



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

How It Happened.

They say in Beaumont, Texas,
Where oil wells by the score
Their wealth of greasy richness
Into the big tanks pour,
That Mr. Rockefeller,
Who thought to call a halt
On independent gushers,
Just pumped 'em full of salt.

Of course it was base slander
Upon this goodly man,
He only thought to help them
By this peculiar plan.
He saw they were inclining
Towards the sins of flesh,
And thereby were becoming
Entirely too fresh.

And Mr. Rockefeller,
Who saw the dangers dread
That faced their souls was troubled,
And sadly bowed his head.
And bowing then he trembled
And neither ate nor slept,
But interceded for them
And wept, and wept, and wept.

And thus the explanation
For all the salt they found
In oil wells down in Texas
Where oil wells do abound.
'Twas not a game he played 'em—
Not in a thousand years—
'Twas but the natural sequence
Of Rockefeller's tears.

Credulous.

"Softleigh is a man who believes
everything he hears."
"Yes; he even believes that Mr.
Knox is really in earnest when he
talks about busting the trusts."

Stuck.

There was a young lady in Lynn
Who fastened her belt with a pynn;
When her fellow called 'round
The pynn he soon found,
And what he then said was a synn.

Thinking

The disagreeable boarder looked up
and coughed slightly.
"One is wad the sewer and the other
is sad the wooer," he remarked.
"What are you driving at?" queried
the inquisitive boarder.
"Nothing much," replied the dis-
agreeable boarder. "That's a good an-
swer and I'm trying to think up a
conundrum that will fit it."

The Reason.

He was a hustling business man
And ever on the go.
He rushed his business day and night
And rustled to and fro.
But strange to say this business man
Was always deep in debt;
Despite his greatest efforts
No profits could he get.
The reason? Well, that's easy
The business that he had
Was other people's business—
His own went to the bad.

The Wise Tramp.

"Come right in, my good man," ex-
claimed Mrs. Kindharte as Hitte De
Rhodes shambled up the back steps.
"Come right in ar let me give you
something to eat."
"Aw, dis ain't no cinch, eh?" mur-
mured Hitte De Rhodes to himself as
he took the proffered chair.
"I never turn the unfortunate from
my door," said Mrs. Kindharte as she
approached the cupboard.
"Well, I've been mighty unfortunit,
num," said Hitte.
"So I see. I believe in being kind

to the unfortunate. I believe that it
is our plain duty to—"

There was a crash, a slamming door
and hurried footfalls down the back
sidewalk.

"Hully gee!" exclaimed Hitte De
Rhodes when he was around the cor-
ner out of sight. "Dat was a fortunit
escape. When she said dem words
about 'plain duty' I could see my fin-
ish if I didn't make my get-away."

Mr. Hitte De Rhodes might be a
typical tramp, but he read the news-
papers.

A Plaintive Wall.

I am getting tired and weary
Of this Hi-a-wa-tha business,
Of the everlasting hogwash
That afflicts us all so heavy.
Ev'ry scribbler in the country
From Pe-quod to Sac-re-men-to,
From Chi-ca-go to Gal-ves-ton
And then back again to Lin-coin,
Grinds it out by rods and furlongs
Till I'm prone to cry in anguish,
"Dash the blankety long fellow
Who first started all the trouble;
Started on the Min-ne-ha-ha
Laughing Water style of speiling."

Everybody that we meet with
Has a pair of lips in pucker
Pouring out the Hi-a-wa-tha
Two-step, or its twin, Anona,
Just as if the rotten rhymsters
Couldn't give us all a plenty
With their Min-ne-ha-ha jingles
Without all the fiends who whistle
Chiming in with tones so piercing—
Tra-la-la, de-di-do-de-di.

If I had my way henceforward
All who whistle sing or play this,
Write or rhyme or likewise use this
Hi-a-wa-tha stunt hereafter
Would in boiling oil be hoisted
And there boiled and boiled a plenty,
While I poked the fire and gave them
All the merry Min-ne-ha-ha.

Woman's Intuition.

Despite oft repeated proofs to the
contrary it is not unusual to hear peo-
ple say that women possess no subtle
wit.

"Mary," remarked Angeline, "I am
surprised to see you using hair dye.
Do you not know that hair dye affects
your eyes?"

"Why, Angeline, dear," replied
Mary, "that's just what I'm using it
for."

This shows that even if a woman
possesses no subtle wit she still pos-
sesses a valuable invoice of woman's
intuition.

In Ohio.

There's doin's in Ohio
Where Hanna's in the race
Intent on getting back to
His senatorial place.
But Marcus now is worried,
Of that there is no doubt,
For Johnson's sure to catch him
If he

don't
watch
out.

And Marcus puts in motion
His old campaigning plan,
And hustles round together
With his old fryingpan.
And all the corporations
Must yield without a pout
Or Johnson wil' get Hanna
If Mark

don't
watch
out.

A Little Fable.

Two cunning officeholders, each in-
tent upon a re-election, met by chance
in a quiet and secluded spot.

"Let us frame up a great scheme,"
said one.

"Agreed," said the other.
"I will go forth into the world,"
said one, "and proclaim that you are
the greatest man that ever happened."

"'Tis well," said the other. "And I
will go forth into the world and in-
sist that you are the greatest man
that ever eventuated."

"Yes," replied the one, "but suppose
a man hears both of us and asks how
it is possible for each of us to be
greater than the other?"

"O, that is dead easy," replied the
one. "We must work on opposite sides
of the street."

Moral: Don't be a clam.

Brain Leaks.

Courtesy is the oil that makes the
wheels of business run smoothly.

People who believe in dreams usual-
ly have little faith in themselves.

The man who zealously guards his
liberty is in no great danger of losing
it.

Some people never do anything in
church circles until they see an op-
portunity to kick up a fuss.

If we could only do our own work
as easily as we think we could do an-
other's, what a happy life this would
be.

Speaking of great inventors, why
not erect a monument to the memory
of the woman who invented tomato
sauce?

It is a wise mother who makes her
son whistle while he is seeding the
raisins, but it is a wiser mother who
lets the boy remain silent. What's
a few raisins by the side of a boy's
good will?

The London Gazette.

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which certain persons are compelled
to advertise, and in which certain
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a year.

The London Gazette has become reg-
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of party services in the press. The
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