

## Whether Common or Not

### When Christmas Comes

When Christmas comes, I never mind  
the cold,  
I like to get up prompt an' go to  
school,  
An' do my sums,  
An' clean the walks 'thout waitin' to  
be told—  
Though I like sleddin' better, as a  
rule,  
Or builidin' forts—But nothin' ain't so  
bad,  
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I'd just as  
lief give half  
My cooky to the baby, an' take care  
About the crumbs.  
It's fun to make the little fellow  
laugh.  
An' I don't mind his taggin' ev'ry-  
where.  
He can't help bein' little! I'm not mad  
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I don't forget  
to give  
My shoes a wipe, an' scrub my ears  
a lot  
Till my head hums.  
An' mother says, "That boy's too good  
to live!"  
But I'm not 'fraid of dyin', 'cause  
I'm not  
No different from always—only glad  
When Christmas comes!

—Abigail Williams Burton, in the St.  
Nicholas.

### Safe at Last

The country had finally been made  
proof against invasion and conquest.  
For fifty miles back from each coast  
and from the borders there was nothing  
but a series of bristling forts. Every  
farm was dotted with concealed  
batteries and with concrete founda-  
tions for heavy field pieces. Every  
house in every city and village was  
fitted with concrete redoubts and with  
places for mounting rapid fire guns.  
Every public building was either an  
arsenal or an armory. Every street  
was mined and every waterway was  
equipped with torpedo nets. So com-  
plete was the military preparedness  
of the nation that you had only to  
go half a block in any direction to  
find arms and ammunition. The mil-  
itary authorities promptly suppressed  
any grumblings over their action in  
commandeering back yards, lawns,  
wings of houses, sections of farms,  
boulevards, streets alleyways, fac-  
tories or whatever place they wished  
for the placing of defense guns for  
strategical purposes. The civilian  
population was further protected by  
being required to understand and con-  
form to military regulations. All  
street cars, automobiles, railway  
trains and passenger boats were ar-  
mored, and half of each convey-  
ance was occupied by quick-firing  
guns and a detachment of soldiery.  
In the rural districts, planting and  
cultivation, as well as harvesting,  
were permitted only when they did  
not interfere with army maneuvers.  
The nation had been thoroughly  
and adequately protected. No enemy  
could invade, attack or conquer it  
with impunity or with any chance  
whatsoever.

But, strange to say, after the coun-  
try had been made absolutely the  
safest in the world, nobody would live  
in it, and soon it became a desolate  
ruin, because there were no taxpay-  
ers left to support the army and  
navy and maintain the military es-  
tablishments.

It is very hard to manage a coun-

try to please its people.—W. D. Nes-  
bit, in Life.

### The Schedule Crank

The man who is living this life on  
schedule time deserves to be an ob-  
ject of pity. I know of one creature  
who is so precise in his appointments  
that he is actually living a month in  
advance of himself. You say to him,  
"Whatchergonado tomorrer noon,  
Bill?" and he'll consult his little vest  
pocket engagement book and inform  
you that he is filled up as far as next  
Wednesday at 10 p. m. (meaning en-  
gagements, of course). Then you say:  
"I want you to lunch with me tomor-  
row at 12!" "Let me see," says he,  
"I have a fifteen-minute canceled en-  
gagement at that time, so I'll accept  
your invitation; meanwhile you'll ex-  
cuse me, dear boy, for I have a di-  
rector's meeting on at 4:23 and leave  
for Goplunk, N. J., at 5:48, but I'll  
be on hand at 12 sharp!" And he re-  
cords it in his book. This schedule  
crank has everything prearranged ex-  
cept his funeral, and if he happens to  
have a previous engagement I'll  
wager he'll disappoint the mourners  
by postponing that!—"Zim," in Car-  
toons Magazine.

### It Was the First Time

Jones was a past master of the hab-  
it of carelessness. He dropped things  
around in any old place and after-  
wards never remembered where that  
place was. One night he rose from  
bed to get some medicine and swal-  
lowed his collar button in mistake  
for a cough drop.

"Mary," said he to his wife when  
the awful truth dawned upon him, "I  
have swallowed my collar button."  
"Th: 's all right," responded wife  
in a tone of evident satisfaction.  
"There's nothing to worry about."  
"Nothing to worry about?" re-  
turned father. "Do you—"  
"That's what I said," interrupted  
little wifey. "For once in your life  
you know where you've put it."—  
Philadelphia Telegraph.

### A Dead Horse

The smart traveling man stood on  
a corner in the little country village  
at dusk. He was looking for amuse-  
ment, and the first object that at-  
tracted his attention was an over-  
grown boy, perhaps fifteen years of  
age, riding a horse that might have  
come out of the ark.

"Hello, sonny!" shouted the sales-  
man. "How long has that horse been  
dead?"

Quick as a flash the boy replied,  
"Three days, but you're the first buz-  
zard that has noticed it."

The traveling man moved on to the  
hotel.—Chicago Herald.

### The Flattering Beau

Girls, don't listen to flattering  
beaux, for while as friends they al-  
ways beaux, you will find in reality  
they are feaux. They flatter your  
eyes, mouth and neaux, and sing your  
praise from head to teaux. They take  
you to balls, parties and sheaux, and  
are adepts at concealing their weaux  
—although as fickle as the wind that  
bleaux.—Indianapolis Star.

### Pride of Ancestry

"I've looked up your family tree,"  
said the genealogist, "but I doubt if  
you will be pleas: I with it. Your  
great-great-grandfather was hanged  
for murder; your great-grandfather  
was imprisoned for robbery; your  
grandfather was tarred and feathered

for beating his wife. That's not a  
very good record, is it?"

