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Whether Common or Not

Unfoolable Father

I used to do some little tricks my father disapproved;
Would play with tools he'd put in place and should not be moved;
Go fishing when he'd pointed out some weeds among the corn—
Do all the bad things boys had done since first a boy was born.
I never stopped to figure that he'd had a boyhood, too—
I used to think I'd fool my dad, but now I know he knew!

He knew that, when his back was turned, I'd work a little less
Than when he stayed about me with his rigid watchfulness;
He knew his orders roused in me a little streak of mule—
Was he not once as young as I, and quite as big a fool?
And so although he held his peace, this thing I say is true:
I used to think I fooled my dad, but now I know he knew.

Now I've some chicks who don't agree with all their father's laws—

This disobeying's not the joke I once believed it was!

This disobeying rattle-rained mistakes through eyes of riper years—

This wisdom crop within those eyes is watered off with tears.

Some day, when puzzling o'er their own, they'll sigh—and 'twill be true—

"We used to think we fooled our dad, but now we know he knew."

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

Precaution

Senator Ashurst of Arizona the other day discussed a fellow senator, who had been sitting on the political fence with great skill for months. Every one suspects his true position, but no one can prove it. It reminded Ashurst of the incident that followed the killing of Jesse James, the outlaw.

"A stranger entered the morgue," said Ashurst, and, raising his hat politely, addressed the morgue keeper.

"Sir," said he, "would you do me a great favor? Will you permit me to see all that is mortal of the honorable Jesse James?"

"Sure," said the morgue keeper. He walked to the marble slab and pulled down the sheet which covered the dead robber. The stranger gazed earnestly. Then, replacing his hat, he started to leave.

"One moment," said the morgue keeper. "Why did you call the dead man 'the honorable Jesse James?'"

"Because," said the stranger, "I wasn't quite certain he was dead."

—New York Globe.

Looked Like the Best Bet

"Speaking of hunting," smilingly remarked Senator Henry L. Myers of Montana at a recent social affair, "reminds me of a happy little incident that happened down in Mississippi.

"Some time ago," continued the senator, "the owner of a big plantation in that state invited a friend from the north to join him in a bear hunt. The invitation was accepted and on the day of the jubilee the bear was finally driven into a small cane thicket, from which the dogs could not drive him.

"Sam," finally called the owner of

the plantation, addressing a colored employe, 'go in there and get that bear out!'

"For a moment the colored man hesitated and then plunged into the thicket. Soon the man, bear and dogs were all rolling together on the ground outside.

"Sam," asked the northern man, after it was all over, 'wern't you afraid to go into the thicket after that bear?'

"It was jes' dis way, cap'n," answered the colored man. 'I had nebbah met dat b'ar, but I was pusion'y 'quainted wid de boss, so I jes' naturally choosed de b'ar.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Part Mourning

An Irishman walked into a men's furnishing goods store the other day and said:

"Oi want to get somethin' fer mournin' wear, but Oi don't exactly know what the coostom is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

"It depends," explained the salesman, "on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have an all black suit. For some one not so near you may have a broad band of black on the left arm or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant."

"Och! Is that it? Well, thin, gimme a shoestring. It's me woife's mither."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Needless Alarm

An old German farmer entered the office of a wholesale druggist one morning and addressed the proprietor:

"Mister Becker, I have der schmall pox—"

"Merciful heavens, Mr. Jacobs!" exclaimed Becker, as the office force scrambled over each other in their hurry to get out, "don't come any nearer."

"Vot's der madder mit you fellers, anyhow?" quietly replied Jacobs. "I say I haf der schmall pox of butter out in mine wagon, vot Mrs. Becker ordered las' week already."—National Food Magazine.

His Treasures

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have intrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was duly impressed. Then, during the few moments of impressive silence that followed, he heard the patter of rain against the window pane.

"Gracious me!" he exclaimed. "It's raining and I haven't my umbrella. May I borrow yours to get to the station?"

"Young man," said the fond parent, "I wouldn't trust anybody on earth with my umbrella."—New York Globe.

The Old Country Store

Can you see it? The tattered awning, the hitchin' post in front, the crude signs in the windows, the "cove" oysters by the door, the odor of the salt mackerel kit, the post-office compartment, with the little glass boxes numbered from 1 to 94, and the hole through which the mail was thrust? There were the "dress goods," too, piled on the counter, and the "show case" filled with left-overs from last Christmas. And the little back room where the squire and the judge played checkers. And the big "egg" stove standing in the