



# Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

### Three Singers

When Lewis lifts his songs o' home,  
And Stanton lifts o' spring;  
When Griffin lifts o' days to come,  
I catch their rhythmic swing.  
I catch the gleam o' window lights  
And smell the incense rare  
Of coming days adown the ways  
When I can raise my songs o' praise,  
With never doubt nor care.

When Lewis sings his songs o' love  
My thoughts to homeward turn;  
I see the gleams of treasure trove  
Where love's bright altars burn.  
The laughter of my children rings  
Like music on the air;  
Far down the street the music sweet  
Bids tired feet make haste to meet  
The laughing loved ones there.

When Stanton tunes his songs o' spring  
The incense laden breeze  
Makes all the bare, brown branches  
swing  
Upon the budding trees.  
And smoother grows life's road for me,  
And light my load of care;  
While brighter beams the springtime  
gleams  
That wake the streams from ice-locked  
dreams,  
And joy beams everywhere.

When Griffin sings o' days to come,  
When safe in port at last,  
My ship with load of joy is home,  
And sure kedg anchor cast,  
I see behind the clouds of toil  
The sun of rest shine bright;  
I see the rays that light the ways  
Adown the days where life's road lays,  
And thank God all is right.

When Lewis, Stanton, Griffin sing,  
I see dull care take rapid wing;  
And brighter grows the world for me  
While listening to this singing three.

### Explained

"Where did you pick up all those auto expressions? You don't own a machine."  
"No, I merely dodge them. It's really wonderful how it enlarges one's vocabulary."

### Precautionary

"W'ot youse readin' dem 'help wanted pages fur, Dusty? Goin' t' look for a job?"  
"Nope; jus' lookin' where de' jobs is so's I kin avoid 'em."

### Settled

"Liar!" hissed the public official when confronted by the charge of graft.  
"Liar-r-r-r!" he hissed some more. Whereupon his personal organs claimed a vindication and declared that the incident was closed.

### The Poet

He wrote a dainty little sonnet,  
And then a jokelet silly;  
The first to get an Easter bonnet,  
The next an Easter lily.  
And then he bent his head and wrote  
With tired brain a stack o'  
Stuff to boom some soap  
And pay for his tobacco.

### Medical Note

The president has recently had much to say about swollen fortunes. The trouble is that we have so many dropsical stocks.

### Something Lacking

The American railroad magnate on a tour of the world, paused to look over the ruins of the Appian way. "Those old Romans were great road builders," he remarked. "But they lacked one essential quality." Knowing that the magnate breathed only words of wisdom we waited upon his convenience. "They built the road all right," he continued. "But my most diligent search fails to reveal any bonus or stock issues." Then, and not until then, did we fully realize how lacking in grasp of great opportunities the ancient Romans were.

### Afterthought

The oil magnate was in a brown study, his forehead wrinkled with care. "I seem to have made a mistake in my calculations," he mused. After thinking a while a smile stole over his rugged features. Needless to say it was not the first theft framed up in that room. But that is merely en passant, which is French for "on the side." "I have it!" exclaimed the oil magnate. "Hereafter I will raise the price of oil before making my contribution to the educational fund, and thus escape the jibes of an ungrateful public." Having thus determined the oil magnate proceeded to take time by the forelock.

### In 2007

"Before I answer your proposal, Mr. DeGrubbe," said the fair Gwendoline DeMontmorency, "I must tell you something." The fair cheeks of Gwendoline grew pale, and Harold DeGrubbe started to voice a protest. "Hold, Harold," said the fair Gwendoline. "Better far that I should tell you now. There is a skeleton in our family closet." "What matters it, darling," cried Harold. "Together, hand in hand, we will bid the skeleton to do its worst." "But you should know before you decide, Harold," said Gwendoline. "Then say on, beloved," moaned the youth. "Harold, dear; there is a blot upon our escutcheon. One of my ancestors was a chief engineer on the Panama canal job." But Harold was game.

### Too Precocious

"It's all right for our sons to be precocious and enterprising beyond their years," said Mr. Bings. "But my boy has carried it too far." "What's the matter now?" queried his friend. "Matter enough. That twelve-year-old boy of mine has shown an inclination for electricity, and I have encouraged him. I've bought him batteries and jars and coils and wire and that sort of stuff just as fast as he asked for them, but it's all off now." "Well, go on." "O, it's easy enough to say 'go on,' but it isn't so easy to go on. But there's the story. The other night I was out a little late, and not wanting to wake up my wife and let her know just how late it was I tried to get in without making any fuss. When I

shoved my key in the keyhole I lit a dozen lamps over the house, rang a bell as big as a dinner-pail in the upper hall, sounded a buzzer on the head of my wife's bed and set off the alarm clock in the kitchen bedroom. That boy of mine had circuited the whole thing with the metal on the door lock, and when I stuck in the key the circuit closed. It took me so long to explain that I've determined to put a stop to this electricity foolishness in the future."