"I should say it is," replied the  
other emphatically. "It shows the  
family is getting better with each gen-  
eration. I'm an improvement on the  
entire bunch—never been in jail yet.  
Let me have those records—I'm  
proud of 'em."—Boston Transcript.

### Says Old P. G. Pester

Stammerers are useful in breaking  
news to bereaved relatives.

There are no hopeless fools. One  
fool has more hope than forty wise  
men.

The average self made man acts  
as if he had been made in the remote  
backwoods.

The small town big man is great  
merely because his associates are so  
trivial.

The pessimist insists upon turning  
his gar coate' pills wrong side out,  
so that he may taste the bitter instead  
of the sweet.—Judge.

### Champion Pessimist

This one has the merit of being  
true, anyhow:

The official pessimist of a small  
western city, a gentleman who had  
wrestled with dyspepsia for years,  
stood in front of the postoffice as the  
noon whistles sounded.

"Twelve o'clock, eh?" he said, half  
to himself and half to an acquaint-  
ance, "Well, I'm going home to din-  
ner. If dinner ain't ready I'm going  
to raise trouble and if it is ready I  
ain't going to eat a bite."—Saturday  
Evening Post.

### French Politeness

As a truly polite nation the French  
undoubtedly lead the world, thinks a  
conrit itor to a British weekly. The  
other day a Paris dentist's servant  
opened the door to a weebegone pa-  
tient.

"And who, monsieur," he queired  
in a tender tone, "shall I have the  
misery of announcing?" — Youth's  
Companion.

### The Last Question

Precocious Offspring—Pa, may I  
ask just one more question?

Patient Pater—Yes, my son. Just  
one more.

Precocious Offspring—Well, then,  
pa, how is it that the night falls, but  
it's the day that breaks?—Chicago  
Herald.

### They Surely Do It

"I don't see why everybody is so  
down on the war censors. Aren't they  
merely performing a consistent  
duty?"

"How so?"

"Well, what good is a censor unless  
he incenses people?" — Baltimore  
American.

### Wrecked

Crawford—Did your wife find fault  
with the way you took care of the  
place while she was away in the coun-  
try?

Crabshaw—I should say so. She  
said the apartment looked as if it had  
been subtletted for the summer—  
Judge.

### Pointed Paragraphs

Happiness is less apt to be a case  
of luck than pluck.

The things that usually happen  
are those that seem impossible.

Adversity lifts up many a man  
whom prosperity has knocked out.

Only a very unusually hungry man  
can eat advice and enjoy it.

Don't think because a man offers  
an apology that he relly means it.

The man who knows enough to at-  
tend to his own business knows  
enough.

Two men trying to entertain one

woman constitute a fair example of a  
silent majority.

Never call a big strong man a liar;  
it is safer to hire some other fellow  
to break the news to him.

Lots of men go where duty calls,  
and stand around with their hands  
in their pockets after they get there.

There is no harm in a man's being  
in advance of his age, providing he  
has money enough to pay for his feed  
until his age catches up with him. —  
Chicago News.

### Quaker Quips

Sometimes it takes a pretty strong  
man to carry out his own plans.

A good story will always bear re-  
peating, if it isn't at our expense.

The only man who really believes  
he is fully appreciated is the egotist.

Woman's crowning glory is her  
hair, but she doesn't always sleep in  
her crown.

Appearances are deceptive. A flea-  
bitten dog isn't the only thing that  
looks like the old scratch.

Some people are deathly afraid of  
contagious diseases, and others are  
satisfied to take things just as they  
come.—Phil delphia Record.

### GRAPE-JUICE FOUNTS IN THE CHAUTAUQUA BELT

As a certain statesman is ir-  
revocably associated in the minds of  
the American people with both grape-  
juice and chautauqua, it need not sur-  
prise us to learn that the Chautauqua  
Lake district is one of the great  
grape-juice regions of the United  
States. This "wine of to-morrow,"  
as it is hopefully termed by C. Hous-  
ton Goudiss, is the subject of a de-  
scriptive article contributed by him  
to The Forecast (Philadelphia, Au-  
gust). Naturally, there has been  
grape-juice as long as there have been  
grapes, but not the sort that temper-  
ance orators recommend. The  
grape-juice industry, as we know it,  
is very young, dating only from the  
discovery of practical methods of  
sterilizing and sealing based on the  
investigations of Pasteur and other  
bacteriologists. Yet most of us will  
agree with Mr. Goudiss that "Amer-  
ican grape-juice has earned a repu-  
tation for itself quite aside from its  
association in the public mind with  
our late secretary of state." We  
read:

"The grape-juice industry of the  
Chautauqua district—situated in  
southwestern New York, northwest-  
ern Pennsylvania, and northeastern  
Ohio—goes back to the soil. The  
manufacturers, who need for their  
product the highest quality grapes—  
even higher quality in some cases  
than are exacted for table use—  
sought the soil that produced the  
best grapes. Then careful cultivation,  
careful picking, and careful handling  
were exacted from the growers of the  
district.

"The picking or harvesting of the  
grapes is a period of great activity.  
Every one in the region gets busy  
and works just as fast as possible.  
The yield is tremendous and the sea-  
son is exceedingly short. Scarcely  
more than a month can be given to  
the harvesting, yet thousands of tons  
of grapes must be picked and carried  
to the factories in that short time.  
It requires a high degree of efficiency  
and co-operation on the part of grow-  
ers, pickers, an! packers in order to  
accomplish the work.

"When the grapes arrive at the fac-  
tory they are carefully inspected and  
weighed, then the grapes are thor-  
oughly washed by mechanical spray-  
ers that remove every particle of dirt  
and dust and every insect that may  
have clung to the grapes. In the  
best of grape-juice factories, after  
the grapes have been washed, the  
human hand does not touch them or  
the juice. From the washers, the  
grapes are carried by conveyers to