

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

YES—WHEN.

Strange doings there'll be in the sweet by and by.

When Philander busts up a trust.

The east will be west and the wet will be dry

When Philander busts up a trust.

The pigs will be flying on wings of pure white,
The sun will be shining through hours of the night,
And machine politicians will strive to do right

When Philander busts up a trust.

El-e-phants will grow smaller than little black fleas

When Philander busts up a trust.

The moon will then furnish all men with green cheese

When Philander busts up a trust.

The trees will grow backwards with roots to the sky,
Old ocean's wide bottom will stand high and dry,
The false will be true and the truth be a lie,

When Philander busts up a trust.

The waters of ocean will turn into ink

When Philander busts up a trust.

Lead bars will float lightly and cork quickly sink

When Philander busts up a trust.

The works of the watch be outside of the case,
The back of the head will grow over the face,
And the earth will reverse as it hurries through space,

When Philander busts up a trust.

Philadelphia'll be ruled by trus, honest men

When Philander busts up a trust.

The then will be now and the now will be then

When Philander busts up a trust.

The wolf will consider the lamb's plaintive cries,

The truth will be told by the Father of Lies,

And Hades boiled down to a poultice in size,

When Philander busts up a trust.

A Vacation Trip.

"Yes, I just got back from my vacation trip to the mountain resorts. Had a regular Mont Pelee of a time."

"What kind of a time is that?"

"Burned money every time I turned around."

The Modern Prodigal.

The Modern Prodigal was all ready to return to the parental mansion. Fearful lest he overlook something he again enumerated his belongings.

"Yes, there's the pepsin, which I will need soon after devouring the stalled veal. The carving set is sharpened and ready to hand. The speech I have prepared when I meet my father is carefully rehearsed. I will now depart."

So saying the Modern Prodigal hastened homeward. Not finding the pater within the Modern Prodigal ordered the servants to open the best room, re-dust the furniture, drape new curtains at the window because the old ones did not match his complexion, and set the table for a seven-course dinner, with stalled veal as the piece de resistance.

"I really cannot wait longer for the Guv'nor," remarked the Modern Prodigal. "I must eat."

But just as he approached the dining room the pater hove in sight.

"Father, I congratulate you on my return. Step into the dining room with me and I will give you a generous slice of the stalled veal I killed in

honor of my deigning to come home again."

But just then the pater awoke from his trance, seized the prodigal by the nape of the neck, slammed him down the back stairs into the kitchen and exclaimed:

"That's all right, my son, but before we eat the roast veal we'll have a little understanding as to who is really boss of this domicile."

Moral: The prodigals should not get too gay.

Conspicuous.

"There goes Major Somethingor-other, one of the distinguished military gentlemen of our country."

"For what is he distinguished?"

"Let's see; he got a medal for something or was reprimanded for something, and I'm blessed if I can remember which it was."

In the Mountains.

"What is my bill, landlord?"

"Um-er, let's see; three days at \$3 a day. That's \$24."

"But I'm not a tourist; I'm a citizen of this town."

"O, that's different. Your bill is \$6. That's our regular rate—\$2 a day."

The Point of View.

"I don't see how them New York fellers can make millions by waterin' stock," remarked Farmer Plowem. "I water my stock, but there ain't no millions in it f'r me."

"Well, as long as you can't see how

they do it, and don't try to find out, they'll continue to make their millions," replied Farmer Harrow, who knew.

Which reminds us that where ignorance is bliss the stock gamblers make the most of it.

Those Dear Girls.

Maybel—"Poor Cholly was dreadfully embarrassed when he proposed to me."

Kayte—"Was he? He was perfectly composed and dreadfully in earnest when he proposed to me."

Too Expensive.

I'd like to live upon Salt Lake

Where briny wavelets play,

But I must pass it up because

It costs eight plunks a day.

Usual Result.

"What's the matter with Binks? He looks like he had just gone through a severe spell of sickness?"

