

Whether Common or Not.

Ma's "Fixin's."

Guess I don't care if summer's gone an' it is purt' nigh winter. I got a ma that cans things right, an' plenty of 'em, too; An' purty soon th' snows 'ill come an' then ma she'll begin ter Bring them air good ol' pre-serves up, an' I'm a tellin' you They's bou'n' t' last us quite a spell, fr' down there in th' cellar There's rows an' rows o' fruit jars full—an' 'tain't no boughten stuff. An' ma she knows 'at it's all pure an' it won't hurt a feller, But she'll jus' let me eat an' eat till I have got enough.

Th' swingin' shelves is all chuck full o' quinces, plums an' cherries, An' rows an' rows o' marmerlade, o' jelly an' o' jam; Peach butter? Say, them jars is full, an' them cans hold strawberries— All home-made stuff my ma put up— no cannin' fact'ry sham. Pa says a man can eat ma's fruit until his eyes are bulgin' An' never have t' take no stuff t' cure a awful ache; An' ma she says it does her good t' see us both indulging' In all we want o' her preserves an' toppin' off with cake.

An' pickles! Say, you'd ought ter see what ma she made last summer. Cowcubers, wottermelon rin's, to-mater sauce an' sich. At fixin' up good things like them you bet my ma's a hummer, An' pa an' me just smile with joy when into 'em we pitch. An' mangoes soaked in vinegar with cabbage cut for stuffin', Some onions pickled good an' hot, an' sour kraut in th' brine! I guess my ma has got 'em all, she never forgits nuthin'— I bet there ain't a boy in town that's got a ma like mine.

Post Election Thoughts.

Pay no attention to the political thoughts of the man who was too-busy or too careless to vote last Tuesday. The man who votes to give special privileges to others need not be surprised if his own interests are antagonized. The man who remained away from the polls because he thinks politics is a dirty business need not be surprised if he is at last contaminated by the mire of corrupt administration. The ballot of the ignorant counts as much as the ballot of the educated. That's why educated men should seek to eradicate ignorance. Some men are perfectly willing to do the voting and let others do the thinking. If you couldn't take time to vote don't waste time complaining if the results injure you. The ballot is just as effective as the bullet in accomplishing reforms, and isn't nearly so expensive. The honest ballot is the one cast for principle. The good citizen ponders every day on the question, "How should I vote at the next election?"

Easy Marks.

"But the Citizens' Reform League is opposed to this measure," remarked Secundus Warde, representing a section of the city in the council. "It's a good graft and means easy money, but supposin' the League gets after us?" "Say, youse is a green hand in dis business, ain't you?" inquired Presink Healer, the gentleman entrusted with

the work of getting the franchise through the council.

"Yes, this is my first experience in public life, and I owe it to the organization."

"Well, youse jus' stand by de organization. Dis Citizens' Reform League is made up of fussy ol' gents wot t'ink politics is too dirty fr' 'em to take a hand in. Dey make big talk durin' political vacations, but dey ain't cuttin' no political ice at de election booths."

After carefully studying the returns, as well as the record of the city council, Mr. Secundus Warde had no difficulty in perceiving upon which side of his staff of life the oleomargarine had been applied.

Kismet.

The coming blasts of wintry air Doth mostly now concern us, For soon we'll walk the cellar stair To feed that greedy furnace.

Very Often.

He swore his taxes were too high; That glaring fraud was rife; He often heaved a doleful sigh O'er wrongs in public life. He urged reform in strongest way And for the papers wrote; And then, alas! on election day He clean forgot to vote.

A Culinary Invention.

"What's that noise over in the aviary?" shouted Noah, giving the wheel three turns and turning on the binnacle light.

"Nothing, only our second son stumbled and fell into the auk's nest," replied Mother Noah.

"Huh, Ham and eggs," grunted the boss of the ship, "and we ain't allowed to enjoy it."

The study of origin of staple food products is indeed fascinating.

Felt Small.

The pompous man walked into the forest with a self-satisfied air.

"This is a great age," quoth he, speaking to himself because he knew he had an appreciative audience. "Man is the king of the universe. He has solved all the secrets of nature and mastered the elements. It is the age of intellect. Man can do anything."

Suddenly the pompous man found himself surrounded by myriads of bugs, beasts and reptiles.

"Yes, man is a wonderful being," remarked the firefly in derisive tones. "Pray, tell me, what would you give for the secret of my ability to make light without heat?"

"O, King of Beasts," remarked the swallow in sarcastic tones, "what would you give to learn the secret of my ability to fly without muscular exertion?"

An eel wriggled up out of a nearby stream and attracted the pompous man's attention.

"Pray, sir," said the eel, "I am an electric eel. I know you are far above me in intelligence, and all that sort of thing, but perhaps you would give a pretty penny to learn how I generate electricity without the aid of combustion or friction."

