

Whether Common or Not

People Like Him

People liked him, not because
He was rich, or known to fame,
He had never won applause
As a star in any game.
His was not a brilliant style,
His was not a forceful way.
But he had a gentle smile
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,
On he went with manner mild.
Never quarrelsome or loud,
Just as simple as a child.
Honest, patient, brave and true
Thus he lived from day to day,
Doing what he found to do
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold
Or belittle it with sneers,
Didn't change from hot to cold,
Kept his friends throughout the
years.
Sort of man you like to meet
Any time or any place.
There was always something sweet
And refreshing in his face.

Sort of man you'd like to be,
Balanced well and truly square;
Patient in adversity,
Generous when the skies were fair.
Never lied to friend or foe,
Never rash in word or deed,
Quick to come and slow to go
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,
Simply lived and simply died,
But the passing of his name
Left a sorrow far and wide
Not for glory he'd attained,
Nor for what he had of pelf
Were the friends that he had gained,
But for what he was himself.

—Edward A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

The Old Trundle Bed

There are still a few of us left who remember the trundle bed—but for which it would have been impossible to bring up the old fashioned family of good proportions. Houses were small and families were large in those days, and providing beds was a problem. So it was solved by the trundle bed—a low structure that rolled beneath the "regular" bed—and which was trundled out at night and filled with children. There was no more inspiring picture than a trundle bed full of little pink children—and all trundle beds were generally full of them.

But the disorder of the room would run the modern housewife crazy. Clothes were dumped in piles upon the floor. Shoes were tossed into the corners. Stockings were mixed up generally and to be found all over the room, but some way an hour or so after the morning dressing everything disappeared, the trundle bed was not in sight and order came out of it all while "mother" was busy with other things than "straightening up the room."

It was a feather bed of course—big and thick and soft. You sank into its very bosom. No danger of a kid falling out; no more danger than there would be of a raisin falling out of a cake. For the children fitted into the feather bed for all the world like peas in a pod—a nestlike formation holding the tiny form. Besides, if you did fall out of a trundle bed you didn't have far to fall, only an inch or two, for be it remembered the trundle bed was built low so it would roll under another bed.

But it was a glorious invention! A billowy, downy couch fit for the

angels—and angels slept in them. The temperature didn't matter. In memory they were always comfortable. Warm in winter and cool in summer—they must have been—sweet and clean and fresh always. That's the way we recall them, anyway, so it is the way they must have been. The night had no terrors after one was tucked away in a trundle bed, and sleep came quickly to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care." The morning came instantly, it seemed, but you were refreshed and ready for the rough and tumble work or play that beckoned to you.—Dayton News.

Where He Got It

He was a witness in a case in the police court.

"What is your name?" inquired Prosecutor Robinson.

"Mah name?" from the darky incredulously.

"I'm talking to you," snapped the prosecutor.

"Well, sah, mah name is Hallowed Hopkins," answered the negro.

"Hallowed—Hallowed!" gasped the judge.

"Where did you get that name?"

"Frum mah maw," answered the negro. "It am from de Scriptures."

"From the Scriptures? What part of the Scriptures?"

"Doan' you r'membah, judge, wheah it says, 'Hallowed be thy name?'"

The judge recalled the passage.—Louisville Times.

Generosity in Installments

A certain Scotch singing comedian, who is notoriously thrifty, played a week's engagement to enormous business in Chicago last year. Desiring to show his appreciation of the theater manager's kindness to him during the week, he called that gentleman into his dressing room on Saturday night.

"I want to thank you sir," he said, "for your courtesy to me this week and for the fine crowds you've helped to bring in to hear me. Here's a photograph of myself for you; and if business is as good next year when I come back I'll put my name on it for you then!"—Saturday Evening Post.

An Unpremeditated Hoax

The measles were making their annual rounds of the juvenile population of the community, and Flossie was very vexed because she didn't catch them. She felt that a nice little vacation was being denied her. One day she came rushing into the schoolroom clapping her hands with delight.

"Oh, Miss Nichols! They're coming down the avenue!"

"Who?" asked the teacher, hurrying to the window and looking for—she knew not what.

"The measles! Bessy Tubbs right on our corner, has just got them, and now t'll be my turn next!"—New York Times.

When Ducks Are Ripe

Duck season is explained by Herb Cavaness as the time when an ordinary sane citizen loads himself with twenty pounds of shells and a big gun, gets out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning, crawls on his stomach for a half mile to get close to a

pond, walks fifty miles during the day and raises a fine crop of blisters on his feet and does a dozen other such pleasurable things, and then remains at home a week with rheumatism, after having bagged one mud hen, one rabbit, one sparrow hawk and then seen one flock of ducks sailing by him a mile high.—Kansas City Star.

