



Whether Common or Not

By H. A. McLaughlin.

Is it Worth While?

He worshipped golden idols and the shining dollar mark
Lured him on through days of sunshine and through evening shadows dark.
Piling millions his ambition, he reached out for golden store,
And each dollar that he garnered made him reach and grab for more.
Thousands tolled to make him profit, sweat to make him rich and great,
Till he owned a fortune equal to the riches of a state.
Then, worn out in chasing money he laid down and quickly died,
And he couldn't take it with him when he crossed the Great Divide.

Friends of early days forgotten he for golden eagles chased,
And the friendships men should covet were by greed for gain displaced.
To broad acres rich and fertile he could read his title clear;
At his nod great rulers cowered and their subjects quaked with fear.
When he spoke the millions listened, for he ruled with golden sway,
And he added to his millions ev'ry moment of the day.
But at last Death sent its summons and cut down his golden pride,
And he left his wealth behind him when he crossed the Great Divide.

What is life if it be given to pursuit of yellow gold?
Can a life that's ruled by money any of its joys behold?
Friendship that is worth the having is not bought like merchandise,
And the richest joys of living are not bound by golden ties.
What shall profit him who gaineth fortune's greatest, richest goal
If in gaining he doeth forfeit through eternity his soul?
Don't waste life in piling dollars till the light of love they hide,
For you can not take them with you when you cross the Great Divide.

Just Thoughts

Of course you have noticed in the daily papers recently that the "domestic scientists" have inaugurated a crusade against pie. We didn't have any "domestic scientists" when you and I were boys and girls, but we did have cooks. Far be it from us to rail against domestic science. On the contrary we dote on it, but when these modern domestic scientists put their ban on pie we are going to make a kick, and don't you forget it.

By pie we do not mean soggy-crust and doped-filling concoctions we have shoved off on us at the hotels and restaurants, but the genuine, old-fashioned pie we used to get when we were boys and girls.

Who was it, we ask, that fought the greatest war in history? Why, the boys and men from the farms of the north and the plantations of the south, and they were brought up on pie—good old satisfying, nourishing and filling pie. The men and women who braved the dangers that beset the early pioneers and pushed the front of civilization westward until it gazed out upon the broad Pacific, were steady eaters of pie. Daniel Boone never could have become famous on a diet of "angel food" and dainty concoctions that so delight these modern exponents of "domestic science." He was nerved to do great deeds by the inspiration of pie—elderberry, blueberry, wild cherry and vinegar pie. George Washington never would have crossed the Delaware river to Trenton on that awful night had he been doped with "angel

food" and chocolate eclairs. Not by a long shot. It was the physical strength he had builded up in the years agone when he filled up on cranberry pie and apple pie and pumpkin pie.

Nowadays men and women keep late hours, dope themselves with drugs, keep up a strenuous pace day and night, eat food that is adulterated to the limit, and then attribute their enfeebled health to pie. It's a base slander on the greatest confection ever invented. After they have mistreated and maltreated their stomachs until those organs rebel, they gulp down a mass of stuff labeled pie, and when they are racked with pain they lay the whole blame on the pie. Bless their hearts, the pie had nothing to do with it. It is their own foolishness.

Real pie never hurt anybody. Don't you remember those cold winter days about thirty or forty years ago when mother used to make you hike out to the hole in the ground where father had buried the Genitans and Wine-saps and Jonathans, covering them with straw and dirt. Gee, but how good the steam smelled when you got the hole opened and were grabbing out the moist apples. Then mother made a crust out of flour and real lard—none of your patent stuff—and filled it with apples and crimped the edges with her fingers and baked it in the old oven, and then brought it to the table steaming hot. Then you ate about half of one and right after eating it went out and performed a half-day's work that would make the week's work of the average man look like a kindergartener's half-hour recess.

Thirty or forty years ago you hauled a load of pumpkins to the house and mother peeled them and cut them into square chunks about an inch each way, and strung 'em on a packthread and hung them up to the ceiling to dry. And when the weather was cold enough to freeze boiling water on a redhot stove, she would take down a bunch of that dried pumpkin, stew it a few hours in an old iron pot, sweeten it with sugar and dope it with cinnamon and other spices, and then make a pie—a real pie! The men who were fed on that kind of pie made this nation, and don't you forget it!

Do you imagine for a minute that it was pate de foi gras and club sandwiches that won the battle of Lexington and crushed Burgoyne at Saratoga? Not much. It was pie!

Look at that man over there, perched up on a stool before that lunch counter and munching dry bread and drinking hot water. See him grow pale at the sight or mention of pie. He thinks pie has ruined his digestion, but he is mistaken. Late hours, midnight lunches, morning cocktails, patent medicines, worry, tobacco and thirty-second lunches at noon—that's what's the matter with him. If he would quit his foolishness and get his stomach back to its nor-

mal condition he could eat pie and conquer the business world.

"What do you mix your paints with?" asked a visitor of Hogarth.

"With brains," replied the artist. That's what real pie-makers mix their pies with. They pass up the patent lards and depend on the genuine article that they render for themselves. They prepare their own filling, and do not take it out of a can. They do not try to make a thousand pies all at once, but give their undivided attention to three or four. The result is a confection that makes a man feel like going right out into the world and doing something really worth while.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers wither when the cold snows fly;

But thou hast all seasons for thine own,
O, good old pie!

Right here and now we give it out with all the emphasis at our command that we are going to stand and do battle for the preservation of the pie as long as there is an apple in the barrel or a string of dried pumpkin hanging from the ceiling.

The Optimist

The winter winds are howlin',
But they never worry me.
The gray clad skies are scowlin',
But I'm happy as can be.
For while winter winds are blowin'
And the coal bill swiftly growin',
There's great comfort just in knowin'
That the springtime soon I'll see.

Jack Frost paints with icy fingers
Chilly pictures grim and gray;
And the frost rime coldly lingers
On the window night and day.
But there ain't no use repinin';
Soon the spring sun will be shinin',
And I'll take great joy reclinin'
In the flowery bloom of May.

Waste of time to fret and worry
When the cold winds whistle through.
All your growlin' will not hurry
Better days to me and you.
Smile right through the days so dreary;
Smile right through the tasks so weary,
And we'll soon be gay and cheery
When the May time skies are blue.

Brain Leaks

Worry is an ever ready sexton.
Flattery is a fattening food for fools.
The world likes a winner, but loves a good loser.

It is difficult to reason with an empty stomach.

We know some men whose lives are continual apologies for living.

The conscience of some men never hurts them until they are found out.

The cheapest way to acquire a reputation for wisdom is to agree with everybody.

Every time a boy has to wait while his elders dine he declares that when he is a man he will have a table big enough for all.

The fun about building castles in Spain is that you can change the architectural plans any time you so desire without adding a penny to the cost.

We have seen men jostle and cheer for two hours at a football game and then go home and complain that the sound of the children running across the floor makes them nervous.

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