



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

#### The Pessimist

Long hours of toil, a little sleep,  
Some joys with sorrows blended.  
A sigh, a tear, then shadows creep  
And life at last is ended.

False friends to face, grim foes to fight,  
Grim troubles without number.  
Cold dawn, gray noon—then cometh night  
With its eternal slumber.

A battle grim is man's short life—  
Vast cares and little pleasure.  
Long hours with heavy problems rife,  
Dark trials without measure.

The joys of youth are but a span—  
A quickly bursting bubble.  
Then cometh years of work for man;  
Long years thick fraught with trouble.

The cradle bed, the yawning grave—  
Betwixt the hard years sever.  
A hopeless fight however brave,  
And then to sleep forever.

#### The Optimist

A rosy youth with love aglow,  
Great joys—the heart grows lighter.  
Great deeds to do, good seed to sow—  
The circling sky grows brighter.

True friends to help the burdens bear;  
Grim foes to conquer daily.  
The light of love to banish care  
And make the days pass gaily.

A battle hard to nerve the arm  
To strike for those we cherish.  
The will to do, love's golden charm—  
And sorrows quickly perish.

The joys of duty nobly done  
Makes life a span of pleasure.  
An earnest work from sun to sun—  
Then love that passeth measure.

The cradle bed, where mother sings;  
Youth's joys and manhood's story.  
Sweet smiles at home that always bring  
The fullest share of glory.

### SOME VAGRANT THOUGHTS ON A VARIETY OF THINGS.

This is a funny old world, after all. Most of us can not help fretting sometimes that it is not just as we would have it, and the rest of the time we are glad that it is not the way we thought we would have it. There are times when we are positive that we could improve on the make-up of the universe if we but had a chance, and at other times we can not be thankful enough that we were not given the chance.

There's the old story, for instance about the man who lay down in the shade of a giant oak set in the middle of a great field of pumpkins. As he gazed first at the tiny acorns on the great tree, then at the great pumpkins on the tiny vines, he mused:

"What a mistake on the part of the Creator to put such tiny acorns on such strong and sturdy limbs, and such huge pumpkins on such weak and yielding vines. I should have reversed the order had I been making the world. I should have put the big pumpkins on the strong limbs so well able to bear them, and the tiny acorns on the —"

Just then an acorn dropped and smote him on the chin. Leaping to his feet the man exclaimed:

"Great Scott! What if that had been a pumpkin!"

For months the moulder of this department has been figuring on a week's vacation. He merely wanted to loaf a few days, and had no particular place to visit, and nothing in particular that he wanted to do—he just wanted to lazy around and see how it felt to be idle day after day. He knows now. By lively hustling he managed to secure the week, and he put it in doing nothing but laying around the house, reading light literature, walking down town and back, and "just putterin' around," as some folks call it. He put in a whole week just as he had been longing to put in a week for months and months. It was about the hardest week the moulder has put in during the past twenty-five years—that being about the span of his active battle with life. When the week ended he was so tired that he welcomed the return of regular work because it offered an opportunity for rest.

This experience may not be of supreme interest to the general reader but it serves the purpose of showing that the way things are is usually the best way for things to be. And the right thing to do is the thing to do right. A power infinitely higher than mortal man planned this universe and made the laws that keep it running, and the sooner we get the notion out of our heads that we could better it, the better off we will be. But getting the notion out of our heads is the hardest thing imaginable. All of us are so egotistical that we just know we could make things better if given the chance. The majority of us are just like the Irishman who couldn't understand why the sun didn't shine at night when it was needed for light, instead of in the daytime when it was already light enough.

The moulder of this department has a great pity for the man who does not love to get next to nature; who does not love to tramp through the woods and over the stubble; who does not enjoy lying behind a blind and watching for the ducks and geese as they fly over; who does not love the whirr of the reel and feel a thrill of ecstasy at the fierce strike of the gamey bass or vari-colored trout. The man who does not love these things is to be pitied. Indeed, the moulder of this department is satisfied in his own mind that such a man is to be carefully watched. You never can get real close to such a man.

But there is the real sportsman—the man who does not shoot or hunt for gain, the man who loves sport because it brings him in close touch with nature and all of nature's glorious works. You know him the minute you see him. Instinctively your heart goes out to him, and you can swap tobacco, borrow matches, and tell the stories of camp and tramp and be sure of an appreciative listener. The real sportsman is always a man whose veins run rich, red blood. He cares less for the game than he does for the pleasure of being out in the open air, filling his lungs with rich ozone and getting a color in his skin that rivals the brown of the autumn leaves. If you are the right sort yourself such

a man becomes a brother without the necessity of a formal introduction.

