



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. NORTON.

### Let 'Em Ride

When you see a little fellow with a sled of red and yellow,  
And his cheeks with winter roses all aglow;  
Don't whip up and shriek with laughter when he vainly follows after,  
But pull up and let your horses saunter slow.  
Let him have his chance to "hook on" while you smile and gladly look on,  
Then "gid'ap!" and trot off with the extra load.  
You will never know what joy is till you know some happy boy is "hooked behind" and gaily sliding down the road.

I have known some selfish creatures who wore scowls upon their features  
And who always have green hate upon the mind,  
Who would take an endless measure of a most peculiar pleasure—  
They would grin at ev'ry chance to "whip behind."  
When the lash with cruel hissing, curls behind, and seldom missing,  
Gives the boy a cruel hurt and breaks his hold,  
Old Nick grins and says, "I've cinched him! That's a sign my imps have pinched him;  
There's a driver I'll protect from future cold."

Bless the man who smiles while looking at the happy boy who's hooking  
On behind and gaily riding on his sled.  
May that man find each day sunny, may he have good health and money,  
May life's choicest blessings rest upon his head.  
If by providence empowered I would have rich blessings showered  
Every day upon the man so good and kind  
That he always says, "All right, son; hook behind and hold on tight, son!"  
He's all right—the man who never whips behind.

### The Last Chance

The coils had for many weeks been slowly tightening around the Hon. Silas Norton. Several indictments had been threatened by the grand jury, but political and business pulls had enabled him to stave them off. He had been dangerously near the prisoner's dock more than once on account of violation of the criminal code in the management of his transportation and other business, and the public clamor was rapidly becoming so loud that it threatened him.  
Gloom had settled upon the Norton brow, and for the first time in his life he scarcely knew which way to turn. He realized full well that something would have to be done soon, or else he would be discredited and perhaps disgraced. In his difficulty he suddenly thought of his private secretary, who was a young man of considerable mental resource. Touching a button he called the secretary to his side, and as briefly as possible stated the case to him.

"And now," said Hon. Silas Norton, "what must I do?"  
Here the young and clever secretary gave renewed evidence of his mental agility and wonderful resource. Without an instant's hesitation he replied:  
"There is no need to worry, sir.

All you need to do is to get a cabinet position, hold it a month or two, and then retire with a letter of recommendation that only the unpatriotic will dare to question."

The simplicity of the method proposed recommended it, and after giving his private secretary a week's extra pay, Hon. Silas Norton began cultivating the proper political manipulators.

### Save it for 1907

Here is a little New Year's joke that furnished a lot of fun for some fun-loving people who enjoy innocent jokes, and readers who remember it can utilize it on next New Year's day.

Bright and early on the morning of January 1, Mrs. M. went to the telephone and called up a friend. As soon as she received the answering hello she asked:

"Is this one, nine, nought, six?"  
"No, this is 4433," was the reply.  
"Are you right sure it is not one, nine, nought, six?"

"I guess I ought to know. We've had this 'phone for more than a year and it has always been 4433," growled the absent one.

"Well," said Mrs. M., "I guess, if you'll stop and think a minute you'll see that this is 1906."

And then she would disconnect before a reply could be made and call up another friend.

### Senator Graball

"Have you any reason to doubt the honesty of the men who are behind this measure?" we asked of Senator Graball.

"Well," replied the senator thoughtfully, "knowing them as well as I do I may state that 'doubt' is not a good word to use in connection with them."

### Mistaken

"That was a grave error that Bingly made."

"Tell me about it."  
"He went into office and expected to do things in such a way that he would be forced into the limelight. Instead of doing it he had to ask for a coat of whitewash."

### Unfortunate

In vain did Midas strive to drink and eat. Everything he touched turned to gold in response to the foolish wish he had made.

"Why, O why," he moaned, "was I so foolish as to make that wish? I might have wished for steel to be discovered several centuries earlier and then cornered it."

Realizing the depth of his folly Midas reached for another pear, only to find that his teeth could not munch its metallic composition.

### True

It is easy to smile and be pleasant when everything's happy and gay,  
But it's a hard thing to grin  
At an empty coal bin  
And the notice, "Get some coal today."

### Not Interested

"And do you think that Mars is inhabited and those famous canals used for commercial purposes?" gurgled the Sweet Young Thing as she looked into the eyes of the great trust magnate.

"I ain't interested in them canals,"

said the magnate. "If they was railroads I would be offering rewards to those scientific sharps to find out if they had yet discovered a way to get rebates without being cinched for it."

### One Exception

"We do things much better today than they did a few years ago," boasted Miss Pert.

"Oh, I don't know," replied grandma. "I remember that when I was a girl we used the old strap skates, and it took ten or fifteen minutes to have them fastened to our feet. Nowadays you girls have the new-fangled club skates, and its just click-click, and they are on. I guess I'd be satisfied with the old skates if I were a girl."

