



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Needed Information.

Now should we shout and dance in glee
And bless our wondrous luck;
For Knox has told us earnestly
He will not run amuck.
Such information is immense
And worth its weight in gold—
It quiets fears that were immense
And causes joy untold.

Now let friend Knox go further and
Set other fears at naught;
Let him spread news throughout the
land

That we so long have sought.
For instance, let him tell us quick
The joyful news and true
That Russell Sage to gold will stick
As tight as ———'s* glue.

Let him go further in this wise
And give us added joy;
Let him bring laughter to our eyes
And glee without alloy
By telling us the truth straightway
That Rockefeller will
Keep hoisting up the price we pay
For oil our lamps to fill.

O Knox, keep up your wondrous stream
Of information—do!
Our only source of news doth seem
To be confined to you.
We wait to hear your mellow voice
The startling news declare
That we can have no other choice
Than buy our coal of Baer.

Now tell us, Knox, the added news
For which we vainly grope:
That we've no other choice than use
The trust-made toilet soap.
That all we eat and wear—yes all!
In this trust-ridden land
Is owned by men at Broad and Wall
Who tax to beat the band.

You "will not run amuck?" O, rats!
The man who thought you might,
Has got a belfry full of bats
That flutter day and night.
'Twas not for that you got your job
As you are well aware.
While you are in the trusts will rob
And do us up for fair.

*See advertising department.

Histrionic.

The world is one colossal stage,
And mankind is the troupe;
And some who pose and strut as stars
Would better try to supe.

Spring.

I've hot cloths upon my forehead,
Mustard plasters on each lung;
First I'm freezing, then I'm torrid—
For spring's been sprung.

Encore.

"Were you called back after singing
your song?"
"Yes, but owing to the manner of
recall I think I showed good judgment
in not responding."

After Moore.

(A long time after, too.)
You may scent, you may cleanse
The big gift as you will,
But the scent of the coal oil
Will cling to it still.

Prophetic.

"He who steals my purse steals
trash," wrote Shakespeare.
Pausing for a moment the Bard of
Avon reflected.
"Well, it may take some time for
that to dawn upon them, but they'll

see it about the time they load up
their purses with shipbuilding stock
and steel common."

Thus does history once more con-
firm the theory that Shakespeare was
something more than a mere writer of
drama and verse.

Paradoxical.

The congressman deftly enclosed five
kinds of garden seeds in a package
and then addressed it to one of his
constituents.

"Here," said he to himself, "here
is where I plant some garden seeds
and make hay."

From this incident we gather some
explanation of why our politics is so
hard for the foreign guest to compre-
hend.

Don't

Don't hurry.
Don't worry.
Don't flurry.
Don't skurry.
Don't loaf when there's work to be
done.
Don't chatter.
Don't scatter.
Don't flatter.
Don't smatter.
Don't saunter when time comes to
run.

Exceptions.

"There is no excuse for lynching—
none whatever!" exclaimed the sub-
urbanite. "Lynching is never just—
Great Scott, there's Bing's chickens in
my garden again!"

And when he returned from chasing
the hens out of the radish bed the
suburbanite continued:

"I was about to say that lynching
is never justified save in extreme
cases."

And the look he cast in the direction
of the Bing home was eloquent in its
silence.

Cautious.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of
the investigating committee, "we
must proceed with caution."

"But the proof against the defend-
ant is overwhelming," insisted the new
member of the august body.

"Quite true," replied the chairman.
"But please bear in mind that a ver-
dict of guilty would reflect upon the
dignity of the body to which we be-
long."

Having thus stated the case fully
and fairly, the committee proceeded
to make diligent search for usable
technicalities.

His Reason.

A Commoner subscriber in New
York tells a little story that is well
worth repeating. He says that about
a year ago he subscribed for a copy
of The Commoner and had it sent to a
republican friend. The friend agreed
to read it carefully each week, and
presumably did so. At any rate, when
the subscription expired and his demo-
cratic friend offered to send it to him
another year, he said:

"No, I don't want to read it any
more."

"But why not?" queried the demo-
crat.

"O, I'm too busy to read it, and be-
sides I take so many other papers."

"But did you not learn something
by reading The Commoner?" persisted
the democrat.

"Yes, I did; but really I don't want
to read it any more."

"Now look here," said the democrat.

"Tell me the real reason why you
don't want to read it any more."

"Well, it's this way," said the re-
publican. "It reminds me of a story
of my brother-in-law. He chews an
immense amount of tobacco, much to
his wife's displeasure, and she is al-
ways begging him to quit the habit.
Finally he agreed to take a certain
well advertised cure for the tobacco
habit if she would get it, and she did.
My brother-in-law took it as pre-
scribed for quite a while, and then
threw the medicine away."

"What did you throw it away for?"
queried his wife.

"O, the darned stuff was curing
me," replied my brother-in-law.

