

Whether Common or Not.

Writing To Santa Claus.

With infinite care and many a pause
She's writing a letter to Santa Claus.
Her pink cheeks are dimpled, her brown eyes shine,
Her fingers are guiding the pen aright;
And a wish she writes in every line
That must go by post in the fire tonight,
For the note that is signed with baby's name
Will haste away on the dancing flame.

Postage is free
To girls and boys
Who send their notes
To Land o' Toys.

She's making a curve for a waxen doll,
And a big, black blot for a parasol.
She knows that old Santa will understand
Each mark she is making upon the sheet;
And she changes her pen from hand to hand,
While over her cheek chase the dimples sweet.
Writing to Santa—God grant he gives
An answer to every sweet tot that lives.

Over the snow
Without a pause
The sweet notes go
To Santa Claus.

And Santa awaits in his north retreat
For the postman's knock and the missives sweet.
And he smiles and chuckles the while he reads
The marvelous writing of boys and girls—
Quaint and curious are the blotted screeds
Of dashes and dots, and of quirks and curls.
But all are as plain as your A, B, Cs
To Santa who reads with the utmost ease,

For baby marks
In polar glint
To Santa Claus
Are plain as print.

Never Failed.

The committee laid the matter in hand before the representative from the 'Steenth district.

"This is a matter of grave concern to us," said the spokesman, "and we trust you will take extra care to see that it is attended to."

"Gentlemen," replied Representative Cynch, drawing himself up to his full height, "I always take extras."

Woman's Ways.

Miss Goodhart—(2:25 p. m., on her way to University Campus)—"O, see that brutal man beating that poor, half-starved horse because it cannot start that heavy load!"

Miss Goodhart—(3:15 p. m., as her colors bucked the line in a desperate endeavor to make the five yards)—"Kill 'em! Knock their heads off!

Rah, rah! Sis-boom-ah! Eat 'em up, eat 'em up, rah, hoop-la! Good, they disabled the half-back of the Scrab-ton's! Smash him! S-M-A-S-I-I H-I-M!! That's the stuff! Hooray, they're carrying another Scrubton stiff off on a stretcher! Once more! That's it. T-H-A-T-'S IT! A touchdown for us!!"

And in her excitement Miss Goodhart swung her hat until the two pigeons and a parrot thereon were torn into fragments.

In 1922.

"Spare me!" screamed the wretched man.

"There is no mercy for such as you," replied the leader of the mob.

Naturally I asked the cause of all the trouble, and upon being told that the prisoner had been guilty of stealing

an automobile I joined him in pleading for mercy.

"There are no trees in this neighborhood large enough to hang him upon," I argued.

"Well, we are going to hang him to a telegraph pole," angrily retorted a member of the mob.

Whereupon the prisoner burst into loud laughter and appeared to be enjoying a huge joke.

"Shut up," growled the master of ceremonies. "This is no time for laughing."

"But this is the age of the wireless telegraph," cachinnated the prisoner.

"Foiled!" hissed the leader. Then turning up his heel he gave the signal to disperse.

Under the Mistletoe.

I caught her beneath the mistletoe—
The day had died and the lights were low—

Under the mistletoe.

She bent her head with a modest mein—

She who reigned in my heart a queen—

She struggled not as I raised her head
To kiss her warm lips rosy red—

Under the mistletoe.

Just then some one turned on the light.

I started back in sheer fright—
My arms held not my precious maid,

But her brother, dressed for a masquerade—

Under the mistletoe.

A Christmas Wish.

Say, Santa, when my stocking hangs
I wish with all my heart and soul

That you would gently place therein
About two thousand pounds of coal.

And with this hint I'll hang it up
On Christmas eve in plainest sight,

And hope to wake on Christmas morn
To find a ton of anthracite.

He Had Left.

Miss Boston Baque—"Mr. Porkerly, did you ever feel that longing for the infinite; that soulful desire for a more perfect grasp of the beyond?"

Mr. Porkerly (of Chicago)—"Have I? Well, I should smile. I always feel it when I put up margins on pork."

Brain Leaks.

Luck is jellied pluck.

A half truth is a whole lie.

He who borrows trouble pays usury.

Where there's a will there's a lawyer.

Never buy a bald-headed barber's hair tonic.

Better a happy old maid than a sorrowful young wife.

Many dogs are given the caresses that children pine for.

Some men think they are candid when they are only stupid.

The average boy generally imagines that his wisdom teeth are several years late in arriving.

There is a vast difference between being dyspeptic and being religious, but some men never learn it.

—Will M. Maupin.

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Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

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