

Whether Common or Not.

UNCLE SAM AT COURT.

The heir of the late Ahkoond of Swat—
Alas, that the late Ahkoond is not—
Is about to be crowned
With a volume of sound
That once hearing is never forgot,
Forgot—
That once hearing is never forgot.
Let the timbrel be tuned
For the heir of Ahkoond
Is about to be crowned—that's what!
That's what!
Is about to be crowned, that's what.

We've got to be there with Swat's Ah-
koond,
For Swatdom's feelings we must not
wound.
Do nothing by halves,
So pad out your calves—
Your expenses will never be pruned—
Be pruned!
Your expenses will never be pruned.
At the crowning of Ed
We made the right spread,
So key up your voices—well tuned,
Well tuned!
So key up your voices well tuned!

And whom shall we send to Swat, I
pray?
Crowninshield, Egan, Chadwick, Mac-
lay.
What an elegant bunch
To send out to lunch
With the Ahkoond of Swat blithe and
gay!
Well, Hay!
With the Ahkoond of Swat blithe and
gay.
So up with the anchor
And set jib and spanker,
And off for far Swatdom—away!
Away!
And off for far Swatdom away!

When they crown the Ala-Bo-Jum of
Snoo
Of funkies and dancers we'll send a
few.
With gilt braid and feathers
And bright patent leathers
We will furnish an elegant crew—
That's true!
We will furnish an elegant crew.
We'll all wear our knickers
Although the world snickers
When our Uncle Sam heaves into view,
Boo hoo!
When our Uncle Sam heaves into view.

PRIMER LESSONS IN IMPERIALISM.

LESSON I.—HOW BE-GIN-NERS MAY LEARN TO DIS-TING-UISH BE-TWEEN OUR FRIENDS AND OUR FOES:

O, see the sav-age man.
Is the man a sav-age?
Sure-ly he is. See, does he not car-
ry a bow and spears? Does he not ap-
pear in a state of nud-i-ty with feath-
ers in his hair?

Yes, dear; but are you sure that this
mode of dress pro-claims the sav-age?
To be sure.

My dear, let this teach you the dan-
ger of jump-ing at con-clu-sions. This
man is not a sav-age. Note that he is
con-fer-ing with a great gen-e-ral who
wears our un-i-form. The man you
call a sav-age is loy-al to our cause,
therefore he is a great and good pa-
tri-ot, al-though he may oc-cas-sion-
al-ly hunt heads and in oth-er ways
act like a prim-i-tive child of the for-
est. Let this teach you, my dear, that

it all de-pends up-on the point of
view.

LESSON II.—ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLIT-TERS, AND MEN ARE NOT AL-WAYS WHAT THEY SEEM:

See the man. Is he not a no-ble
look-ing man. He wears good cloth-
ing and he car-ries a di-plo-ma from a
great school. Sure-ly he is a good
man.

My child, be-ware of wolves in
sheep's cloth-ing. This man is not
what he seems.

Is he not a good man?

Nay, he is a sav-age.

How can you tell?

That is an easy task, child. He is
a sav-age, a bar-ba-rian and a mur-
der-er be-cause he has the te-mer-i-ty
to de-mand that he be al-lowed to have
a voice in his own gov-ern-ment.

But is that not right?

Nay, child, He has no right to gov-
ern him-self as long as we want to
gov-ern him and can make a pro-fit
out of the job. Learn-ing is a good
thing, but we must draw the line at
ed-u-cat-ing a man in-to be-liev-ing
that his rights must be re-spect-ed at
a loss to our-selves.

LESSON III.—THE BEAU-TI-FUL TASK OF CIV-IL-IZ-ING A HEATH-EN PEO-PLE WHO CAN- NOT HELP IT:

See the ship. Is it not a large ship?
Yes, child, it must be a large ship to
car-ry what will be put on board.

Who are the men who are wear-ing
the same kind of clothes?

Those are sol-diers, my child.

What do they car-ry?

Guns.

What is in all of those bar-rels and
box-es?

Civ-il-iz-ed ar-ti-cles for the heath-
en peo-ples, my child. The bar-rels
con-tain al-co-hol, whis-ky, Jer-sey
light-ning and ap-ple-jack. The box-es
con-tain nut-megs of wood, flour made
of ful-ler's earth, boots and shoes made
of pa-per, cured cab-bage leaves to
man-u-fac-ture in-to ci-gars, wool-en
goods made of cot-ton, o-pi-um and
mor-phine. Those pret-ty box-es con-
tain Bi-bles in which the gold-en rule
is print-ed in cap-i-tal let-ters.

