



Whether Common or Not

By WILL A. MURPHY.

A Boy's Report

Gee, I had a bully time Fourth o' July! Got up early in th' mornin' an' then I Helped fire salutes—Gee, them ol' anvils rung—

An' ev'ry time we shouted till a lung jus' seemed tore out. An' 'en we shot them crackers all day long. Gee, it was hot!

Jim Dolan's cannon busted and a chunk

Hit Jim right on the stomick jus' kerplunk,

An' powder burned his face—too bad fr' Jim—

I'd hate to have the face he's got on him.

'Bout 'leven o'clock th' band begun to play

Down in th' grove, an' some folks went that way

T' hear th' speakin'; but you bet 'at I Don't waste no time that way Fourth o' July.

But when 'twas noon you bet I was th' fust

Ter dinner—e't till I nearly bust.

An' lemmynade, an' pie, an' jell, an' cake,

An' chicken—e't until I had a ache.

But it hurt good. An' 'en we shot some more

Big crackers, celebratin' July 4.

An' then you'd oughter see th' fun we made

In that there callytumpy parade.

John White—he's sister's beau—lent me a hoss.

He played he was a clown an' he fell down

A gittin' on his hoss, an' all th' town Jus' laffed an' whooped, an' Kate she looked so proud

'At I could see her blushin' in th' crowd.

An' late at night I heard her in th' hall

Say, "John, your part was jus' th' best of all."

My hand? Huh! That's burned. I lit a fuse

An' then furgot I had. Failed to let loose

An' bang she went right off there in my hand.

Skeered me so 'at I could hardly stand.

An' hurt! I ruther guess it hurt. An' ma

She said it was the worstest burn she ever saw.

But pa jus' laffed an' said, "Don't worry none;

Twon't bother till tomorrow, will it, son?"

An' all next day my hand hurt me so hard

I couldn't hoe no weeds ner rake th' yard.

An' when th' fireworks was let off at night

Who bossed th' job but sister's beau, John White!

An' John let me help hand things up t' him,

An' when he'd fire a wheel I'd git th' rim.

John can shoot fireworks mighty fine, I say.

Ain't got no better in this dinky town no way.

John give me a quarter t' git ice cream he said;

But I got cartridges an' punk an' caps instead.

An' late at night I jus' fell on th' floor

An'—that's all I 'member 'bout July 4.

Why We Celebrated

The patriotic citizen, having arisen by the dawn's early light, had spent the morning hours in shooting off fire-crackers, exploding torpedoes, yelling like a maniac and burning his fingers to blisters. During a pause in his celebrating a foreign looking individual passing by paused and remarked:

"Why all this demonstration?"

"This is the day we celebrate!" proudly exclaimed the patriotic citizen.

"And why do you celebrate?"

"Because it is the anniversary of our nation's natal day."

"Why all the noise?"

"Because," proudly replied the patriotic citizen, "one hundred and twenty-nine years ago today we declared ourselves free and independent, and took our place among the nations."

"And by your simple declaration you became free and independent?"

"To be sure, sir, exclaimed the patriotic citizen, "but we had to do some hard fighting to make the declaration good."

"But were you not rebelling against constituted authority and therefore rebels?"

"Not much, sir! Our forefathers who rebelled were patriots. They had settled this country, made it productive and were entitled to manage it. They resisted oppression, sir; when aliens tried to rule them they arose in their might and fought for the freedom which we, their children, now enjoy. We celebrate their glorious patriotism, sir."

"But you say that aliens tried to rule you; were they not of your own race and color? Were they not allied with you by ties of blood?"

"True they were of our own race and blood, but they knew nothing of our needs or our aims. They sought to rule us without allowing us a voice. Our complaint was unheeded. When patience ceased to be a virtue our forefathers arose in their wrath and threw off the galling yoke. To them we owe everything we enjoy in the way of liberty and national existence, Whoop-ee! Hurrah! And the patriotic citizen jumped three feet into the air and touched off another dynamite cracker.

"Strange," muttered the foreign looking man.

"Why strange?" queried the patriotic citizen.

"Because you call your forefathers patriots when they were rebels, insurrectos."

"Rebels, nothing!" shouted the patriotic citizen. "They were patriots, fighting for liberty and right of self government."

"But only last week I heard you call a people who are striving for the same thing 'rebels,' insurrectos, 'irresponsible niggers' and all that sort of thing."

"Look here!" shouted the patriotic citizen. "If you are referring to them Filipinos I ain't going to listen to you. They are rebels against our government. We are trying to confer the blessings of good government on 'em. We are ruling 'em for their good, and they ain't got sense enough to see it. The man who takes up arms against his government is a double-dyed traitor and a rebel and ought to be hanged. Them Filipinos ought to be —"

But the foreign looking gentleman, shaking his head walked away muttering:

"I fail to grasp the meaning."

In the meanwhile the patriotic citizen sent down town for more dynamite crackers and a lot of blank cartridges.

