

Lim Jucklin on Horse Sense

By Opie Read

The wisecracks of the neighborhood were discussing the question of common sense, sitting about the blacksmith shop, waiting for their horses to be shod, when a silence that had suddenly fallen warned old Limuel Jucklin that it was time for him to say something.

"Yes," he remarked, "good, hard horse sense is of so rare a quality that it is nearly always taken for genius. All that most any man needs is a little judgment, the very governor on the machinery of this life; and being so useful it is what we seem to be most lackin' in. To know how to do a thing isn't much more important than knowin' what not to do. Knowin' when to do it is real genius. If you cut your wheat before it's ripe you get sappy straw for your labor. If you wait too long you get but dry straw. Judgment comes from experience, and common sense is the wisdom beat into the heads of men that have gone before."

"You leave out education," spoke up a schoolmaster.

"Oh, no, I don't, for education is the experience of the mind. It goes back beyond all books, and the first book must have been written out of experience. But to read of the common sense of the other men don't always give us common sense of our own. In my house is a book written by a man named Kant; he calls it the 'Critique of Pure Reason.' Well, since I have more or less let up on hard work I've given a good deal of attention to the books that fortune and a little lookin' around have thrown in my way, but this here one stumped me. I read it forward and I tried it backward, up and down, and it seemed like I wasn't goin' to get a thing out of it. My wife, seein' how I was bothered, begged me to throw it away and eat a boiled dinner that she put on the table. I did eat, but all the time I was thinkin' about that thing all set out there in words plain enough, but what didn't appear to have any meanin'." After dinner I took it up again and fought with it, holdin' it this way and that, up and down, in the sun at the window and in the shade; but I'll be hanged if I could get at the juice of it. Finally, however, I struck one thing that paid me for all my troubles, and it was this, as near as I can remember it: "A man may read all books and understand them, and he may be able to speak all languages, and yet all this cannot atone for a lack of what we know as mother wit. Mother wit—horse sense—you understand."

"But how are we to get or rather I should say, after maturer consideration, how are we to proceed toward the acquirement of that quality denominated by the great German philosopher as mother wit?" protested the schoolmaster, and old Lim replied:

"'Til be blowed if I know."

"Then education is useless," said the schoolmaster.

"Oh, no, but sometimes it does seem like an experiment. There are two sorts of education, you know—one of memory only and one that teaches a feller how to think for himself. I knew a feller that could hear a sermon once and could come away and repeat every word of it, but he didn't have ability enough of his own to write a notice and tack it on a tree announcein' that he had a mule for sale. He was like a blanket that is rained on. You couldn't wring out of him any more moisture than fell on him. Yes, sir, common sense is mighty high everything. And when it rises into a sort of enthusiasm it is inspiration. Sometimes ignorance takes fire and in its light we see beautiful pictures. If the man is altogether unlettered we call him crazy. But if he can write he may prove to be a genius. It is a sudden lurch of common sense, an overbalancin', as it were."

"Then you call genius insanity," said the schoolmaster.

"No, not that, but it is a sort of passion that don't halt to reason by slow means, but that sees all reason in one flash. Now there was Shakespeare—"

"Written by Bacon; but proceed," broke in the schoolmaster.

"I don't care if it was written by ham, lard or soap grease, its sentences are staked off with stars, snatched out of the sky on a June night. It took the world several hundred years to catch up, and neither the railroad train nor these pantin' wagons that, bulle-eyed, plunge across the country has outstripped that book yet. And what 'it'? A torch held high by common sense. A lantern ray slung into the black face of human nature. Up shows a grim countenance, and then we wonder how a man could have been so smart. Of course, the man that wrote that book had to have words, but common sense finds all the words that are needful to its purposes, all the words there is if there should be a demand for them, and then make a few."

The schoolmaster shook his head. "Those immortal plays were written by a man of the world, and a world man, of that day, could have come from no place other than a university."

