



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Greatest Hero:

Here's a song for the man, the strong-hearted man
Who whistles and smiles through the hours of the day;
Who sets a high standard, does all that he can,
And scatters bright sunshine along his life's way.
We sing of the heroes on war's bloody field
Who faltered not, facing the battle's grim test,
But here is a song for the man who won't yield
In every-day life, but keeps doing his best.

We sing of the man who, behind the grim gun,
Brave, steady and true, with unfaltering aim,
For country and flag greater glory has won,
And honor by cheering the sound of his name.
But here is a cheer for the man brave and true
Whose patient endeavor knows never a rest;
Who cheerfully labors, ne'er downcast or blue,
And brightens the world just by doing his best.

We cheer when they mention the man of huge wealth
Who builds ornate temples of mortar and stone
With millions secured by a legalized stealth,
And gives them away that his name may be known.
But where is the cheer for the brave man and true
To whom fortune never has come as a guest?
Who, humble and honest, is hidden from view,
But never gives up, and keeps doing his best?

We've honored the heroes of sword and of gun
Who vanquished the foe by their valorous deeds;
We've cheered the gold kings who their millions have won
By profits they've wrung from their fellowmen's needs.
So now let us cheer with our uttermost might
The king of them all who, four-square to each test,
Brave, humble, unknown, with his face to the light
Keeps pegging away and is doing his best.

A Little Fable.

WHEREIN IS RELATED IN HALTING RHYME THE EXPERIENCES OF A MAN WHO THOUGHT IT A SNAP TO KEEP HOUSE.

John Kicker thought his work was tough, and that his wife had not enough; that while he worked the live-long day his wife had ample time for play; that while he labored hard and long, her life was one sweet wave of song. From early dawn till evening late he growled at what he called "hard fate."

One day his wife said, "Dearest John, my work is very hard upon my feeble strength; I wish you would get me a servant girl that's good." What, you need help?" said John, amazed, as on his better half he

gazed; "Jehosaphat! Why, woman, I could do your work and not half try." "Perhaps," said Mrs. Kicker, while across her face there chased a smile; "perhaps, but I'm inclined to think my work would make you take to drink." John sniffed in a disgusted way and then unthinkingly did say: "Tomorrow leave your work to me; I'll do it up in one, two, three."

"All right," said Mrs. Kicker, "I'll go visit mother for a while. Tomorrow I will leave to you the babe to tend, the work to do." "Agreed," said John. "Go early, dear; I'll do the work, so never fear." So at the rosy dawn of day his wife dressed up and slipped away.

John Kicker slept until a scream aroused him from a pleasant dream. It was the baby, and it cried for malted milk and lots beside. And while John walked the frosty floor and to himself he loudly swore, he managed something to provide to fill the baby up inside.

And then he had to dress the rest while breakfast like a snail progressed. He couldn't make the coal ignite, and not a single thing went right. The ham that Kicker tried to fry burned to a crisp; the grease would fly, and scattered o'er his face and clothes and blistered both his face and nose.

He found too late he had forgot the water for the coffee-pot; potatoes burned until the smoke made Kicker gasp and sneeze and choke; the toasting bread remained unturned until to cinders it had burned; the red hot skillet burned his hand until he howled to beat the band.

The breakfast o'er then John, more cool, began to dress the kids for school. Pins pierced his fingers through and through and John yelled till the air was blue. Try as he would clothes wouldn't fit, and John was getting sick of it. He piled the dishes in a stack, then swept until he sprained his back.

He tried to make the beds. His feet tore ragged holes in ev'ry sheet. He tried to wash the dishes, too, and broke all but a very few. He stepped outside the kitchen door and babe spilled syrup on the floor "Dear wife!" he shrieked, "please hurry back; I'm very near a maniac!"

When Mrs. Kicker came at noon she found John crazy as a loon. The house was fairly upside down; John soot and grease from sole to crown. The baby had turned on the gas and broke the halltree looking glass. And Mrs. Kicker sat beside her John and laughed until she cried.

"Well, John," she said, "you've tried it now; how do you like it, anyhow? Still think you that my work is play, or have you changed your mind today?" John gazed upon her, hollow-eyed, and in a trembling voice replied: "Dear, do you think one girl will do, or should I try to employ two?"

MORAL.

When husbands get too bloomin' gay
Just let them do your work a day.

