



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Reversed

The visitors who knocked at the door of the brownstone mansion on Gold Avenue were dressed in rags and gave every visible evidence of having come from the slum districts.

The liveried servant who opened the door tried hastily to shut it, but the foremost visitor in line thrust his foot between the door and the jamb, then pushed the door open with an exhibition of muscular force that made the servant gasp with astonishment.

"What's the meaning of that noise, Jobson?" queried a woman at the head of the marble stairway.

"Hi don't know, mum."

"Say, youse," said the spokesman of the visiting party. "We'se out seein' how de rich live. An' we's comin' in, too, see! An' we's goin' to pike our bloomin' noses into everything, an' we's goin' t' ask all de imperdent questions we like, see!"

"This is an unwarranted intrusion, and if you do not immediately leave I shall call the police," exclaimed the lady of the house, appearing upon the scene, clad in a silk kimono, and other articles.

"Nope; nixey on de bulls," said the spokesman. "Dis ain't no intrusion, mum. We's jus' returnin' a friendly call, see! A few days ago youse an' a bunch o' nob's comes over t' where we live, investigatin' conditons o' de poor, 'slummin'.' I believe youse called it. Said youse was interested in de amelryrishun o' de conditions o' de workin' classes, or some such dope, an' had t' study condishuns at first hand. Well, we's formed a class fer t' study de condishuns o' de rich, an' we's gotter have it first hand, see! We's picked out fer our first visits dem what's butted inter our tenements widout invitations an' made derselves at home. So, mum, jus' send dis brass buttoned gazabo ter de scrap pile an' pilot us aroun' de dump."

This little incident merely serves to remind us that the House of Have shouldn't kick if the House of Want returns a few friendly calls.

Help! Help!!

Are we awake or are we dreaming?

Here is a newspaper that is throwing editorial fits of fear because some eminent gentleman remarks that South America is soon to become the great gold producing section of the world. Says the discovery of newer and greater gold fields will throw the whole financial world out of gear; will raise Ned with prices and add greatly to the burdens of those with fixed investments and salaries.

And only a few years ago that very same newspaper, and many others like it, were telling us that every known virtue and not a single ill was connected with the yellow metal.

Will somebody please pinch us!

O, the Difference!

Do you remember the old days when you used to go visiting in the evening and the whole bunch of you would gather around the cottage organ and sing?

Of course you do. And you remember the songs you used to sing—"Darling Nellie Gray," "Sweet Belle Mahone," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Old Kentucky Home," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Come Where the Lillies Bloom,"

and all the rest of the sweet old songs of those days.

How about it now? Different, isn't it?

Now somebody sits down to the piano and everybody sings "I Wants Mah Chicken," or "Gimme Mah Pork Chops Reg'lah," or "I wants t' Spoon by the Light o' the Moon," or "Whar's Mah Honey Boy?" or something equally foolish.

I confess I prefer the old songs myself. And I'd rather listen while some sweet-faced lass with nimble fingers plays "Maiden's Prayers" on a cottage organ than to listen to some pert young thing hammer out a "rag" on a grand piano. I'm old-fashioned, perhaps, but if it is old-fashioned to prefer the sweet songs of other days to the fool "rag time" songs that are all the rage today, then I plead guilty to the charge, and I'm glad of it.

Honest

"Please, sir," said the office boy, "kin I git off a couple of hours early this afternoon?"

"What's the matter? Grandmother dead?"

"Nope—ball game."

Receiving the required permission the office boy ducked. Out of curiosity I followed him and asked:

"Do you always tell the boss you want to go to the ball game?"

"I should say not!" exclaimed the boy. "But I've buried so many o' me relatives wo't I never had I was afraid to begin over again an' I couldn't t'ink o' nuttin' but de truth."

What Struck You—

What was the funniest story you ever heard?

Every man and woman has some story in mind that to them was the funniest one they ever heard, and this department would like to know what it is. Just write it out and send it in.

And the sweetest song?

In other words, what is your favorite among all the songs you ever heard?

