



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Arouses My Ire

My temper's pretty even,
And I seldom yield to wrath;
I hope my heart's as tender
As any fellow hath.
But one thing makes me angry,
And that is when I see
A woman with a pug dog
Where a baby ought to be.

I try to choose my language
And speak in mildest phrase;
To speak soft I endeavor,
"Cuss words" I seldom raise.
But O, it's hard to hold back
The "cuss words" when I see
A woman with a pug dog
Where a baby ought to be.

I try to pay full homage
To those of gentler sex;
And seldom let their actions
My even temper vex.
But one thing makes me nervous;
I fuss, and fume, and fret,
When a pug dog gets the kisses
That a baby ought to get.

I like dogs in their places.
A good dog has his charms.
But spare me, please, from seeing
One borne in woman's arms.
That's God's place for a baby—
It makes me swear a streak
When a pug's nose gets the kisses
That belong on baby's cheek.

Another Letter

Here is a letter from a fellow newspaperman, Brer Morrissey, who edits the Journal at Mankato, Minn. For reasons that Brer Morrison will understand I can not print all of his letter:

"After reading to a 'Little Woman' last evening what you had to say about the old songs, I told the 'Little Woman,' who is just convalescing after a month's siege of sickness, that I would write you and tell you how we enjoyed what you had to say about the old songs of other days. I told her also I would extend you an urgent invitation to include Mankato in your route. If you happen here on Saturday night you might listen to a good gospel sermon that would remind you that we are not, perhaps, so far apart religiously, after all."

I have put Mankato on the list. And that list is getting pretty long, too. I have about come to the conclusion that I will have to organize two or three companies in order to supply the demand, but the trouble will be to get enough singers who can put the proper amount of "heart" into the singing of the old songs. How would it do to organize one company from among the old singers themselves—the grayhaired men and women who used to sing those old songs when both singers and songs were young? The more I think of it the stronger that idea takes hold on me. They might not have operatic voices, but I'm sure of one thing—they'd put the necessary "heart" into their singing, and that's one of the chief requisites, in my humble opinion.

The Difference

The other day I stood on a corner waiting for my car, and near me stood a couple of young men conversing. I could not help but hear what they were talking about. They were bemoaning the fact that there are no opportunities for a young man to get along these days; nothing but clerkships or odd jobs; and no chance to get into business for them-

selves. Their language was interspersed with oaths, and they were flashily dressed and smoking cigars. I listened to them until my car came, then I started for home. But as my car rushed along I recalled what a couple of young men of my acquaintance had done.

The young men I knew worked at odd jobs and saved a bit of money. They bought some books on horticulture and studied nights, and in the meanwhile kept their eyes open. When they thought they knew a thing or two about orcharding they went out into the country and located an orchard that was all run down, unproductive and a liability instead of an asset to the owner, who knew nothing about orcharding. These boys leased the orchard for ten years at an annual rental of \$300 a year, and managed to pay the first year's rent in advance. They set about putting the orchard in shape, pruning, cultivating, spraying, etc. A year ago last summer was their first season, and they managed, by hard work and close economy, to get enough out of the orchard to pay the second year's rent. They spent the winter in doing odd jobs during the day and studying at night. Last spring they went back to the orchard, "bached" and worked until they dropped from exhaustion. In the fall they harvested upwards of 5,000 bushels of fine apples, and sold them at an average of 85 cents a bushel in the orchard. Their exhibit won several prizes at the state apple show. Now they have their rent paid several years in advance, have money in the bank, and are spending this winter studying in the University School of Agriculture.

That's the difference between boys.

Puzzles

What is there about a fancy vest that makes a fountain pen leak?
Why is it that the things you like best to eat are most apt to disagree with you?
Why doesn't Uncle Sam vary the flavor of the mucilage on his stamps?

Telephone Trials

"Will you go across the street and ask Mrs. Blank to call me up on the 'phone?"
At 2 a. m.—"Hello! Is this the Rock Island depot?"