And after thinking it over for a minute or two Miss Pert was inclined to believe that grandma had the best of the argument.

### Try Again

What if you have sadly fallen  
From the water wagon's seat,  
And have landed damp and muddy  
In the middle of the street?  
Rise and chase it down, my brother;  
On the front seat quickly crawl.  
Better try and fall, my brother,  
Than to never try at all.

### Brain Leaks

Worry digs more graves than disease.

The men who lead are those who have learned to follow.

The boy who neglects his mother will surely neglect his wife.

Some people never think of charity until they meet with misfortune themselves.

A "big bluff" is as good as a "big stick" as long as it will fool the people.

The hardest thing in the world is to find an easy way of making a living.

There is a difference between being in the limelight and being white-washed.

It is a curious paradox that many big reputations shrink under the microscope.

Employees who think they are only stealing their employer's time are really only robbing themselves.

It's easy to get the reputation of being a "sport" and awfully hard to get rid of it when you realize how useless it is.

If men would quit talking as soon as they finish telling all they know there would be gradually increasing spells of silence.

A mother must have a fertile imagination if she explains to her little ones why she is making a lot of garments too small for the smallest of her children to wear.

The men who complain loudest about their wives being bargain hunters are usually the men who compel their wives to hunt bargains in order to keep the family clothed and fed.

The traveling evangelist can talk plain because he gets his money and goes elsewhere before the people fully realize what he has said. They would understand the pastor on the instant if he told them the plain truth—and the pastor would be invited to quit.

### AWOKE IN TIME TO VOTE

The Rev. Silas Gordon was a well known Episcopalian minister in Saco, Me., and his Sunday sermons, familiar and practical, always drew large congregations, says the Boston Herald. One Sunday morning, in particular, a dozen years ago, he had in his audience Charles Greene, a drummer, who hailed from Lowell, who had promised his wife, intensely religious, that each Sunday while on the road

## How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Here is a Simple, Quick, Effective way and costs NOTHING--  
Send for it and see

Those who suffer with it know well the miseries of catarrh. There is just one thing to do—have it cured. It can be done. To prove it to you, send your address and the means of a quick and safe cure will be sent to your home free in every way. The idea in giving it to you free is to prove to you that there is a home cure for catarrh, scratchy throat, asthma, stopped-up feeling in the nose and throat, catarrhal headaches, constant spitting, catarrhal deafness, etc., etc., and that the remedy that does it is the invention of Dr. J. W. Blosser, the eminent southern doctor and minister, who has for over 31 years been identified with the cure of catarrh in all its worst forms.

His discovery is unlike anything you ever had before, as it is not a spray, douche, ointment, atomizer, salve, cream, or any such thing, but a genuine tried-and-true cure that clears out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe the free air and sleep without that choking, spitting feeling that all catarrhsufferers have. It will save the wear-and-tear of internal medicines that only ruin the stomach. It will prevent colds and heal up the mucous membranes so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting.

If you have never tried Dr. Blosser's discovery and know that you need such a cure, and want to make a trial of it without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 371 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., and a thorough free trial treatment and also an elaborately illustrated booklet, "Plain Facts About Catarrh," will be sent you at once, free, so that you can begin to cure yourself privately at home.

Now write him immediately.

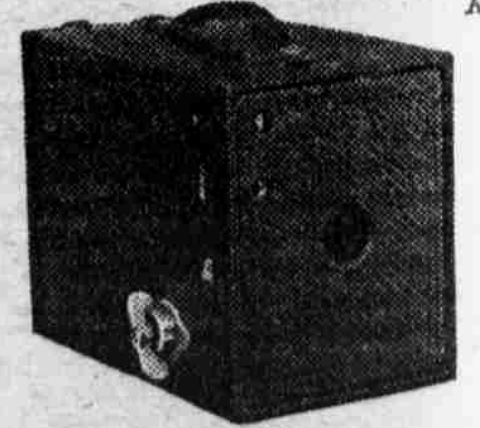
he would assist at some religious service.

Faithful to his promise, he left his hotel at Saco and followed a crowd of worshippers to Parson Gordon's church. From the excessive heat of the week and from his arduous labors he was quite fatigued. The sermon had begun; the minister had quoted his text, but it was not long before Greene was seen to nod and fall into a deep slumber. The discourse became gradually more powerful and effective, but it was all lost on Greene. It was on "The Great Hereafter: Heaven and Hell."

Toward the finish the parson directed all to arise who were in favor of going to heaven. Of course, all arose except Greene. When they had resumed their places he asked all to stand up who wished to go to hell. The noise made by the people arising and sitting awoke Greene, and up he stood in answer to the parson's request. The parson and audience were dazed.

"Young man," screamed the parson, "do you know what you are voting on?"

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