### Rapid Transit

Great publicity has been given to the slowness of the Maine man. It was said of him that if he had forty yards the start, stock-still would catch him. But that Maine man was a thunderbolt compared with the Lincoln man who devoted fourteen years to having the seven year itch. And an Omaha man was so slow that he could not sing "Old Hundred." There is a man in St. Joseph who is so slow that when he writes a letter he has to raise the date a couple of notches immediately after signing his name. And just think of the slowness of the people who have not yet caught on to the fact that Harriman's testimony before the interstate commerce commission was a great joke on the public.

### Optimistic

Bimpkins is naturally grouchy and always quite sure that the world is going to the demnition bow-wows. When he came down town yesterday morning his face was wreathed in smiles, and naturally enough we wondered what had caused the change. Therefore we asked: "Why the smile?" "Senator Spooner has resigned," he chortled. "But why should that cause you so much joy?" we queried. "O, I'm sorry to see Spooner retire, but it sets a precedent, and the senate is great on precedent," he said. But we could not see the point and begged for an explanation. "O, you thick-head!" he shouted. "See here: Spooner has resigned. See?" We saw. "And that sets a senatorial precedent. Grasp?" We grasped. "And the senators are great at following precedent. Tumble?" We tumbled. "Well, there's Depew, Platt and Penrose. Now can you grasp?" We grasped all right, but under no circumstances could we bring ourselves around to Bimpkins' optimistic view.

### Brain Leaks

The other fellow's job always looks good. A fine house is not always a fine home. A cheery smile is the best armor against the shafts of trouble. The man who fears death has not made proper preparations for living. It is a sure sign that a man looks his age when he begins to wonder if he does. Some men boast loudly of their "rights" in order to cover up their wrongs. A whole lot of unwillingness to work is blamed upon the innocent spring sunshine. The men who accept situations usually have to wait upon the men who hustle out after jobs. What we are anxious to see is some "model" caught in the pose of doing something really useful. When housewives strike for the eight-hour day there will be some real consternation in labor circles. This is the time of year when poets talk about the "song of the robin." Did you ever hear a robin sing?

There may be a lot of satisfaction in "playing even" with a fellow, but there is seldom anything else in it.

In large cities it is quite probable that an increase of the park fund would result in a decrease in the police fund.

It is all right to condemn wrong when you see it, but it is more satisfying to look for right that you may commend it.

You cannot draw water from an empty cistern. Life is very much like a cistern. What you get out of it depends altogether on what you put into it.

### VALUABLE

Prospective Customer (in 1910)—I understand you have a broken set of "Roosevelt's Messages to Congress?" Book Dealer—Yes, sir; with only volumes 47 and 62 missing!—Puck.

## Food Poisons

### 90 Per Cent of All Diseases the Result of Undigested Putrefying Foods.

Men of affairs, women of society and children with active brains are too often sedentary in their habits, giving little time to exercise. To this evil is added that of high and irregular living—as a result, the stomach cannot stand the demands made upon it. The abused and overtaxed stomach does not properly do the work of digestion, food taken in ferments and the poison permeates the whole system. The body loses in weight and becomes a prey for the attack of whatever disease it may encounter.

Did it ever occur to you how busy that stomach of yours is? It only holds three pints, but in one year you force it to take in 2,400 pounds of material, digest it and prepare it for assimilation into the blood. No wonder it rebels when overworked. We crowd it with steaks and pastry, irritate its juices with spices and acids, and expect the stomach to do its work. It can't do it.

All over the inner layer of the stomach are glands which secrete the juices necessary to digestion. The entrance of food into the stomach is the signal for these glands to do their work. The more the food, and the more indigestible, the greater the demand upon them and upon the muscles of the wall adjoining.

Think of the tons of high-seasoned game, sweetmeats and appetizers crammed into this little four-ounce mill, and then wonder, if you will, why you are dizzy or nauseated or constipated. Don't blame your stomach or curse your fate that you should be born so unfortunate. Blame yourself and apply the remedy.

First, get a small package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, taking one after each meal and at bed time. They are not a medicine, but a digestive. Your stomach is worn out and needs help, not medicine. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do the work that the stomach fails to do. There's enough power in one grain of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to digest 3,000 grains of ordinary food, so you needn't fear that anything you eat will remain in your stomach undigested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will rout the poison because they remove the cause—food fermentation. They are nature's own cure for dyspepsia. The host of troubles dyspepsia is father of cannot be numbered, for a healthy stomach is the source of all health.

Seize your opportunity before worse conditions confront you. Send today for a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will bring your stomach relief. F. A. Stuart Co., 83 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. The 50 cent size for sale at your druggist's.



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