

## Whether Common or Not.

LEARN, BUT —

He was up in mathematics, in didactics, hydrostatics;  
 Could give the Latin name of bug and beast.  
 He was up in physiology, psychology, neurology,  
 And he knew the mystic culture of the east.  
 He was long on homoeopathy, likewise, also, osteopathy;  
 And suggestive therapeutics was his forte.  
 He was, too, a great geographer, an expert lexicographer,  
 And in legal lore he far surpassed the court.  
 As a learned sociologist his name would always lead the list,  
 And he sought man's reformation every way.  
 He bewailed vice in the city, viewed his nation's fate with pity—  
 And forgot to cast a vote election day.  
 She was up in musicology, dabbled somewhat in astrology;  
 And could paint on silk and china fair to see.  
 She was versed in ancient history, had delved deep into the mystery  
 Of the occult science called theosophy.  
 She could talk on social science to old Father Time's defiance;  
 And preside with grace and fairness, and with wit.  
 She could lead a social function with aplomb, and also unction;  
 And in matters of late fashions she was "it."  
 She could talk on any topic, always kind and philanthropic;  
 And her mind with great reforms was always rife;  
 Playing golf she was a dandy, with an auto she was handy—  
 But she couldn't darn a sock to save her life.

### Unsatisfactory.

"Look here, Jenkins! Did you tell Harkins I was a liar?"  
 "No, sir; I did not. I merely told Harkins you talked like a naval map."  
 Then the fight began.

### His Only Argument.

He ran a party organ and  
 He posed a patriot.  
 The words his opponents would print  
 He styled as "treason," "rot."  
 He couldn't argue—not a bit—  
 But raised a din infernal  
 Whenever in a corner caught,  
 And shouted "Yellow journal!"

### Seasonable.

He just dashed off a summer ode  
 In rythm somewhat jerkey,  
 And sold it to a magazine  
 To get his Christmas turkey.

### Outrageous.

Hamphat d'Aigs—"Something should be done to stop this epidemic of yellow journalism."  
 Rantin Howler—"That's what. They're always springing our jokes before we get 'em learned and rehearsed."

### The Modern Playwright.

A miser cold, a mortgage old,  
 A maiden wronged and tearful;  
 A father proud, a villain loud,  
 A lover roused and fearful.  
 Some cows and sheep, farm "props"  
 a heap,  
 A snow storm made of paper;  
 Scene: Vale and hill. The actors—  
 nil,  
 For that's the proper caper.  
 Farm hand quartette that don't forget  
 To sing "Hi-too-ri-loo-ral;"  
 Time: Christmas night—then all ends  
 right—  
 And there's your drama "rural."

### Biffs.

True love never goes on dress parade.

The good time of today is too often the headache of tomorrow.

"Let well enough alone" never fathered a needed reform.

An ounce of honesty is worth a pound of reorganization expediency.

A trust attorney in the cabinet is worth two in the court room—to the trusts.

Trusts never will be shackled by the mere mouthings of men entrusted with authority.

Sympathy is something you can give when you want to use your money for something else.

"I Will" never waits on "I Wish."

Judges who object most strenuously to criticism are the ones who deserve it most.

As between pneumatic journalism and yellow journalism the public prefers the latter. Pneumatic journalism talks; yellow journalism does things.

A fight between a two-billion dollar steel trust and a one-billion dollar steel trust simply means that the public will have to pay hospital expenses for a three-billion dollar steel trust.

### Homeopathic

Percy D'Flytte—"I just gave the wude fellah a piece of my mind, bah jove."

Miss Caustique—"You wronged yourself, Mr. D'Flytte."

### A Great Opportunity.

"And now, brethren," remarked Rev. Dr. Fourthly, "in conclusion I would ask all who are square with the world to rise to their feet."

"A moment, please," exclaimed a tall, gaunt individual, who stepped

forward with printer's ink on his fingers and a pencil in his hand.

"A moment, please, Brother Fourthly. It is unfair to take undue advantage of the people. I have here the subscription books of the Weekly Bugle, and I suggest that you allow thirty minutes before demanding a final answer to that question."

A moment later the church was filled with the jingling of silver and the rapid scratching of a pencil traveling over the pages of a receipt book.

