



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Forget It!

Trouble stare you in the face?
Forget it!
Got a bad start in the race?
Forget it!
Turn your back on trouble's frown;
Grit your teeth and settle down;
Worry never won a crown.
Forget it!

Friends turned out to be untrue?
Forget it!
Is life's outlook sad and blue?
Forget it!
Don't let trouble gnaw your heart;
Don't kick on a backward start;
Don't let old wounds burn and smart.
Forget it!

Don't let trifles worry so.
Forget it!
Don't give up to dreary woe.
Forget it!
If the sky is overcast;
If the joy of life seems past;
Laugh at fate and hold on fast.
Forget it!

Penological

Fifteen or twenty years ago Bill Small was a well known character in a Missouri town whose name need not be mentioned here. Bill was a colored boy who roamed the streets at will. One day he found a pocket-book containing \$40, and the owner's name was stamped on the book. But Bill burned the pocketbook and spent the \$40 in riotous living. Of course it was found out and Bill was arrested, tried, found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for two years. He served his time, and when he emerged he knew something about making shoes. The day he returned to his home town on old acquaintance met him and asked:

"Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Bill?"

"Dey started in to make a honest boy out'n me, sah!"

"That's good, Bill; and I hope they succeeded."

"Dey did, sah!"

"And how did they teach you to be honest, Bill?"

"Dey done put me in de shoe shop, sah, nailing pasteboard onter shoes fo' soles, sah."

Just Thoughts

"What has become of the old-fashioned pound party?" queries a country exchange.

Gone to join the things that were—and we're glad of it. The good man, or woman, who invented the pound party doubtless lived to regret it. He, or she, did if they realized what it meant.

Do you know what a "pound party" was?

Usually it was sprung on the minister and his family in the village, and the idea was for every member of the congregation to "surprise" the ministerial family on a given night by appearing at the parsonage with a pound of something—sugar, soap, meat, jelly, potatoes, or any old thing that might come in handy. Usually it was the thing that was handiest—and cheapest.

Do not make any mistake about the surprise feature—it was always a surprise. The members of the congregation gathered at the home of some member and descended in a body on the parsonage. Usually the minister and his family were invited out to take supper and spend the

evening, then when the crowd had gathered some one went after the minister and usually remarked that there was a couple over at the parsonage that wanted to get married.

That was always a standard joke in the days of the "pound party."

After the first shock of the surprise was over the good parson would look over his specs and remark:

"I thought there was some one here who wanted to get married."

Then the congregation's wag and wit would chuckle:

"O, there's several here that want to get married."

Then the young men would look uncomfortable, some of the spinsters would blush and say, "O, the horrid thing," and everybody would laugh.

That joke was always sure of a laugh.

Then the crowd would spend the evening, usually serving a supper and leaving the dishes for the tired wife of the minister to wash the next morning. For every pound brought the guests would eat about eighteen ounces, besides tramping bread and butter and preserves and other things into the well worn carpets of the parsonage.

A week or two later the minister would shyly remark to the elders and deacons that the ministerial salary for the past month was due and unpaid and hint at a lack of coal in the bin and food in the larder.

"Huh, it ain't been more'n a month since the pound party," one of the deacons would remark.

Then the modest minister would flush and accept the remark as a proper rebuke. With a couple of pound parties a year and a salary of \$600, fully half of it paid in cash and the rest in promises, any minister ought to be able to get along.

Yes, the pound party is a thing of the past—and ministers are not the only ones who are glad of it. There is the minister's wife, for instance.

Great Discovery

The impecunious inventor waited patiently at the door of the match trust magnate for many a weary hour.

Finally he was admitted, not because he was wanted but because that seemed to be the only way to get rid of him.

"Well," growled the match trust magnate.

"I have a scheme, and the drawings thereof," murmured the inventor.

"What is it?"

"A scheme to cut the wood so as to make your profits greater."

"Describe it."

"This machine cuts the wood the wrong way of the grain."

"What's the use?" growled the magnate.

"Doubles the demand for matches."

"How?"

"Being crossgrained the matches break when they scratch 'em."

A couple of weeks later the inventor, impecunious no longer, boarded his private yacht and hied himself away to Europe.

Pap's Prayers

It is an old story, and possibly has been told in this department before. But with the near approach of cold weather it is worth telling again.

