# Lim Jucklin on Horse Sense

By Opie Read

The wiseacres 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 bein' so needful 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 trouble, 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:

"I'll 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, announcin' 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 nigh 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 strewed 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, bull-eyed, plunge across the country has outstripped that book yet. And what is it? A torch held high by common sense. A lantern ray flung 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 foolidea 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 go little the chances are that he'll get more. If we've got another 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 mebby you'll find that it comes from some care that our forefathers took of themselves. One of these days we'll be forefathers, and right here, I want to say, rests somethin' of a responsibility. Let us all try to light up the future with common sense."

Old man Brizinline 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 swappin'."

Brizinline had begun to swell with a resentful reply when the schoolmaster spoke. "But giving genius the place of high common sense, undergoing, 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 wan'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 wan'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, hoss sense."

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# I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

SOME 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 26 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 we'll—for there's much consumption of brain as there is of midnight oil in these nocturnal studyings—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 to-day into the great position.

For my part I'd say to my child: "Rollo, 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 he 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 likeller 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 to 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 his 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."

Fellow citizens, there comes a time to all of us who have an eye on the presidency when we must make up our mind to give up the contest or else accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness. I simply couldn't bear to be defeated for the presidency. Do you suppose that I could read in the papers that I was snowed under in every state in the union, and then calmly take a poem and try to sell it to the editor? No, sir! I'd use back streets for the rest of my life and write under a pen name. Cincinnatus hadn't been defeated for senator when he went back to the plow. The honor of election is great, but the mortification of defeat is greater.

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, do you? But that is a bygone. Twenty years ago if I had said that many people would have frothed at the mouth. Many people still froth 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 luster 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 strode?

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**Or Women, Either.**

The only man who can keep a promise is the man who never has to make one.—New York Press.

**REAL THRIFT.**

Young Jones—Yes, I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a restaurant.

**After All.**

The longest road must end somewhere,
The highest hill must have a summit;
The deepest sorrow man can bear
Will cease if he may bravely dare
And nobly strive to overcome it.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Brave Man.**

"Captain," said the first mate of the good ship Cauliflower while the storm was at its height, "the ship has sprung a leak, the water-tight compartments are full of water, and the vessel is going down. What shall we do?"

The gallant skipper's face blanched, but only for one-eighth of a second did he lost his self-control.

"Don't waste a moment," he replied. "Prepare at once an address thanking me for my coolness and heroism in the face of deadly and overwhelming peril. Let not a boat leave the ship's side until every man and woman has signed it."—Royal Magazine.

**Why He Couldn't.**

One of the twins was in the habit of bullying the other, and the latter complained with such frequency that their father finally said to him:

"Why do you come to me? Why don't you do to him just what he does to you? If he hits you, why hit him back?"

But the next day there was the same complaint.

"He hit me with a hammer," wailed the boy.

"Well, why didn't you hit him back?" demanded the father.

"I couldn't find another hammer."—Royal Magazine.

**Not What Was Expected.**

"Naomi," he said softly, as he gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?"

Silence for a moment.

"I think I do, George."

"What do they sound like to you?"

"They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Hogry are calling the dog."—Royal Magazine.

**Doubly Grouchy.**

"What's wrong this morning, old chap? You're looking cross."

"The trouble is that I've forgotten the grouch I had on when I started down here. The guard on the train said 'good morning' to me, and the shock drove it clear out of my mind."—Chicago Tribune.

**All About Her.**

Winkle—See that little woman in black over there? I'll bet there are more men crazy about that woman than any woman in town.

Hinkle—What makes you think so?

Winkle—Well, she's the matron out at the insane asylum.—Judge.


**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**
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**HOW TO BE LUCKY ALWAYS.**

George Salsberry, mining operator, returned from Rawhide yesterday convinced that advice is not always worthless. He told about it at the St. Francis last evening.

"Talk about advice being cheap," he said. "I tell you a man often gets mighty valuable advice, and from entire strangers, too. It shows we're all akin and that the milk of human kindness is ever ready to flow if we hold a pail for it.

"There was Turner—ever hear of him? He's prospector—at Rawhide. We were sitting in the hotel chinning, when along came a fellow who knew Turner slightly, but gave him the best advice in the world, and next week Turner struck it rich.

"Been having any luck?" the fellow asked.

"Turner replied: 'Oh, good enough luck one day, and the next day no luck at all.'

"Then work every other day only," said the fellow."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Alone They Did It.**

Clergyman (kindly)—And after you had committed this awful crime, the power of prayer prevailed to show you to yourself in all your hideousness. Was it not so?

Repentant Murderer—No, sir; 'twas the picture of me in the newspapers.

**Solemn Thought.**

Pensively the soubrette who was touring the provinces applied the coloring mixture to her hair in the solitude of her own room.

"How sad it is," she murmured, "to dye so far from home!"—Chicago Tribune.


**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE**
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# Put Your Money In a New Country

The Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway now under construction, opens to the settler thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. The new country in Adams, Hettinger, and Bowman Counties, North Dakota, and Butte County, South Dakota, is now reached by the new track. The soil is a dark loam with clay subsoil, and produces in abundance wheat, oats, barley, spelt, flax, corn and potatoes. The land is well adapted to farming, good water is found at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet, and the whole country is underlaid with lignite coal that outcrops along the streams, and in most cases can be had for the digging.

The climate is healthful, the air is dry and invigorating, and the percentage of sunshiny days is high. Outdoor work can be done almost every day in the year. Rainfall is amply sufficient to raise the crops. Regular mail service has been established, the roads are good, rural telephone lines traverse the country, and automobiles are in common use. The deeded land in this district sells for from $10 to $18 per acre. There are many instances this year where the crop equalled in value the cost of the land.

In Butte County, South Dakota, there is considerable government land open for homestead entry. Government land offices are maintained at Lemmon, Hettinger and Bowman, where filings and final proofs may be made. All of these towns are on the new line of the

## Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

In Montana, the new railroad traverses good farming land. It has been demonstrated that big crops of grain may be raised. Along the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, the water is used for irrigation, and phenomenal yields of alfalfa, sugar beets, and grain, are always certain. In the Judith Basin near Lewistown, Montana, is one of the most remarkable sections to be found on the new line. Under natural rainfall, the famous bench lands produced this year an average of 35 bushels of hard wheat to the acre, and the price was 94 cents per bushel. The basin contains about 1500 square miles and is sparsely settled. Some government land still remains open for settlement. A government land office is maintained at Lewistown. In Fergus County, outside the Judith Basin, is one of the greatest stock countries in the world, and good ranches can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has established an immigration department for the purpose of assisting in the settlement and development of the new lands now being opened. Pamphlets descriptive of its resources will be forwarded free on request

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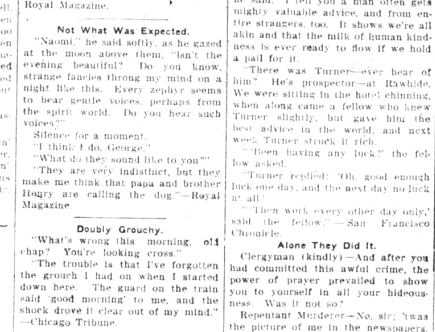

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