But the little, dyspeptic, dried-up man who looks with contempt on rod and reel, and who never set gun over shoulder and tramped the stubble or waded the swamps—if you wanted good companionship, would you go to such a man? If you were compelled to have business dealings with him wouldn't you feel it imperative to keep your eyes peeled and look out lest you get badly worsted in the deal? You never feel that way with the true sportsman.

Honestly now, you lover of rod and gun, of fresh air and open sky, which would you rather be: Poor in purse and rich in memories of the glories of nature as you found them in woods and lakes and stubble, or rich in this world's goods and poor in memories of the glories enumerated? You, brother, whose heart is filled with love for all mankind because you have lived close to nature and listened to her sweetest songs beneath the open sky; would you trade places with Uncle Russell Sage, who boasts that he never took a vacation and who has nothing in this world but money?

Taking a vacation does not mean doing nothing. It means a change of work. The most discontented man in the world is the man who has nothing to do but eat and sleep. The unhappiest man in the world is the man who has nothing but money. The contented and happy man is the man who has his work in this world to do and does it with all his might, doing the best he can and getting the most out of life.

And getting the most out of life does not mean piling up dollars. Dollars are something that you can not take with you when you cross over to the Other Side. But you can take with you memories of the help you gave to others, of the good you performed in this world, of the duties that were earnestly done.

Mere platitudes, you say. Perhaps. But it is well to get back to first principles once in a while.

The moulder of this department didn't mean to end up this way when he began. He had an eloquent finish all planned out, but somehow or other he missed fire. It may be due to the fact that this is written the first day he went back to work after trying to enjoy a week of doing nothing. A week of that sort usually puts a fellow into that "out-of-sorts" condition.

#### The Woman

For four and twenty years she toiled,  
At 5 each morning rose,  
And slaved away the livelong day  
For just her board and clothes.  
At last she did make up her mind  
Such ways she did not like,  
And then and there she did declare  
Herself out on a strike.  
And hubby, when he missed his meals,  
Did stamp about in rage;  
But in the end he did unbend,  
And pay his wife good wage.

#### Fermentation of Tobacco

To demonstrate how American-grown tobacco is fermented, the seedlings of which were brought from Cuba and Sumatra, a department has been installed in the tobacco exhibit in the north section of the Palace of Agriculture.

When the tobacco crop is harvested later in the season the government will send experts to the world's fair to demonstrate how this scientific fermentation has been secured. Previous to the Spanish-American war the curing of Cuban and Sumatra tobacco was a process known only to the tobacco planters of these countries and

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the members of their families.

At the close of the war the agricultural department of the government sent experts to Cuba and Sumatra to study the process. Within the last five years this process has been acquired by the American experts and through the medium of the government experiment stations in different parts of the country it has been demonstrated that tobacco of as fine quality and flavor as the Cuban and Sumatra tobacco can be grown profitably in the United States.

#### New Theory

Through a lecture delivered here by Dr. Salisbury, of the University of Chicago, it has developed that scientists throughout the world are giving earnest consideration to a new theory of the origin of the earth, and that so far not a flaw has been found in it. The new hypothesis disproves the nebular theory.

The hypothesis by Prof. Chamberlain, of Chicago University, is termed the planetesimal, and combines elements of both the nebular and meteoritic hypothesis, assuming a parent nebula for the system, but not one of hot gas. It assumes, further, small solid bodies, cold, not hot, and possibly the presence of gases, all revolving around the central mass, the sun, and gradually evolving the present solar system. The new theory has not yet been finally perfected.—Milwaukee Telegram to the New York Tribune.

#### Bliss' Barrel Goes Empty

Republican campaign managers are much disturbed by the result of Cornelius N. Bliss' call on Wall street for campaign funds.

Over a week ago Mr. Bliss began to sprinkle Wall street with little notes saying he would call on the day mentioned and hoped that the recipient of the note would see his way clear to help out the cause of prosperity and good government as in former campaigns. These notes were sent to men whose names were on a selected list.

Mr. Bliss has been following his notes around and the result was not what had been expected.

In some cases men who contributed generously before flatly declined to do so now. Others informed the Republican representatives that the situation was nothing like it was in 1896 and 1900 and that there was now no call for a big barrel.—New York Telegram to the Philadelphia Telegram.

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