

Whether Common or Not.

Christmas Time.

Ain't too old f'r Christmas time,
Same ol' joyous season;
Ju's fergit my growin' years
That's the simple reason.
Forty years roll off my back
When th' sleighbells tinkle;
Klick my heels an' plum fergit
I've got airy wrinkle.
Christmas time's a time f'r joy—
Drop yer years an' be a boy.

Don't you sit there by th' stove
Broodin' o'er yer trouble.
Ev'ry care ye brood about
You air sure t' double.
Jump right up an' crack yer heels,
Join th' Christmas singin';
Snap yer fingers at Ol' Time—
Christmas bells air ringin'.
Christmas time's a time f'r play,
Lay your troubles all away.

Dance a breakdown on th' floor,
S'lute an' swing yer lady!
Laugh an' sing until you feel
You air in Arcady.
Al'man' left! Fo feel your years
Time like this is treason.
Right an' left! Now promenade!
This is Christmas season.
Christmas time's no time f'r gloom—
All join han's aroun' th' room!

Swing yer pardners! Ain't this fine?
Boys an' girls t'gether.
Ol' age is forgotten now—
This is Christmas weather.
Walk yer pardner t' her seat;
Want no music slow, sir.
Kiss her 'neath th' mistleto
Fore she can say "No, sir."
Christmas time's no time f'r tears—
Time t' drop yer gathered years.

A Financial Fable.

Once upon a time a Business Man had an Employee who was capable of accomplishing wonders in the way of industry. The Employee could put his shoulder under a bale of goods that would stagger two Ordinary men and walk off with it just as easy.

The Business Man thought a great deal of the Employee, but one day designing Competitors took him to One Side and whispered a Lot of Stuff into his ear.

"The Employee," said they, "works for the other side. He does not leave enough for you to do. As a result you are getting no service from them that this too willing servant of yours will become Fat and the other side will become Thin."

The Business Man, succubus, argued, and called the Capitalist to the ploye to him and said:

"You perform too much work. In order to subdue your industry I will now saw off one of your legs."

With one leg off the Employee was seriously handicapped, yet he still Performed much Labor.

"I see that I must also deprive you of one Arm," said the Business Man, acting upon the suggestion.

A little later the Business Man, who was by this time quite in love with the Process of Amputation, fell upon the already crippled Employee and cut off the remaining Arm and Leg, cracked a few of his Ribs, Fractured his Skull and kicked him in the spine.

"There, I guess that will hold you for a while," said the Business Man.

A few weeks later the Business Man strolled through his Store and noticed that the Crippled Employee was doing nothing. Then it dawned upon the aforesaid Business Man that there was no need in retaining the services of One who could not perform service by reason of incapacity.

"Out you go," said the Business Man, and the Crippled Employee was discharged.

"I discharged him because he was

not able to work," said the Business Man when asked about it.
Moral: Still there are some people who wonder why silver is only 39 cents an ounce.

A Strenuous Fable.

It came to pass that a Parroquette, perched upon a high limb, felt it incumbent upon itself to attack a Wolf that lolled in the shade below.

"You are a dangerous beast," shrieked the Parroquette. "I believe that the time is coming when we will have to Shackle your Cunning. I assure you that I am not moved to this opinion by reason of harboring the evil Vices of Hate and Envy in my breast, but by my belief that you are a Dangerous Animal and therefore to be Restrained."

"Well, do you not believe that there are good Wolves and bad Wolves?" queried the Wolf.

"That is a matter to be Determined hereafter; now I am following a preconceived plan," replied the Parroquette. "You are, as I remarked, a Dangerous Beast, a vampire sucking the lifeblood of the wilderness people, a—"

And so on did the Parroquette continue for an Hour and Thirty minutes at a great rate of speech. Finally the Wolf yawned and said:

"Well, quit your talking and come down and shackle me."

"Excuse me, please," responded the Parroquette. "I am not now in a position to undertake the task. I have talked so much that I am wholly out of breath. Besides, you may be a good Wolf, after all."

Moral—You never can see it through partisan spectacles.

Found One.

"I found a good trust today."
"Where and what?"
"The grocer let me have a sack of flour and said I could drop in and pay him next week."

Then and Now.

With vocal stress and fiercest cackle He said some day he'd deftly tackle And strenuously strive to shackle Cunning.

But now with ease you plainly see That when he's loudly speaking he Meant he should only seem to be Funning.

How oft have we been loudly led That for the right so brave and bold He stood as did the Greeks of Old At Thermopylae.

At speculation's at an end, And now he rises to defend As a most gracious friend monopoly.

With a whole He's slaked our of velocity And shown his strosity A sham.

The trusts, well satisfied, Huge smiles and bigger profits wearing And for his remedies not caring A cent.

Guess.

