



## Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

### "Dood Mornin'!"

Each morning, when the sun comes up  
To tint the east with red;  
When birds sing sweet the day to greet  
In branches overhead,  
'Tis then I fully realize  
I'm rich beyond compare,  
For sweet and clear a voice I hear:  
"Dood mornin', pop—you dere?"

The cares of day may vest the night  
With visions dark and strange;  
And through my sleep dark phantoms creep,  
And dismal doubtings range.  
But when the morning sunlight breaks—  
Then farewell doubt and care,  
For sweet and clear a voice I hear:  
"Dood mornin', pop—you dere?"

The day dawns bright and hope re-  
vives.  
The tasks it brings to me  
Seem to be small if but that call  
Comes fraught with childish glee.  
And light of heart I face the day,  
For on its morning air  
Comes music sweet my ears to greet  
"Dood mornin', pop—you dere?"

When life is done, its tasks laid down;  
When comes eternity;  
I humbly pray the judgment day  
Will bring one boon to me.  
One boon alone I ask of Thee—  
That in you city fair  
My ears shall hear this greeting  
clear—  
"Dood mornin', pop—you dere?"

### Caught.

"Do you believe in signs?" queried the Sweet Young Thing.  
"Yes, indeed," replied the Easy Young man.  
"Do you believe in that one over there?" queried the S. Y. T., pointing to one which read:  
"Best ice cream soda in the city, 10c."

### Scientific.

"I see by dis polper day the scientific sharps say dat a feller ort ter wash his hands every time he handles money," said Dodgen Wurf, looking up from the paper he had begged from a passing stranger.  
"I allus wash me hands after handlin' money," said Will Knott Toyle, gazing at his fingers.

### Next.

The church board met in extraordinary session to consider matters of grave importance.  
"We've got to do something to arouse interest in our church work," said the chairman.  
"That's true," observed one member. "We've tried putting free baths in the basement, but they didn't draw."  
"And we put in a gymnasium that proved a failure," observed another.  
"And our 'temperance saloon' fizzled out inside of a month," sadly remarked another.  
"Our church socials are failures," piped a small man from the dark corner.  
"Our illustrated sermons on Shakespeare and Milton, and our kinetoscopic lectures on Mars and Venus, didn't bring out the people," sorrowfully remarked another.  
"Yes, all of these things have failed

us," said the chairman. "I wonder what we can try that will interest the people? Has anybody any suggestions to offer?"

"Mr. Chairman," said the old-fashioned Christian who had said never a word during the discussion, "perhaps I have a suggestion that might prove of value."

"I am sure we would be pleased to hear from our good brother," said the chairman. "What is it you would suggest?"

"I've been thinking that if we tried preaching the gospel and practicing it a little bit it might interest some people," said the old-fashioned member.

During the silence that followed the electric lights winked and the organ's bellows caught a long breath.

### New Fields.

The eminent financier sat alone in his study and mused.

"I have floated watered stock until there is danger of a flood. I have cornered the iron and steel market. I have got my grip on the coal business. In fact, I have about gobbled up everything in sight. What shall I do next?"

Long and earnestly the eminent financier searched his innermost soul for the answer. Finally a bright smile illumined his face.

"Aha, I have it," he exclaimed. "I'll look up some helpless and alien people who can't help themselves and indulge in a little benevolent assimilation."

Then the eminent financier went to the telephone and called up a rifle factory and gave a big order. Afterward he 'phoned to another place for some bibles.

Later the work of benevolent assimilation was begun under favorable auspices.

### Squelched.

"I see we have with us this evening Dr. Borem," remarked the chairman of the meeting. "I am sure we would be pleased to hear from the doctor for a few minutes."

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," said Dr. Borem, rising and bowing profoundly. "I thank you heartily for your courtesy, but I do not think I have anything of interest to say to you this even—"

"If that is the case," interrupted the chairman, "and there being no further business before the meeting, we will stand adjourned."

The crowd filed out, leaving Dr. Borem standing alone upon the floor and wondering what happened.

Experience had taught the chairman that the speaker who had nothing to say usually took about two hours to say it.

### Gold Bricks.

"It tickles me every time I read about some old yap buying a gold brick," said Sharpcom, looking up from the evening paper and addressing Cutely, who sat in the seat opposite.

"Me, too," said Cutely. "I can't understand how anybody can be so foolish as to bite at the old gold brick game."

"Nor I, either. By the way, Cutely, want to buy some stock in the shipping trust?"

"Well, I might trade you some amalgamated copper stock for it."

### Brain Leaks.

The stand-still Christian never grows.

Put-off Town is the refuge of the indolent.

It takes something more than pew-ity to beget piety.

The Guatamalan ant of hope is death on the boll weevil of worry.

You should not expect your pastor to do all of your praying for you.

