

HEROES OF COMMONPLACE

They Are the Ones Who Fill Chinks of Life and Shut Out Chilly World.

To you who have achieved, many will wish a Happy New Year. For you who are facing success on a secure upward path, you who are warmed by the sunshine of human intercourse and strong with the joy of life, a Happy New Year is all but assured.

New Year's Gifts.

The New Year's gift no doubt originated with the Romans, for with them giving and taking was carried to such an extravagant degree during all the 365 days of the year that Emperor Claudius prohibited the demanding of presents except on New Year's day; but the practice continued for many years.

A BAD BEGINNING.



"Gee! I'm almost sorry I done resolved to play hooky every day this year."

New Year's in the Far East.

In Japan the New Year is welcomed with far more energy than in this country. Let a man's energy be ever so defective, he is expected to rise at 1 a. m. and don new clothes to meet the auspicious morning.

Forming Resolutions.

New Year invokes shades of the good resolutions of the past. Ah! these "what might have been" are a source of mental annoyance. But, don't let that deter you from again forming our good resolutions.

Mad Audience.

Ham-Gee, but our audience was mad last night! Let-Sore, eh? Ham-Naw; we pined at the insane say-lum.—Stanford Chaparral.

Encouragement.

Jack—I am afraid this: If I ask you to be my wife you will treat my proposal as a joke. Molly—But all jokes are not rejected, Jack.

THE MAN WHO KNEW SANTA CLAUS BEST



DR. CLEMENT CLARK JOHNSON, AUTHOR OF "A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS"

VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;

And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I fled like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,

When what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly

When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky, So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof— As I drew in my head and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow; The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it circled his head like a wreath; He had a broad face, and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle; But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR

Our Longest River.

Our longest river is the Mississippi. There is no other stream within our borders that can stand a moment's comparison with the "Father of Waters." To be sure, there are some who claim that the really great river is the Missouri, that that stream is the main one, of which the Mississippi is only a tributary.

The Dream Lion.

A Vienna professor is credited with saying that dreams are usually wish fulfillments. Maybe so. What about that childish dream in which the ferocious lion comes bounding along behind you, and you run as boy never ran before, and the lion closes the gap little by little, and then—all of a sudden—your legs grow limp and your muscles turn to water and your feet fray out, and the lion leaps—and you awake with a yell. If your voice isn't paralyzed, and everybody in the house wakes with you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Egoist.

"Here is another definition of an egoist." "Let's have it." "An egoist is a man who never disappoints himself, no matter how often he disappoints others."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Same Answer.

"And so you married a poor man after all. What are you living in?" "A little flat." "And how do you find married life?" "A little flat."—Pittsburgh Post.

Rapid Passage.

"Do any of the good things you hope for come to pass?" "They all come to pass, but they come and pass so doggoned swift I can't grab 'em."—Houston Post.

Real Fame.

"My grandfather flew his own pennant as a commodore in the navy." "Yah! My grandfather helped capture one in a world's series."—Pittsburgh Post.

A woman needs to give double care to the preservation of her health—once for her own happiness and once for the health and happiness of the children she may have. How often does she take this extra care of herself? Rarely, indeed, until she has entered upon a course of suffering, and has learned from experience the necessity of care.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Impure Blood

Is unhealthy blood—blood that is not only laden with poisonous and effete matters, but also deficient in red and white corpuscles. The medicine to take for it is HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Impure blood shows itself in pimples, boils, and other eruptions, eczema and salt rheum, psoriasis, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, and general debility; it exposes you to the danger of contracting infectious and contagious diseases—the grip, typhoid fever, diphtheria, consumption.

Magazines, Etc.



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