



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Look Ahead

Another year has slipped away into the vanished past,
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!
There's more to do in this one than there was to do the last,
So look ahead, my brother. look ahead!
It's foolish to be standing with your face turned to the rear;
It's better to be smiling than to shed a single tear;
The past is dead and buried, now begins another year—
So look ahead; my brother; look ahead!

It's foolish to be mourning for the things you didn't do
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!
There's much you should be doing, and the task is up to you.
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!
The wrongs you should have righted, still they stare you in the face;
The greed of gold is stalking in the godless market place,
And you ought to get real busy in this good new year of grace—
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!

Better try and fail, my brother, than to never try at all.
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!
Better climb and fall, my brother, than to never risk a fall.
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!
The world is needing doers who are not afraid to do
The right and take their chances, and stay by it till its through,
Strong of heart, without a murmur, and a purpose strong and true—
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead.

There are wrongs that should be righted, there is work that should be done.
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead.
It is up to you to do it, and it's time that you begun.
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!
Face the future full of courage, do your very level best;
Let your faith grow strong and stronger till it gives your work a zest,
Do your part without a murmur—God will surely do the rest—
So look ahead, my brother; look ahead!

Some New Year Thoughts

Saturday was the last day of the year. Three hundred and sixty-six days again dumped into the scrap heap of the past. What did the old year give us?
Now there is Mr. Rockefeller, for instance. The old year brought him a hundred dollars for every cent it brought me, and from the financial standpoint he has the better of yours truly. But, thank goodness, the best things the year gave me are not to be measured in dollars and cents. While Mr. Rockefeller was piling up his millions he was praying for a new stomach; I was eating three times a day and enjoying every mouthful. He was

spending his nights thinking how he could add to his millions; I was playing hippity-hop with my babies and having more fun in a minute than Rockefeller ever had. He was scheming how to get the better of his fellows in the financial world; I was scheming to keep a roof over my loved ones and finding a greater reward in their happiness than Rockefeller could get out of all the gold ever mined.

Mr. Rockefeller ended the year with more money than I did, but I wouldn't trade places with him. I've got some things that his money couldn't buy.

During the year that closed Saturday night a rich man went up into the Adirondack mountains and began buying up large parcels of land. He spent millions fencing it in, stocking it with game and making it a fine game preserve. He deprived men of a means of livelihood in order to gratify his tastes. He took no thought of the welfare of others. He built a fine hunting lodge and furnished it with a luxury that Solomon never dreamed of. Everything that money could buy he had.

During this same year a friend of mine bought a little patch of ground 50x148 feet. On it he erected a house of five rooms, and furnished the rooms neatly but at small expense. He paid for every stick and stone in it with money earned by honest toil and sweat, and took into this little house a wife who had helped him earn it. And this friend of mine took into that modest little home something that the rich man couldn't buy if he had all the gold stored in the bowels of the earth.

Which of these, the rich man of the Adirondacks, or the working friend of mine, think you is getting the most out of life? Which got the most out of the year that is about to close?

Last summer I read of a man who bought a steam yacht and made a long trip around the world. He was worn out with his chase of the almighty dollar, wearied with the strife in the market places, sated with the charms of metropolitan life, and he sought escape. He sailed from port to port in search of something to give his senses a new thrill, to give him forgetfulness.

About the same time a friend of mine decided that he had earned a vacation. He had worked hard at his trade for several years, never missing a day or skipping a duty. He found a quiet little place on the banks of a Missouri lake, rented a tent and a Sibley stove, put his wife and babies in a wagon, drove overland to the lake and spent two weeks there. The trip cost him less than the owner of the steam yacht spent for lubricating oil in one week.

My friend has been enjoying that little vacation ever since. He will enjoy it until he opens his eyes on another world. Doubtless the yacht owner yawns every time he thinks of his cruise around the world.

Which of these two, think you, got the most out of the last year?

I know a man who made almost countless millions by special legislation and disregard of the rights of others. Every day the press heralds some new gift he made to the public—gifts with long strings attached. His name appears in print every day, he has everything money can buy, and he is

looked up to by men who think of nothing but money.

A newspaper friend of mine who writes verses breathing fellowship and good will has a habit of entertaining little children whose lines are not cast in pleasant places. He sings, and his songs are all full of sunshine. He plays the piano, and his music sets little feet to dancing. He tells stories of fairies and gnomes and giants and dwarfs, and children listen with eyes alight and faces wreathed in smiles. Last year he donated his talents to orphan asylums and brought in enough money to care for a number of little ones, to provide several cots for the sick and helpless and to ease many a bed of pain. That's the way he enjoys himself. His newspaper work makes him a good living, and he takes his vacations by making the little folks happy.

Which would you rather be, the hard working newspaper man or the man who builds the big buildings with money earned by others and wrongfully withheld from them?

Which of these two, think you, got the most pleasure out of the year about to close?

A few days ago every man you met had a warm smile and a cheery "Happy New Year" for you. Now, why not keep up that cheery style all through the year? Instead of meeting your business acquaintance with a curt nod, smile just like you do on New Year's day and greet him with a cheerful "howdy-do." Spread the happy greetings all through the year. It might help some.

An Oversight

"The women who are publishing that daily newspaper for women seem to have made a bad oversight."

"What's that?"

"They are not printing it on a new dress pattern every day."

Different

"Hello, Binks! I thought you had sworn off smoking cigars."

"No, I only swore off smoking some cigars," replied Binks sadly, thinking of a box full his better half had given him for a Christmas present.

"Frenzied Finance"

"I saw a case of 'frenzied finance' this morning that interested me very much."

"Where and what was it?"

"Couple of women on the street car. Each one insisted on paying the other's fare."

Brain Leaks

In the real home Christmas comes every day.

Some people work hard to make an easy living.

Some men mistake moral dyspepsia for complete sanctification.

The man who never forgets that he was a boy is not very apt to forget his manhood.

The man who is honest simply because it is the best policy will bear watching.

Some people experience no difficulty in keeping their left hand from knowing what their right doeth.

The foolish man carries his business cares to his fireside and leaves all of his good nature at the office.

The man who is always waiting for something to turn up is forever complaining about being turned down.

A man never realizes how foolish he once was until he runs across some of the letter he wrote to his wife before he married her.

This is the season of the year when the man who owns a horse and does

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not warm the bridledbits should be made to stand in the stall while the horse loafs by the radiator.

While we are mourning the fact that the young girls of today are not learning to be housekeepers, let us not forget that the young men are not altogether successful as house providers.