



# Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

## PERSONAL.

To all my friends,  
Both far and near,  
Merry Christmas  
And glad New Year.  
Long life to you;  
And peace, and joy,  
And happiness  
Without alloy.  
May love attend  
You on your way—  
This wish I send  
This Christmas day.

—W. M. M.

## Two Men.

Mr. Churchgoer met Mr. Christian. It was bitter cold, and the north wind swept across the country with an angry roar.

"Dreadful cold weather, Mr. Christian," said Mr. Churchgoer.

"That's what," said Mr. Christian. "Colder'n Greenland."

"I can't help thinkin' about the poor these awful cold days," said Mr. Churchgoer. "They must suffer some-thing awful."

"Yes, it is sad to think of the suffering that must ensue as a result of such weather."

"I can't help thinkin' about them. I guess I'll have to go to prayer meeting tonight, even if it is cold, and pray for the poor."

"That's all right, Mr. Churchgoer. "But I'll not be there."

"Better come. It is wrong to forget the poor."

And that night Mr. Churchgoer knelt down in the warm and well lighted church and prayed for those who were cold and hungry. And while he prayed with words another man was praying with deeds, for Mr. Christian's wagon was rolling through the poorer quarters of the city, distributing coal and food and clothing.

"God help the poor," prayed Mr. Churchgoer.

"God help me to help the poor," said Mr. Christian, sending his wagon back after another load.

"God care for the widow and the orphan," prayed Mr. Churchgoer.

"God help me to do my duty to the widow and the orphan," said Mr. Christian, as he left a package of groceries and a bundle of warm clothing at the weary washwoman's door.

"God spread the mantle of thy charity over those who are in need," prayed Mr. Churchgoer.

"God help me to divide in love the bounty Thou hast given me," said Mr. Christian, signing another check to pay a month's rent for the sick and afflicted widow.

"All this I ask in the name of Thy dear Son," concluded Mr. Churchgoer.

"In the name of God, Amen," said Mr. Christian, as tired, but happy, he knelt down by his bedside.

And the recording angel set the marks of approval after but one of these names as the Christmas stars twinkled in the sky.

## The Hypocrite.

"Yes, ma'am," said Deacon Grabber, "I can let you have \$30 for a couple of months, and be glad to help you. Just sign this mortgage and note, please. That's right. Thank you. I'm always glad to be able to help the widows and orphans."

"You are very good, Deacon Grab-

ber," said the widow.

"Don't mention it, ma'am. I can't help being helpful to the afflicted. Let's see. The interest on this mortgage and note is \$4.50 a month, that's \$9; and making out the mortgage and filing the papers is \$1.50. That makes \$10.50 in all. Here's \$19.50, and I hope you will find it a great help to you, ma'am. I find great satisfaction in being able to help you in your extremity. I am sure I will be rewarded some time, if not here."

"Thank, you Deacon Grabber. I hope Santa Claus will visit your house."

"He won't ma'am. I don't believe in teaching children that there is a Santa Claus. I think it is wicked to take advantage of their confiding natures

and deceive them. I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing. Good day, ma'am."

## Fortunate.

Smith—"Hello, Scratcherly! Making any money in literature these days?"

Scratcherly—"Yes, a little. I've found a couple of magazines that will return rejected manuscript without my sending postage."

## Christmas Thoughts.

Tom and Jerry are very poor Christmas companions.

The gift given for show is a gift given for woe.

Christmas is not merely a time of gift giving—it is a time for love giving.

A headache tomorrow will be proof that you are making a monkey of yourself today.

If we could stock and bond the happy laughter of children today, what a mountain of wealth we could possess.

Making others happy costs so little

that the wonder is any man can refrain from doing something in that line.

It is a mighty mean man who regrets the money he spends to make his little ones happy.

When you receive a gift with the feeling that you are in duty bound to make one in return, there is a lack of the proper feeling between the giver and the recipient.

## Her Christmas.

"Dear John," she said, "I do not want expensive presents, truly.

We must economize and not spend your small wage unduly.

For soon, you know, we will be wed and will need carpets, dishes,

And other things," she softly said; "Now please observe my wishes."

But when she woke on Christmas morn

And found nought in her stocking, The language that she used to John

Was something really shocking. "You love me not!" the maiden cried,

Her eyes made red by weeping. "Not so," her lover, John, replied;

"I'm saving for housekeeping." Alas, poor John knows better now,

For he at once did go forth And spend five hundred plunks or so

For diamond rings, etc.

## Wise Johnny.

"Hello, Johnny! What do you expect to get Christmas?"

"Lots of things and the stummick ache."

## Limerick.

There was a young man in Woonsocket

Who had not a cent in his pocket. But he didn't feel sad,

For a habit he had When buying to simply say, "Chalk it."

## Brain Leaks.

Calico paid for feels better than silk owed for.

A starving man can get but little good out of a tract.

The prudent man buildeth a storm door for his temper.

Some men's ideas of pleasure is to go out and kill something.

A rose to the living is better than a floral emblem to the dead.

What men are apt to term success often proves an eternal failure.

The wise smoker will not look the Christmas cigar box on the label.

Strive Ever is always handicapped by having to help Wait Forever.

If we had a boy who slept late on Christmas morning we would send for the doctor.

Perhaps the voting public will wake up when "graft" begins to pinch the individual pocketbook.

We feel awfully sorry for a man whose highest idea of a "good time" is to fill up and walk crooked.

Some Christians approach the mercy seat with the air of a court officer serving a writ of mandamus.

Ever go down the street of a city and wonder why the public school buildings do not bear signs, "Boys Wanted?"

The man who waits for something to turn up is as foolish as the man who thinks a dictionary should have an index.

We know some girls whose best Christmas gifts to their mothers would be to roll up their dainty sleeves and agitate the dishwater about twenty-one times a week for a few months,

while the mothers sit in the rocking-chairs and rest.

## "NOTHING DOING."

I had heard that Phil Knox had gathered some rocks  
To hurl at the trust barons greedy;  
That he soon would commence to fight in defense  
Of millions of folk who were needy.  
So I called upon Phil to see if he'd kill,  
Determined the scene to be viewing;  
But a sign big and bold this legend did hold:

"NOTHING DOING."

I then took a sight of the big mansion white  
Where strenuous words we've been hearing;  
And I thought in my glee, now surely I'll see  
Some things that my heart will be cheering.  
But alas! I declare as I wandered up there  
My long, weary search still pursuing,  
I saw over the door a sign as before:

"NOTHING DOING."

I wandered again to see Henry B. Payne  
At work at a postal house cleaning,  
And thought as I strode down the long, dusty road,  
"Now here's where no graft he is screening."  
But it grieves me to say that my journey that day  
Since then I've been bitterly rueing,  
For I saw a big sign in size 6x9:

"NOTHING DOING."

With a heart filled with woe then I turned me to go  
Where Leslie M. Shaw was financing,  
And I said, surely Les will relieve my distress  
By Wall street's huge bag of wind lancing."  
So I called on friend Shaw—don't imagine I saw  
Him over our sorry plight stewing—  
For to my huge surprise this greeted my eyes:

"NOTHING DOING."

One place still remained so my muscles I strained  
To get to where congress was working.  
And I felt doubly sure that was where I'd secure  
Relief from each enemy lurking.  
"They'll save me!" I cried; "They will stand by my side!"

But alas! (Please excuse my boo-hooing.)  
A great sign on display in big letters did say:

"NOTHING DOING."