

Whether Common or Not

WITHOUT A SMILE

You are

Like bread without the spreadin',
Like a puddin' without sauce,
Like a mattress without beddin',
Like a cart without a boss,
Like a door without a latchstring,
Like a fence without a stile,
Like a dry and barren creek bed,
Is a face without a smile!

Like a house without a dooryard,
Like a yard without a flower,
Like a clock without a mainspring,
That will never tell the hour;
A thing that sort o' makes yo' feel
A hunger all the while—
Oh, the saddest sight that ever was
Is a face without a smile!

The face of man was built for smiles,
An' thereby is he blest
Above the critters of the field,
The birds an' all the rest;
He's jest a little lower
Than the angels in the skies,
An' the reason is that he can smile;
Therein his glory lies!

So smile an' don't fergit to smile,
An' smile, an' smile ag'in;
'Twill loosen up the cords o' care,
An' ease the weight o' sin;
'Twill help yo' on the longest road,
An' cheer yo' mile by mile;
An' so, whatever is your lot,
Jes' smile, an' smile.
—Selected.

Solving the Difficulty

The Yale freshman year was proving very expensive to father, so father decided to have a "heart-to-heart" talk with Johnny, home for the week.

"Now, son," said he, gravely, but affectionately, "your mother and I are spending just as little as we possibly can. I get up in the morning at half past 6 and I work until after 5. But, son, the money just won't go round at the rate your expenses are running. Now, I ask you, as one man to another, what do you think we had better do?"

For a moment Johnny's head was buried in thought—and then he replied:

"Well, father, I don't see any way out but for you to work nights."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What He Understood

The prim young woman from New England who was devoting herself to the education of the negro in a southern school told one of her small scholars to bring a bucket of water from the spring.

"I ain't gwine fotch no water," he whined rebelliously.

"Oh, Eph!" she protested, "you mustn't say that. Don't you remember how I have taught you: First person, singular, I am not going; second person, you are not going; third person, he is not going. Plural: First

person, we are not going; second person, you are not going; third person, they are not going. Now, Eph, do you understand it perfectly?"

Yas'm, I un'stands—ain't nobody gwine."—Collier's.

Real Cow's Milk

Wayne MacVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, has on the outskirts of Philadelphia an admirable stock farm. One day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over the farm, and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk was excellent. It came, in fact, from a two-thousand-dollar cow.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses.

"Gee! Fine!" said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added: "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow."—Baltimore Sun.

Egg View Notes

Dow Ludlum turned up missing at about 7 o'clock last night, only to be found asleep in the station early this morning by the agent, who asked him if he thought it was show day.

Abrose Crosslots says "The female vote hater is a feller who favors leavin' ev'rything to a woman when he dies—nuthin' before."

Sherm Spoor drove back from Spring Ledge through the chilly, raw wind Tuesday night. He says his feet got cold at first, but went to sleep after a while and dreamed that they were warm the rest of the way home.

Ratio Roundtree and Morg Quidd entered a Pollywog poolroom Friday afternoon, for the first time in their life, and were quite awkward with

their shots, until Ratio found out that they were paying by the hour. From that minute on they played a very fast game.—Judge.

Some One Was Wrong

Not long ago a political speaker, in the course of an address in a western city, happened in a rather oratorical tone to refer to Samson's slaying of the Philistines. To his surprise a man in the audience leaped to his feet with a contradiction.

"You're wrong, Mr. Speaker!" the man loudly declared.

For a moment the politician was at a loss. "What do you mean?" at last he inquired.

"I mean that you have got another guess coming," confidently answered the intruder. "It wasn't Sampson who licked the Philistines; it was Dewey."—The Continent.

Got the Worst of It

At the end of three weeks of married life a southern ducky returned to the minister who had performed the ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one, saying:

"You must remember, Sam, that you promised to take Liza for better or for worse."

"Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the ducky, "but—but she wuss dan I took her for."—Everybody's Magazine.

Author's Nagging Wife — I wish you got a dollar for every word you write!

Irritated Author—I wish I got half a cent for every word you speak!—Judge.

FOR SALE

An Improved farm of 200 acres, under irrigation, three miles from Mission, Texas.

This farm is in the Rio Grande Valley. I have not time to look after it. It has a house costing \$2,500.00, with barns and outbuildings to match; is fenced and in cultivation.

I am willing to sell for less than the price at which unimproved land in that section is selling.

I will sell the entire 200 acres for \$20,000, with a liberal discount for cash. Small tracts, not including the one upon which the house stands, may be purchased as follows: 10 acre tracts, \$125 per acre; 20 acre tracts, \$122.50 per acre; 40 acre tracts, \$120 per acre; 80 acre tracts, \$115 per acre.

I have 40 acres of unimproved land near Mission, which I will sell, as a whole or in 10 or 20 acre tracts, for \$75 per acre, cash. Address

W. J. BRYAN, LINCOLN, NEB.