

Whether Common or Not

The Old Home

The old home stands serene and stanch as in the days of yore. But gone are all the voices and the welcome at the door, No footprint marks the paths within its garden desolate, Today 'tis memory takes my hand and leads me through the gate, Till in my fancy blooms again the garden row on row. The larkspur and the marigold—sweetflowers of long ago—The roses grow beside the wall as in forgotten June, The iris and the lavender distill their rich perfumes, The while I picture other days, and shadowy forms appear, Dream faces smile 'mid candle light, and sweet old songs I hear. The bride upon her wedding day comes softly down the stair, An old man dreams a dream of youth within his fireside chair. The picture changes and a boy with manhood in his eyes Goes forth to seek his fortune—oh, the years that make us wiser Dear house, long since in stillness left—today you seem to wait To welcome home the boy again, grown now to man's estate—I pick a rose beside the door in tender reverie, Thankful for all the past holds dear in precious memory.

—Esther Trowbridge Catlin in the Springfield, Mass., Republican.

The Old Piano

A piano dealer of this city hauled a load of old, worn-out square pianos to a vacant lot last week and made a bonfire of them. He had got tired of having them around, uselessly filling space, and so he burned them.

And as the flames crackled and leaped no one in the crowd that gathered gave a thought to the tender memories that clustered around those old square-legged pianos. It was just a bonfire, nothing more.

But surely many a wraith of bygone days might have been seen taking a ghostly shape in the curling smoke if someone there had been blessed with sentiment enough to look for them. The unfeeling crowd said it was the heat that made the rusty old strings sing in the way they did when the flames reached them. But it was not so. It was the spirit that dwelt in the old piano—the spirit of other days—the last fond touch of unseen hands upon the ivory keys, yellow with age, and worn as thin as paper by the pressure of dainty fingers that have turned to ashes years and years ago.

No one knew the story of any piano in the blazing pile. In what homes they stood, who owned them, how old they were, no one knew. But they were very, very old. They were pioneers of music and culture. They came out into this western country with the first white folk, before the railroads, when this region was wild and sparsely settled, when the ownership of a piano meant wealth and position, and a refinement rare upon the frontier.

The getting of a piano in those days was an eventful undertaking. It would probably be bought in New York, would come by rail to Pittsburgh or Cincinnati, and from there by boat to St. Louis and up the Missouri on one of the old stern wheeled packets that "grasshoppered" over the sandbars and made slow progress

against the muddy current in the deeper reaches.

There was sure to be at least one young woman in each of the homes where those pianos went. That much of the story we do know. The rest of it must be left to the imagination.

Take that old one there, at the bottom of the pile, the varnish of its mahogany case black with age. Can not you see the girl waiting there at the gate of the farmhouse, her sun-bonnet pushed back from her face, her hand shielding her eyes from the setting sun as she watches; and how she claps her hands as the ox team turns the bend in the river road and she gets the first glimpse of the big pine packing box in the wagon.

You can see the new piano later in a corner of the big front parlor, the girl with the fairy face and figure at the keys, and bending over her a young man of the countryside who listens with a look upon his face that only lovers wear.

Wild roving Indian maid, sweet Al-fretta, Where flow the waters of the blue Juniatta.

It has been many a long year since you heard that song, hasn't it? Maybe, if you are one of the younger generation, you never heard it. But it was a prime favorite with lovelorn maidens in the days when this old piano was young.

The old piano was a member of the family, and its spirit was in tune with every emotion that ruled the household, whether of joy or sorrow. And it knew much of both. It vibrated tenderly with love; it pealed grandly the wedding march; it crooned many a lullaby in the long evenings when the smell of wild honeysuckle floated in through the opened windows; it sobbed mournfully the old funeral hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep." It was proud to do that last melancholy service for its dead mistress, although its spirit was almost breaking as it sang.

And so the years went, and the old friends went, and with them went the sweet old tunes, and the sweet old ways. The square piano became "old fashioned" and its spirit out of tune with modern ways. It still retained its pride, but poverty came to it. It sank lower and lower in the social scale until it became an out-cast, a shabby relic of better days, with rheumatic joints and keys that rattled, and the spirit of joy was dead within it. It was time to mingle its ashes with the dust of the earth.—Kansas City Star.

And There Was No Relief

A sad-eyed man turned his back on the magazine stand and sighed in distress.

"What's the matter?" asked the news dealer. "Can't you find what you want?"

"I should say not," the sad-eyed man replied. "And every month, it seems to me, things get worse. I want to buy a popular magazine—popular, I said—that isn't just like every other popular magazine in America. Why doesn't some one get out a magazine and call it the Relief? If an editor only knew what to omit, he could become famous over night."

"It sounds logical," the dealer agreed. "Let's hear some more."

The sad-eyed man drew out an en-

velope, on the back of which he had scribbled some notes.

"Here's the whole plan in a nutshell," he said. "Read this list."

