



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

"Bargain Days."

Hast ever noted, O my friends,
Fate's ever unkind ways?
Hast thou e'er noted when she sends
Her so-called "bargain days?"
When you are flush with ready cash
And feeling fit and right,
Of bargains you get ne'er a flash,
For there are none in sight.

It's different when you're nearly broke
And you think once again
You'll have to gently place in soak
Your faithful watch and chain.
'Tis then the "bargains" loom immense
To tempt the passerby;
Just when you're down to 50 cents
And pay day nowhere nigh.

You need a hat—ah, there's your size,
And just a perfect beaut.
None better has yet met your eyes,
None other seems to suit.
"Was four—now two." A great appeal
To economic sense.
Alas, when you dig down you feel
A paltry 30 cents.

You see a shirt that meets your taste
Hung up in fine display;
To read its price you quickly haste,
Then slowly turn away.
"This dollar shirt now sixty-two"—
You sadly wander hence,
For at your pocket's bottom you
Feel only 30 cents.

"This suit is now Four Ninety-eight—
Was Sixteen yesterday."
Sure mammoth bargains such as that
But seldom come your way.
You need the clothes, and that's a cinch—
Your own is full of rents—
You dig down deep and sadly feel
The sum of 30 cents.

'Twas ever thus, and very like
'Tis thus 'twill ever be.
Good bargains you can never strike
When you are up in G.
But bargains wonderful and grand,
Alluring and immense,
Will loom around on ev'ry hand
When you've but 30 cents.

Different.

"Gee whiz, Maria! I'm going to
move out of this neighborhood. Those
Binks children are always yelling. Just
hear that one yell now. It's enough to
drive a man crazy. Why can't people
teach their children not to be forever
running around the neighborhood cry-
ing at the top of their voices. If I
owned the kid that's doing all that
crying I'd—"

"O, Mr. Binks, that's our own pre-
cious little Johnnie crying. I won-
der—"

"Our Johnnie? Poor little fellow!
Something must have frightened or
hurt him. I'll go right out and see
what's the matter."

Consistent.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the tall pas-
senger. "I believe the best thing the
government ever did was to suppress
the iniquitous Louisiana lottery. It
cultivated a spirit of gambling. Gam-
bling, I insist, is the bane of our
national life. The gambling mania is
growing, and stern measures are nec-
essary if we would throttle it. And
it must be throttled, else it will de-
stroy us as a nation. We must set
our heels upon it. We must set our
faces against it. We must—"

"Going far?" queried a fat man
across the aisle.

"Yes, going up into the northwest
country," said the tall passenger. "I'm
looking for land. As I was saying,
this menace of the gambling spirit
is—"

"Going to stop at Fairfax or Bone-
steel?" queried the fat man.

"I'm going to register at Bonesteel.
If I can draw a quarter section of
that—"

Just then a man came through the
train announcing something or other
about the drawing, and the tall pas-
senger hurried to ask him the total
number of registrations to date, and
then busied himself figuring out his
chances.

Ever Notice That.

Roasting ears are always best just
when your teeth are so poor you can't
gnaw it off the cob?

When you want watermelon the
most you have to eat it off of a plate
with a patent kind of fork?

When it is hottest and you want to
sit around without a collar and with
the neckband of your shirt turned in,
company always comes?

Just when you have plenty of time
to read the daily newspaper there is
never anything worth reading in it?

Busy Man.

"Binks is the busiest man in the
country now."

"That's strange. I thought he was
so rich he didn't have to work."

"His riches are responsible. He
bought a big touring auto a short time
ago. Now, when he isn't fixing some
break in the machine he is in court
defending a damage suit."

Old Stories.

New stories are as scarce as hen's
teeth. And the new stories are sel-
dom as good as the old ones. Senator
Stone has been telling a story and it
has been taken up by the newspapers
and given wide circulation. Accord-
ing to Senator Stone the inhabitants
of Missouri, in the early days of the
anti-slavery agitation, met every pros-
pective settler at the Mississippi river
and pointing to a cow asked the new-
comer what it was. If the stranger
said "cow," he was allowed to enter
the state. If he said "keow," he was
spotted as an abolitionist and turned
back. On the other hand, the Kan-
sians, who were largely free soilers,
had a bear at the state line. If the
newcomers called it "bear," they were
welcomed to the territory. If they
called it "b'ar," they were turned back,
being Missourians and pro-slavery in
their sentiments.

This is a good story, but it is like
all other good stories—merely a varia-
tion of a story told amid the Judean
hills three thousand or more years
ago. The Ephraimites waxed wrath
at the Gileadites because they had not
been asked to help in the fight against
the Ammonites, and as a result the
Ephraimites and the Gileadites went
to war in earnest. The Gileadites got
the best of it, and posting men at the
fords of the Jordan, stopped the flee-
ing Ephraimites as they made appear-
ance. Being men of the same race and
not wearing distinctive uniforms, it
was difficult to tell enemy from
friend, so the Gileadites framed up a
scheme that gave the early Missour-
ians and Kansans their clue. When-
ever a man showed up at the ford he
was stopped by the Gileadites pickets
and asked, "Art thou an Ephraimite?"
Of course the scared fugitive would

deny it. Then the pickets would say
to him, "Say now 's'ibboleth.'" Owing
to some peculiarity of their lingual
apparatus the Ephraimites could not
sound the aspirate, and they would say
"s'ibboleth." A moment later there
would be a dead Ephraimite concealed
in the bushes. According to biblical
lore there were "forty and two thou-
sand" aspirates dropped at the fords
of the Jordan that day.