"And now, perhaps, you will be sat-
isfied that I have good reason for not
wanting to read The Commoner any
more."

And the democrat thought he saw
the point.

Discouraging.

The mechanical genius met the pas-
tor and gleefully exclaimed:

"I have invented a contribution box
that will result in increasing con-
tributions."

"Ah," said the pastor, rubbing his
hands. "Explain its workings to me."

"It has a bell and phonograph at-
tachments," said the genius. "When
anything less than a dollar is dropped
into the box the bell rings. When a
dollar or more is dropped in the
phonograph sings, 'All for Thee.'
Great, isn't it?"

"My friend," said the pastor, "your
intentions are good, but my greatest
problem now is how to get people to
attend church. Your invention will
empty the few remaining pews now
occupied."

Brain Leaks.

Gentlemen are made, not born.
Happiness is hope in full bloom.

The loss of a minute spoils an hour.
There is no reformation without
agitation.

You do not have to grovel in order
to be humble.

Your neighbor's chickens are always
the worst scratchers.

Every community has those who are
inordinately proud of being humble.

Do It Now enjoys a vacation while
After While is struggling for bread.

The greatest reformations have been
started by the reformation of one
man.

Strive Ever has money to loan,
while Wait a Bit is always paying in-
terest.

Wearing a patch is better than pay-
ing usury on the money you spent for
fine raiment.

Some of the fashions in men's wear
make a Parisian toilette look like
three lead dimes.

A bunch of keys on the end of a
chain is no sign of a half-dozen boxes
in safety vaults.

The man who makes light of things
held sacred by others mistakes fool-
ishness for smartness.

Our idea of a mean man is one who
growls about getting up in the night
to get his baby a drink.

Some people approach the throne of
grace about like they present their
tickets at the theatre door.

We have noticed that the man with
the three-inch collar is usually loudest
in making sport of women who lace.

If we were judged by what we
achieve instead of by our efforts,
heaven would be a howling wilder-
ness.

Our next door neighbor says he does
not care how much people lie about
him, but he will take steps to stop

Are We Honest?

I believe you are, and I am willing
to let you judge me. I honestly be-
lieve I have a book worth a dollar to
you, and I believe you will think so
after you see the book. The book is
one I published myself, and it is made
up of the poems and sketches that
have appeared in the "Whether Com-
mon or Not" department of The Com-
moner, and in other publications. I
wrote them all myself. The book is
cloth bound, gold side and back
stamps, foreword by Mr W. J. Bryan,
and has 277 pages. The price is One
Dollar.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

If you say so I'll send you the book
on suspicion. If you think it is worth
a dollar, send me the money. If you
do not think so send the book back
in good condition—natural wear and
tear expected—and we'll call it square.
I make this offer for two reasons—one
is I think the book is worth the dol-
lar, and secondly, I think you will
think so and send me the money.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

Perhaps you would like to know
why I am so anxious to sell my book.
I'll tell you—I need the money. Now
drop me a card and say you'd like to
receive my book on suspicion. I'll
take it for granted you are willing to
pay for it if you like it and think it
worth the money, and I'll send it to
you by the next mail.

WILL M. MAUPIN,
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them as soon as they begin telling
the truth.

When a man begins complaining
about the newspapers it is a sign that
he is afraid something will be dis-
closed.

When we see a man lighting a cigar
while advising his boy not to smoke,
we look around to see if the F. K. is
drawing near.

The Hustle & Hard Work railroad
may not run swift trains like the
Hurry & Worry line, but its trains do
not go in the ditch nearly so often.

A Funny Little Fake.

With her two little gunboats sold,
and her army reduced to 250 men, in-
cluding the generals, the republicita
of Panama will now settle down into
the funniest little falsehood of a
"sovereign, independent power" that
can be found on the earth's surface.
The fictions of diplomacy are often
convenient, but it is seldom that they
are so grotesque as in the case of this
"republic."—Springfield Republican.

ONE-WAY RATES

Every day from March 1 to April
30, 1904, the Union Pacific will sell
One-way Colonist tickets at the fol-
lowing rates from Lincoln:

\$20.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City.
\$20.00 to Butte, Anaconda and
Helena.

\$22.50 to Spokane and Wenatchee,
Wash.

\$25.00 to Everett, Fairhaven, What-
com, Vancouver and Astoria, via Hunt-
ington and Spokane.

\$25.00 to Portland and Astoria; or
to Tacoma and Seattle, via Huntington
and Portland or via Huntington and
Spokane.

\$25.00 to Ashland, Roseburg, Eu-
gene, Albany and Salem, via Portland.
\$25.00 to San Francisco, Los An-
geles, San Diego and many other Cal-
ifornia points.

From Chicago and St. Louis propor-
tionately low rates are in effect by
lines connecting with the Union Pa-
cific to all above points.

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