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### Poor Man

"And what brought you to your present unfortunate conditions?" queried the lady of the house.

"It was jus' dis way, mum," replied Walker Round. "I invested de patrimony wot me father lef' me in beef trust stock, an' since den I ain't got no dividends, owin' t' de ferlanthropy uv de boss packers givin' away de meat."



**Allay Bronchial Irritation and effectively relieve Coughs and Sore Throat.**



## Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupis.

### Pity the Poor

If you're really kindly then you surely must  
Have pity on woes of the pauper beef trust.

Cursed by the cattlemen raising the steers

For keeping the prices down fearfully low;  
Cursed by the public that sheds bitter tears

Over "dressed" prices that heavenward go.

"But," is young Garfield's appalling comment,

"The packer philanthropists make 2 per cent."

A 2 per cent profit—please pass 'round the hat.

We've got to do something for poor men like that.

Slaving away like the far-fabled Turk,  
Bent on the care of the great public's weal;

Asking no pay for their long hours of work,

Actually give away beef, pork and veal.

Cease, then, abusing the kind packer gent—

He's making a beggarly old 2 per cent.

He puts up his money in hugest of gobs

And gives countless thousands a chance to get jobs.

He thinks not of profits, but free from all greed

He puts up his money and takes every chance;

For he would supply us with food that we need

With never a thought his own good to enhance.

Benevolent packer on charity bent,  
Who'd grudge him a margin of but 2 per cent?

Nay, pass 'round the hat; a collection is due.

For packers go broke doing good unto you.

They sell below cost—you have Jim's word for that—

He's looked the thing up like a good little man.

The packers need money, so pass 'round the hat

And let everybody chip in all they can.

Help the packers pay coal bills, and help 'em pay rent;

Jim says the poor fellows make but 2 per cent.

Here's a penny for Armour; 'twill help the man some.

Another for Swift, who is looking quite glum.

There's Hammond near broke, and Nels Morris quite blue;

Sulzburger half crazed by the wolf at his door.

Dig deep, for the hat is now drawing near you,

And you should be willing to help out the poor.

They're bound for the poorhouse because they're content.

With a measely rake off of but 2 per cent.

### Reminiscent

Along about the year 1874—or perhaps 1873, or 1872—an illustrated almanac that has been a family favorite for more than half a century, contained a joke.

It was not a very good joke, but still it had its element of humor, and it tickled the risibilities of the generation then on earth. It was to the effect

that a Pennsylvania Dutchman, after accumulating a tidy sum on his rock-bound Pennsylvania farm, decided to move into town and engage in the mercantile business. He sold the farm, moved into town and opened up his little general merchandise store. He asked his customers to pay him just twice what he had paid for each article, and when remonstrated with, replied:

"Vell, don'd I vas ontitled to mine 1 per cent?"

Of course the joke doesn't sound so very funny all by itself, but just wait a minute and think a bit. Doesn't it remind you of something?

That's right. You hit it. It reminds you of the 2 per cent that Mr. Garfield says the packers make in their business.

### Figuring

"But you make an immense profit on your goods," we protested, being compelled to buy of the dealer.

"Ah, but you are mistaken. I make less than 2 per cent on the goods I sell."

Still we protested, feeling quite sure that the dealer was waxing rich by reason of his monopoly and unbridled greed.

"Well, look here," said the dealer, "I have a million dollars invested in this business, building and all. After paying myself rent for my building, paying my salary as manager of the business, deducting the cost of maintaining my family, paying my coachman, chaffeur, gardner, butler, my wife's maid, the cook, the servant girls, defraying the expenses of the annual visit I make to the seashore in order to maintain my health and secure a reserve of strength to last me during the remainder of the year—after deducting all of these expenses, I find that last year I made only about \$20,000 on the capital invested."

While we were as yet unconvinced, still, not being skilled in figures, we were forced to retire gracefully.

### An Old Fable Retold

Once upon a time a meadowlark built her nest in the hayfield of a farmer. She soon brought into the world a nest of fledglings, and for several weeks she was kept busy hustling to find grub for her hungry brood.

The fledglings grew and thrived and the mother bird began wondering when she would have to move, for it was well nigh the time when the thrifty farmers cut their hay.

"Mother," cried a fledgling one evening, "we heard the farmer tell his son that it was time to cut the hay."

"What else did he say, dear?"

"He told the boy to run over to the neighbor's house and ask him when he could come and help him."

"Then we will not move for a day or two," said the mother.

The next day the fledgling had a new story to tell. It cried:

"Mother, surely the farmer will cut the hay tomorrow, for he sent the son out to see if he could hire some extra help."

"We will be in no hurry, dear," said the mother.

When the mother bird came home the next evening the fledglings cried:

"O, mother, we heard the farmer tell his son that as they couldn't get help they would have to cut the hay themselves tomorrow."

"Then you must go to sleep early, my dears," said the mother, "for we

will have to get up early in the morning and move out."

Moral: When the people quit delegating to "commissioners" the work of busting the trusts, and go about the business on their own account, something worth while will happen.

### Tips on Divorce

She married a man to get a home. He married a woman to get a house-keeper.

She married his pocketbook instead of his manhood.

He married her because she was the prettiest girl in town.

She dressed up when her sweetheart came, but wore dowdy clothes when her husband came home from work.

He took his sweetheart to the opera, but he wouldn't take his wife on a social visit to a neighbor's—nor anywhere else.

She complained because her husband wouldn't, or couldn't, buy furniture as fine as that possessed by some of the neighbors, and he complained because she couldn't make bread and pie like mother used to make.

"Incompatibility of temperament" was the grounds mentioned in the petitions.

### Gets It

"Man wants but little here below,"

A poet once did say.

He gets it, too, as you well know

Who toil along the way.

'Tis precious little as a rule

A man gets day by day.

But I'll not murmur or repine—

A lot of earthly joys are mine.

### THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."