"O, Binks has just returned from his annual vacation. He went to get rested from his work, and now he is taking a week to get rested from his vacation."

Stop It.

Can a saw buck?—St. Joseph News.
You bet! Can a horse fiddle?—Chicago Tribune.

Certainly. Ever hear a ginger snap?—Topeka Capital.

Yep. Ever see a bed spring?—Kansas City Journal.

Of course. Can a rail fence?—New York World.

To be sure. And wouldn't a railroad tie? How would a crash suit?—Baltimore American.

First rate. But isn't the weather vane?—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Rather. Was it a banana peel that made the night fall?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Don't know. Did daybreak when night fell?

Brain Leaks.

Days spent in regretting would be better spent in renewed effort.

The repentant prodigal never insists on making up the menu card.

The man who "burns money" sooner or later sits weeping in the ashes.

There is honor among thieves, according to the thief's standard of honor.

Excuses for failure often cause more mental effort than perfected plans for success.

Some men who think they are masters of sarcasm are only experts in brutality.

It is evident that the woman who named them "cosy corners" never had to sit in them.

The man who has no regard for the law is usually the first to fly to the courts for relief.

Some men spend so much time telling what they are going to do that they have no time to do it.

—Will M. Maupin.

Republican Rippers.

If the republican legislature, governor and the Hanna corporations in Ohio don't look out in their efforts to crush Mayor "Tom" Johnson of Cleveland, they will make that enterprising individual a great power in the

legislation and politics of Ohio. They have just put into operation the greatest ripper ever known by judicial force, in ordering the council of Cleveland out of office and suspending their powers. To make matters worse this was a reform council and the only honest one Cleveland has had in years. Worse than that, it was a determined supporter of Mayor Johnson in his plans to equalize taxation and regulate the street car lines in the interest of the people. The legal proceedings in Cleveland were inspired by the republican attorney general of the state, and Mayor Johnson in an open letter accuses him of being in league with the corporation power of the state to stifle private competition.—Pittsburg Post.

I am a Democrat.

With all whose faith in men is small
I make the issue flat;

Their minds are warped, their hearts
are wrong—

Not in their ranks do I belong,
I am a democrat.

I put unbounded trust in men
And never swerve from that;

I hold the doctrine should be taught
That good, in men, is deep inwrought;

I am a democrat.

The inwrought good should thrive and
grow—

Repression hinders that.
Don't govern men too much, I say,
But give the better nature play;

I am a democrat.

A government grown overstrong—
Beware, beware of that!

I call no party good, or great,
That vests wrong functions in the
state;

I am a democrat.

I am for Freedom—first and last,
And all implied by that.

Look south, or north, or west, or east—
The happiest land is governed least;

I am a democrat.
—F. P. Williams, in The Philadelphia Record.

SWEET BREATH

When Coffee is Left Off.

A test was made to find if just the leaving off of coffee alone would produce an equal condition of health as when coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A man from Clinton, Wis., made the experiment. He says: "About a year ago I left off drinking coffee and tea and began to use Postum. For several years previous my system had been in wretched condition. I always had a thickly furred, bilious tongue and foul breath, often accompanied with severe headaches. I was troubled all the time with chronic constipation, so that I was morose in disposition and almost discouraged.

At the end of the first week after making the change from coffee to Postum I witnessed a marvelous change in myself. My once coated tongue cleared off, my appetite increased, breath became sweet and the headaches ceased entirely. One thing I wish to state emphatically, you have in Postum a virgin remedy for constipation, for I certainly had about the worst case ever known among mortals and I am completely cured of it. I feel in every way like a new person.

During the last summer I concluded that I would experiment to see if the Postum kept me in good shape or whether I had gotten well from just leaving off coffee. So I quit Postum for quite a time and drank cocoa and water. I found out before two weeks were past that something was wrong and I began to get costive as of old. It was evident the liver was not working properly, so I became convinced it was not the avoidance of coffee alone that cured me, but the great value came from regular use of Postum."