Limerick

There was a young man in Duquesne
Who took a long walk in the ruesne,
The cold in his head
Made his nose sore and red,
And he says he'll not do it aguesne.

Some Suggestions

The committee having in charge the inaugural ceremonies on March 4 has not asked us for suggestions, but we hereby submit a few anyhow:

Reserve a section of about 'steen thousand seats for the men who vowed they would not have their hair cut until a democrat was inaugurated president.

Reserve one whole side of Pennsylvania avenue for the "original Wilson men." The same section will do for the men who are looking for appointments.

Reserve a dozen or two seats for democrats who will not ask for appointments.

Expenses may be met by selling a concession for the sale of ear muffs,

goloshes and cold and cough remedies during the day. This is based on the average weather conditions in Washington on March 4.

If these suggestions meet with favor we have a few more in reserve.

Evolution

"Are you an officeseeker?"
"Not now; I was an officesucker."

Brain Leaks

A big office soon takes the measure of a small man.

Some people cross a lot of bridges that are not there.

The man who worries over his disappointments is wasting time.

There are men so foolish that they try to use a posthole augur for a stepladder.

This is the busy time of the year for the city man who yearns to make garden.

We often grumble about the weather, but I'm glad it isn't manufactured by a syndicate.

It would be a good thing if we could devise a punishment for society for the wrongs it commits.

A dog's tail and a child's laugh are pretty good indexes of the character of the man who is responsible.

It is idle to worry about things you can not help, and criminal to worry about things you can help.

We know where we can get the "cookies," but where can we get the appetite for them that we had forty years ago?

Every day brings something to amuse, but the seriousness with which the average legislator takes himself is a source of never ending delight to me.

We've heard so much about the transcendent genius of Homer as a poet that we actually tried to read him recently. We may not be a good judge of poetry, but our verdict is that if Homer came back and tried to sell his stuff to a publisher he would go hungrier than he is said to have gone.

Forget It!

Are you ever puffed up with inordinate pride
And think that your standing is high?
Are you ever convinced that deep woe would betide
If you were to suddenly die?
Do you ever imagine the whole world would pause
If you were the one in the hearse?
Forget it—the world wouldn't wobble, because
It would probably miss others worse.

Are you ever obsessed with the feeling that you
Are sure the main spoke in the wheel?

Do you ever insist that great honor's your due,
And to you all mankind should kneel?

Do you ever opine that when you are called hence
"Twill cause the machin'ry to break?

Forget it—the hole you will leave's as immense
As a needle withdrawn from the lake.

Are you working away as your talents require,
And doing the best that you can?

Are you honest and square? Does your soul never tire
In loving your own fellow man?

Are you meeting each duty, how'er humble your lot?
Are you standing strict watch on your post?

That's enough—though we all will be quickly forgot,
It is you that the world will miss most.

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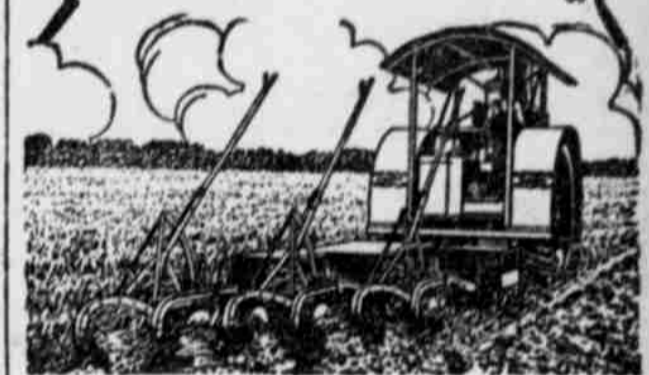
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The Midwest Life

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December 31, 1910.....	2,641,084
December 31, 1912.....	4,805,502
January 31, 1913.....	4,918,582

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