A poor but industrious mechanic whose family was large, met with an accident and was laid up for several months. Many words of sympathy

were extended. Finally some one suggested that it would be a good idea to pray for the injured man. Accordingly a little crowd gathered at the humble home, and the village minister was called upon to lead in prayer. Just as the "amen" was pronounced there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, admitting a gust of chilly wind and a dash of snow, a farmer boy was seen standing on the threshold, muffled to the chin.

"Is this where Mr. Brown lives, the man that got his leg broke?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Is this where they're holdin' the prayer meetin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've brung pap's prayers."

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean I brung pap's prayers, and they're out in the wagon. Got anybody to help bring 'em in?"

And when "pap's prayers" were brought in they filled the potato barrel, covered the floor in the coal bin, hung a ham in the pantry and made good the hole in the flour and meal chests.

There were no more oral prayers in the cottage that night, but "pap's prayers" were echoed and re-echoed in the heart of a crippled mechanic a tired wife and a half-dozen well fed little children.

His Malady

The inmate of padded cell No. 773 was marking figures all over the walls.

"What is this man's hallucination?" queried the visitor.

"He thinks it is possible to construct a railway time table that will be intelligible to the traveling public," replied the manager of the asylum.

Shaking his head sadly the visitor turned away, realizing the hopelessness of the case.

Different Views

"Is it politic?" queried the opportunist.

"Is it right?" queried the honest man.

"Will it win?" queried the machine politician.

"Will it benefit the people?" queried the good citizen.

"How much will I make?" queried the grafter.

"What will it benefit my country?" queried the patriot.

Today

Beans in the coffee and dope in the milk;

Shoddy in woolens and cotton in silk.

Sawdust in sausage and slate in the coal,

Graft is in power and govern the whole.

The Strenuous Life

"I hear that Billson is on the injured list."

"Yes. An automobile hit him yesterday and threw him up into the air. While up a flying machine hit him and knocked him down. Billson is in bad shape, I guess."

The Contents

"A piano contains a mile of wire," said the piano tuner at the dinner table.

"And oodles of agony," muttered the night editor, whose bedroom was just above the boarding house parlor.

Mutual

Rena and Dorothy are sisters, the former eight and the latter five. They are just as noisy as the average, and get just about as many scoldings and

slipperings. When Dorothy is punished Rena does most of the crying. Their mother was explaining this fact to some visitors the other evening. "Rena doesn't like to be around when Dorothy is spanked," said mama. "Neither do I," chimed in Dorothy.

Making it Easy

When the highwayman told us to put up our hands we obeyed without hesitation.

"Now keep 'em up while I go through your pocket," he snarled.

After removing our watch, purse and scarfpin the highwayman began stowing them away in his pockets. Then we were emboldened to ask:

"Don't you know that it is wrong to do this?"

"Aw, g'wan wid youse," he growled.

"Dis is on de square. I'm goin' t' give half of it to de funds f'r educating young folks and sendin' missioner's t' de islands of de sea."

Having followed closely the religious editorials on the subject we felt impelled to say nothing more about it.

Brain Leaks

A blunder is valuable if profited by.

A moral wrong can not be made legally right.

Satisfaction with self is not always sanctification.

All play and no work makes Jack a shiftless boy.

There is often a lot of dirty alley to front porch religion.

Dreamers make the world brighter and workers make the world better.

The independent voter is the best anti-toxine for the graft microbe.

The man who wants an excuse for wrongdoing never has to wait long for it.

Nothing pays such a big dividend as a little investment for the purpose of making a child happy.

When a man looks for the worst in life he has himself to blame if he fails to see the good.

Men have spent fortunes before they discovered the difference between pleasure and happiness.

The man who is always boasting of his readiness to fight for his rights is usually trying to make people believe that some of his wrongs are right.

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New Remedy Discovered Which Absorbs Acid Impurities Through the Large Foot Pores.
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On Approval—Write To-day.

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Magic Foot Drafts possess the remarkable quality of absorbing from the blood the impurities which cause Rheumatism, curing where everything else has failed. They are even curing cases of 30 and 40 years' standing. They will cure you. Send your name to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., XC18 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Our splendid new book on Rheumatism comes free with the Drafts. Send no money—only your name. Write today.

