



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Young Man!

You say, young man, you have no chance.

That all the world is down on you; That you're the slave of circumstance

And hard luck coppers all you do. You say the young man of today Is but a molecule, a speck. Well, young man, all I've got to say—

You need to ginger up, by heck!

You say, young man, you can not hope

To rise above the common lot; That you are doomed to blindly grope

Among the crowd, and be forgot. You say a young man of today Must have a pull to make his pile. Well, young man, all I've got to say—

The thing you need is "Hustle lle."

You say, young man, Dame Fortune's frown

Is cast upon you all the while; That things conspire to hold you down

And hide from you Dame Fortune's smile.

You say a young man of today Is forced to sow while others reap.

Well, young man, all I've got to say—

You need the spur, and need it deep.

You say, young man, that jobs are few,

And he must have a pull who gets;

But as you grouch I notice you Play pool and smoke cheap cigarettes.

I notice, too, that on your way At your ill-luck you growl and swear.

Well, young man, all I've got to say—

Some one should kick you, and for fair.

Longing

I want to write for a daily that's honest, and square, and true; Whose business office won't censor the news that is passing through. A daily that turns its searchlight alike on the great and small; That will not kowtow to riches, nor down in the gutter crawl.

I want to write for a paper that isn't allied with crime; That isn't crammed with sensations, and murder, and filth, and slime. I want to report for a paper that isn't a bit afraid To use the clearest of English, and call every spade a spade.

I want to see my name written upon the assignment book Of a paper that has vigor to camp on th' trail of a crook, No matter how high his station, no matter the price he bids, And put him in stripes like the poor cuss who steals the grub for his kids.

I want to be a reporter on just such a daily as that— A paper that isn't an "organ," and scorns to divvy the "fat." Under a chief who orders: "You chase out and gather the facts!" And gives us all assurance no corporate thug wields an ax.

I want to work on a paper that hasn't a single "string;" That always stands for the people

instead of some corporate thing. A sheet that tells advertisers it has no favors to sell—

If they don't like its position to take their ads straight to Gabenna!

I want to be on a paper that has the courage to strike

At every doer of evil—to which all thieves look alike.

A paper that helps the helpless; holds back the arm of the strong

Who seek to take toll of the children, or reap a harvest from wrong.

I want a job on that daily; any assignment or "run;"

And told to write things as I find them, proving my facts when done.

To show up thieves in high places, as well as the thieves in low;

To turn the light on big grafters, and give poor devils a show.

I long to be on such a paper—I dream of a time I am—

And given my orders to show up all manner of graft and sham.

Not here on this earth may I find it— it's my firmest belief

'Twill only be in heaven, with Gabriel Editor-in-Chief.

Fancies

I used to sit in the firelight's glow. As flickering flames danced to and fro.

And see great scenes in the embers bright—

Smiling Dryads and fairies light; Towering castles and faces fair;

Knights who answered the bugle's blare;

Verdant valleys and far flung hills— In the redhot coals that the fireplace fills.

Alas, alack!

No longer so;

All things look black

When fire burns low.

Never a valley

And no more hills—

Merely a glimpse

Of more coal bills.

Where once I viewed in the dancing flames

Courtiers gay and bepowdered dames. Armored knights with the lance athrust—

I see naught now but the grim coal trust.

Every flame that the chimney fills

Whispers to me of the dollar bills: Mocks my face till I'm filled with rage

At thoughts of long spent summer wage.

Alas, O my!

No po-et-ree,

Just sob and sigh

In flames for me.

Never a Dryad,

To give me thrills—

Merely a hint

Of more coal bills.

Ward No. 13

To all appearances the inmate of Ward No. 13 was as sane as any of the visitors. He was busily engaged in using a huge blackboard that was filled with neat figures.

"What is the particular mania of this inmate?" we asked of the keeper.

"He is forever trying to demonstrate that the same tariff which gives the sheep raiser a higher price for his raw wool enables the consumer of manufactured woolsens to buy them cheaper."

Realizing that the poor fellow's case was hopeless we gave him a look of sympathy and passed on to Ward No. 14.

BOOKS RECEIVED

When America Became a Nation. By Tudor Jenks, author of "When America was New," "When America Won Liberty," etc. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price \$1.25.

Evolution and Progression. An Examination of the Evolutionary Theory of the Origin of Mankind and of the "critics" views relative to the origin and authority of the Bible. By A. M. Morris. The Octographic Review, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Book of the Hour. By A. Lewis, Norman, Okla. Price 25 cents.

The Wireless Station at Silver Fox Farm. By James Otis. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.

As We See It. The first and only book published by a negro taking the stand that the "race problem" of the south does not rest upon the negroes, but rests upon the shoulders of the "crackers." By Robert Lewis Waring, 609 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Press of C. F. Sudwarth, Washington, D. C. Price \$1.50.

The Principles of Public Speaking. A practical text book for colleges. By Maynard Lee Daggy, formerly instructor in rhetoric and oratory in the University of Wisconsin. Democrat Printing Company, Madison, Wis.

The Crisis in Church Work. By Henry Ostrom, D. D. Publishers, Jennings and Graham, Cincinnati; Eaton and Mains, New York. Price 50 cents.

The Wheels of Time. By Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price 50 cents net; postage 6 cents.

Government Ownership of Railways. Considered as the next great step in American progress. By Anthony Van Wagenen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. Price \$1.25.

Legal Tender Essays. By James C. Smith, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd., Dryden House, 43, Gerrard St., Soho, London, W., England. Publishing price 3-6 net.

Social Justice. By Percy Vivian Jones. Cochran Publishing Co., Tribune Bldg., New York. Price \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.62.

History of the Sherman Law of the United States of America. By Albert H. Walker of the New York bar. The Equity Press, 7-101 Reade St., New York. Price \$2.00.

The Philosophy of Life. Theology, medicine, sociology, evolution. By Charles Gilbert Davis, M. D. The D. D. Publishing Company, 4630 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.25.

The Genesis of Lincoln. By James H. Cathey, Sylva, N. C.

The Vulture's Claw. A tale of rural life. By C. F. Wimberly. R. F. Fenno & Co., 18 East 17th St., New York. Price \$1.50.

The Uncrowned King. A Christmas classic, by Harold Bell Wright. The Book Supply Company, 220-222 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Price, net, 75 cents.

The Unstrung Bow. A story of conquest, by David O. Batchelor. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass. Price \$1.20 net.

The Industrial History of the United States. By Katharine Coman, Ph. B., professor of economics and sociology in Wellesley College. The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., New York. Price \$1.50 net.

Life Story of R. S. Duncan, written by himself. Edited by Wiley J. Patrick. The Western Baptist Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo.

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