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Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MURPHY.

But—

The Christmas presents that old Santa Claus sent

Are broken, or battered, or else badly bent.

The dolly is headless, sawdustless, unfrocked.

The horse into flinders has been badly knocked;

The trumpet is flattened, the drum has no head;

In kindlingwood lies the little doll bed.

But what of it all? We have cause to be glad—

Just think of the fun that the little ones had.

The drawing slate lies there in fragments minute;

The harp without tongue lies there silent and mute;

The watch lies in fragments, no hands, face or tick;

The monkey no longer climbs up his slim stick;

The dishes are broken, the dog has no hair;

The "Mother Goose" book lies forlorn on a chair.

But what of it all? We have cause to be glad—

Just think of the fun that the little ones had.

Their Christmas shouts rang in the early morn's gloom;

Their laughter made brighter the old sitting room.

And watching, the years quickly vanished, and then

We, too, for a day were just children again.

And then with new strength we lifted life's load

And cheerfully started anew on life's road.

The meaning is clear—we have cause to be glad—

We could pay for the fun that the little ones had.

A Little Fable

A Herd of very Common People met out in the cold one day, shivering in Great Distress, for the purpose of Inquiring into a Few Things.

"Why are we cold?" queried one, "when there is abundant Coal in the world?"

A Haughty Man passing by laughed scornfully in his Sleeve and replied:

"I control the coal Supply, therefore I can make more money selling one ton for Six Dollars than I could by selling two tons at Three Dollars per."

"But how comes it that you control the Supply of Coal?" queried a blue-lipped and shivering member of the Herd.

"O, the coal lands were Thrown into My Lap by Providence to be administered as Trustee," replied the Haughty Man, passing on.

Moral: The men who claim to have things thrown into their laps by Providence usually do a little throwing themselves—they throw the people.

Regrets

The shade of Alexander the Great sat mournfully on the shadow of a rock on the banks of the Styx.

"I was too hasty in regretting that there were no more worlds to conquer," sighed Alex. "I might have made conversation about having them thrown into my lap by Providence."

Realizing, however, that he was several centuries ahead of his time, Alex-

ander arose and went on a search for Napoleon for the purpose of talking it over.

The Ownership of the Ox

Colonel Jones, general manager of the steel works, Major Miles, general manager of the cotton mill, Captain Stone, general manager of the woollen mill, General Smith, general manager of the glucose factory, and Hon. Thomas Q. Graspem, general manager of the glass company, met behind closed doors to discuss the matter of founding a daily paper in Mechanicsville. The only daily paper in the city evidenced too much disregard of the feelings of trusts in particular and the local trusts especially. As a matter of fact the Mechanicsville Daily Bugle was owned and edited by a man who never side-stepped to call a spade an agricultural implement.

"We need a good, newsy paper in this splendid city," said Colonel Jones. "We who have built up these great industries are entitled to some consideration from the press, but the Bugle continues to denounce our plan of community of interests. I am in favor of our companies taking enough stock to start a good daily newspaper; a paper that will represent the best interests of the city—meaning, of course, our interests."

"I heartily second Colonel Jones' plans," observed Major Miles. "We have at great expense of energy and brain power built up these great industries and have secured control of the markets. It is only justice that our rights and privileges be respected."

This struck all present as being about the right thing, and it was finally decided to call in an expert newspaper man and ask him about the expense. John Williams, a newspaper man of known experience and ability, was called in and after giving his estimate of the cost of installing the plant, organizing a force and getting out the paper, he said:

"The expense is materially increased by the paper trust, gentlemen."

"The paper trust!" exclaimed Colonel Jones.

"Yes, the paper trust. All print paper is made by a trust, and the price is now higher than ever before, and the quality of the paper furnished inferior. In fact, the price is nearly, if not quite, 100 per cent more than it was a year or so ago before the trust was thoroughly organized. You will find that the paper trust's prices will be a sad interference with your proposed venture."

"But this is outrageous," declared Hon. Thomas Q. Graspem. "Outrageous to have this prime necessity controlled by a grasping corporation. The people are educated by the press, and anything that tends to lessen the production of books and papers tends to discourage popular education."

"Hurrah!" shouted the assembled captains of industry.

"This enemy of the people must be suppressed," continued Hon. Thomas Q. Graspem. "It must be wiped out of existence."

"Hurrah!"

"It can be done gentlemen" said Mr. Williams.

"How?"

"By removing the tariff from print paper and wool pulp, a tariff that prevents competition and puts a premium

on the destruction of our forests. Removing the tariff—"

"Look here!" shouted General Smith. "I'm a standpatter. If we ask the removal of the tariff on print paper and wool pulp we can't oppose the removal of the tariff on anything we manufacture."

There was dead silence for a few moments, and then Mr. Williams was escorted to the door. The Bugle is still the only daily newspaper in Mechanicsville, but it is rumored that a stealthy boycott is being worked by men who throw frenzied fits every time organized labor uses a similar weapon.

The ownership of the ox still cuts an important figure.

Brain Leaks

A wife's religion is not a husband's passport.

Men who wait for reforms never lead processions.

Stygian contractors are never short on paving material.

We wish we were young enough to wish we were older.

Good ideas and envy do not sprout from the same soil.

Scandal's tongue will wither when cars are turned away.

The older a man gets the better he could skate when a boy.

The man who is afraid of falling never climbs very high.

The man who hunts for trouble never has to follow a long trail.

Too many people blame heredity for their personal acquisitions.

The best way to solve the labor problem is to do your whole duty.

It is a golden rule that works both ways with satisfactory results.

When a man is starving it is a poor time to talk to him about his soul.

The work done tomorrow does not pay the grocery bills of yesterday.

The cloak of religion is transparent when used by a sinner as a disguise.

The dollar you give does more good than the millions you wish you could give.

Some men who would not steal a pocketbook do not hesitate to steal a state.

Those who boast much of their ancestry are not keeping up the average of posterity.

A great many things prejudicial to the people are done in the name of party harmony.

There are Christians who think they have done their full duty when they pay the preacher.

The man who does his whole duty has precious little time to criticize the work others are doing.

We have our doubts about the Christianity that has to get into a man's heart through a bullet hole.

Billiard players put chalk on the cue to keep it from slipping. Some men need chalk on their consciences.

A great many people have a habit of expressing surprise at the exposure of corruption that they were cognizant of all the time.

Some men drop a dime in the contribution box on Sunday and imagine they have bought enough Christianity to last them the rest of the week.

RUB ON
Painkiller
and the Rheumatism's gone.