



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MURPHY.

When Washington Was Here

When Washington was president
Twas evident
That he was bent
On something more than cent per cent—

A fact recalled with pride,
But since the Washingtonian day
A different way
Came into play
To flourish like the flowers in May,
And courts of law deride.

They had no trust bituminous
Or luminous,
Consumin' us;
They had no beef trust doom' us
When Washington was here.
They had no trust in laundry soap,
Or twine and rope,
To crush all hope;
They had no foodstuff full of dope
In George's day and year.

They had no trust in lead and steel,
Or factory wheel
To make us squeal;
They didn't "soak" the commonweal
When Washington was here.
They had no trust in anthracite,
Electric light
Or cotton white;
They had no courts to make wrong
right
In George's day and year.

They had no trust to soak 'em good
When buying wood
Because it could;
Such things they never would have
stood
When Washington was here
They had no big insurance rings
A running things
Their way, b'jings,
No Hyde, or Schwab or Corey flings
In George's day and year.

They had no senate full of tools
Obeying rules
Like docile mules;
No monied men were bribing schools
When Washington was here.
They had no giant trust in hides,
No free pass rides,
No shoddy snides;
No shipping trust to boom besides,
In George's day and year.

Some wondrous changes have been
wrought
Since Georgie fought
And freedom brought
To all mankind in speech and
thought—
Which fact you can't deny.
The trusts have got us in their grip.
They smite and whip
Us thigh and hip,
And trust-made laws won't let us
slip—
And yet you wonder why.

Greatly Interested

"I see that the coal miners are determined to strike," said the gentleman in the buffet car who had just ordered a large cold and small hot. "This is something awful to contemplate."

"Yes, it will entail a lot of suffering upon the striking miners," said the quiet gentleman in the far corner.

"I am not thinking of the comparatively few miners," said the gentleman with the large cold and small hot. "I am thinking of the great consuming public—the millions of people scattered over the country and who will suffer from cold by reason of this strike. Thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands—will shiver and freeze because of this strike. It is wrong, sir; wrong and criminal. The miners

should pause and think before they thrust this indignity, this suffering, upon the people."

"Yes, that may be true," began the quiet gentleman, "but—"

"There is no 'but' about it, sir," declared the gentleman who had in the meanwhile removed the cork from the large cold and severed the liver wing of the small hot. "There is no 'but' about it. The miners make a demand and back it up with a strike. As a result millions will suffer from cold, and thousands may freeze to death. As I remarked before, the miners alienate public sympathy by such radical action."

"I see that you are a philanthropist, sir," said the quiet man.

"I am always interested in the public welfare," said the gentleman of bottle and bird.

"And may I inquire what your business is?" queried the quiet man.

"I am—er, ah, uh—that is—yes, sir, you may. I am a mine operator, sir."

Too Previous

It was immediately after George felled the tree, and while he was yet wondering, what would happen when his father came around and saw the stump.

"It is up to me to make some sort of an explanation," mused George.

Gazing pensively at the fallen tree, and then at his little hatchet, George heaved a sigh and muttered:

"I should have waited about a century and a half. Then I could have laid the blame on the lumber trust."

Realizing, however, that he was born too soon for that, George decided that he would have to make a clean breast of it.

Saved

The rich tourist discovered to his horror that he was alone in the midst of the desert.

As far as his eyes could see there was nothing but sand, sand, sand. Overhead the sun was a ball of fire floating in a sea of molten brass.

"Water, water," gasped the reeling tourist. "Water or I perish!"

Falling prostrate upon the burning sand the rich tourist gave himself up for dead. His swollen tongue filled his parched mouth, and his lips were dry and cracked.

Suddenly the man stirred. Then he sat up.

Thrusting his hand into his breast pocket he pulled forth a folded paper. "Saved!" he cried.

It was a certificate of a big block of stock in the steel trust.

Hastily wringing it between his feverish hands he squeezed out enough water to slake his awful thirst, and then hastened on his way. He knew he had enough moisture therein to supply him across the entire desert of Sahara.

Explained

"Sir, I have just been released from the penitentiary after serving seven years for stealing \$3,000 from a man. You are rich, and I fain would have you tell me how you worked it. I want to reform."

Feeling in an unusually benevolent and charitable mood the Successful One wheeled about in his chair and looked for a few moments upon the cringing form of Bill the Bug, ex-No. 2347.

"I am always willing to help the deserving," said the Successful One, "and I will help you. You made the mistake of taking all of yours from

one man. I do it differently. I merely secure the passage of laws which enable me to take a few cents from each man, and as there are some 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 of them the net gain is worth while. If I were to take dollars instead of cents they would protest and make trouble. But as it is only a matter of a few cents at a time they give it no attention."

"That's a good scheme, sir," said Bill the Bug. "Now tell me how to get the laws I need."

"Ah, that is my business secret—in fact, I might say it is my sole business asset," replied the Successful One. "You must excuse me now, as I have an appointment with Senator Graball and Congressman Lique-hand."

Quite True

The Successful Financier stood in front of the large assembly of university students, and gazing thoughtfully into their faces remarked with great unctious:

"My dear young friends, there is no such thing as luck. Success in life depends upon pluck. Pluck is the sure road to success."

"I guess that's right," moaned a disreputable looking wretch who had slipped in during the exercises. "You have plucked me pretty thoroughly and everybody else, I guess, you had business with."

Hastily drawing his checkbook the Successful Financier gave the university enough to build a new building for Original Research into the Cause of Poverty, and thus created a hearty laugh at the expense of the disreputable individual.

The Exception

"I will agree to abide by the caucus rules at all times" said the dignified senator, "with one proviso."

"And what is that?" queried the gentleman who usually fixes things.

"I will stand by the caucus decisions always, save when the caucus does not decide as I would have it."

Having so declared the dignified senator paused a moment in order to give the gallery a chance.

That Corn Problem

The little corn problem presented by a "Buckeye of the Corn Belt" is bringing out answers by the score. Many of them show considerable study into the construction of ears of corn, which is just what our "Buckeye" friend wanted. The answer so far received that is nearest the answer given our "Buckeye" friend, comes from Covington, Ind., and looks like a winner. Had it been a little more specific it would have been quite correct. Send in your answers now. The solution will be printed in a couple of weeks. Here is the problem:

Why are the rows of kernels on an ear of corn always even in number?

The Reason

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth," remarked Miss Passay, throwing her pointed chin a little higher in the air.

"Of course not—you couldn't," retorted Mrs. Nubride, who has been married just three weeks.

Brain Leaks

Life is not length of years. Some beauty is only cosmetic deep. Sunday sacrifice will not make up for weekday wrongdoing.

When a man wants to do wrong he seldom experiences trouble in finding an excuse.

The prophet who is always foretelling disaster never secures a large and admiring constituency.

Only the foolish attempt to fight the devil with fire, for fire is just the weapon that the devil chooses.

There are some advantages in being an humble workingman in love

with the daughter of the mechanic around the corner.

The man who smiles his way through the world may not accumulate much wealth, but he will take more that is worth while with him when he dies than the man who forced his way through.

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