

Whether Common or Not.



Hooping.

I long for the day when the entire array
Of vaudeville singers will cease
To fire at the throngs the tuneless "coon songs,"
And give us a season of peace.
I own I am weary and dreary and leary
Of all of the hand-painted throng
That ever is singing and ringing and dinging
The hated, detested "coon song."
The rhymeless, infernal,
Diurnal, eternal,
Senseless and tuneless "coon song."

I earnestly pray for the glad, happy day
I'll get a sweet, welcome stage shock
In the shape of the news that the stage is to lose
The weary and dreary "cake walk."
I own I am hurried and burried and worried
And eager the vile fad to balk;
To banish, make vanish, compel to trot Spanish,
The teams that put up the "cake walk."
The awfully weary,
Eternally dreary,
Silly and foolish "cake walk."

I am living in hope that the morn will soon ope
When it will be known as a crime
For musicians to write, indict or incite
The sloppy and foolish "rag time."
I own I grow sicker and dicker for liquor
To drown out the musical slime;
Long to shatter and batter the whole silly matter
That goes by the name of "rag time."
The shuffling, nerve ruffling
Harmony scuffling,
Rattle-de-bang "rag time."

Aunt Hester.

"I have noticed," remarked Aunt Hester as
she ravelled out some loose stitches and started
again, "that most people who complain about
their crosses spent their younger days makin' em."

Encouraging.

"We'll begin taking gold out of our mine next
month. There's lots of it there."
"Do you reckon any of it's got away since we
put it there?"

The Revised Shakespeare.

"There's something in a name. A Kipling by
another name would get the merry 'declined with
thanks.'"

Schley.

We have watched you day and night,
Schley.
And we know that you're all right,
Schley.
You were Johnnie-on-the-spot;
For the Don you made it hot—
That's a fact we've not forgot—
Schley.

But give credit where it's due,
Schley.

'll does not belong to you,
Schley.

Teach it in each public school—
Make of that an ironclad rule—
Sampson killed one poor, lone mule,
Schley.

Sure you smashed Cervera's fleet,
Schley.

But in one thing you were beat,
Schley.

Though the Spanish fleet you sunk,
Sampson got the biggest hunk
Of prize money—won by flunk—
Schley.

Hounded by a navy clique,
Schley.

You're the winner we would pick,
Schley.

They may choose men like Maclay;
They may scheme from day to day;
But for you just men hooray,
Schley.

Fleeced.

"Jack Simpson went down to New York last
week. He told me he was going to make it hot for
some of those board of trade wolves."

"Did he accomplish anything?"

"I guess he made it hot, all right. Anyhow he
wired me to pawn his ulster and send him the
money."

Our Beautiful Language.

A giddy young miss of Chihuahua
Thought that she knew more than her muamua
She gadded all day
And tried to convey
The idea that she was a lualua.

Discouraging Outlook.

"I'm afeared, mother, that we ain't goin' t'
hev no success keepin' summer boarders next
year."

"Why not, pa?"

"Why this here dry spell has made all th' cannin'
fac'tries shut down. How're we goin' t' pervide
fresh vegetables f'r our city boarders next sum-
mer?"

He Persevered.

"I see that they are going to charge Schley
with being drunk the day the Spanish fleet was
sunk. If he was, all I've got to say is that the navy
clique ought to—"

"O, come off! Don't spring that old gag."

"Old, nothing! I was just going to say that
if Schley was drunk the navy clique ought to
get—"

"Say, that's the worst chestnut yet. Spring
something new."

"What's the matter with you? I was about to
remark that if Schley was boozed up the day he
whipped Cervera the head of the navy department
ought—"

"Say, I'll stand for most anything, but that's
too old. Why Lin—"

"Am, go chase yourself. This ain't no gag
about getting the same kind of whisky for the
other naval officers."

"No? Well what is it?"

