



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Beautiful Kingdom

There are faces alight with glory of love

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

There are hearts that are light as the clear skies above

In that kingdom of beauties untold. And happy is he who can dwell in that land

Where children are ruling with scepters in hand,

For youth is the monarch of one happy band,

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

No sorrows lurk deep in grim thickets of gloom

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

But flowers of beauty are ever in bloom

And the pathways are shining as gold.

The laughter of little ones borne on the air

Is surcease of sorrow and cure for all care,

For happiness reigns and has banished despair

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

The little hands wave a warm welcome to all

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

The sweet little voices in harmony call, And their little arms wait to enfold,

And Father Time pauses to taste of the joys,

To join in the games full of romping and noise

That are played all the hours by sweet girls and boys

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

Come, walk with me now through the cool shadows deep

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

And backward the years of our troubles will creep

While stories of youth are retold. All burdens grow light and all cares we dismiss;

The gates are unlocked by a sweet baby kiss,

And Love sits enthroned in the City of Bliss

In the "Kingdom of Never-grow-old."

Familiar

"Hold up your hands!"

Stern and emphatic came the command, the sharp tones piercing the cool evening air.

"Hold up your hands!"

Instinctively we elevated our hands above our heads, while the highwayman went through our pockets and removed \$1.06, a 99-cent watch, a broken-bladed pocketknife and a petrified potato (carried for rheumatism).

"Don't move for a full minute," hissed the bold bandit. Then he slid away into the darkness.

At the end of the minute we proceeded on our way homeward.

Frightened? Not at all. The experience was too familiar.

Had we not just finished paying the meat bill, the grocery bill, the coal bill, the ice bill and the gas bill?

Ah, yes! The trusts have made us familiar with the hold-up games. They differ only in methods of procedure.

Placed

"Do you put any faith in this new movement for political reform?" we asked of Senator Graball.

"The putting of money into political movements—"

Noting our look of pained surprise the senator paused and with a movement of deprecation continued:

"—I mean—yes, I have implicit faith in the people."

Squelched

The tall man and the short man met on the corner. The tall man was an administration supporter; the short man was not. The tall man and the short man were soon engaged in a discussion.

"I can prove my assertions by government statistics," exclaimed the tall man.

"Is that so?" sarcastically queried the short man.

"Yes, it's so. I can prove that the cost of living has not increased in proportion to the increase in wages. Now, for instance, here are the figures compiled by—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the short man. "Are those Carroll D. Wright's statistics?"

"Yes, sir; and—"

"Then here is the proof that they are radically wrong," said the short man, thrusting some papers into the tall man's hand and rapidly walking away.

Slowly unrolling the papers thrust into his hand the tall man gazed at the figures written thereon.

The papers were the grocery and meat bills of the short man.

Unanimous

Once upon a time the "confidence games" of the world met to organize an association for mutual improvement, and the gathering was one of the largest ever known. The interest manifested was intense, and the meeting promised to be a great success.

But trouble arose over the selection of a presiding officer. Every "game" present claimed the honor. The wrangling proceeded for many weary hours, and there seemed to be great danger that the proposed organization would fall through lack of harmony.

Finally, after nearly every "game" present had presented its claims to recognition, an unusually large one appeared on the scene.

"Cease this wrangling, friends," it said. "I have but to announce who I am in order to settle this controversy. The mere mention of my name will convince you that I am entitled to be 'it' in this august assembly."

"Well, who are you?" queried an unusually large "game."

"Sir," was the loud reply, "I am an Infant Industry."

Recognizing the superior claim the other "games" humbly bowed and the Infant Industry was given the seat of honor and command.

Unloized

"What's this, my dear?" queried Mr. Bingley, looking at the column of figures handed him by Mrs. Ringley.

"That's my time book, Mr. Bingley."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means, Mr. Bingley, that this

house is going to run on the union schedule hereafter. I am working the nine hour day now, and my salary is my board and clothes. Overtime is cash."

"But, my dear, I—"

"Well, I do, Mr. Bingley. That first item, 30 cents, is one hour overtime keeping your supper hot while you loitered down town after your work was done, talking politics."

"Now, look here, Mrs. Bingley; I want—"

"And that next item, 45 cents, is an hour and a half overtime when I kept your breakfast waiting Sunday morning while you snoozed away because you were out late Saturday night attending a primary."

"O, come now, dear, I—"

"And that next item, 75 cents, is the time I put in last labor day getting the children ready for the picnic while you pranced around on a horse and posed for the edification of the multitude."

"Isn't that—"

"And that next item, \$2.50, is the overtime I put in after 6 o'clock darn- ing the children's stockings and mend- ing their clothes while you spawled all over the sofa reading the evening pa- pers."

"I'll not stand for—"

"And that next item, \$3, is the over- time I put in after 6 o'clock washing the supper dishes and getting the po- tatoes and other things ready for breakfast next morning."

"What will you take and—"

"Every item there is on the square, Mr. Bingley, and it all amounts to \$13.75. Work is off in this house until the bill is paid, and don't you forget it."

"But I can't pay—"

"Then your force walks out. I'm go- ing home to my mother for a few weeks. I'll take the children and you can hustle—"

"Mrs. Bingley, I find this time book correct. Your money is right here. Here's \$15, and you can credit me with the \$1.75."

"Thank you, dear. The strike has been called off."

Brain Leaks

Sanctification is not sterilization.

It is easier to climb when you look up.

True Christianity needs no press agent.

Municipal corporation has its source in municipal neglect.

We love to boast of our infirmities, but we dislike to have others mention them.

People who are always measuring their heads for their crowns seldom can show any cross scars on their shoulders.

Egypt Knew It

According to Dr. Richard Caton, F. R. C. P., Harvard was anticipated 6,000 years ago by the priest-doctors of Egypt in his momentous discovery of the circulation of the blood.

As far back as 4,000 B. C. Egypt had works on medicine and anatomy, and one brilliant genius—I-em-hotep, priest of the sun-god Ra, and physician to King Torsothros—became so eminent that he was revered as a demi-god after his death; a temple was built over his tomb; and in his honor hospitals were raised in Memphis and other cities.

Here the priest-physicians treated the sick and embalmed the bodies of men and sacred animals. They were probably, Dr. Caton thinks, the first of mankind to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of the movements of the blood.

Their papyri contain intelligent refer- ences to the heart, the blood-vessels and the pulse. Of the heart, in par- ticular they knew much, and their

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured

University Chemist Acting as Judge

Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, O., dem- onstrated before the editorial board of the *Even- ing Post*, one of the leading daily papers of Cin- cinnati, the power of his

remedy to cure the worst forms of kidney diseases. Later a public test was in- stituted under the auspi- ces of the *Post*, and five cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes were select- ed by them and placed under Dr. Mott's care. In three months' time all were pronounced cured, one of the most promi- nent Universities in the United States having been chosen by the *Post* to make examination of the cases before and after treatment.

Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the papers by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are num- bered among those who have taken his treat- ment and been cured.

The doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble, either in the first, interme- diate or last stages, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the doctor has prepared about kidney troubles and describing his new method of treat- ment will also be mailed by him. Correspond- ence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 89 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

writings refer to its enlargement, fatty degeneration, displacement, palpita- tion and pericardial effusion. One re- markable passage of these old-world inquirers speaks of distension occurring because the blood has stagnated and does not circulate properly.

Not Greece, therefore, but Egypt, long before Galen and Hippocrates, was the motherland of rational medi- cine and anatomy. The views of the Greeks on the circulation of the blood were almost exactly those which the Egyptians had taught many centuries earlier.—London Cablegram to New York American.

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