### The Unexpected Happens.

Walker Bout—"You know what a pious man Dopeley pretends to be?"

E. Z. Thyng—"Yes; what about him?"

Walker Bout—"Well, I happened to be passing by his house the other day when he was putting up a stovepipe. He didn't see me, so I stopped and listened."

E. Z. Thyng—"And he forgot all his pretended piety and cussed just like the rest of us?"

Walker Bout—"No. The pipe went up easily and he never quit smiling while working at it."

### In Boston.

Mrs. Beacon Hill—"Gracious! Did you hear about the horrible faux pas President Roosevelt made dining with Booker Washington?"

Mrs. Back Bay—"No! Did he omit baked beans from the menu?"

—Will M. Maupin.

### A Little Humor.

"How did you come out with your farming this year, Uncle Jim?"

"Well, suh, ef I don't have enough lef' ter buy a Chrismus dram I'll be a mightily disapp'inted nigger!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Briggs—"They say those India Yogis can keep their minds fixed on vacancy for hours at a time."

Griggs—"That's nothing. I spent a whole week recently reading the short stories in the magazines."—Life.

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theatre.

And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is putting up the money."—Washington Star.

Teddy—"I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mamma—"You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear?"

Teddy—"Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."—London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Newcomb (examining the grocery bill, one item of which was tea, \$10, reprovingly)—"My dear, we can never use so much tea before it spoils."

Mrs. Newcomb—"I know it, but you haven't seen the dear little china plate I got for buying so much. It's worth at least \$1 and the tea we don't use we can throw away."—Judge.

"I do not mind the notoriety so much," soliloquized the whale, after it had left Jonah on the beach, "but those smart young whales in our set will be sure to always be asking me to take something for the inner man, or to go spouting around about how hard it is to keep a good man down."—Baltimore American.

### Weekly News Summary.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26.—Safe robbers blew open a safe at Berea, O., and secured booty estimated at \$100,000.—Boys wrecked a Baltimore & Ohio train at Ravenna, O., by putting spikes on the rails; no fatalities, but much damage done to property.—German press speaks disparagingly of the pan-American congress.—Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, chief of the navigation bureau, given command of the European squadron.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27.—National Bank of Commerce, Omaha, goes into voluntary liquidation.—President Roosevelt, with two or three friends, quietly celebrated his forty-third birthday.—Duke and Duchess of Manchester become parents of a daughter.

MONDAY, Oct. 28.—In a race riot in Washington parish, Louisiana, three white men and eleven negroes were killed.—Lieutenant General Miles' annual report upholds anti-canteen law and finds fault with the present organization.—Charles Nutting, imprisoned in a mine near Bingham, Utah, for sixty-one hours by a cave-in, rescued alive.—Admiral Schley concludes his testimony before the court of inquiry.—Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant reported seriously ill.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29.—Buffalo Bill's Wild West show wrecked near Lexington, N. C., and 100 horses killed.—Forepaugh & Sells' circus train slightly wrecked near Baton Rouge, La.—Henry Clay Hall, for thirty years consul to Cuba and minister to Central America, died at his home in Worcester, Mass., aged 81.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30.—Columbia, S. C., visited by a destructive fire.—Three people killed in a railroad wreck near Washington, Pa.—Fall River, Mass., spinners declare against a strike.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31.—General Maso announced as a candidate for president of Cuba.—William R. Hearst, editor of the Chicago American, and six employes of the paper cited for contempt for severely criticising Judge Haney's decision in the gas case.—Johan Most, the anarchist, released under bond.—Unpaid men in the Turkish navy made a demonstration and threaten to seize the vessels.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1.—Kitchener reported a serious repulse of British near Broken Lagaate. Boers attacked real of Colonel Benson's column and captured two guns, killing fifty-four British officers and troops and wounding more than one hundred.—West Virginia miners admit they are organizing for a strike.

### A Baseless Charge.

That hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue is an ancient maxim. It is because they are ashamed to call the conquest of the Filipinos by its right name that the republicans attempt to justify it by the charge that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government, and, therefore, our government must be forced upon them. The charge of the unfitness of the Filipino for freedom is an utterly baseless charge and entirely unsubstantiated by the facts.—Houston Post.