Tell the name of it to this department. The architect wants some funny stories and some sweet old songs.

Great Invention

When the man with an idea meets up with the man who has mechanical genius, there is something doing. Here's the idea.

A nice, softy-padded top-rail for political fences.

Just think of the senators and congressmen who've been sitting on the top-rail of those old fences for so long. Wouldn't they pay almost any old price for a nicely cushioned resting place?

How Does He Know

"I am an agnostic."

"What's that?"

"An agnostic is one who does not know."

"Then how do you know you are an agnostic?"

Same Old Excuse

No sooner does the department of commerce and labor report that the working conditions in the Bethlehem Steel Works are horrible than Mr. Schwab complains that the department should have reported that the conditions in his establishment were

just the same as conditions in similar factories.

This is the same old excuse.

But it serves to show that it is high time the public take a hand in securing for the wage earners of the nation conditions that are at least tolerable.

Traitor

"I wouldn't trust Bleacherly as far as I could throw a barnyard by the gate."

"Why not?"

"He's a two-faced wretch. Yesterday the home team lost and an hour later I actually saw Bleacherly buying the umpire a cigar."

Brain Leaks

Churchianity is not Christianity. "Big business" ought to make more cellmates.

Many people who claim to be plain spoken are only insolent.

When the office seeks the man no search warrant is necessary.

Some people are always in a stew trying to preserve their health.

A "welcome" doormat does not always mean a cheerful interior.

A lot of men who never set a sail are waiting for their ships to come in.

About two-thirds of our worrying is done over things that never happen.

Jealousy is a rock upon which many a matrimonial bark has gone to wreck.

Don't it just beat all how quickly a dollar's worth of milk tickets is exhausted?

A lot of people forget self only after there is nothing left worth remembering.

O, if only some of those soda fountain drinks tasted as good as the names sound!

The richer a man is the more glibly he can talk about the blessings of poverty.

When we fail we attribute it to bad luck. When we win we attribute it to our own ability.

Patience is listening with becoming smiles to a stuttering man trying to tell a funny story.

Your truest friend is not the one who confines his conversation to retelling your good qualities.

The man who does as little as he can for his wages is usually the man who complains about the wage scale.

People who profit by trust extortion love to talk about extravagance being the cause of the high cost of living.

We often wonder what heroic measures women would resort to if their hair grew naturally the way they fix it up.

The workingman can not square himself by pinching his stomach in order to make up for his failure to vote intelligently.

About this time of year the average housewife manages to open a can of fruit without experiencing a very severe pang.

In a few weeks a lot of serfs of King Gold will celebrate the emancipation of their fathers from the rule of King George.

If a man makes his children mind he is harsh; if he does not make them mind he is spoiling them. What's the use?

Once upon a time we tried one of those magazine "week's menus for \$6," intended for a family of six, and we'd exhausted the week's wage at noon of the third day.

Ever notice that in village life people who walk miles every day in the ordinary course of business, have to take the hack when they go to the depot to get on the train?

When a woman gets the brim of her fashionable hat jammed up in a narrow doorway we can't help laughing, and yet we pretend to be equal to the average in courtesy. But the size of the fashionable hat!

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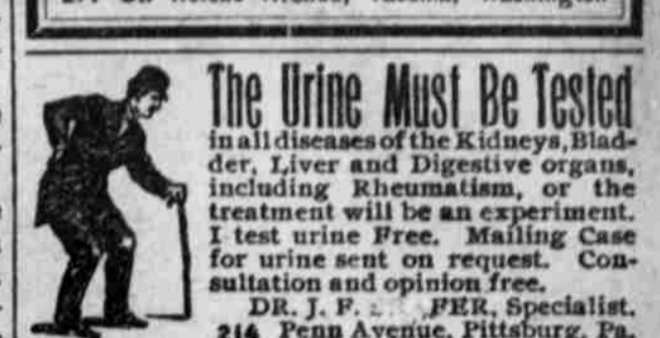
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