A man stood on the corner discoursing to anybody who would listen. This is what he said:

"It is a statesmanlike document. It is overflowing with wisdom, and it fairly reeks with the personality of its strenuous author. It deals with all public questions in a direct and forcible manner. Nothing like it has been penned by any other man. It rings with sincerity and it throws down the gauntlet to the despoilers, the calamity howlers and the discontented. It is full of political wisdom. lofty pa-

triotism, sincerity, and utterly lacking in ambiguity. Nothing better has ever been presented to the people."
Guess No. 1.—What's his politics?
Guess No. 2.—What's he talking about?

Brain Leaks.

The longer the road the better the rest.

Sin is not to be shackled with cobwebs.

A whole lot of strenuosity suffers from laryngeal exhaustion.

Money brings the most happiness to those who use it to make others happy.

The fool wastes his time and money trying to break into the 'smart set.'

Charity covers a multitude of sins only when not exercised for that purpose.

Some Christians set about God's business in a way that would bankrupt their own.

This old world would make slower progress in education if it were not for the questions children ask.

It's a mighty mean man that will disabuse his child's mind concerning Santa Claus in order to save a few cents.

Every once in a while we witness upon the streets a spectacle that makes us wish horses could form a strong labor union.

A whole lot of people who are especially careful about their physical health rush into moral contamination with their eyes wide open.

—Will M. Maupin.

Bad Spelling.

In a recent examination at the Northwestern university only 56 out of a class of 141 were able to stand the test of spelling. This fact was thought so remarkable that it went the rounds of the press and has provoked a vast amount of discussion. The result has been to prove that the case of the Northwestern is not exceptional. It is about the average with young men and women who are supposed to be prepared for college. It is doubtless far worse with young people who have not had such extraordinary educational advantages. Those who have had occasion to wrestle with the errors in the orthography of the average young stenographer will come into court any day and swear that nothing could be worse than her ignorance of this fundamental necessity of good English. Various and sundry reasons have been assigned for this sad decadence in spelling. One charges it to the phonetic methods taught in our public schools, another ascribes it to the slang and flip-sant glibness of the up-to-date smart jacks who set the popular standard of the knowledge worth knowing, and others to various and sundry reasons, but the chief defect lies in want of work.

The old blue-backed seller may have been a very clumsy and awkward educational book, but such an immense amount of labor was put into it as to overcome all its defects. In the primitive schools where it was in vogue, pupils were required to memorize its contents under pain of thrush; and the shape of the words on the red were indelibly impressed on their memory. The modern methemore rational spelling may be much morny with the much more in hargogues, but the methodology of pedas is not one tithe of what was put into it of the students of Noah was required time speller. There is no way's old to an intimate knowledge of the road ite and arbitrary complications of English orthography. Its twists and turns are too manifold and elusive to be mastered without the severest mental exertion. Any system that attempts

Tell Me Who Needs Help

No Money Is Wanted.

To aid a sick friend, will you tell me the book he needs? Will you simply write a postal card, if I will do this?

I will mail the sick one an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Snoop's Restorative. He may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself.

That month will show if the remedy can cure. If the sick one is then disappointed, the test shall not cost him a penny.

I have furnished my Restorative to hundreds of thousands in that way, and 39 out of each 40 got well, and have paid for it.

It is a remarkable remedy that can stand a test like that, and I have spent a lifetime on it. It is the only remedy that strengthens the inside nerves—those nerves which alone operate the vital organs. There is positively no other way to make weak organs well.

My book will convince you. You will not wonder then why this offer is possible.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Snoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.

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to make it easy is a fraud on its face. To be sure it is less difficult for some to learn the fearful and wonderful construction of thousands of words in common use, but it is really easy to none. Blessed be he that is able to form readily and correctly even the limited vocabulary in ordinary use. The only way to remedy the modern defects in spelling is to return to ancient methods of hard work in the mastery of the intricate problem.—Memphis News.

A Candid Republican Governor.

The republican governor of Nebraska, under date of October 4, in reply to an inquiry from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, sent the following telegram: "Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 4.—The point involved in the anthracite coal strike, as I see it, is the right of owners of property to manage and control the same. This point is not arbitrable, being so well settled as to admit of no dispute.

"The thing to be done now is what should have been done at the start and that is protect those that are willing to go into the mines and work if it takes the military power of the state to do it.

"Government by arbitration is a companion piece to socialism and is a few degrees above anarchy. Compared with it government by injunction is a divine heritage.

"EZRA P. SAVAGE, Governor."

Mr. Savage is not a candidate for re-election. He has no political prospects and perhaps no political ambition. He therefore speaks boldly and candidly, and what he says in condemnation of arbitration is the same thing that would be said by many republican politicians if they dared to be as candid as Mr. Savage is.

According to the views of the famous Irish leader, John Redmond, the organization of the Irish league is complete in 75 parliamentary constituencies with a total of 1,326 branches. It is also reported that during the past year 96 men have been imprisoned for political offenses in Ireland.

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