But why do the sol-diers ac-com-
pan-y the ship?

Bless your in-no-cent heart, my dear.
They go be-cause the heath-en peo-ple
do not know what is good for them,
and it may be nec-es-sar-y to use ar-
gu-ment up-on them.

Immune.

Mrs. Strongmynde—"I have been
reading about cremation, my dear, and
I have decided that we will be cre-
mated."

Mr. Strongmynde—"I'm afraid it
would prove a failure in my case, my
dear."

Mrs. Strongmynde — "Nonsense!

What makes you think so?"

Mr. Strongmynde (reaching for his
hat)—"Because I've been roasted so
much already that I am doubtless fire-
proof."

Great Recommendation.

"What is the strongest point about
your make of automobiles?"

"We guarantee that the annual bill
for repairs will not exceed the original
cost of the machine."

Enfouler.

A charming young maiden of Boulder
Remarked, "It seems to be coulder."

Then her sweetheart gay

Proceeded straightway

'Gainst his warm, loving heart to en-
fould her.

What He Said.

"Did you say you wanted to die
poor?"

"No. What I said was that I wanted
to leave my affairs in such condition
that the heirs could not fight over my
estate?"

Undaunted.

"What!" exclaimed the haughty
manager of the merged railroads, "you
say that you will appeal to the courts
to prevent the further gobbling up of
railroads?"

"That seems to be our only re-
course," replied the spokesman of the
people's committee.

"Then I will let you into a business
secret," thundered the haughty man-
ager. "I have about formed a merger
of the courts."

So saying he began again his inter-
rupted task of signing judicial passes
over the merged lines.

Eddie.

The Grand Pandook of Swigum idly
brushed a fly from his royal nose and
motioned for his grand vizer to draw
nigh.

"Viz, old boy," murmured the Grand
Pandook, "tomorrow is the day I am
to be crowned, ain't it?"

Prostrating himself upon the ground
and thumping his caput seven-come-
leven times upon the earth, the grand
vizer replied:

"It is, my lord. Tomorrow is the
great day when the luminary of the
seas, the celestial orb of the wide
spreading universe, the—"

"O, cut it out, Viz, old hoss. What
I want to know is, has the ship bear-
ing the blokes who are to represent the
great republic across the seas at my
soiree tomorrow arrived yet?"

"It has, most royal ruler of the wide-
spread—"

"Stop it, Viz; stop it. Have you
seen the representatives yet?"

"I have, O master of the—"

"Cut it out! Cut it out, Viz. Are
they nice and fat?"

"Beautiful, O supervisor of the
celestial ways wherein—"

"'Nuff said, Viz. If they are fit for

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mention that you read this generous
offer in The Commoner.

the piece de resistong at my royal
spread tomorrow you may have 'em
parboiled tonight and tomorrow morn-
ing the chef will stuff 'em and roast
'em for the feast."

So saying the Grand Pandook of
Swigum winked slyly at his attend-
ants and wiped his mouth in anticipa-
tion of the feast.

Brain Leaks.

Today wins while Tomorrow is slum-
bering.

Ambition is all right if it is the right
kind of ambition.

A fancy sofa pillow is no sign of a
good breadmaker.

A true friend is one who will not
contradict your fish stories.

Trying to be a good fellow has sent
many a man to a bad ending.

Some men call duty in a whisper
and pleasure with a megaphone.

It is unsafe to measure a man's
goodness by the wag of his dog's tail.

No man wins success today by
spending his time complaining about
yesterday.

The best prayer ever uttered con-
tained but seven words. And it was
answered.

The acme of folly is putting your
trust in a man who has to be sub-
sidized into being good.

Foolish men spend so much time dis-
cussing hell that they fail to prepare
themselves for the other place.

Trying to enjoy life without doing
something useful is like trying to
thread a cambric needle with a rope.

There is a vast difference between
mixing your politics into your religion
and taking your religion into your
politics.

The time some men waste in framing
excuses for not doing something would
suffice for the accomplishment of a
great work.

Demetrius, the silversmith, was a
charter member of the tribe of protec-
tionists and the first man to attempt
to organize a trust.

Many a soiled wrapper wife com-
plains because she does not receive
dainty dress sweetheart attention, and
many a liver providing husband kicks
because he does not receive his choc-
olate giving sweetheart caresses.

—Will M. Maupin.

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