"That's all right and it may be true, but the university is a premium put on common sense. It's a flower bloomin' on the top of the buildin'. And I believe that it would be better for every man and every woman to go through a university. It is the warehouse of the ages. It might not teach us how to make a better livin', but it would enable us better to enjoy the livin' we have. I don't believe in this fool idea that ignorance

is any ways kin to bliss. I know what the sayin' is, where ignorance is bliss, and so on, but the world got it wrong and thought it was a plea for ignorance. And neither do I think that a little learnin' is as dangerous as much ignorance. If a man's got little the chances are that he'll get more. If we've got mother wit, and it has come out of nature, let us thank nature for it and try to improve it. But trace it on back and mebbe you'll find that it comes from some care that our forefathers took of themselves. One of these days I'll be forefathers, and right here, I want to say, rests some thing of a responsibility. Let us all try to light up the future with common sense."

Old man Brizantine said that he was willing. He was sure that he was indebted to his forefathers. His great grandfather had been noted as the best horse trader in the state, "and," he added, "if it hadn't been for him I might not have been such a good judge of a colt."

"Yes, might not have been here at all," Limuel spoke up. "But, not wishin' to do the old man an injustice, I may remark that horse sense don't particularly lend itself to horse swap-pin."

Brizantine had begun to swell with a resentful reply when the schoolmaster spoke. "But giving genius the place of high common sense, undergoin', I might say, some of its own and peculiar evolutions, don't you believe that it sometimes goes through this world unappreciated?"

"Well, I have heard folks say that they wasn't taken at their worth. I know some that haven't been taken at their word. Recollect old Gabner Hightower, over on the creek? He had a son that was a born genius. His name was Elihu and he looked it all right. They didn't want him to soil his hands for fear that it might smirch his genius. His mother wanted him for the church because he wasn't strong in body, and his dad wanted him for the law, because his habit of silence would prove him a good judge. In the meantime Jim, Elihu's brother, worked in the field. Well, they first tried the pulpit and then they tried the law, but Elihu had too much genius for either one. Then they thought he was designed by nature to write hymns, and he tried his hand at it, but failed. They tried many things before they found out what he had a genius for."

"And what was it?" the schoolmaster inquired.

"Well, nothin' but for just lookin' like a genius. And Jim, his brother, invented an evaporator for makin' sorghum molasses and now owns about a third of the county. Yes, sir, horse sense."

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I'VE BEEN THINKING

By Charles Battell Loomis

OME one with a taste for figures was telling me the other day that since the formation of the United States somewhere back in the century before the last, only 25 Americans have become president—and not a single foreigner.

Doesn't this fact put parents and teachers in rather an unenviable position as regards sincerity? Here we have today at least ten million innocent children in this broad land of ours, and nearly every one of them has been told that he has a chance to become president if he will only regard his book and be a good boy and do more right than wrong.

For my part I think we ought to take our children aside and tell them frankly that they have mighty little chance. Think of a bright boy toiling on at school, avoiding athletics and burning the midnight oil and his brain as well—for there's much consumption of brain as there is of midnight oil in these nocturnal studies—think of his pushing on in every state in the union hoping for the presidency, while we know that for the next 50 years we can't expect to put more than five of the children of today into the great position.

For my part I'd say to my child: "Rollie, there's the presidency. It's a lottery. No man ever knew from the beginning that he was going to get it. Washington was real surprised, Hayes had his doubts even after election day, and Roosevelt often goes off by himself and says, 'Is it really possible that

the former cowboy and literary man the hero of thousands of young men, is president of this mighty people and might be yet again if he were to allow his name to be used?' But, as I say, my boy, it's a lottery, and this country of ours is opposed to lotteries—officially."

"Emerson," I would say, continuing the conversation—for you to understand that this is a hypothetical case and that therefore the boy has got to stand still and listen—"Emerson said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' but you may make a mistake and hitch it to a comet and then, where is your wagon?"

"There are plenty of likelier horses, my son, and in these days of automobiles it isn't necessary to hitch your wagon to anything. Just make up your mind where you want to go, be sure you have motive power enough to get there, and then turn on the current. But put the presidency out of your mind once and for all."