And the list was as follows:
No girl head on the cover.
No "blurbs" about our own stuff.
No special war correspondence.
No illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

Nothing about Walter Johnson or "Ty" Cobb.

No magazine love verse.
No back-to-the-farm junk.
No article on efficiency.
Nix on Robert Chambers.
And no editorial on "Youth." —Kansas City Star.

Strictly Up to Date

Uncle Daniel Dewberry wandered around the big department store, idly watching the scintillating colors of the electric fountain.

"Well, sir," said the clerk suavely, "what can I do for you?"

"I want a toothbrush," began Uncle Daniel, and then before he could say any more the clerk was tumbling down boxes like circus tents at a one-night stand.

"Yes, sir; you want the latest Parisian importation with the removable handle?"

"No, bub; I—"
"Ah, I see! You want the Japanese special—antiseptic bristles—"

"No; I—"
"Ah, how stupid of me! You want a toothbrush for the madam—"

"Will you please—"
"Oh, for the baby, eh? Well, here's a peach, the 'baby grand.' We—"

Uncle Daniel brought his horny fist down on the counter.

"Young man," he thundered, "let me say a word! I want a toothbrush for our old cow. These pasteurized, hygienic, antiseptic dairies are using them, and we want to be up-to-date, too!"

And then the clerk collapsed.—Chicago News.

He Wasn't Hissing the Show

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive. I w-wasn't h-hissing! I w-was ss-simply s-s-saying to S-s-sammy that the s-s-singing is s-s-superb."—Milwaukee Journal.

A Sad Mistake

"I wouldn't o' had no trouble wif de constable ner nobody," said Mr.

Erastus Pinkley, "if it hadn't been fo woman's love ob dress."

"What has dress got to do with it?" asked the jailer.

"Well, my womenfolks, dey wahn't satisfied wid eatin' de mos' ob de chicken. Dey had to go an' put de feathers in deir hats an' p'rade 'em as circum-circumstanshial ebidence." —Everybody's.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Those who put everything on their back shouldn't complain of the heavy load they have to carry. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Many a man takes a burst of hot air for a dash of wit.

There is nothing contradictory in one and the same person having a clear conscience and a muddled mind.—Deseret News.

Most good intentions bloom about bedtime.

Every theory seems perfectly good to its originator until he tries to put it into practice.

One reason why some of us can not afford to make as much outward show as others is that we live more comfortably.—Albany Journal.

The difference between recreation and dissipation is largely the difference between getting hot and keeping cool.

There are some people who are likely to be influenced by anything but facts.—Nashville Banner.

An experienced employer attaches little importance to written recommendations. He remembers how many he has himself given and how little they really meant.

If any one tries hard to sell you something which he says many others are eager to buy, it is likely to be to your advantage to let one of the others buy it.—Albany Journal.

Tips from Texas

Probably when a dentist looks into the jaws of death he discovers cavities that he doesn't want to fill.

What has become of the old-fashioned young man who wore his hair long and wanted to be known as a political manipulator?

No matter how much a man may pride himself on his intelligence, he is never quite as good as a horse at eating corn off the cob.

Our idea of a total failure is a man who hurries away from home before breakfast in order to get a drink down town.

Moreover, the man who thinks he understands woman isn't much more mistaken than the woman who says she understands Browning.—Dallas News.

I WILL START YOU IN THE MAIL-ORDER AGENCY BUSINESS



My father and I started on \$40 worth of merchandise. We placed a few ads in the papers. Got a few agents started. In 2 years our agents were selling over \$100,000.00 worth of goods for us a year. We had just a few dollars capital; no experience. Soon our agents were selling goods all over the U. S. and in many foreign countries. We sat in our office and had people everywhere sending us orders and money by mail. We didn't have to do any canvassing or peddling. Agents sold our goods. We started at home; worked evenings at first. Soon we quit our jobs and put all our time to the Mail-Order Agency Business. We made an amazing success selling by mail. Why can't you do as well? I will help you.

We Have Taken in Over \$1,000.00 a Day!!



Think of a business like that by mail. Listen! The sales from just one general agent made us over \$10,000 a year profit. Suppose you started in your own home with a few good selling articles, placed a few ads in the papers, and got agents selling your goods all over the country. Why couldn't you take in \$100 a day? I will start you; will give you a \$60 Instruction Course FREE to study; supply you with circulars advertising 15 meritorious specialties, printed with your name and address on. I will tell you how and where to advertise; I will place an ad for you FREE. I will help you all I can. I need just a few hustling energetic co-operators, men with ambition, enthusiasm and back-bone. You don't need big capital; less than \$50 required. I supply you with complete equipment. If you want to start in a fascinating, profitable business, write me, giving the names of three references and I will write you a long letter, telling you all. I will tell you the inside facts, how many concerns have made from \$5,000 to \$50,000 a year PROFIT in the very same business in which I want to start you. You must not delay. My offer is limited. Sit down and write me NOW.

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