



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Road To Smileville.

There are golden roses that bloom and
blow
In the balmy winds and the golden
glow
To greet and inspire as I gaily go
Along the road to Smileville.

The winds sing sweet in the leafy
trees,
And a rich perfume lades the summer
breeze,
While a nectar sweet calls the hum-
ming bees
Along the road to Smileville.

There are shady nooks in the flowered
lane,
And a vista clear of the waving grain;
There's a balm for every ache and
pain
Along the road to Smileville.

There are songs to cheer as I wend my
way;
There are echoes sweet as the children
play;
And the skies are blue and my heart is
gay
Along the road to Smileville.

In a cosy cottage on Quiet street
My darlings wait with their kisses
sweet,
And they run to meet me with flying
feet
Along the road to Smileville.

'Tis a charming road that is ever new,
And the cheery ending is e'er in view;
And a lasting welcome is waiting you
Where ends the road to Smileville.

The Daily Press.

"I have bin readin' the Daily
Whooper f'r seventeen year," said Un-
cle Billy Haicede, speaking to the city
editor, "an' I thought I'd just drap in
an' git equainted with th' fellers
that make it. My father afore me took
the Whooper, an' I've took it ever
since he died."

"Glad to meet you Mr. Haicede,"
said the city editor. "Just look around
and make yourself at home."

"Thank'ee. I want to see th' feller
that writes all them strong articles
ag'in th' opposition. That feller is a
wonder, an' I want to shake his hand."

"You mean Mr. Digdown. That is
the gentleman over there by the
desk."

"What, is that consumptive, thin,
peaked-looking feller th' one that
makes life miserable f'r th' opposi-
tion?"

"Yes, that is Mr. Digdown, the edi-
tor-in-chief."

"But I thought that fine lookin'
feller all dressed up like a prince or
a jook, was th' man that writ all
them strong articles."

"O, no; that is Mr. Squeesem, the
manager of the advertising depart-
ment."

Waiting.

"Mirandy," said Mr. Squeedunk, as
he entered the house, wiping the pers-
piration from his brow with one hand
and waving his hat like a fan with
the other, "have they come yet?"

"Has who come, Abinidab?" asked
Mrs. Squeedunk.

"That notification committee."

"Abinidab Squeedunk," exclaimed
Mrs. Squeedunk in a sharp voice,
"what on earth are you talkin' about?"

"Well, Mirandy, I've chopped down
seven big trees an' cut 'em up into
cord wood; I've rid seventeen miles

barback on ol' Dobbins 'cross country;
I've walked nine miles back an' forth
across the woods pasture lot; I've
swum the crick eight times; I shot
and scalped three fox squirrels an' a
woodchuck; I challenged ol' Bill
Skeeziks to a wrasin' match an'
flung him three times out o' five; I've
stacked two ton o' hay, mowed an
acre o' that wet medder, dug nine
post holes and nailed up the loose
boards on that back-ed lot fence, an'
I was just wonderin' if th' notification
committee hadn't dropped in to tell
me I'd been nominated f'r somethin'
or other."

Rehearsing.

"What's the matter with Politicus?
He's performing all kinds of queer
antics over there by the wash basin."

"He's rehearsing."

"Rehearsing what?"

"His surprise. He was nominated
for road overseer last week and the
committee is going to tell him about
it today."

Trouble.

The campaign poet is steeped in gloom
And grasps with a frenzy his hair.
The candidates names have proven his
doom
And filled his heart with despair.

He yearneth in vain for a suitable
rhyme
To fit with the candidate Fairbanks,
And seems to be having a terrible
time

With
"air tanks,"
"share thanks,"
"square pranks,"
"bare shanks,"
"fair cranks,"
and
"square planks."

He turns him at last with a heart
rending moan
And tackles the strong opposition;
And find he is groping aweary, alone,
And still in an awful condition.

He seeketh in vain for a suitable
rhyme
To fit with the candidate Davis,
And seems to be having a terrible
time

With
"save us,"
"brave us,"
"crave us,"
"lave us,"
"cave us,"
and
"shave us."

The voters would count it a bountiful
gain
Well worth their eternal endeavor
If poets would loaf in the country's
campaign

And cease their bad rhyming for-
ever.
But it is too much to be hoping they
will;

They'll keep up their rhyming eter-
nal.
And columns and columns of space
they will fill

With rhymes that are really in-
fernal.

Outre.

"That Mrs. Pneurych is really vulgar
in her display of wealth."

"What has she been doing now?"

"Why, at the DeSwell's reception
last night she wore a receipt for two
pounds of porterhouse as a neck or-
nament."

Compensation.

"This packing house strike is not an
unmixed evil," declared Snoresby as he
suspended his hat on the usual peg
and reached for his office stool.

"Well, go on!" exclaimed Gorgely,
who was complaining all the time
about his boarding house.

"Since the strike and the resultant
elevation of the price of meat," con-
tinued Snoresby, "I am no longer
awakened about 5 a. m. by the cook
pounding a shoulder steak to make it
eat like prime porterhouse."

