



Whether Common or Not

By WILLIAM N. MANNING

Some Resolutions

Goin' t' keep a smilin' as ol' Nineteen Eight rolls by;
 Goin' t' look for sun a shinin' back o' clouds that line th' sky;
 Goin' t' cut out grumblin' an' I ain't a goin' t' sigh,
 'Cause there ain't no use a keepin' up a worry.

Goin' t' do my duty daily an' trust God t' do th' rest;
 Goin' t' keep a lively hustle an' jus' do my level best;
 Goin' t' tackle ev'ry duty with th' greatest kind o' zest,
 'Cause there ain't no use a givin' way t' worry.

Goin' t' sing a song o' joytime when I near my cottage door;
 Goin' t' roll around with babies on th' little cottage floor;
 Goin' t' thank God for th' blessin's that upon me daily pour,
 'Cause there ain't no use o' wastin' time in worry.

Goin' t' face all kinds o' weather without airy sigh or fear;
 Goin' t' do my best to dry up ev'ry bitter, fallin' tear;
 Goin' t' play th' ol' game squarely all around th' comin' year,
 'Cause it never pays a feller for t' worry.

Goin' t' bask within th' lovelight that's awaitin' me at home;
 Goin' t' say goodbye t' troubles if around my path they roam;
 Goin' t' put my best foot forward an' my trust in kingdom come,
 'Cause it's wastin' precious time t' fret an' worry.

Up to Date

"What have you there?" we asked of Congressman Seize as he broke the wrapper on the package just handed him by the postman.
 "This," said he, exhibiting the Congressional Record, "is my scrap book."

The Moral

The teacher had just finished telling the story of Priscilla Mullins and John Alden.
 "And now, dear children," she concluded, "what lesson do we gather from this beautiful legend."
 "Dat it's a wise guy dat don't go buttin' in!" shouted Billy the Bumper, who sold newspapers when he played truant—which was most of the time.

Two Weeks After

The drum is now busted,
 The wagon wheels bent,
 The trumpet is noiseless
 From many a dent.
 The woolly sheep bleats
 When you squeeze it no more,
 The fragments of toys
 Now litter the floor.
 But what of it all?
 Clear the littered up stuff—
 The children enjoyed them
 And that is enough.

Premature

The shade of Alexander the Great moved mournfully along the banks of the Styx.
 "Alas," it muttered. "Alas, that I should have been compelled to

drink the hemlock because there was no more worlds to conquer."

Wiping a ghostly drop of perspiration from its brow the shade concluded:

"Had my time only been postponed a few centuries I might have become a federal judge and been presented with an unlimited field."

Realizing the unkindness of fate the shade of Alexander the Great shed a few invisible tears and threw the shadow of a few ghostly rocks at Charon's canoe.

In 1908

In nineteen eight
 Don't veget—8
 Nor rustic—8
 But agit—8 discreetly.
 Just educ—8
 And smile at fa—8
 The while you w—8
 And be fortun—8 completely.

Little Willie

Little Willie gazed thoughtfully and curiously at mamma's young and frisky caller.

"What are you thinking about so seriously, Willie?" asked the caller.
 "I wus jus' won'er'in' where you keep your airship," said Willie.

"My airship? Why what put the idea into your head that I had an airship, Willie?"

"O, when mamma looked through th' win'ow an' saw you comin' she said 'there comes that flighty Miss Frisk'."

Later sounds from the closet indicated that little Willie's curiosity was being amputated.

1908

This being the first day of the new year the press humorist sat down and made out the following list of reforms which he would undertake to abide by during the year:

- To avoid the mother-in-law joke—
- The stovepipe joke—
- The billy goat joke—
- The smell-of-gasoline automobile joke—

The cigars-my-wife-gave-me joke—
 And just then the wife's mother came in, and the wind blew the door shut so hard it jarred the stovepipe down and scattered soot all over the humorist's new smoking jacket and when he got through cleaning it with gasoline he smelled like a buzz wagon, so he sat down to smoke one of the cigars his wife had given him and the oldest boy billy goated in with a merry ha-ha about a lot of broken resolutions.

Rumor

The rumor was afloat and growing that Col. Glasticutus Brown was prominently in the race for a presidential nomination.

So persistent was the rumor that we finally felt impelled to trace it to its source.

It transpired that Colonel Brown had bought a shotgun, a rifle, a duck coat, a pair of corduroy knickerbockers, leather gaiters, laced boots and a hunting knife. Also a copy of a book entitled, "Bears, Teddy and Otherwise."

Using this as a basis we launched a big presidential boom at space rates, and soon had enough to pay for that gold-mounted pipe we had coveted for so long.

Self Defense

After smoking like a furnace for something like thirty years, Mr. Bilkins resolved, on January 1, to quit

the expensive and injurious habit.

"I am sure you will be better off for it," remarked Mrs. Bilkins when informed of the firm resolve.

"Of course I can quit," said Mr. Bilkins. "It is all a matter of will power. I just will that I quit, and it is as good as done. You just pitch that old pipe of mine into the kitchen range."

"All right, dear, if you really wish it," said Mrs. Bilkins.

"I do, pet. Now goodbye." Mr. Bilkins kissed his wife and wended his way to work.

That was on Wednesday, and the first day was easy.

On Thursday Mr. Bilkins consumed fifteen cents' worth of candy, chewed eleven sticks of gum, masticated twenty-three toothpicks, and kicked the dog off the front steps because the animal didn't move out of the way quick enough.

Friday morning Mr. Bilkins shoved his oatmeal away from him and growled something about "never getting oatmeal that wasn't scorched." At noon he growled because the meat was so tough, and at supper he scolded the baby for hammering on its plate with its spoon.

Saturday morning Mr. Bilkins arose from the table and poured his cup of coffee into the kitchen sink, remarking that he was tired of being fed slops. He forgot to kiss his wife goodby, and he pushed the baby's sticky face away with a shudder of disapproval. He didn't come home at noon, but at supper time he came in, slammed a lot of wraps on the floor to make room for his overcoat on the halltree, muttered because the evening paper was late and said things because the furnace was not working properly. During the evening meal he scolded the children because they bothered him with requests for more food, and spoke sharply to his wife because she reminded him that there was no flour in the chest, and severely criticised the wanton waste of coal.

A few minutes after Mr. Bilkins flung himself into his easy chair Mrs. Bilkins appeared with the old pipe nicely filled and a match handy.

Monday morning Mr. Bilkins was telling his friends how easy it was to quit smoking, and excusing his relapse on the ground that after quitting the habit he began putting on flesh too rapidly.

Mrs. Bilkins hasn't said anything about it, but she will doubtless admit that a house smelling of smoke is better than some other things she and the children were called upon to endure the first three or four days of the new year.

Brain Leaks

Don't drop your whip!
 Salvation is not soul salvage.
 Real piety is never perfunctory.
 It is easy to wait with nothing in view.

An eloquent listener is always welcomed.

Genuine religion loosens the pursestrings.

It costs more to kill a mine mule than a miner.

People may hire others to bear their crosses, but they can not rent crowns.

A lot of men exhaust their energies in telling of the big things they are about to do.

A great many people who never launched anything are waiting for ships to come in.

The man who takes "just one more" before swearing off soon makes room on the water wagon for another.

When a man gets too old to take pleasure in trimming a Christmas tree he ought to allow himself to be Oslerized before the new year begins.

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