



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Nippin.

FAITH

Somehow, somewhere—in God's good time,

I know that on some fairer shore,
Amidst bright field and fairer clime
I'll see my loved and lost once more.
I do not know just how, or when;
I only feel content to wait
Till I am called to go and then,
With eyes alight, content with fate,
I'll lay me down in peace to sleep
And know that God my soul will keep.

Somehow—'tis not for me to know
The plans of Him who guides my ways.

Somewhere—it is enough to go
Where He the perfect pathway lays.
I shall not ask Him when or how,
But am content—my faith doth tell
That in good time, if I but bow
To Him who doeth all things well
I'll sleep the sleep where troubles cease
And wake to live in perfect peace.

Somewhere—and 'tis within God's ken—
I know that I shall see those dear
Who smiled on me a while, and then
Passed on in spite of sob and tear.
Somehow, somewhere—enough for me
To know within my inmost heart
Once more my loved and lost I'll see
And greet—if I but do my part.
And knowing this I'll sink to sleep
Content that God my soul shall keep.

Disputed

The lecturer on physics and chemistry bowed with dignity to the assembled audience and without preliminaries plunged into his subject.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there are several fundamental and basic principles in chemistry which we should bear in mind during all of our discourses and experiments. One of them is that oil and water will not mix, and—"

"Ha ha, ha!" laughed a cadaverous looking individual on a rear seat.

"As I was saying," resumed the lecturer, "there is a fixed intolerance manifested by oil and water towards each other, therefore it is impossible to make them mix into—"

"Ha, ha ha!" broke out the harsh cackling of the cadaverous individual.

"I hope I shall not be interrupted again," said the lecturer, glaring over his spectacles. "This is a public lecture calculated to instruct the minds of those present and—"

"Then tell 'em the truth," shouted the cadaverous individual.

"But I started out with an axiom and—"

"Rats!" ejaculated the cadaverous one. "Talk about oil and water not mixing. Why, they very building you are lecturing in was built by mixing oil and water."

"How do you make that out, sir?" queried the lecturer.

"It was built by J. Dierpont Morganfeller, the oil king, and presented to this university."

The Mother-in-Law

Did you ever get tired of the mother-in-law jokes going the rounds of the press? Every pert paragraph in the land has at some time or other had his little fling at the mother-in-law, and the number of jokes real and alleged, written about that good woman would fill the shelves of a fairly good-sized library.

But we are not getting awfully tired of the jokes—or alleged jokes—that place the mother-in-law in the position of being a sour, dyspeptic, selfish, domineering creature. A joke to be

real good must have some elements of truth in it—and the average mother-in-law joke usually lacks it. Let a cheap vaudeville actor perpetrate a villainous joke about "mother-in-law" and the thoughtless will laugh. Most vaudeville actors who do use that gag do so because it is the only way they can get a laugh.

Your mother-in-law! Now just stop and think about it. Without her you would have no loving wife. Who was it that was right on deck when the wife of your bosom went far down into the dark valley and returned with the little life that is more precious to you than gold or jewels?

Who was it that came at your wife's call for help and remained while you were tossing and moaning in delirium, and waited on you night and day while your wife worked herself to a shadow with the little ones?

To whom did you first fly when baby had the croup? To whom did you rush for relief when one of the little ones woke up in the night with hot fever and plaintive cries? And who was it that always came post haste, knew just what to do and did it without making any fuss about it?

You know, and if you don't quit laughing at the brutal mother-in-law jokes you deserve to have a mother-in-law who is just as bad as the worst of the jokes make her out to be. The man who wouldn't fight for his mother-in-law as quick as he would for his own mother doesn't deserve to be blessed with the companionship of any woman's daughter.

The Patriot

He woke on the morning of the Fourth full of patriotic fervor, and spent the whole day shooting fire crackers, waving the flag and shouting for Uncle Sam, but—

He was too busy last election day to go to the polls and his neglect allowed the "gang" to ring in its minions. The result was that the city was fleeced and crime allowed to run riot.

He fired 250 blank cartridges to show how much he enjoyed the precious boon of liberty, but—

He forgot to attend the primaries, and as a result he was forced to swallow candidates who were crooked in order to maintain his party standing, although he kept complaining about "graft" for a year afterwards.

In the evening he set off a big bunch of fireworks to show that he was proud of his citizenship, but—

He took no interest in politics because it is so "dirty" and left things in the hands of thieving gangsters who made politics a business.

What this country needs is an improvement in its patriotism.

Union

"Ours shall be an ideal union," murmured the happy groom.

"All right, dear," replied the strong-minded bride. "That means that there shall be no walking delegate around after working hours."

After studying over the matter for a time the groom decided not to ask for a night key.

His Business

"What business are you engaged in?"

