



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### Within the Legal Limit

He worked his graft both night and day,  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 He worked bold schemes and made them pay—  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 By graft he laid up lots of wealth,  
 And profited by works of stealth,  
 And well preserved his business health,  
 Within the legal limit all the time.

He squeezed the poor on coal and meat,  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 He got his clutch on city street,  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 A franchise was a thing to buy  
 By councilmanic juggle sly;  
 And forced to bid he'd bid 'em high—  
 Within the legal limit all the time.

A congress was a tool to use—  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 He scattered tips, cigars and booze,  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 By getting special laws to suit  
 He made the public pay tribute,  
 And profited by vicious loot—  
 Within the legal limit all the time.

No scheme for wealth he thought too low,  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 He'd rob to make his fortune grow—  
 Within the legal limit all the time.  
 To give a bribe and not be caught  
 Was not to be deplored, he thought.  
 And men to bribe he always sought—  
 Within the legal limit all the time.

### Timely

The government department offices  
 were pouring forth their crowds of  
 workers, and the evening newspapers  
 were already upon the street. Nat-  
 urally the street cars were crowded  
 to the limit.

The tall, thin man leaning against  
 the front door was talking loudly.

"Yes, sir; I read the message—every  
 word of it. I think every good citizen  
 should read it carefully, but I war-  
 rant that I am the only man on this  
 car who has done so."

"Not much," growled the tired man  
 huddled in the corner.

"But how many have read it?"  
 queried the tall, thin man.

A dozen voices replied: "I've read  
 it."

"Who are you?" queried the tall,  
 thin man.

"I am the sending operator of the  
 Associated Press," said one.

"I am proof reader on the Post,"  
 said another.

"I am the news editor of the Star,"  
 said another.

"And I had to read it in order to  
 write an editorial saying it was the  
 best ever," growled the chief editorial  
 writer of the administration organ.

"Gee, whiz!" ejaculated the tall,  
 thin man. "What kind of a bunch  
 have I struck?"

"This car usually carries the news-  
 paper crowd home," replied the con-  
 ductor, who looked up from his pass  
 book to make answer.

At the next corner the tall, thin man  
 dropped off, muttering to himself.

### Just Thoughts

The other day you happened by the  
 old armory and heard a rumbling  
 sound that had a reminiscent flavor.  
 When you peeped in you saw a sight  
 that recalled old times, for you saw  
 a dozen or more young folks on roller  
 skates.

O, my! But didn't that call up fond  
 recollections? Remember when that  
 bustling, pushing young fellow came

to town and soon had a big gang of  
 carpenters and "handy men" rushing  
 up the old long shack that he called  
 a skating rink? Remember how you  
 watched the work and wondered if  
 skating on rollers was as easy as skat-  
 ing on ice? And then the good times  
 you had after the rink was completed!  
 O, my, but those are pleasant recol-  
 lections.

And then you just thought to your-  
 self: "I wonder if I can skate now  
 like I did twenty years ago?"

No sooner thought than tried. So  
 in you went and called for a pair, and  
 you put them on and found that you  
 could skate right out. A little slow,  
 to be sure; and a shaky feeling in  
 the ankles. But you could skate, just  
 the same.

And then you thought about the  
 "Dutch roll," and the "outside edge,"  
 and the "grapevine," and a dozen of  
 the old tricks you used to do.

"I'll just show some of these kids  
 how I used to skate," you thought.  
 And then you made a dash and began  
 and then—

Gee, but that was a bump. You  
 laid right there while those ill-man-  
 nered youths giggled, and you just  
 couldn't get up for a minute. And  
 when you did your head ached, and  
 your bones ached and your back  
 ached.

It was an accident, of course. You  
 could skate just as well as you ever  
 did, of course. And you could make  
 that giggling bunch of ill-mannered  
 youths look like graven images if  
 you wanted to let yourself out and  
 skate your best. Of course you could.  
 That is you think you could.

But you do not try. You're wise  
 enough for that. You just skate pain-  
 fully over to the bench and take off  
 those skates, and then you limp home-  
 ward. You merely don't skate any  
 more because it isn't as much fun as  
 it used to be. You miss the old crowd,  
 the old smiles and the old games. Of  
 course you feel just as young as ever.  
 It isn't the feeling of age that makes  
 the rink no longer attractive.

O, no; not at all.  
 But you are getting old, just the  
 same. And that's what's the matter  
 with you.

### Good Idea

"I know how to complete that Pan-  
 ama canal in short order," said Wiggs.

"Of course you do; you know every-  
 thing," growled Biggs. "But how  
 would you do it?"

"Send Hughes, the insurance inves-  
 tigator down there to take charge. He  
 seems to know how to get at the bot-  
 tom of things."

