

Whether Common or Not

Father

He was not the kind of a father that you read about in books,
He wasn't long on language and he wasn't strong on looks,
He was not the sort of a father you hear about in plays,
He was just a human father with a human father's ways.

No, he never balked at working, but when he was through it once,
Right down to the grass was father, with the children, doing stunts.
All of us would pile up on him and he'd welcome all the pack,
But I'm wondering, after play time, did we stay there—on his back?

Wasn't strong on dissipation, said his "gambol on the green"
Was to fill the platter faster than the kids could lick it clean,
And the next best game he knew of was an equal one to beat;
It was keeping leather covers up to the supply of feet.

Always on the job was father, plugging steady-like and strong,
Never making any noise, but helping all his little world along.
And to think! Lord! ain't it funny you can see things years and years
And yet never know you've seen them, till your eyes are blind with tears.

Quit his job one day and left us, smiling as he went away;
Eulogy seems all so foolish. What can anybody say?
Seemed like even in his leaving he was saving someone bother,

For the one word on the granite which lies over him is "Father."
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

A Startling Verdict

They were talking about remarkable verdicts that had been returned by jurists in different parts of the country the other night, when Congressman Richard W. Austin of Tennessee, related a recent happening in a country court.

The jury in a capital case had listened to the learned charge of the judge and solemnly retired. Two hours later they filed slowly back in charge of a constable, and great was the feeling of suppressed excitement in the close court room.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the sombre judge, breaking a silence that was almost painful in its intensity, "have you agreed on a verdict?"

"Yes, your honor," was the impressive response of the foreman, "the jury are all of one mind—temporary insanity."—Philadelphia Telegram.

Equal to the Emergency

Macbeth was the play, which had reached the thrilling point where Macbeth goes off to murder the king. On arriving behind the scenes the villain of the piece looked about for the blood in which to dip his hands. Not finding it, he summoned the stage manager, who had forgotten to prepare it. What was to be done? The time had come for him to reappear on the stage. Suddenly, with admirable presence of mind, he smote the manager's nose with all his force,

and dipping his hands in the copious stream which flowed out, he dashed on the stage, followed by a roar from the smitten one, just in time with the words: "I have done the deed. Did you not hear a noise?"—Indianapolis News.

What Is Carnegie Noted For?

Answers from papers submitted by pupils in a recent New York regents' examination in elementary United States history.

He invented: wireless telegraphy, carriages, reaper, sleeping car, steam laundry, Atlantic cable, bicycle, medicine, railroad, wagons, typewriter, printing press, screwdriver, steam propeller, electric light, threshing machine, wheel-rake, harrow, airship, electric car, levees along Mississippi river.

He was: a general in the Spanish-American war, a British spy, Secretary of War, governor, an orator, president of the Northern Pacific R. R., first man to sail to China with ship and crew.

He found that steam had power, discovered an anesthetic, started for Europe to get help for the South, became wealthy by manufacturing glue, urged congress to annex Hawaii, and wrote a book.

He is: the best after-dinner speaker in America, a phylonsiphith, a phynopsis, a thanatopsis, the head of the weather bureau, an auto speeder, a steel magnet, the head of the steel trust, and trains wild animals.—The History Teacher's Magazine.

On the Way Back

A certain haunted house down in Georgia was held in terror by all the negroes in the vicinity except Sam, who bravely declared that for \$2 he would sleep there all night. A purse was raised and Sam was told to carry out his end of the bargain and call in the morning for the money. When morning came no trace could be found of Sam—the house contained nothing but evidence of a hurried departure. A search party was organized, but without result.

Finally, four days later, Sam covered with mud, came slowly walking down the road.

"Hi, dere, nigger!" yelled a bystander, "where's you been de las' fo days?"

To which Sam curtly responded: "Ah's been comin' back."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Great Moral Question

Two colored men were on an expedition to the colonel's hen roost one dark night. Mose had planted the ladder, climbed up to where the chickens were roosting and was passing them down to Ephraim, who was putting them in a bag. Suddenly Mose stopped.

"What's da mattah, Bruddah Mose?" inquired Ephraim anxiously.

"I's just been thinkin'," Bruddah Ephraim, "how me and you is membahs ub de church, an' wedder it's right to take de cunnel's chickens?"

"Brudder Mose," said Ephraim, "dat am a great moral question which you an' me ain't fit ter wrestle wid. Pass down anudder chicken."—Atlanta Constitution.

Young America's Retort

An English girl while visiting friends in Boston had become very friendly with a society belle there, and was invited to her home to tea one afternoon.

They conversed on general topics for a time, then the conversation took a more personal turn.

"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have,"

said the English beauty. "I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear," said the heiress. "It's our greenbacks."—Lippincott's.

Winter Resort

Mr. Burbank gathered a bouquet of violets one brilliant morning in December in Santa Rosa, and remarked:

"Why do so many of our misguided people shiver and cough on the Riviera in the winter when they might bask here in white linen under the palms?"

"The Riviera reminds me of the man who opened a boarding house at Saranac lake and advertised it as a winter resort.

"A guest went up there, and after a brief sojourn packed up, paid his bill, and said:

"How can you have the nerve to advertise this place as a winter resort when the thermometer for the last week has registered 8 below?"

"The landlord looked aggrieved. "Well, that's winter, ain't it?" he exclaimed. "If 8 below ain't winter, I'd like to know what is."—Los Angeles Times.

Wanted to Get It Right

A traveling salesman died suddenly and was taken to his home in the west. His relatives telephoned the nearest florist, some miles distant, to make a wreath; the ribbon should be extra wide, with the inscription "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and, if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The florist was away, and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and bore this inscription:

"Rest in Peace on Both Sides, and If There Is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."—Lippincott's.

Its Meaning.

There is on the South Side of Chicago a summer amusement park named, from the French words "free from care," "Sans Souci Park."

Two young men passed this park on a street car recently. One of them evidently was a stranger in the city, and his friend was showing him about.

Said the stranger: "What does Sans Souci mean?"

His friend readily replied: "It's from the Spanish, and means 'I should worry.'"—Everybody's.

His Lesson Learned

A darkey had been tried and found guilty of murder, and was sentenced to be hung. The time set for the execution had arrived, and the condemned negro was led to the scaffold.

"Rastus," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say before the sentence of the law is carried into execution."

"No, boss," replied the prisoner, "I ain't no speechifier, but I suttently believes dis am gwine to be a lesson to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Had Father Guessing

Visitor: "So your boy is in college, is he, Mr. Cornfossle?"

Farmer: "I can't say exactly. He's in their football eleven, an' in their jimmanyzeeum, an' in their dormitory; but whether he's ever in their college is more'n I kin find out by his letters."—Exchange.

The Record Mean Man

The meanest man on record is said to be a farmer who lives in Kansas. He sold his son-in-law one-half a cow

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An Improved Texas Farm

I OFFER for Sale 240 acres of land, three miles from Mission, Texas, on the Rio Grande, 200 acres are cleared and under irrigation. The improvements, consisting of a \$2500.00 house with barns, fences, etc., have cost over \$5,000.00. Easy terms will be given on deferred payments. I would not care to sell to anyone unless purchaser makes a personal examination of the property. Apply to owner for price and terms.

W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.