"I am in the irrigation business."

"Thirst, stock or land?"

Familiar

"Who is that gentleman to whom you just bowed?"

"Really I can not tell you. But his

face is so familiar that I felt it my duty to bow to him. Who can it be?"

"O, I remember now!"

"Well, who is it?"

"Why, that's the man who was cured of twenty-three diseases by taking three barrels of Dr. Doseum's fluid extract of plantain leaves."

Uncle Ezra

"Ain't it just awful the way they are killin' each other over in Manchury?" queried Aunt Mehitabel, peering over her specs.

"I reckon so," replied Uncle Ezra, looking up from the village newspaper. "But until I git this list o' Fourth o' July killed and wounded foot up I ain't a goin' t' do much worryin' about th' killin' goin' on way over yonder."

Her Reason

"I don't see what you want to marry Arthur DeWork for. He hasn't got a cent except what he earns as a mere tradesman."

"O, I'm pursuing Art for Art's sake," replied the demure maiden who had not yet succumbed to the theory of financial matrimony.

Eminently Successful

"Good morning, doctor. Did you have a successful celebration in your town?"

"Splendid! Eleven amputations, nine serious burns and a dozen or more cases of wrecked nerves."

Competent

"But do you think he will make a competent executive officer?"

"Competent! Well I should say so! Why that man can wield a whitewash brush with the best of them."

Perhaps

He tried to use his hoarded wealth.
The bulk of which was tainted,
For introduction to the right.
With which he's unacquainted.

Keep Sweet

If you would achieve success.
Keep sweet.
If you would escape distress.
Keep sweet.
Do not hunt for troubled ways;
On the bright stars set your gaze;
And remember this always—
Keep sweet.

Would you make life bright and fair?
Keep sweet.

Would you meet joy everywhere?
Keep sweet.

Do not grumble, growl or frown;
Keep your angry passions down;
Cheerfulness is life's best crown—
Keep sweet.

Brain Leaks

Earth's greatest heroes do not sleep under towering monuments.

Variety is the spice of life, but too much seasoning spoils the dish.

You can not tell a "smutty" story without getting some of the soot on your soul.

We can always do better work tomorrow if our memories of today are pleasant ones.

The young man who thinks he knows it all is just on the brink of acquiring some knowledge.

Some men have rendered their best service to their country in dying for it—others by living for it.

A cistern must be filled before it can be drawn from. So with life—those who put most into it get the most out of it.

We know of nothing quite so sad as an old maid trying to appear kittenish, unless it is an old man who thinks he is a ladykiller.

"Wisdom is good with an inheritance," says Proverbs. And that re-

minds us of the ever-present patriot who is always shouting for the old flag—and an appropriation.

Every time we hear a man expressing a willingness to die for his country we long to ascertain if he listed all of his property for taxation.

"GOING DOWN THE VALLEY"

The Commoner has received so many requests for a copy of the song "Going Down The Valley" that the same is hereinafter reproduced. It is as follows, and is taken from "Fillmore's Jewels," Fillmore Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Co.:

We are going down the valley, one by one,
With our faces toward the setting of the sun;—
Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows,
Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.

We are going down the valley, one by one,
When the labors of the weary day are done;
One by one, the cares of earth forever past,
We shall stand upon the river-brink at last.

We are going down the valley, one by one,
Human comrade you or I will there have none,
But a tender hand will guide us lest we fall,—
Christ is going down the valley with us all.

Chorus:—We are going down the valley,
Going down the valley,
Going toward the setting of the sun.
We are going down the valley,
Going down the valley,
Going down the valley, one by one.

—Jessie Brown Pounds.

When Dewey Cried

The following story of Admiral Dewey is told by one of the sailors who returned on the Raleigh and printed by the Kansas City Journal. Just before the battle of Manila, when the order was given to strip for action, the smallest powder boy on the flagship dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused. He went to the side of the ship, dropped overboard, recovered his coat, and was promptly arrested for disobedience. Admiral Dewey spoke kindly to the youngster, who broke down and said that the coat contained his mother's picture, which he had just kissed, and he could not bear to see it lost. Dewey's eyes filled with tears. He fairly embraced the boy and ordered him to be released, saying: "Boys who love their mothers enough to risk their lives for her picture cannot be kept in irons on this fleet."

To Get a Splinter Out of Your Hand

When a splinter has been driven into the hand it can be extracted by steam. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The action thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter, also the inflammation. Try it and be convinced.—National Magazine.

Republican Advice

Loomis was guilty of grave indiscretion. So was Bowen. Loomis kept quiet and his offense was condoned. Bowen raised a row and was fired out. Moral—Saw wood and say nothing.—Kansas City Journal, Rep.

Stops Chills Cures
Painkiller
Chills Cures
(PERRY DAVIS)