Strange Happenings.

The elderly man of ample proportions stood upon the bank of the creek and watched the boys skating thereon.

"I used to be a good skater," mused the man. "I believe I'll try it once more, even if I am getting old and a little stiff."

Calling a good-sized youth to his side the elderly gentleman made a

dicker for the use of a pair of skates. Adjusting them upon his feet the elderly gentleman struck out upon the frozen surface.

Contrary to expectations he did not fall once, but cut several fancy pigeon-wings that made the small boys look on with envy.

She was a very pompous woman, dressed in furs and wearing large and glistening diamonds in her ears. With an arrogant air she directed the coachman to stop at the curb and wait for her until she returned.

Right where the door of the carriage stopped the pavement was a glare of ice. This fact was not noticed by the pompous woman, and when she alighted from her carriage her feet struck the icy glare.

Strange as it may seem she did not slip nor fall, but tripped over the dangerous place without a quiver and walked safely into the dry goods emporium.

For thirty years John Wantanip had been a confirmed drinker, and the effects of his dissipation were to be seen in his highly colored face, his trembling hands and his tottering walk. On New Year's morning Wantanip decided that he would quit drinking liquor and made a pledge to that effect.

He stuck it out for three days by remaining at home where there was nothing but water and coffee to drink then wrapped up and started down town. The awful demands of appetite wracked his frail body and his stomach was in horrible shape. Just one drink of old Bourbon would make him young again. As Wantanip came in sight of the corner saloon his weak heart gave a throb, his feet unconsciously hurried him forward towards the welcoming door and an overwhelming desire swept through his mind. He hurried forward until the saloon door was reached.

You may not believe it, but John Wantanip never turned his head. He hurried on down the street, secured his mail and returned home without taking a single "smile."

When Nick O'Tyne arose on Christmas morning he saw a flat, oblong package lying beside his breakfast plate. As he gazed his heart sank within him, for he recognized the signs. Only a cigar box could look like that, and no one but Mrs. O'Tyne would give him a box of cigars for a Christmas present.

Forcing a smile to his face he opened the package and found a handsomely decorated box full of cigars. Positive that they were "ropes" he pretended to be delighted, and after breakfast lit one and began puffing great clouds of smoke towards the ceiling.

Of course you will be disappointed because you were positive that this time the cigars were really good. They were not. They were the worst that Nick O'Tyne ever smoked.

Two Men.

Who is that man who drives along
As if he had the dumps?
Why, that's our milkman and the cold
Has frozen up his pumps.
And yonder man who walks along
With light and happy soul?
Why, he's a big aristocrat—
He's got a ton of coal!

Different.

"Funny thing happened to me Christmas."

"Tell me about it."
"Well, my wife didn't know just what to get me for a Christmas present, so as a last resort she bought me a box of cigars, and—say, it makes me laugh to think of it—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, I don't see anything funny

Say—"Send Help"

And I'll Send It.

No money is wanted—just a postal. Tell me the book you need.

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I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen weak inside nerves. My Restorative brings back that power which alone operates the vital organs. I treat a weak organ as I would a weak engine, by giving it the power to act. My way always succeeds, save when a cause like cancer makes a cure impossible. And most of these chronic diseases cannot be cured without it.

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about your wife getting you a box of cigars for a present."

"You don't? Well, the funny part is—ha! ha! ha!"

"That she paid a big price for 'em and they are not fit to smoke."

"No; that's where you are wrong. They're the finest cigars I ever smoked in my life. That's what makes it so funny."

Sure Sign.

"I guess Ranter is not making much of a success on the stage."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's been at it for ten years now and he still has his name printed in capital letters in the house programs."

Brain Leaks.

Some men never know they have a heart until something hurts it.

Only one thing is easier than making a good resolution—breaking it.

There are men who rejoice in notoriety because they imagine it to be fame.

The days are growing longer, but that promissory note will mature just as quickly.

Heaven will be enjoyed most by those who endeavor to secure a bit of it while here on earth.

Some men never feel charitably inclined until they discover something they can give away without discommoding themselves.

One of the Sufferers.

Woman of the House—"What! You one of the Venezuelan sufferers? You don't talk like a foreigner."

Ruffron Wratts—"No, ma'am. I'm not a furriner. I'm an Amerikin. But I've had several spells of despondency over them troubles down thar, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

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