Showing Up Father

In these days of good education children learn things their fathers and mothers know very little about.

Nora, aged nine, met her father the other day with her little blue eyes full of tears.

"Oh, daddy!" she wailed. "I've just fallen and bumped my patella."

"Dear, dear! Poor little girl!" said father, sympathetically, as with the best intentions in the world he bent to examine her elbow.

Nora drew herself angrily away.

"Humph!" she snorted, with superior air. "I said my patella—that's kneecap."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Proving an Alibi

Massachusetts has an anti-roller law as a sanitary precaution. They tell the following about a traveler who found such a towel hanging in a country hotel.

"Don't you know that towel is against the law?"

"Sure, but that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up."—Rural New Yorker.

Easy Reading

"What have you there?"

"The memoirs of a famous baseball pitcher."

"Easy reading, I dare say."

"The easiest ever. Nearly 400 pages without a single footnote, historical reference or quotation from the classics."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Mystery Solved

"You once kept a cook for a whole month, you say?"

"Yes."

"Remarkable. How did you manage?"

"We were cruising on a house boat and she couldn't swim."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Quaker Quips

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but for that matter a lie will do the same trick.

On the principle that two can live as cheaply as one, love is generally starved to death.

Help others, and you will soon discover that the world is full of people looking for a boost.

It is small consolation to the woman who deserves a better husband to realize that most women do.—Philadelphia Record.

Tips from Texas

Another thing—if whisky is a "bracer" why does the drunkard cling to the lamp post?

If Cupid were to find his way to some of the bathing resorts he might quit shooting arrows and advocate lynching.

Some men are born leaders, some follow the crowd, and even then only at a safe distance.

Our experience with restaurant watermelon is that the cook keeps the best slices for himself.

Another reason why a boy can get such a good night's sleep is because he doesn't have to lie awake and tremble for the safety of his country.—Dallas News.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING TUSCULUM, GREENVILLE, TENN.

Its Origin

Tusculum college is located in upper east Tennessee, in full view of the Great Smokies.

It was founded in 1794 by a heroic Princetonian named Hezekiah Balch, and the noted pioneer, Samuel Doak.

It is one of the most historic southern colleges, with a lineage as follows:

1794 Greenville College.
1844 Tusculum College.

1888 Greenville & Tusculum College.
1908 Washington & Tusculum College.

1913 Tusculum College.

For 122 years since our country was still young, Tusculum has kept the lamp of Christian education burning among the people of our southern uplands.

Its Students

Its students are drawn from the best families of the unmixed American stock of East Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and the Carolinas. Hundreds upon hundreds in these sections are dependent upon this college for the training that will fit them for leadership and service.

This is one of the very few high-standing colleges that puts an education within the reach of young men and women of limited means. The entire cost for a year, including good board and all necessary expenses, is only \$125.00 per student.

Its Educational Standing

In scholarship Tusculum ranks with the best colleges in the country. It demands fifteen Carnegie units for admission to the freshman class, and has a four years' course leading to the A.B. or Ph.B. degree.

It maintains a faculty of thoroughly trained and consecrated teachers, each a specialist in his own department.

Its Character

True to the ideals of its founders, the influence of the college is, and has always been, positively Christian.

It has survived poverty and neglect and Civil war, and stands today as a monument to Scotch-Irish tenacity and abounding faith in God.

Strong courses in the English Bible are a marked feature of the curriculum, in which the Bible is made a living book, and its teachings vital to daily life.

Its Alumni

A partial list of the alumni represents the following vocations: Ministers, 162; other religious workers, 38; college presidents, 29; college professors, 47; principals and teachers, 227; lawyers, 83; physicians, 57; editors, 13; business men, 55; congressmen, 28; United States senators, 9; speakers of congress, 1; registrars of U. S. treasury, 1; judges, 10; authors, 9; railroad presidents, 3; farmers, 76; admiral U. S. navy, 1.

Its Holdings

Among its holdings are seven college buildings, eight dwellings, a campus of forty-five acres, garden and farm land of eighty acres, and an endowment of \$180,000.00.

It is equipped with an electric light and steam heating plant, ample water supply, new quarters and new equipment for the home economics department, twelve pianos for the music department, tools for cabinet work, chemical and physical laboratories, and a library. A conservative estimate of all its holdings is placed at \$375,000.00.

HOMELIKE

Dasher—"How did you enjoy your vacation?"

Jerome—"Fine: the hotel where I put up didn't seem like a strange place at all. It had all the discomforts of home."—Life.