presence felt the Tuesday after the first Monday in last November.

Brain Leaks

Buy 'em now. The worth of a gift is not measured by the price tag.

Look to your life insurance before officiating as a cotton-batting Santa Claus.

It is easy to make the tired clerks happy by merely being considerate during the holiday shopping rush.

The man who tries to convince my children that Santa Claus is a myth is going to be the cause of my being arrested for assault and battery.

The worst bore on earth is the man who insists on telling you how sick he was when you want to tell him how nearly you came to dying.

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