The whole story may be found in
the twelfth chapter of Judges, first
six verses.

Brain Leaks.

You can not break a bad habit by
trying to bend it.

Fame is dearly bought at the ex-
pense of conscience.

The man who trusts God is not sus-
picious of his neighbors.

The man who profits by his own
mistakes counts clear gains.

One of a young man's gravest errors
is to mistake foolishness for cour-
age.

What's the use of having a million
dollars if your stomach won't help you
enjoy it?

The man who does not care what
people think of him is seldom worth
thinking about.

If heaven were reached only by the
accomplishment of great things it
would be a very lonesome place.

One trouble about moving is that
you always find so many things you
didn't know you had and do not want.

Ever notice how quickly time flies
when you are trying to make up your
mind to begin a particularly hard
job?

Some men quote the scriptural
phrase, "Charity begins at home," as
an excuse for loving themselves above
their fellows.

Honestly now, if you saw a real live
woman who looked anything like the
pictures in the fashion papers,
wouldn't you call for help?

It's all well enough to say "Speak
softly and carry a big stick," but the
man who carries a big stick usually
acquires a very gruff voice.

Some men will hunt all day for an
excuse for doing wrong, when there
are a score of reasons for doing right
within their range of vision.

We'd dearly love to meet some child
who could say as bring things as we
read about in the juvenile departments
of the newspapers and magazines.

We always enjoy summer, because
it is so amusing to hear a man who
don't know wheat from rutabagas de-
clare that this is "good weather for
corn."

Is there anything that bores you
quite so much as the amateur photo-
grapher who insists on showing you
the photos he took during his summer
vacation?

Suppose you had a dead friend whose
soul you know is in glory, and a living
friend whose soul would be lost with-
out your help. If you had your choice
which would you do, bring the dead
friend back to life or save the soul of
your living friend? Of course you
would save the soul of your living
friend. That would be a greater work
than raising the dead friend. Perhaps
the Master had this in mind when
He said, "Greater works than I do,"
etc.

Commonsense.

A man of original ideas will never
be lost in the crowd.

Fill each hour well—live in the
NOW and learn contentment.

If a man has faith in himself he

has little to fear from the outside
world.

Every human being in the universe
has his special talent; successful men
are those who have kept that talent
before the world.

Objections can be raised to every
course of action. Be governed not by
the objections, but by the points in
favor.

A man should not burden himself
with trying to think everything out
in advance; act and the way will
be made plain.

The only real failure is a failure to
attempt the accomplishment of that
which one would do.

Take firm hold on life just where
you are. Many men fail from always
reaching out for the unattainable.

Hold fast to your own dream. Alone,
if necessary, work it out to a ma-
terial reality. Care not for the
world's scoffings.

The eye of each individual marks
his own horizon. Likewise each man
limits his career by the boundary he
himself fixes.

The measure of a man's character is
his power to resist the dragging back
influence of his environment.

Nothing worth doing is unimport-
ant. Give thought to every phase of
an interview which you are about to
have, or a proposition you are about
to make. Ponder well your words
before you speak them.

Do not be discouraged when you
seem to be accomplishing little. Look
back over the past and you will find
that when the most important changes
were taking place in your life you
did not realize it.

Do not govern your life, which is
entirely individual to your self, by
another's outlook. Perhaps he could
not accomplish what you have in
mind; neither could you accomplish
the task he sets for himself.

Remember that "every ship is a ro-
mantic object, except that we sail
in." From being at close range we
fail to see our own life work in its
true aspect. Get into "another ship"
for awhile and view your work at a
distance; you will then see it at its
right valuation.

Don't keep pulling the other way.
Get in harmony with the spirit of the
concern you are with and carry out its
plans according to established meth-
ods. When you can improve on these
methods, suggest a means to do so,
but if your suggestions are not ap-
preciated, fall in line and help ma-
terialize the plans of others.

An erroneous idea prevails among
some people that the self made man
is a success and the college made
man is a failure. Many men fail—
some of them are college men and
some are not. It all lies in the man
and his determination to win. This
determination leads him, if a college
man, to apply his learning; if not a
college man, to acquire the necessary
knowledge by special study and ap-
plication. One thing is certain, the un-
qualified man never wins.—Common
Sense.

Who Gets It?

"Who lives in that little cottage
down there by the lane?"

"There dwells the man who wrote
the poem that made Beasley's shaving
soap famous."

"And who resides in the splendid
mansion on yonder hill?"

"Beasley."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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