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Whether Common or Not

Pipe Dreams.

He had a wondrous castle in some fairy realm of old; Its marble halls of splendor hung with trophies rare of gold. He reveled in the beauty of its changing tint and gleam. Until he let his pipe go out and found it all a dream.

He owned a yacht and sailed the seas for islands of the west, Where strains of silvery music lulled his weary soul to rest, Upon a bed of roses fair that blossomed beside a stream; And then he let his pipe go out and found it just a dream.

His board and room rent were paid up for ten years 'n advance, His landlord passed him with a word of cheer and kindly glance; But suddenly his blissful joys were quickly put to rout, For when he tried to fill his pipe, his smoking had run out!

—George B. Staff, in Judge.

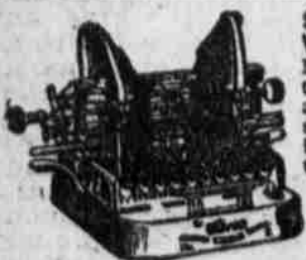
Wasted.

When Commissioner Allen had charge of the patent office in Wash-

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ington he was punctilious about the respect due him in his position, and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day he was sitting at his desk when two men came in without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."—Washington Star.

Such is Fame.

Vice-President Thomas E. Marshall told one on himself when he was in Indianapolis recently.

"We were attending some sort of a function in a town in North Carolina—Mrs. Marshall and I," he said.

"There was a convention of railway engineers in progress there. At the railway station we were noticed by the leader of a band of about fifteen engineers and he immediately came across the platform to greet me. I shook hands with all of the men but one, who remained on the other side of the platform.

"Finally the leader of the crowd spied him.

"Hey, Jim, come over here and shake hands with the Vice-President," he said.

"Jim leisurely came over and shook hands.

"Then he turned to his partner.

"What 'd you say his name was?" he asked.

"Marshall," said the other.

"Vice president of what?" queried Jim."—Indianapolis News.

The Best He Could Say.

The talk in the lobby of a Washington hotel a few nights ago turned to things theatrical, and William B. Wilson, secretary of labor, remarked that a show he recently attended reminded him very much of a story they tell about an Uncle Tom's Cabin performance in western Pennsylvania.

It was the same good old show, the secretary said, with two Topsyes, two Markses, plenty of bloodhounds and a brass band. Although they had

seen it several times before, the thing was irresistible, and everybody who had the time and price took in the performance. On the following morning two natives met at the village postoffice.

"Hello, Jake!" heartily exclaimed one of the pair. "How's everything? Did ye go to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' last night?"

"I surely did," was the prompt response of Jake. "Wasn't you there?"

"No," returned the first. "I couldn't get away. How was the show?"

"The dogs were pretty good," reflectively answered Jake, "but they had poor support."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Couldn't Blame the Baby

The Astor baby, through his mother, the widow of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, who perished in the Titanic disaster, gave one hundred dollars a few days ago to the New York diet kitchen association, the money to be used in the society's campaign to reduce infant mortality during the summer months. Shortly after his birth, about a year ago, this opulent infant became a member of the babies' auxiliary of the association. The story of this hundred-dollar gift having been repeated in a circle of friends, one remarked that such a wealthy child might easily have given a larger donation; whereupon a youngster in the group said: "It was no fault of the baby that he didn't."—Christian Advocate.

A Long Felt Want.

Meeting a negro, a certain southern gentleman asked him how he was getting on.

The negro assumed a troubled look and replied:

"Oh, so far's physically goes, I'm all right; but I sure do have ma troubles wif my wife."

"Well, Sam, I'm sorry to hear that. What seems to be the matter?"

"She thinks money grows on trees, I reckon. All de time she keeps pesterin' me foh pincin' o' change. If it ain't a dollah, it's a half or a quarter she wants."

"What on earth does she do with the money?"

"I dunno. Ain't neveh give her none yet."—Woman's Home Companion.

Justice in a Dual Role.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," said the justice, as he fined Bildad for exceeding the speed limit.

"Not around here it ain't!" retorted Bildad. "I never saw such mushy roads in all my life."

"Ten dollars extra for contempt o' court," said the justice.

"Why, I haven't said anything about you, Judge," protested Bildad.

"Yes ye hev," retorted the justice, "I'm commissioner here as well as jestice o' the peace."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Willing to Be Heir.

Outside it was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges.

"Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time," she said solemnly. "I had a darling little brother, only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead."

A hush fell upon the schoolroom; then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked:

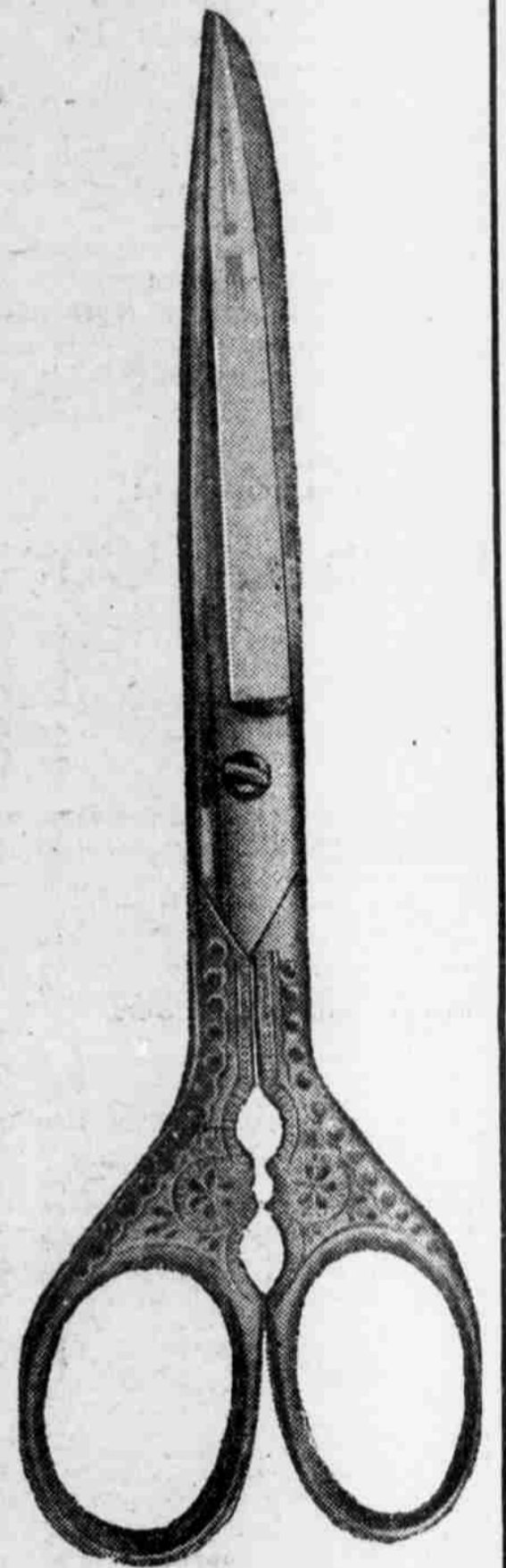
"Where's his sled?"—Truth Seeker.

Needless Expense.

"Father," asked the girl who was going to marry a poor man, "do you

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