

## Whether Common or Not

### WHEN

When a little child lies in your arms at night,  
What do you care for care?  
When her lips sing in the evenlight,  
And her little arms clasp you there;  
When a little child lies in your arms at rest,  
And the sun goes down in the purpling west,  
What do you care for the toil and the stream,  
When a little child lies in your arms to dream?

When a little child stands at the door and sings,  
What do you care for care?  
When into your arms in the dusk she springs;  
And away to the rocking chair;  
When a little child tells of the day's events,  
Its laughter and lilt and its sacraments,  
What do you care for the pain and the ache,  
When a little child loves you for love's sweet sake?

When a little child slumbers in

sleep's sweet fold,  
What do you care for care?  
Hugging her close in your arms' enfold  
And smoothing her silken hair;  
When a little child drifts 'neath the lullaby  
To the dreamland sweet of the dreamland sky,  
What do you care for the struggle and strife  
With love at the end of it sweeter than life?

—Baltimore Sun.

### STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN

Stanley had contracted the habit of using bad language, and his mother was conducting an earnest campaign against this fault. "Stanley," she remarked, hearing an impatient ejaculation follow a misdirected blow of the hammer, "what have I told you about swearing?" "I wasn't swearing," the boy defended himself. "Truly, I wasn't mamma. All I said was, 'O Lord!' and that isn't swear; it's prayer! The minister says it in church."

A little girl receiving her first re-

ligious teaching was much impressed by the unique character and omnipotence of the Almighty. Saying her prayers at night, she added a peculiar and earnest petition:

"And, oh, Lord, please take good care of Yourself, for if anything happens to You, oh, Lord, what are the rest of us going to do?"

Through a moving day accident little Tim had been left all day in a locked and lonely house.

"Weren't you scared?" he was asked, when his absence from the reunited family had effected his rescue. "Didn't it frighten you to stay there so long all alone?"

"I was awful scared at first," was Tim's naive confession, "but this afternoon I was just sort o' sleepy. I guess I got so scared this morning that it scared the scare right out of my bones."

"What's the matter, Patrick?" a good-natured hostess asked of her boyish visitor, seeing the pie plate vainly offered. "Don't you want another piece of pie?"

"Yessum, I want it," replied the unconscious verbal purist, "but I can't eat it. My mouth's awful hungry, but my stomach's awful full."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Solomon in Difficulties

A Georgia magistrate was perplexed by the conflicting claims of two negro women for a baby, each contending that she was the mother. The judge remembered Solomon, and drawing a bowie knife from his boot, declared that he would give half to each. The women were shocked, but had no doubt of the authority and purpose of the judge to make the proposed compromise. "Don't do that, boss," they both screamed in unison, "You can keep it yourself."—Case and Comment.

### Basis for Exchange

He had a drove of dispirited steeds and paused to give them a much needed rest. The storekeeper came out and looked them over casually.

"Want a horse?"  
"Guess not."  
"I'll take it out in goods," said the stranger. "I'll take it out in tobacco, in fact."

"Might do some business along those lines," responded the storekeeper, "if we kin agree on a basis."

"What's your basis?"  
"Well, I'll trade with you, plug for plug."—Judge.

### The Boy's Good Advice

Lord Cheylesmore is telling an amusing story just now. He went down to one of the big schools to distribute prizes on breaking up school, and he says that before the ceremony one of the school boys gave him some good advice.

"If you're going to make a speech," said the youngster, "don't be too long. Remember that every minute you spend in talking you are taking something off my holiday!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### Exact

On one occasion a census clerk, in scanning one of the forms to see if it had been properly filled up, noticed the figures 120 and 112 under the headings, "Age of father, if living" and "Age of Mother, if living."

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been if livin'."—Milwaukee Journal.

### Just in Time

It was a peculiar and most embarrassing situation in which a cer-

tain young man in Philadelphia found himself one evening not long ago. He had been "calling now and then" on a charming young girl of Germantown, and this night, as he sat down in the drawing room waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead, and very gravely asked him what his intentions were.

The young man blushed and was about to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young woman called down from the head of the stairs:

"Mother, mother, that's not the one!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Mother's Cooking

My pa's dyspeptic, but ma's a fine cook;

She works with great ease and no bother.

The reason, you see, why she is so smooth.

Is 'cause she has practiced on father. —Kansas City Star.

### Luck in Gambling

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of the Jewish race, which disproves Carlyle's assertion that Jews are lacking in a sense of humor, is their capacity for enjoying a joke at their own expense, says the Carpenter. Indeed, they are the inventors of most "Jew" stories and the best audience for them.

The other evening a Jewish friend, with whom I was playing bridge, told me a story of a co-religionist who was exceedingly lucky at cards, but very unfortunate on the turf. His wife wondered and complained.

"Why is it you always win at poker," she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?"

"Well, my dear," came the genial reply, "I don't shuffle the horses."—London Express.

### He Learned His Value

A tourist in Scotland came to a wide ferry. It was stormy and the wind was constantly increasing. The Scotch ferryman agreed to take the tourist across, but told him to wait until he had first taken a cow across.

When he returned and started across with the traveler, the latter became curious.

"Will you tell me why you took the cow across and made me wait?" he asked.

"Weel, now," explained the ferry man, "you see the cow wur valuable, and I feared th' wind wud increase so th' boat might upset on th' second trip!"—Youth's Companion.

### Distorted Vegetarianism

"So long as you find the cost of living high," said the friendly adviser, "why don't you and your husband become vegetarians?"

"What do you mean?" asked the worried-looking woman.

"Why, eat only vegetable products."

"Couldn't think of it. What I'm tryin' to do now is to persuade John to take to beefsteak and quit tryin' to live on liquor and tobacco."—Washington Star.

### His Definition

"Papa, what is an escutcheon?"

"Why?"

"This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

"Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."—Sacred Heart Review.

### Two of a Kind

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yawned about hard times 15 minutes at a stretch.

"Why, man," said the tourist, you

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