



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. NOLAN.

Just Thoughts

This is the season of the year when a man begins figuring on doing an immense amount of work. For six months he has been thinking how shameful it is to let that half-lot grow up in weeds and grass when he might just as well put it into vegetables and give the green grocer the merry ha-ha. Just a few minutes in the morning and a half-hour in the evening, and all the nice spring vegetables the family needs will be right there at hand. Besides, it will be healthy exercise.

Then the man figures out that it will cost \$3.20 for tools, \$1.43 for seed and \$1.50 to have the man come and do the plowing. The money is expended according to program, and the work of making garden begins—next week. The amount of garden work the man does—in his mind—is prodigious. The net result is a lot of rusty garden tools, some radishes that are either too tough or too pithy, some scraggly lettuce, a few jaundiced peas and beans, and a bigger bill than ever at the green grocer's.

The fact that the average city man does this sort of thing regularly every year does not make a bit of difference. He forgets all about his failure of last year, and about the middle of March begins the same old figuring over again. If all such men raised as many vegetables in fact as they do in their minds, the soil would be exhausted.

The average city man who goes home at night so tired that he just can not rake up the dead leaves in the front yard, is always yearning to get out on a farm. He crawls wearily out of bed about 7:30 in the morning, and before he starts for the office or store he yawns and wishes he were on a farm. But if he had to get up at 5:30 in the morning he couldn't do it, and if he had to milk 'steen cows, carry feed to forty hogs, split three armsful of wood and carry it to the house and doctor a sick horse after working fourteen hours a day in the field, he'd naturally curl up and croak. It is awfully easy to sit at an office desk and run a half-section farm.

In the old schoolhouse debating societies we used to drag out for discussion every year that old question, "Resolved, That Pursuit is more pleasant than Possession." It is still a mooted question, isn't it? When the warm spring breezes begin blowing from the south doesn't it do you a world of good to get out the box of fishing tackle, re-wind the reels, joint the rods and swish them around in the back yard, assort the hooks and flies and spend an hour in pleasant anticipations of what you are going to do up on the lakes when the time comes for your summer vacation? And from then on you spend all your leisure hours looking forward to the day when you bait the first hook and cast out for the first bass or trout. And after the vacation is all over, isn't it a fact that just as soon as you have settled back into the harness all your leisure thoughts are up on the coming vacation instead of the one just enjoyed?

The late Judge Marshall of Fre-

mont, Neb., was an ardent sportsman in his younger days. In his latter days he spent a great deal of his leisure time in a big room just back of his office. In this big room he had fixed up a tent just as he did in the old days when he went hunting. His decoys were spread out on the floor, and he had a "blind" arranged in the corner. When the fever came upon him he slipped into this room, hid in the "blind" with his gun in hand, and spent a half hour waiting for the ducks that never came. Then the judge would return to his law office, refreshed and re-energized.

Perhaps you will call all this rank foolishness. But if it amused the genial judge and benefitted him, whose business was it?

Did you ever stop to ponder on what a young country the great west is? No sooner do you begin pondering thus than you realize that only yesterday the great domain west of the Missouri was a barren wilderness. Last week there died in Lincoln a man whose life story comprehends the whole history of the west. John M. Thayer led a regiment of soldiers into the civil war from Nebraska when it was a mere territory with less than 30,000 population. He fought Indians over territory now covered by thriving towns. He was one of the first senators from the new state of Nebraska. He was territorial governor of Wyoming, and governor of Nebraska for five years. And yet General Thayer was past thirty years of age when he came to what is now Nebraska. All this great west has been developed within his time. The more you think of it the more marvelous will appear the growth of the mighty west.

The whole world shudders every time there comes a rumor from China that more atrocities are being committed by the Chinese upon the hated foreigners. And then we begin denouncing the heathens. Well, if the Chinese kill a few Europeans and Americans they've got money enough to pay for it, haven't they?

Now don't get excited over the idea of a money indemnity for murdered citizens. We set the Chinese the example, didn't we? Remember the massacre of Chinamen at Rock Springs, Wyoming? A score or more of Chinamen were killed, and when China protested didn't we square the whole matter by paying a few thousand dollars in cash to the families of the murdered men?

But there is a big difference, when you come to think about it. We have big warships, a big army and the Anglo-Saxon fighting spirit. China has none of these things. Therefore China can not indemnify us with money for the massacre of our citizens. Not as long as China offers some golden opportunities for exploitation.

Spring makes us feel young again, and feeling young again reminds us of our boyhood days, and a reminder of boyhood days recalls the woods, and thinking of woods recalls the orchard, and when we think of the orchard we recall the green apples. And this brings us down to what we want to talk about.

Wizard Burbank has taken the seed out of the plum, increased the size of the apricot, removed the spine from the cactus and taken the seeds out of the blackberry. If he wants

to become the patron saint of small boys he will now proceed to take the ache out of green apples. When he has done this his fame will be as secure as the Rock of Ages.