The Boy's Room

"Yes, this is the girl's room—our daughter's room. See the neat brass bed, the snowy draperies, the freshly laundered curtains, the neat rug spread over clean matting. Everything fair to see. Our girl is a great 'home-body,' but somehow or other our boy wants to be out on the streets instead of at home.

"O, yes; this is the boy's room. That bed was the one we came near throwing away. What's that? Yes, whenever we have any bed clothes that are worn we let the boy have them, and we'd put a cheap carpet on the floor only he'd soon wear holes in it with his heavy shoes. He doesn't seem to care much for a room of his own, so we just put that old cracked mirror over that drygoods box, and then we covered the box with some wall paper left over from last spring. He started to hang some pictures on the walls, but he had to drive nails in the plaster to do it, and we couldn't have the walls marred like that. That's the reason there are no pictures in here. I've been intending to have the glazier put in a new pane of glass but keep forgetting it. However, that piece of paper pasted over the hole keeps out the wind and rain almost as good as glass.

"Where is he now? I don't know. He left right after dinner. I can not understand why he does not like to stay at home, for I am sure we try to make home attractive and pleasant for him."

Read this over a few times, you fathers and mothers whose sons are disinclined to stay at home. Perhaps you will get an idea. There seems to be one lurking around here somewhere.

The Ownership of the Ox

"Hello, Bingerly! Have you been reading Lincoln Steffens' articles on municipal graft?"

"You bet! Say that fellow's a peach. The way he ripped it into those democratic grafters in St. Louis was simply immense. That man Steffens is all right!"

"Have you read what he says about Tom Johnson and the municipal government of Cleveland, Ohio?"

"No, but I bet he ripped it into that fellow proper. I must get it."

"Yes, read it. He says Tom Johnson is the best mayor of the best governed city in the United States."

"What! Says that about Tom Johnson? Say, Steffens is the most unreliable writer in the country. He isn't entitled to notice, he isn't. The idea of a man like Tom Johnson being held up as a model! I don't understand why a great magazine like McClure's prints such drivel as Link Steffens writes."

Prepared

The railway managers were seeking for a traffic manager, and were examining an applicant for the position.

"Of course you know that rebates are contrary to law."

"Sure thing," replied the applicant. "But I have a warm friend and a ready-made letter of vindication."

Amidst smiles that expressed their satisfaction the managers hastily concluded the arrangements, leaving the matter of salary to the new appointee.

Bad

Immediately after the battle of Trenton a revolutionary officer approached General Washington and exclaimed:

"This is a day long to be remembered!"

"Yes," replied the father of his

country, "and that is what is worrying me."

"Worrying you, general? How can that be?"

"This day we've brought great trouble upon our country."

"Trouble?"

"Yes—the Hessian fly!"

"Having thus sprung the only joke which history records of him, Washington turned his attention again to business."

Biff! Bang!!

Little Johnnie had a cracker Made of ordinary powder, But he wanted something better— Something that would be much louder.

Johnnie found it—'twas a cracker Loaded up with dynamite.

Biff! Bang!! Boom!! And little Johnnie Went straight up clean out of sight.

Successful

"Did you have a good vacation?"

"Bully! I got so tired enjoying it that I'll have to work six months to get rested up."

Brain Leaks

The wise man will not ask for a woman's reason.

The man who guesses at his work gasps at the result.

The bent of the boy often indicates the breaking of the father.

Gifts given with expectation of return are little if any better than bribes.

Man may buy immunity from man-made law, but there is one law that is above purchase.

We'd give a whole lot if we could enjoy burning blisters on our fingers like we did about thirty years ago. Wouldn't you?

The man who undertakes to fight the devil with fire is going to find himself engaged with an antagonist who is thoroughly familiar with the weapon.

We may be wrong, but somehow or other we have grave suspicions about the men who are forever agitating about a "noiseless Fourth." The man who has forgotten that he was once a boy might forget to be a man in a business deal.

RHEUMATISM

DRAWN OUT THROUGH THE FOOT PORES

New External Remedy Discovered

Which takes Advantage of Summer Heat to Rid the System

of Pain - Causing Acids.

We Will Send

A \$1 Pair FREE To Try

If you have Rheumatism we want your address so we can send you a dollar pair of **Magic Foot Drafts Free to Try**. They are curing thousands of cases that failed to yield to medicines—even "incurables" of 30 and 40 years' suffering, as well as all the milder stages. Write today, try the Drafts when they come and then if you are fully satisfied with the relief they give you, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. You can see that



this offer would ruin us if the Drafts didn't cure. Summer is the best time to purify the system. The steady heat increases the expansion of uric acid through the pores, and the Drafts absorb it rapidly through the largest pores in the body, curing Rheumatism to stay cured, for they remove the cause. Send your name to Magic Foot Draft Co., XCB Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. A valuable illustrated book on Rheumatism comes free with the Drafts. Write today.