Unplaced.

"Is Wicherly a rich man?"
"That question puzzles me. He
shaves himself, and I don't know
whether he does it because he is rich
or whether he is too poor to own a
safety razor."

Strong.

"Bilkins has the strongest will pow-
er of any man of my acquaintance."
"How do you know?"

"He can read a patent medicine ad-
vertisement without experiencing one
of the symptoms described."

Sound Vs. Spelling.

"My biggest fish got away."
"O, come off! That's the same old
gag."

"Well, it's a fact. Had my pocket
scales along. It weighed nearly three
pounds."

Brain Leak.

Sanctity is not necessarily serious-
ness.

Prayer is a petition, not an ulti-
matum.

Do Now is always envied by Wait
Awhile.

Unionism is of the heart, not of the
pocketbook.

The finest way to grow old is to
forget about it.

The sermon that does not make men
wince is usually poor stuff.

A man never knows how little he
can get along with until he has to.

You'll never get close to God by re-
maining away from your neighbor.

Some men are so anxious to avoid
doing wrong that they neglect to do
right.

Did you ever pause and wonder if a
woman in summer is as cool as she
looks?

The "popular novel" is usually the
one that doesn't sell after the first six
months.

We didn't win anything in the Rose-
bud lottery; neither did we lose any
sleep over it.

Happiness consists largely in for-
getting the things that are not worth
remembering.

The husband who keeps on court-
ing his wife never complains about an
unhappy home.

Brag & Bluster may attract atten-
tion, but Quiet & Quick accumulate
the persimmons.

About the worst fooled man we
know of is the man who says he "can
drink or let it alone."

We rather like to hear a man toot-
ing his own horn, providing he doesn't
forever toot in the same key.

A man is rich when he is contented
with what he has, although he may
not be satisfied with his possessions.

Once in a while we run across a
merchant who is very liberal in ad-
vertising his wares and very eager to
conceal his weights.

Every city laborer envies the inde-

pendent life of the farmer, and every
farmer's boy rather envies the easy
lot of the city workman.

There is nothing quite so pitiful as
the spectacle of a man who spends
all of his time preparing for death.
The wise man devotes himself to prep-
arations for living.

Oom Paul.

In his rude force, his craft, his fan-
aticism, his passionate assertion of
the rights of a class, his intolerance,
in a certain savage solitariness of
disposition, even in his avarice, Paul
Kruger suggested some English com-
monwealth's man.

Nearly seventy years ago he trekked
across the Vaal. The loneliness of
the veldt was in his blood and that
of his fellow Boers. They were pos-
sessed by an implacable independence.

Their autonomy was overthrown at
last, but not until after such a strug-
gle as shook the power of England
and showed these farmers as among
the best fighters in the world.

The patriarchal ruler of the Trans-
vaal was the organizer or that war.
The foresight and the secrecy with
which he prepared for the inevitable
contest would be sufficient to give him
the high rank as a statesman, even if
he had displayed no other marks of
statesmanship. His unmasking and
thwarting of the Jameson raid re-
vealed the man, swift to act and as
thorough as Strafford.

His signed deeds were done at an
age which is old age for most men.
The flame burned inextinguishable in
him to the last. He had a primitive
and an original quality, self-sus-
tained. Something of the slyness and
patience of Jacob, another pastoral
chief, appeared in him. But it is fu-
tile to find comparisons for the in-
comparable. Oom Paul has not left
his like behind.

The rugged old man, smoking his
pipe, has long been a figure in the
gallery of the imagination. Associated
with a hopeless and heroic struggle
for freedom, his name is sure of per-
manent survival.—New York Sun.

Curious Coincidences

Curious coincidences mark the lives
of two women who married Dr. A. T.
Knox of Bowen, Powell county, Ky.
One is dead, the other living with
her husband. Both women were
named Alice, both removed to Ken-
tucky when 8 years of age, and each
bore him three children. The father
of each wife is dead, the mother of
each is living and each is named Ann.
The parents of each wife had nine
children—four boys and five girls—
each wife has three brothers whose
names are exactly alike, and each has
two sisters whose names are alike.
One wife was born in North Carolina
and the other in Virginia. One was
the eldest of nine children and the
other the youngest of nine children.
Three children of Dr. Knox are living
and three are dead. The wives were
intimate friends.—Kansas City Jour-
nal.

Aged Learners At Harvard.

(Boston Telegram to the Philadelphia
Record.)

The Harvard summer school has
the distinction of having a group of
students older than any other college
can boast of. The oldest is Rev. Ed-
ward Robie of Greenland, N. H., eigh-
ty-three years old, who is taking spe-
cial work in theology. The next old-
est is Dr. Leonard Wolsey Bacon, a
Congregational minister, of Assonet,
Mass., whose lectures have been wide-
ly published in America. Dr. Bacon
is seventy-four years old and is a
tireless student. The Rev. W. Has-
kel, the Rev. Warren Ach, each sixty
years old, complete a quartet, named
the "Deans," of the summer school.