The presidency—I am not talking to my son now, but just to you, dear reader—the son escaped after all, hypothetical though he was—the presidency is, as a general rule, equivalent to a life sentence. Few there be who survive its term of office many years. There have been solid exceptions, but as a general thing when a man has passed through four years of hand-shaking and politician-shaking he is willing to wrap the drapery of his couch around him as Bryant did at the age of 19. Bryant lived for some 70 years after, but no former president ever did. Not one.

And on the other hand Bryant never became president. There's Bryant who could and who did write "Thanatopsis" at the age of 19 and he's the only man in the history of the United States who ever wrote it, and he never became president, never in his life. And there's Andrew Johnson, who at the same age could neither read nor write, and he became president. Of course it's a lottery, and I'm opposed to lotteries on principle.

There came a day in my own life when I gave up all thought of being president. I said to myself: "It will be hard work to get the attention of the public in this thing. Many will not know who I am or where I came from, and perhaps if I do get the nomination on the independent prohibition or labor ticket I will wake up the day after election and find that some totally different person has won the prize, and I'll be extremely mortified and absolutely put it to pay my legitimate election expenses—to say nothing of the illegitimate ones."

So I put this possible honor from me. Heavens! it wasn't that I did not appreciate the honor. A man has a right to feel proud when millions of his fellow citizens, many of them unable to read or write or think, elect him to the proudest position in the gift of any nation. I weighed the whole thing pro and con and then I said, deliberately and firmly: "No, sir, I am going to lead Wagner's simple life. I'm going to get simpler and simpler and perhaps I'll die contented."

Look at Horace Greeley. He was not content to be the Nestor of American journalism; he must try to be president. Said he'd rather be president than write.

The result was too lamentable to jest about. I was a mere boy at the time, but it saved me from the presidency. It was the turning of the ways. Like Rutherford B. Hayes, I went into the egg business; but unlike him—or maybe it would be more accurate to say that like him—I never was president de jure. But that is a bygone. Twenty years ago if I had said that many people would have frothed at the mouth, but the froth is apropos of other matters. Significant name that—froth.

No, fellow countrymen, let us be contented. It is not likely that over 20, at the outside, of those Americans who are now living will ever add lustre to the presidential chair—or even sit in it. Let the rest of us go about our business with contentment, and every four years let us elevate one of the 20 with a good grace, and for four years thereafter let every man mind his own business—and see that he has a business to mind—and this country will stride forward as it has not yet stridden—or is it stroded?

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CARNEGIE'S RIVAL.

"He's a regular philanthro—what do you call it?"

"Wot's he did?"

"Why, in de last week he's give away two dozen 'Deadwood Dick' an' a dozen 'Nickel' libraries!"

TWO CURES OF ECZEMA

Baby Had Severe Attack—Grandfather Suffered Torments with It—Owe Recovery to Cuticura.

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter passed without once having on shoes, nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried many doctors to no purpose. Then I procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate improvement and final cure. M. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., Apr. 23 and May 14, '07."

A Mere Fad.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was talking to a member of the famous Bible class about economy.

"But economy, like everything else, may be carried to extremes—may be made a mere fad of," said Mr. Rockefeller.

"There is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives into town he carries a hen with him tied to the seat of his buggy."

"A friend rode with him one day and found out the use of the hen. When, at noon, the farmer lunched under a tree he gave his mare a feed from a nosebag. The hen, set on the ground, ate all that the horse spilled from the bag, and thus there was no waste."

Couldn't Fool Him.

A custom house clerk, who, prior to his entry into Uncle Sam's service, was a schoolteacher "a good many years yet," as he proudly informs his associates, was standing on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets one cold day last winter, deeply engrossed in studying a legend which appeared on a dairy man's wagon, as follows: "Pasteurized milk," etc.

His face wore a puzzled expression, but finally betraying evidence of dawning intelligence he remarked to a bystander:

"Ain't these here Philadelphia milkmen a-gettin' to be just as deceitful as anything! Pasteurized milk, eh? But they can't fool me, 'cause I lived in the country, and know you can't pasture cows in winter."