Those quickest to forgive an injury are the slowest to forget a favor.

We can listen with patience to everybody but the man with a grievance.

The man who never had a toothache is always quick to recommend the dentist.

People who regard heaven as merely a "place of rest" will not enjoy it if they get there.

After all, do you suppose the czar is any prouder of that boy than you were of your first one?

Have you ever seen people who approach the Throne of Grace as if it were a bargain counter?

We would rather see a man riding a hobby than forever submitting to the views of other men.

Wisdom does not wholly consist in knowing things. The wisest men of earth were those who refused to learn some things.

Just because you can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear is no reason why you should never try to make something.

The stumbling stones of the fool are the stepping stones of the wise.

Falling into debt a furlong means climbing up a mile.

We are always willing to assert that there is a good housekeeper in the house if the backyard is decorated with phlox and hollyhocks.

Perhaps you have noticed that when a man's wicked schemes have been exposed by the press he begins to complain about "yellow journals."

Some churches have to spend so much time taking care of the interest on their debts that they have too little time for the consideration of the soul's interest.

We don't like him—we mean the man who meets us just as we are taking our first outing after a spell of sickness and proceeds to tell how much sicker he was.

### The Farm in Politics.

Gradually, but surely, and with never a backward step, does the farm advance. Not in the old sense is its increased importance made manifest. Statistics are wanting; but it is probable that the farm, as the birthplace of famous men, is no busier now than it was, say fifty years ago. It acquires its heightened significance wholly from the fact that having long been the favorite birthplace, it is fast becoming the dwelling place of fame through the medium of politics.

The Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, second in command of the republican expedition, lingers mentally with fondness, no doubt, in the Big Darby country of northern Ohio; but bodily he lingers there no longer. The function of the farm in his case was its old-time function—that of training and nourishing the youthful stalk, and sending it up, strong and straight, six feet several inches into the world. But to the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, the Hon. Alton B. Parker, the Hon. William J. Bryan, and the Hon. Thomas C. Platt the farm has a present

and far from a reminiscent meaning.

From the sunny slopes of Sagamore Hill the president supplies his summer table. The hay, the Newtown pippins and the red poll cattle are as much a part of Rosemount and Rosemount daily news as the judge himself. At the Fairview stock farm in Lincoln, Neb., the Hereford calf, the Angus cow, the Durham bull and the Poland China pigs dwell together with the farmer in precious Jeffersonian simplicity. And at Highland Mill—one can almost hear the cool dripping of the wheel—the senior senator of the empire state finds rest and rakes, solace and sweet peas.

Thus is the farm distinguished and uplifted. More so even than in ages past, when Cincinnatus pushed his willing plough, or when Webster tossed the incense-bearing hay.—New York Sun.

### Nebraska State Fair

The Nebraska State Fair has long held front rank among state expositions, and is recognized throughout the country as being a pioneer in all lines tending to a better and fuller exhibition of all the resources of our modern life. The 1904 fair will be ahead of any yet given, although each succeeding year seems to mark the limit of expansion. During the past twelve months extensive additions and improvements have been made upon the grounds at Lincoln, but even with the extensive additions the management finds itself hard pushed to accommodate all the exhibitors who have applied for space. This is especially true of the live stock and poultry departments. Ever on the lookout for new attractions the management has contracted with the owner of the famous pacer, Dan Patch, for an exhibition during the coming fair, and on Tuesday, August 30, this speedy horse will be sent an exhibition mile in an effort to break the pacing record. The Nebraska State Fair for 1904 will be held at Lincoln, August 29 to September 2.

### "Going to the Fair."

An ox team and covered wagon, representing the slowest method of travel adopted by any world's fair party, has arrived at the fair grounds from Pittsburg, Pa., having spent eighty days on the road in continuous travel. The party came through a number of large cities on the way, exciting much comment, particularly as it came down State street, Chicago.

The canvas cover of the wagon carried the following inscription: "En Route Pittsburg to the World's Fair," and "Visit the Agriculture Building at the World's Fair and See the Red Glare at the Fair." The trip was made in the interests of an exhibit in the food section of the palace of agriculture, and the wagon carried a load of world's fair literature, which was distributed along the route.

The trip of 900 miles was made by average speed of a little over eleven miles each day. The six-ox team was driven by D. N. Gibson, a typical driver of the days when this was the most popular mode of transportation in the United States. The party came in charge of Mr. Carl Burroughs of Pittsburg, and after remaining a few days at the fair, will start in the return trip to Pittsburg.—St. Louis Republic.

### "I Can't Go

I've such a terrible headache," need never be said again. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills quickly cure and positively prevent headache and all bodily pain. No opiates, non-laxative, never sold in bulk. Guaranteed. All druggists. 25 doses 25 cents. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.