

Whether Common or Not

Sympathy

He never shed a single tear
Nor heaved a tender sigh;
Cold, calculating, sharp and clear
Was every day, his eye.
Always his judgment rules his deeds,
And reason marked his plan;
But what this old world really needs
Is sympathy from man.

It needs the eyes that fill with tears,
The throats that know the rise
Of choking lumps, when grief appears
Far more than judgment wise.
It needs the hasty hands that do
The gentle things and kind
That beating hearts impel them to,
Far more than poise of mind.

He felt no touch of other's pain,
Nor knew another's woe,
He looked on sentiment as vain,
His heart was cold as snow.
Brain was the god he calmly served,
At every time or place,
He thought it shame to be unnerved,
Tears were to him disgrace.

And yet before all reason calm,
The weeping eyes should be:
The world must have the soothing balm
Of tender sympathy.
I sing the hot, impulsive deeds
That kindly people do,
For these are what the old world needs
Far more than judgment true.
—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

His Criticism

"I have called to make what I feel is a just complaint," stated old P. G. Pester, upon entering the sanctum of the able editor of the Weekly Vidette and Faithful Guardian of the Home and Fireside. "While your answers to correspondents column is filled with interesting items and helpful hints, I have not yet found therein just the information I particularly need.

"I have read with pleasure the formula for making White House white-wash, how to prevent a rubber plant from stretching, the latest theory of how to concoct invisible ink. I have also observed from time to time data on the ancient Druids, hints on kunquat culture, advice on the raising of hens, and direction for the care of triplets and the taming of madstones. While all this is doubtless valuable to persons in certain predicaments, it does not seem to apply to my case. I need a remedy for mildew on a son-in-law which gives him a dusty appearance and causes him to lop around as if blighted but has not as yet actually killed him. Why, let me tell you what's a fact: That fellow painted his kitchen year before last and the ladder he used has been leaning up against it ever since!"—Judge.

A Gay Life Is the Farmer's

Farm life is an ideal life, especially in story books and upon the theatre stage. The farmer is his own boss and monarch of all the acres that are not plastered with mortgages. He arises with the little birds, hits up the hard cider in the cellar, then hies himself hither to toy with the cattle, for milking at 4 a. m. is one of the joys of farm life. From the milking stool he wends his way to the wood pile and gleefully chops up a cord or two before the breakfast call. When the morning

meal is over, his real life begins. Blended with the buzz of rusty machinery, song and profanity, the remaining eighteen hours are whiled away. When the farm becomes so impoverished that it will raise nothing but chin whiskers, he lets the mortgage holder do his worst!—"Zim" in Cartoons Magazine.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

Mother—"What do you mean by ordering me around like that?"
Little Joe—"Oh, I'm just practicing so I'll know how when I get married."

"What is meant by 'high explosives,' Tommies?" asked the teacher.
"I guess it must be another name for skyrocket," replied the youngster.

Minister—"And what are you going to be when you grow up, James?"
Small James—"A philanthropist."
Minister—"So you can do lots of good?"

Small James—"Yes, and besides, a philanthropist always has more money than he needs."

Little Annie, aged 4, had become weary of dwelling in a flat, and one day she climbed up on her father's knee and said: "Papa, I do wish you would try and save enough money to buy a back yard."

Small Eloise—"Mamma, may I send Fido to the dog show next week?"

Mamma—"No dear; I'm afraid he isn't good enough."

Small Eloise—"Not good enough! Why, Fido never did anything wrong in his life."—Sacramento Bee.

Great Idea

A small boy, seated on the curb by a telegraph pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

"Going fishing?" he inquired, good naturedly.

"No," the youngster replied; "take a peep in there."

An investigation showed the can to be nearly filled with caterpillars. "What in the world are you going to do with them?" asked the old gent.

"They crawl up trees and eat the leaves off, don't they?" asked the boy.

"So I understand," replied the old gent.

"Well," said the boy, "I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?" asked the old gent.

"I'm going to send them up this telegraph pole," answered the boy.—Chicago Herald.

He Understood His Profession

The professor of jurisprudence in a western university was lecturing to a hundred embryo lawyers. He asked whether everyone in America could own property. One fellow answered, "No, a criminal can't own property."

But the professor said, "Suppose a man owns a ranch, gets into trouble with his neighbor, assaults him, and is put into the penitentiary, does he still own the ranch?"

The class was unanimous that he did.

"If he did not continue to own it," went on the professor, "what would become of it?"

That was supposed to settle the



SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE OLD INCUBATOR

From the St. Joseph News-Press.

question, but one boy called out, "The lawyer would get it!"

There was a hearty laugh, of course, and the professor added:

"We learn two things from that apt remark—be a lawyer, and don't be a criminal."—Youth's Companion.

Her Own Idea

A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited encounter with a small friend, who had got considerably worsted in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to behave so? It was Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."—Sacramento Bee.

They Have Their Uses

Col. E. M. House, talking about his peace mission in Europe, said: "They who decry peace missions and arbitration arguments remind me of the second tramp.

"The first tramp, pointing to a large building on a hill said:

"That there's the blind asylum home."

"Blind asylum home?" said the second tramp scornfully. "Humph. What's all the winders fur then?"—Washington Star.

Emancipation's Woes

First Clubwoman (a few years hence)—Men are enough to drive a woman crazy.

Second Clubwoman—Indeed, they are.

First Clubwoman.—Only think. For five nights last week I remained at the club terribly late, and yet

when I went home, I didn't find my husband waiting at the top of the stairs to upbraid me for neglect. The heartless brute was in bed, sleeping like a top, and actually smiling in his sleep.—New York Weekly.

One Fault of a Dog

"A pussen's dog, sah, is one thing shawt o' bein' de best friend he's got!" stated old Brother Hawhee, who was a great hand to philosophize. "In health he 'joices wid yo', in sickness he suffers, too; when yo's in jail he's waitin' right outside de do' for yo', and when dey turns yo' loose he greets yo' wid a yell o' welcome. He's yo' guide and companion and friend; but, dad blame him, yo' kain't borry a dollar off'm him, no mattah if yo' dess nach'y gotter have it!"—Kansas City Star.

Something Like Foundries

"What air them kitchenettes I hear tell of in the cities?" asked Deacon Medders, the somewhat honest agriculturist.

"They're the places, Uncle Hy," explained Upson Downs, his city nephew, "in which are moulded or cast or somehow produced a flat dweller's daily round of meallettes."—Judge.

Family Government

Mr. Benedict—My daughter is the initiative and my wife is the referendum.

Mr. Singleton—And where do you come in?

Mr. Benedict—Oh, I'm the recall. They recall my existence whenever the bills come in!—Judge.

By the time many a fellow arrives at a conclusion he is so tired he never gets away from it.—Ex.