"I was just going to say that if Schley was
corned that day the secretary of the navy wants
to see to it that he is sober when he faces him
at that inquiry. Why don't you learn to keep
your mouth shut while a fellow's trying to talk
to you?"

—W. M. M.

Reproducing Jefferson's Home.

The Virginia society of St. Louis, composed of
former residents of the "Old Dominion," who take
an enthusiastic interest in the Louisiana Purchase
exposition, has proposed to the exposition manage-
ment the erection of a duplicate of Jefferson's
home at Monticello as the Virginia state building
on the exposition grounds. The favor with which
the proposition has been received warrants the pre-
diction that it will be carried out, and that all
visitors to the exposition two years hence will be
able to see a complete reproduction of the house
in which Jefferson lived and died, and which to
all Americans, especially dwellers on the Louisiana
Purchase, must possess a historic interest second
only to Mount Vernon.

The disposition of the exposition management
to render it historic! and to recall so far as possi-
ble incidents and leading characters associated
with the purchase is to be heartily commended.

The three Americans most prominently connected
with the acquisition of Louisiana were Jefferson, as
president, Livingston, as resident minister at
Paris, and Monroe, as the special envoy. On the
French side were Bonaparte, as first consul, Mar-
bois, as minister of finance, and Talleyrand, as
minister of foreign affairs. By these men was the
treaty consummated. Other Americans whose
names were later identified with the transaction
were General Wilkinson and Governor Claiborne
as special commissioners to receive the transfer of
sovereignty from France to the United States, at
New Orleans; Major Stoddard, who received the
transfer at St. Louis, and Lewis and Clark and
Pike, who conducted the first exploring expedi-
tions into the new acquisition.—Denver News.

As an investor in gold bricks Uncle Sam is un-
rivaled. During the Spanish war he bought the
steamship Obdam for \$250,000, spent \$160,000 more
in repairing and fitting her for sea, renamed her
McPherson and put her into transport service. The
other day he sold her for \$18,700. He paid about
\$200,000 for another vessel called the Hartford and
rechristened her Terry and was glad to get rid of
her for \$19,600. It is absurd to suppose that ships
fit to send to sea filled with American soldiers
three years ago are worthless old hulks today,
good only to be broken for scrap iron. Either
the government was cheated shamefully by their
former owners, in collusion with dishonest offi-
cials, or it has been robbed by the officials re-
sponsible for the condemnation and sale of the
transports.—Philadelphia North American.

Man and Brother.

(The Filipinos are fond of watermelons.—Ma-
nila Letter.)

Ah doan' kyah whut dey say erbout

Dat Filippiner man.

Dey claim he mean, en sly, en bad,

En steal, too, ef he can;

But when dey say he hang erroun'

De watahmelon vine—

Den all Ah got ter say is dis,

Dat he some kin er mine.

Dey say he wufless. Huh! Who ain't?

Dey say he sholy lie.

But, lawzy, Ah des bet he won't

Let melons pass him by.

No, suh, dey run dem fellers down,

En bus' de whole combine,

But dis hyah melon symptom show

Dat he some kin er mine.

Dey boun' ter be some goodness in

Er man who has er tas'e

Foh red h'aht-meat, en doan let

None ob hit go ter was'e.

Des any man, whut like ter feel

His nose ergin de rine—

Des any man, whut fond er dat—

He am some kin er mine.

—Josh Wink in the Baltimore American.

Where the Hitch Came.

"Yes," said Miss Miami Brown, "we done give
up de Shakespeare club."

"What made the trouble?" inquired Mr.
Erastus Pinkley.

"It done happened when we put on 'Othello.'
Dar wasn't no one in de club dat could let his
pride down to doin' a cullud impussonation."
—Washington Star.

Just Cause.

Millionaire to His Daughter—"Why is it that
the Baron insists upon your being married so
soon?"

His Daughter—"I'll be frank with you, father.
The tickets for his coronet and family jewels ex-
pire next month."—Brooklyn Life.