A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first place.

"Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes would you have?"

"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I do now."

"You would?" exclaimed Henley in honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

DIFFERENT NOW

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Michigan man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food."

"I got some Grape-Nuts, and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track, I felt more lively and active."

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee, and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept., I weighed 140. I attribute my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts."

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HADN'T WALKED ALL THE WAY.

Prisoner at Least Had Change While Crossing River.

"Down in Alabama," said John D. Fearhake, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. Term of court was about to begin at one time, and a gentleman who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went after him. Next day he telegraphed the judge: 'I have persuaded him to come.' A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner, tied up snugly with a clothes line. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service."

"Why, for heaven's sake, Jim," said the judge, "you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?"

"No, sir," said Jim.

"I hoped not," said the judge.

"No," said Jim, "part of the way I drugged him, and when we came to the Tallapoosa river, he swum."—Woman's Home Journal.

NOT EVE'S FAULT THAT TIME.

Childish Realism Instilled Into Story of Garden of Eden.

Realism rules the nursery. A certain Philadelphia matron, who had taken pains to inculcate Biblical stories as well as ethical truths in her three children, heard, the other day, long drawn howls of rage and grief filtering down from the playroom. Up two flights she hurried, to find on the floor Jack and Ethel, voices uplifted. Thomas, aged nine, sat perched upon the table, his mouth full and his eyes guilty.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Bo-o-o!" came from Ethel; "we were playing Garden of Eden. Bo-o-o!"

"But what is there to cry about?"

Then Jack, with furious finger pointing at Tom, ejaculated through his tears: "God's eat the apple!"—Bohemian Magazine.

A Sure Remedy.

A young man who experienced much trouble in managing a head of hair which manifested an unpleasant inclination to stand on end, wrote to a weekly paper for a plan by which his troubles would be at least lessened.

He was given the following recipe: "One part molasses, three parts beeswax, four parts india rubber, four parts glue, 12 raw eggs; boil on a slow fire for two hours and 15 minutes, and while cooling stir in enough cod liver oil to make the mixture slab and good. Apply hot, and while gradually cooling pass a lawn mower back and forth over the head."

He didn't take it.

Unpoetic Feet.

Josselyn was feeling blue. He had come home from his visit to a New York manager with his drama—"in rime hexameters or something like that," in his wife's phrase—under his arm.

As he sat gloomily turning the pages of his rejected manuscript, his wife fixed her eyes on him somewhat critically. He looked disheveled and untidy as well as dejected, and she could not help noticing it. But she was ready to do the wifely part and encourage him to fresh efforts.

"If only you would pull up your socks a bit," she said, "you might easily make a hit."—Youth's Companion.

The Expensive Part.

"Does it cost much to live in the city?" asked the old lady from the small village.

"No, no," replied her city nephew, "it doesn't cost any more to live in the city than it does in the country, but it costs three times as much to keep up appearances."—Chicago News.

The Mean Thing.

She (eyeing the refreshment booth)—Dearest, while we are waiting for the train, don't you think it would be a good idea to take something?

He—Yes, darling; and since it is such a beautiful moonlight night, let's take a walk.

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For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Ask your Druggist. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Comfort in That.

"I see there's a new weather prophet out west who declares all the rivers in the country will dry up in time."

"Well, so will he, thank goodness."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease

Cures tired, aching, sweating feet. Trial package free. A. S. Gillette, Le Roy, N. Y.

The prettiest flowers are not necessarily the most fragrant.

The romance of a spinster is apt to be one sided.

CAN'T BLAME TOMMY MUCH.

"Tommy, were you fighting with that Carter boy?"

"Yes, maw."

"Didn't I tell you not to quarrel with anyone?"

"Yes, maw; but I thought all bets were off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's maw."

Opposites Cause and Effect.

"They say that there is more crime committed in hot weather."

"Yes; heat seems to conduce to wickedness."

"Now that's strange, that a close atmosphere should cause loose principles."

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