Foresight

"We must organize and incorporate," declared the president of the Burglar Trust.

"Not me for any legal business!" exclaimed Bill the Bug.

"Me to the timber if the law sharps are called on!" roared Slimkey Mike the Porchclimber.

"But you blokes ain't been readin' de polpers," insisted the president. "De courts is wid us now if we git wise t' th' legal game."

"Well, you'll have t' show me," persisted Bill the Bug.

"Jus' listen, den," said the president. "We incorporate our business, see? An' den when the bull cons nab us we sets up de defense dat dey has ter prosecute de corporation an' not de individual. We owes a lot t' dem beef trust gazaboos f'r puttin' us wise ter dis game."

Technical

The investigating committee from Michsonsia called upon Senator Grabem for the purpose of inquiring into the truth of some disquieting rumors.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the virtuous senator, "no man can say that John Siviter Grabem ever wrongfully received a dollar. Go ahead with your investigation."

A week later the committee returned with proof that Senator Grabem owned stock in a trust which benefited by a tariff schedule which Senator Grabem was instrumental in framing.

"This looks bad," said the spokesman of the committee.

"Gentlemen, I protest," replied the senator. "I urged this investigation as a private citizen of Michsonsia, and you have made a political propaganda by investigating my senatorial career. You may imprison my senatorship, but as an individual I am beyond your reach."

Having just read the decision in the beef trust case the committee sorrowfully withdrew.

Spring

----- song,
----- ring,
----- long,
----- spring.

A Gleam of Light

The proprietor of the provision store gazed through his tears upon the smoking ruins of his store.

"All is lost!" he exclaimed.

Poking sorrowfully into the rubbish he turned over something. Seizing a handful he rushed home and began an examination. At the end of an hour he shouted:

"Eureka!"
Hastening back to the ruins he rescued the conglomerated mass of soaked and scorched stock. A week later a new brand of health food was on the market.

Brain Leaks

God looks at the heart, not at the hand.

A great many men mistake dyspepsia for sound convictions.

It takes something more than lung power to make prayer effective.

The trouble with a lot of reformers is that they begin too far away from home.

When a man or woman has learned

the art of doing without, the rest is comparatively easy.

The world owes every man a living, but it takes a hustling bill collector to get what's coming to him.

It is easy to build up a reputation for philanthropy by giving away money that came without exertion.

There is a vast difference between contentment and satisfaction. The happy man is the one contented with his lot.

A whole lot of men are political reformers every day in the year but three—primary day, convention day and election day.

When the wife and daughter are getting ready for the latter's wedding the husband and father realizes what it is to be insignificant.

There are a lot of people who are always talking about the good they would like to do, and fondly imagining that their talk is as good as the doing.

In the Bible you will find these words: "There is no God." But just before them you will find these words: "The fool sayeth in his heart, there is no God."

HOW GEORGIANS GET TITLES

A number of congressmen were one day joking with a colleague from Kentucky with respect to the well known penchant of men from that state for "courtesy" titles.

"Why," said one of the representatives, "it's a notorious fact that every man in Kentucky is a colonel or a major."

The Kentuckian smiled.

"We're not the only southerners guilty of that weakness," said he. "Joel Chandler Harris once observed to me that in Georgia it was nearly as bad. He had a theory to the effect that the colored population was in a measure responsible."

"How's that?" asked someone.

"O," continued the Blue Grass man, "Harris said that when a negro had once dubbed one with a 'courtesy' title the habit soon became general in the community. 'Give a negro a 'chaw' of tobacco,' he added, 'and you're straightway a 'cap'n'; hand him a quarter and you find yourself a 'colonel'; present him with a dollar and you're a 'general' for life; but just throw in an old suit of clothes and a couple of drams of corn liquor and the result will be that he'll raise nor.'—Live Oak (Fla.) Democrat.

NEW THEORY ON CLIFF DWELLERS

A new explanation as to why the cliff dwellings are situated at such an immense height was advanced by the commissioner of Indian affairs, Francis E. Leupp, at the recent meeting of the New York state chapter of the Colorado Cliff Dwellings association.

The theory was that at the time the cliff dwellers built their quaint homes (probably as far back as the age of mammoths), an immense stream flowed by almost on a level with the houses. This flow of water gradually wore down the bed of the river until it became so sunken as to leave the houses at an almost inaccessible elevation.

Another interesting point brought out by the commissioner related to the fact that the doorways of the dwellings average only three or four feet in height. The builders had constructed on the principle that as animals had small openings in the ground, human beings needed doorways only sufficiently large to allow the body to pass through.

Mr. Leupp described these dwellings when viewed as a whole as a sight of impressive grandeur, with the unbroken silence brooding over all.—New York Times.