### Our Queer Language

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Muchwed,  
 "I've got that turkey dressed at last.  
 Every feather is off."

Then Mrs. Muchwed hastened into  
 the nursery and worked for a half-hour  
 over little Ethel.

"There; I've got you dressed at  
 last," she exclaimed. "I've got all  
 of your good clothes on ready for  
 company."

### Uncle Eben

"I have often noticed," remarked  
 Uncle Eben as he replaced the lid of  
 the crackerbox and found a place on  
 the grocer's stove for his wet boots,  
 "that the man who goes to a hotel  
 and makes the most fuss about his  
 food and his plate and napkin and all  
 that sort of thing, never makes a  
 kick about the towel in the saloon

that has wiped the mouths of a hun-  
 dred or more men, and is always  
 eager to grasp the one fork stuck in  
 the free lunch and used by every-  
 body."

### Limericks

There was a young man in Ky.  
 Whose neighbors thought he was ly.  
 But the young fellow knew  
 That this was not trew—  
 That he was a worker and py.

There was a young dude up in Me.  
 Whose actions gave good folks a pn.  
 He tanked on root beer  
 To make it appear  
 That he was consuming cn.

### Sad

"Did you enjoy your Thanksgiving  
 dinner, Bobbie?"  
 "No'm."  
 "Why not?"  
 "'Cause they let me fill up on  
 turkey'n and dressin' an' never told  
 me 'bout th' plum puddin' that was  
 comin'."

### Brain Leaks

The genesis of every fad is foolish-  
 ness.

The best way to avenge an injury  
 is to forget it.

Some men mistake mere stubborn-  
 ness for iron will.

You can always get a good listener  
 by feeding a hungry man.

Every man is a patriot if he is al-  
 lowed to define patriotism.

You can not repair a house by  
 kicking at the foundations.

The man who never tries is always  
 complaining of a lack of opportunity.

Better overshoot the mark than to  
 hit the ground in front of the target.

Life is like a cistern—if nothing is  
 put into it, nothing can come out  
 of it.

It is a mighty ungrateful man who  
 can not feel thankful that it was no  
 worse.

If good advice were meat and cloth-  
 ing what a happy old world this  
 would be.

Some men offer the excuse that they  
 said "Get thee behind me Satan," and  
 were then shoved.

Life may be a stage, and if it is we  
 wish a lot of supes would quit trying  
 to play the leads.

There is a vast difference between  
 money that is the master and money  
 that is the servant.

If young men had to reap all the  
 wild oats they sow there would soon  
 be a shortage of seed.

The difference between Christianity  
 and churchianity is usually discovered  
 when it is too late.

What has become of the good old  
 woman who always insisted on having  
 rabbit saddles for her mincemeat?

Before we blame a boy for prefer-  
 ring the streets we make some in-  
 quiries about his home and his father.

There are men who want to do such  
 big things that they always overlook  
 a lot of little things that would make  
 a big aggregate.

The man who has been caught in  
 a bargain counter rush at a dry goods  
 store can see no grounds for the pro-  
 test against football.

Whenever we hear a man railing  
 and ranting against "yellow journals"  
 we begin wondering what meanness  
 he has been caught in.

The thanksgiving that is based on  
 what we receive will not provide the  
 happiness of the thanksgiving based  
 on what we have been enabled to do  
 for others.

The season of the year draws near  
 when the wise husband will not notice  
 any sudden flurry when he happens  
 to step into the house. It means only  
 slippers, or neckties, or smoking  
 jacket.

# Maupin Thinks

That his book would make an excel-  
 lent Christmas gift for husband, wife,  
 son, daughter, sister, brother, uncle,  
 aunt, niece, nephew, sweetheart or  
 friend. It is a book of 250 pages,  
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 Maupin's poems, sketches, stories and  
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 song, "A Picture of My Mother When  
 a Girl."

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WILL M. MAUPIN,  
 Lincoln, Neb.

### THE FLY

The fly's capacity for crime is ex-  
 tended by its strength, which is rela-  
 tively nearly seven times that of a  
 horse, for it can lift twenty times its  
 own weight. It can absorb enormous  
 quantities of oxygen, and is in fact a  
 confirmed oxygen toper.

The reprehensible habit of walking  
 upside down on the ceiling, to which  
 the fly is addicted, is due to its habit  
 of exuding gum from each of the  
 1,200 hollow hairs in its feet.

The fly, too, has an evil eye, which  
 is divisible into several other eyes.  
 It has also 1,700 or 1,800 parts all  
 connected with the olfactory nerves,  
 and therefore possesses complete  
 equipment for detecting un-  
 sound meat such as is given to no other  
 living creature.—Lecture of H. H.  
 Hill in London.

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 no money—just the coupon.



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