



GETTING SOMEWHAT FUSSED

—From the Duluth News-Tribune.

WAR!

James Logan Mosby.

I was conceived in passion, hatred, envy, and greed, born in the morning of antiquity, and have a genealogy whose every page drips with the red blood of murdered innocence. I respect neither the feebleness or gray hairs, the helplessness of infancy, nor the sacredness of virtue, and walk, iron-shod, ruthlessly and im-

TO SAVE EYES

Is the Object of This Free Prescription—Try It if Your Eyes Give You Trouble.

Thousands of people suffer from eye troubles, because they do not know what to do. They know some good remedy for every other minor ailment, but none for their eye troubles. They neglect their eyes, because the trouble is not sufficient to drive them to an eye specialist, who would, any way, charge them a heavy fee. As a last resort they go to an optician or to the five and ten-cent store, and oftentimes get glasses that they do not need, or which, after being used two or three months, do their eyes more injury than good. Here is a simple prescription that every one should use:

5 grains Optona (1 tablet),
2 ounces Water.

Use three or four times a day to bathe the eyes. This prescription keeps the eyes clean and quickly overcomes inflammation and irritation. Weak, watery, work-strained eyes, granular lids and other similar troubles are greatly benefited and oftentimes cured by its use. Many who wear glasses have discarded them after using it for a few weeks. It is good for the eyes, and will not injure the most sensitive eyes of an infant or the aged. Any druggist can fill this prescription promptly. Try it, and know for once what real eye comfort it.—Advertisement.

partially over the form of the weakling or the form of the giant.

I paint the midnight skies a lurid glow from the burning homes I have ravaged, and I turn peaceful scenes of rural beauty, where God's own creatures dwell together in amity, into a raging hell. I set neighbor against neighbor in deadly combat, and I incite the brother to slay his brother.

I make puppets of kings, princes of paupers, courtiers of courtesans, and thieves of respected subjects, and empires melt before my breath as does mist before the morning sunlight.

I make of religion fanaticism; the heathen I make a fiend incarnate; and of all men I make playthings devoid of reason and justice. Through intrigue I make the intelligent powerful, the unscrupulous wax fat on the spoils of blood-won victories gained by others, and the less learned suffer for their own ignorance.

Famine, want, and misery follow in my path; I lay waste green fields and still the hand of industry. I pillage the land of its resources but contribute nothing of benefit to mankind, leaving pestilence to stalk ghostlike in my wake and complete the work of destruction. I lay a heavy tribute upon my most loyal subjects for the maintenance of my establishment; I squander the vitality and lives of those who serve me faithfully, yet return to the world nothing but ruin and ashes. The baubles of fame I confer on some are the empty shells of false standards wherein the license to commit murder and rapine is held to be the insignia of glory by a mistaken civilization.

I can offer no excuse for my having come into existence, nor can I give one plausible reason why I should not cease to be, other than that so long as men who wield influence are permitted to gratify their selfish desires and ambitions at the expense of the many who must carry the burdens and endure the suffering, that long will I continue to exact

EVERY YEAR

By Albert Pike

Life is a count of losses,

Every year;

For the weak are heavier crosses,

Every year;

Lost Springs with sobs replying

Unto weary Autumns' sighing,

While those we love are dying,

Every year.

It is growing, darker, colder,

Every year;

As the heart and soul grow older,

Every year;

I care not now for dancing,

Or for eyes with passion glancing,

Love is less and less entrancing,

Every year.

The days have less of gladness ever

Every year;

The nights more weight of sadness,

Every year;

Fair Springs no longer charm us,

The winds and weather harm us;

The threats of death alarm us,

Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,

Every year;

Dark days and darker morrows,

Every year;

The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,

The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,

And disappointments daunt us,

Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,

Every year;

Of the charms of friendships ended,

Every year;

Of the ties that still might bind me,

Until Time to Death resigned me,

My infirmities remind me,

Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,

Every year;

While the cloud grows darker o'er us,

Every year;

When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,

Every year;

As the loved leave vacant places,

Every year;

Everywhere the sad eyes greet us,

In the evening's dusk they meet us,

And to come to them entreat us,

Every year;

"You are growing old" they tell us,

Every year;

"You are more alone" they tell us,

Every year;

"You can win no new affection,

"You have only recollection,

"Deeper sorrow and dejection,

"Every year."

Too true!—Life's shores are shifting,

Every year;

And we are seaward drifting,

Every year;

Old places changing, fret us,

The living more forget us,

There are fewer to regret us,

Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,

Every year;

And its morning star climbs higher,

Every year;

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,

And the heavy burdens lighter,

And the Dawn immortal brighter,

Every year.

Our life is less worth living,

Every year;

And briefer our thanksgiving,

Every year;

And Love, grown faint and fretful,

With lips but half regretful,

Averts its eyes regretful,

Every year.

(In a former issue, The Commoner printed a poem entitled "Every Year," credited to William Cowan in Chamber's Journal. An Arkansas friend of The Commoner writes that this poem, which was only published in part, was written by General Albert Pike, and enclosed the above poem. The Commoner is glad to be able to give this splendid poem in full, and to give credit to its real author, General Albert Pike, on the authority of "Southern Literature," edited by Dr. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, Vol. 9, page 4040. General Pike spent 37 years of his life in Arkansas. His old home, known as the "Pike Mansion," still stands in Little Rock.—Ed.)

my toll of sorrow, devastation, and death. For I am pitiless—devoid of all feeling; I fear neither man nor God; I am amenable to no law, and I am in myself the law and the last resort.

I AM WAR!

[The foregoing won the \$300 prize offered by Life.]

ANOTHER MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED

The White House, Washington, April 24, 1914.—My Dear Sir: I am very glad to reply to your letter of April sixteenth and to say that Senator Gore has at all times been in hearty accord with the policies and with all the work of the present administration. I am surprised that any impression of a contrary sort should have gained currency. No one who has looked into the facts could have given it any credit. I entertain the warmest admiration for Senator Gore and have the greatest confidence in him. Sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Mr. Eugene M. Kerr, Muskogee Times-Democrat, Muskogee, Okla.

She Wasn't Impressed

The young man of the house really was making good in a way that delighted his parents and brought him much flattery from friends and neigh-

bors, but old Mammy, the family servant, remained unimpressed.

One day, when he had done a particular brilliant piece of work, he said to Mammy:

"I'm not a baby any longer, and I think you ought to call me Mr. Charles hereafter."

The old darky snorted her indignation.

"Who—me?" she asked. "I ain't never gwine call you Mister. You ain't no Mister any mor'n I's a Miss. You couldn't wiggle yo' fingers so pert acuttin out folkses insides ef I hadn't a-kep 'em limber wid smack-in' an' you couldn't hear de patient's heart a'beatin' ef it wa'n't for me forever washin you ears so clean! You ain't nothin' but a measly little boy to yo' ole Mammy!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph

"P'taters is good this mornin', madam," said the old farmer making his usual weekly call.

"Oh, are they?" retorted the customer. "That reminds me. How is that them you sold me last week is so much smaller at the bottom of the basket than at the top?"

"Waal," replied the old man, "p'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug the last ones is about twice the size of the first."—From Business.