

Whether Common or Not

It Couldn't Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he
would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace
of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid
it.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing
That couldn't be done—and he did
it.
Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never
do that,
At least, no one has ever done it;"
But he took off his coat, and he took
off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd
begun it.
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a
grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing
That couldn't be done—and he did
it.
There are thousands who'll tell you
it can not be done,
There are thousands who prophesy
failure;
There are thousands to point out to
you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail
you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a
grin,
Then take off your coat and get to
it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the
thing
That "can't be done"—and you'll
do it.
—By Edgar A. Guest, in the Inde-
pendent.

Buying a House

I have bought me a house. Oh, the
fool that I am! I have bought me a
house, like an innocent lamb. Many
years have I dreamed of a house of
my own, many years I have schemed
with one object alone. Now a dwell-
ing is mine, with a lawn and a tree;
yet the sun doesn't shine, not a ray
can I see, for my kind, loving friends
one by one come along, with a look
that portends something awful is
wrong, and th... eyes fill with tears

and they waggle the head, and they
chill me with fears till my courage
has fled.

I am feeling quite gay in the house
I possess. "You are stung," they all
say, "You're a sucker, no less. The
foolish man buys him a house," is
their claim, "while the wise, know-
ing guys, they inhabit the same. You
are up to your eyes in a quagmire of
debt, and the tax rate will rise fifty
notches, you bet, and your house will
run down for the want of repair, and
will land on the town with your bur-
den of care. You will never know
rest, never more will you sing, you'll
be ground and oppressed by the keep
of the thing. You will have it to
paint, you must paper it, too; you
may live, and you mayn't—very few
ever do; you will have it to shingle
to keep out the breeze, you'll have
nothing to jingle excepting the keys.
Pretty neighborhoods change, as a
season may prove, and it wouldn't be
strange if you wanted to move, but
you can't sell a house—no one ever
could get—and it goes to the bows
when you put it to let; and the bank-
ers are hard when a man's in their
power, and a man has to guard lest
the lawyers devour; and the building
and loans, they are risky and dear—
oh! the fellow that owns leads a
hunted career!"

I have bought me a house. I had
dreamed since a boy of the fun of
that house, of its comfort and joy;
but my friends came along with their
stories of woe, and I know I'm in
wrong. I am ruined, I know.—New-
ark News.

The Irishman's Ducks

An Irishman was out gunning for
ducks with a friend who noticed that
although Mike aimed his gun several
times, he did not shoot it off. At
last he said: "Mike, why didn't you
shoot that time? The whole flock were
right in front of you."

"Oj know," said Mike, "but every
time Oj aimed me gun at a duck, an-
other wan come right between us."—
Philadelphia Ledger.

Necessarily Slow

A California youngster had been
permitted to visit a boy friend on the
strict condition that he was to leave
there at 5 o'clock. He did not arrive
home till 7 o'clock and his mother

was very angry. The youngster in-
sisted, however that he had obeyed
her orders and had not lingered un-
necessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe,"
said his mother, "that it took you two
hours to walk a quarter of a mile?"
She reached for the whip. "Now, sir,
will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma," sobbed the boy,
"Charlie Wilson gave me a mud tur-
tle and I was afraid—to carry it—
so I led it home."—Boston Transcript.

Too Long a Time

Sir William Osler, the famous Eng-
lish doctor, who has just gone to the
front with the McGill university base
hospital, has been making a strong
appeal to soldiers to allow them-
selves to be inoculated against ty-
phoid fever. It will be remembered
that some time ago Sir William
caused a great deal of talk by sug-
gesting that the average man was too
old at 40.

Sir William tells the following
amusing story to prove the import-
ance of medical men being very ex-
plicit in their directions to their pa-
tients.

A young foreigner who consulted
a doctor about his health was advised
by the medico "to drink hot water an
hour before breakfast every morn-
ing."

The patient went away promising
to do as he was told, but a few days
later he returned and complained
that he felt much worse.

"That's curious!" said the doctor,
"did you do as I told you and drink
that water an hour before breakfast
every morning?"

"I did my best, sir," was the re-
ply; "but I couldn't keep it up for
more than ten minutes at a time!"—
Pearson's.

"Uncle Joe's" Story

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was asked
what he thought of the outlook of
the republican party in 1916, and he
answered with a story.

"A black man was arrested for
horse stealing while I was prosecut-
ing attorney in Vermillion county,"
he said, "and was placed on trial af-
ter being duly indicted. When his
day in court came he was taken be-
fore the judge and I solemnly read the
charge in the indictment to him.

"Are you guilty or not?" I asked.
"The black man rolled uneasily in
his chair. 'Well, boss,' he finally
said, 'aint dat the very thing we're
about to try?'"—New York Herald.

Trial by Jury

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you
agreed upon your verdict?" asked the
judge, presiding over a Texan court.

"We are," responded the foreman.
"Do you find the prisoner guilty or
not guilty?"

"We do."
"You do? Do what?" exclaimed the
startled judge.

"We find the prisoner guilty or not
guilty," answered the foreman.

"But, gentlemen, you can not re-
turn a verdict like that."

"Wal, I don't know," the foreman
responded. "You see, six of us find
him guilty, and six of us find him not
guilty and we've agreed to let it go
at that."—Uplift Magazine.

Troubles of an Editor

Henry Watterson told this story at
a recent dinner party:

"One day when I was the city edi-
tor of a small newspaper, a fine
turkey was left at the office. We all
hankered after the bird, the editor
finally claimed it, took it home, and
had it cooked for dinner. The next
day a letter was handed to him,
which he opened and read:

"Mr. Editor: I sent you a turkey
yesterday which had been the cause

of much dispute among us. To set-
tle a bet, will you please state in to-
morrow's issue what the turkey died
of?"—Sacramento Bee.

Why the Safety-Razor Industry Has Grown

"Shave?"

"Yes."

"Haircut?"

"No."

"Tonic?"

"No."

"Singe?"

"No."

"Manicure?"

"No!"

"Shine?"

"No!!"

"Nice day."

"Yes."—Boston Globe.

One Business Helped by Saloons

"If any man here," shouted the
temperance speaker, "can name an
honest business that has been helped
by the saloon I will spend the rest of
my life working for the liquor peo-
ple."

A man in the audience arose. "I
consider my business an honest one,"
he said, "and it has been helped by
the saloon."

"What is your business?" yelled
the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am
an undertaker."—Kansas City Star.

Quaker Meditations

One of the greatest accomplish-
ments a man can have is the ability to
mind his own business.

A man should always try to please
his wife, even if he has to make a
fool of himself to do it.

We sigh for the coffee mother used
to make, forgetting that father used
to do the same thing.

The half of the world that doesn't
know how the other half lives is gen-
erally the better half.

You don't have to wait till they
have nothing to do to find out how
worthless some fellows are.

It's waste of time to stand up for
the fellow who won't stand up for
himself.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WOMEN AS POLICYHOLDERS

On March 1, 1915, THE MIDWEST
LIFE had 4263 policies in force car-
rying \$6,683,715 of insurance. Of
the total number insured 430 were
women and the amount of their in-
surance was \$525,000. This propor-
tion shows that one policyholder out
of every ten is a woman, but that the
average policy of the women is not as
large as the average policy carried
by the men.

THE MIDWEST LIFE insures wo-
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the company with women as insurers
has been quite satisfactory. Many
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