"Perhaps you would like to know how to grow a new limb in case you

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lose one of your old ones," remarked the crawfish.

"Or how I see in the dark," squealed the mole.

"Of course you know how to sail against the wind in the upper atmosphere," said the buzzard with an accent of fine scorn.

"Wouldn't it be advantageous to you if you could walk with your head in any direction?" queried the fly.

With a shriek the man fled from the forest, leaving all of his pomposity behind him.

Failure.

Lives of rich men oft are wasted Piling up for waiting heirs, Who as soon as they can get it Blow it in on reckless "tears."

Long Ways After Gray.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a trust on ev'ry hand is seen A heavy, unearned dividend declare.

Our Beautiful Orthography

A dude that disdained business And wore his hair in frusiness, Once had a thought And his brain wrought Was seized with sudden business.

Disheartening

"Dis is a crool world, Dusty," remarked Tired Tom, as he rolled over into the sunlight.

"Wot's de matter now, Tommy?" "I just been thinkin' o' de needless waste uv energy dere is 'cause our hearts beat while we is sleepin'."

A Correction.

"Something should be done!" exclaimed the man of capital.

"Excuse me," said Senator Graball, feeling in his pocket to see if the hold-up bill was still there. "Excuse me, but don't you mean that somebody should be done?"

Resourceful.

Telegraph Editor—"Here's a scare-head account of an attempt to assassinate King Chompalompomp of Whanghiland. He's the royal nibs that's coming over here next spring. Double-lead it, run on first page and print his picture."

Foreman—"Can't print the picture. Cut of his royal nibs smashed last month."

"Well, saw out the cut of that fellow who was cured by taking nine bottles of Extract of Whetstones, trim off the whiskers a little and cut a white streak around the chest for a necklace. That ought to fetch 'em."

The Difference.

"Say, Uncle 'Rastus, can you come up to my house some time this week and whitewash my upstairs rooms?"

"No, suh, I can not, suh. I's not a whitewashah, suh."

"Aren't you whitewashing any more?"

"No, suh."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'se an interior decoratah, suh."

"Well, what's the difference between a whitewasher and an interior decorator?"

"Thu differunce, suh, is jus' edsackly one dollah an' fifty cents a day, suh. Is you all needin' thu suhvicev of a ahtist, suh?"

Brain Leaks

A pleasant home is the best curfew law.

The wag of a dog's tail is always sincere.

Men who set the sail of Doubt and

steer by the compass of Unbelief sooner or later drive upon the rocks of Despair.

Selfishness cannot be disguised in prayer.

Whitewash merely covers; it does not wipe out.

Faith walks in the light while Doubt stumbles in the dark.

History is given for our instruction, prophecy for our guidance.

The prudent man does not exhaust his energies in the preliminaries.

Singing is better than sighing and whistling is more profitable than whining.

The man who stops to throw a stone at every yelping cur never arrives on time.

Some men pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then go out looking for it.

The difference between luck and pluck is something more than the initial letters.

Some men look for truth with their eyes closed and bump into error with their eyes wide open.

Some men float with the current and imagine they are winning success because the stream grows wider.

The man who is always looking on the dark side never has any trouble finding what he is searching for.

The worst bore is the man who persists in talking about his children when you want to talk about your own.

The man who tries to do business without advertising is like the man who rides backwards—he never sees a thing until it has gone by him.

—Will M. Maupin.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS?

Coffee Makes Some People Helpless

We inherit our temperaments. Some children are happy and bright, while others are nervous and cross. Care should be taken that the child is given proper food and drink so as not to increase natural nervousness or to bring it on; but this is often overlooked by mothers who permit their children to drink coffee without check.

The wife of a groceryman living in Siloam, Mo., says, "I was born with a nervous temperament, and this was increased by my parents giving me coffee when a child, unconscious of its bad effect on my nervous system. In time, a cup of coffee in the morning invariably soured on my stomach, and a single cup at night would make me nervous and wakeful and often cause a distressing heart-burn. Last year I laid in bed all summer with nervous prostration, a complete wreck from coffee drinking. I craved a good, nourishing, hot drink and commenced to use Postum Food Coffee.

There was a gradual improvement in my health almost from the commencement of using Postum. I could sleep well, the heart-burn and nervousness disappeared, my stomach trouble stopped and now (a year later) I have gone from the sick-bed to the store behind the counter day after day; from a helpless to a stirring business woman, with new life and strength, new hopes and ambition; from the pale, weak 102-pound woman to my present weight of 120 pounds. Thanks to Postum.

We carry Postum in stock and recommend it to our customers; we love to sell it and often give a trial quantity to the faltering to induce them to use this health-giving drink." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.