



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Victims of Greed

We hear the children crying as the wheels grind out their lives
(For greed is sapping lifeblood every day.)

We see the teardrops falling from the eyes of widowed wives
(For greed has taken husband's life away.)

The lives of human beings feed the grim, remorseless maw—
It crunches bones of children, eats their childish flesh blood-raw;

At the souls of human beings doth it ever tear and gnaw
(For greed cares nothing if the "profits" pay.)

There's dearth of childish laughter where the "breakers" crush and roar
(For greed demands the blood of little ones.)

And childish feet are dragging on the busy factory floor
(For greed cares naught if "profit" onward runs.)

The stunted little bodies feed the fires of human greed;
Their blood is lubricating factory wheels that rush with speed,

But "profit" never worries and to life-blood gives no heed
(For "sentiment" is something that it shuns.)

The playgrounds all are empty, but the sweatshop holds the crowd
(For greed cares naught for happy childhood's days.)

And childish hearts are breaking, childish backs are bent and bowed
(But greed cares naught just so the traffic pays.)

The hopeless future holdeth naught but misery and woe;
Adown their hungry faces fast and faster teardrops flow,

But greed is dragging downward and the childish lives must go
(For greed thinks only dividends to raise.)

The thing that is the cheapest in the mart is human life
(For greed knows neither human heart nor soul.)

No matter be it children, be it husband, be it wife
(For greed has only "profit" for its goal.)

Endless is the great procession—countless thousands yearly slain
On the Modern Moloch's altar that was built for selfish gain,

And greed shuts its ears, nor listens, to their moaning, sad refrain
(For greed is glad if "profits" inward roll.)

The little ones are calling—shail their calling be in vain?
(But greed still claims them for a sacrifice.)

Shall childish blood forever grease the wheels of selfish gain?
(But greed demands their bodies without price.)

The little ones are calling, and they lift their little hands
imploring at the altar where the Modern Moloch stands—

Shall they die? Or shall we shatter from their limbs the selfish bands?
(For greed still seeks their bodies to entice.)

Industrial

"Look here, you lazy loafer!" exclaimed the police judge. "The last time you were before me for vagrancy I told you I'd give you ninety days.

What have you to say for yourself?"

"Ah, 's got 'er moughty good defense, youah honah," said the trembling prisoner.

"Defense? It's a notorious fact that you have no visible means of support."

"Yes I has, youah honah. Here's de proof dat I'se got 'er moughty good means o' suppo't."

Thrusting a hand into his ragged coat the prisoner produced a photograph of his wife busily engaged in doing the judge's family washing.

Astronomical

"I see by this morning's paper that a German scientist has recently discovered 800 new stars."

"That's nothing. I can beat that record a mile."

"I didn't know you were an astronomer."

"I'm not. I called a fellow a liar the other day."

The Rest Cure

"What your husband needs, madam, is rest," said the physician after carefully examining the ailing head of the household.

"All right, doctor," said the wife. "I've been getting up at 6 o'clock to get his breakfast by 7 o'clock so he can get down to the office by 8:30, and having his supper ready promptly at 6:30 so he would have plenty of time to read the evening paper before bedtime while I washed the dishes, darned the stockings, mended the children's clothes, chopped the hash for breakfast and got the children to bed; but I guess I can find time to make it easier for him so the poor man can rest from his arduous labors."

Slang

The use of slang is to be reprehended, besides, it often leads to trublesome consequences, as a young state university student of Lincoln recently discovered.

The father of the young man in question is one of those staid, old-fashioned gentlemen who are as precise in their language as they are in their business dealings. The son came to Lincoln to attend the university, having a generous sum of expense money in his pockets. He matriculated, bought his text books, rented a room and supplied himself with sweaters, caps, class pin, etc., etc., with youthful disregard of expense. The result was that the end of the first month found him practically penniless, with two months more of the quarter staring him in the face before another quarterly allowance was due. After cogitating a while he sat down and wrote his father, explaining that expenses were unusually high and winding up with this statement:

I find that I must have more stamps, I think two hundred would do. I wish you would send by next mail."

Three or four days later a bulky letter addressed in the familiar handwriting of his father was delivered at the young man's door.

"The pater is prompt and generous as usual, bless him," murmured the young man as he opened the letter. "He must have a lot of good advice to give, judging by the size of the letter."

Drawing the contents from the envelope the young man found two sheets of Uncle Sam's familiar red 2-cent stamps and a short note saying:

"Dear Son.—I send you the stamps as requested. I am afraid you are

spending so much time on your correspondence that you are compelled to shirk some of your studies."

Brain Leaks

Hard won long enjoyed.

Grace goes as greed grows.

Vocal charity covers no sins.

A long face is no sign of a meek spirit.

The penurious man is not always thrifty.

Tasks tackled with a smile are soonest finished.

Lookup & Uplift is a firm that never goes bankrupt.

The modern furnace has eliminated a lot of romance.

Every hypocrit is a counterfeit of some good Christian.

Optimism does not mean having no thought of the future.

Very few people know how to accept a favor gracefully.

Man is always in a bad way when he has everything his own way.

The true measure of the length of life is the amount of good accomplished in it.

There are men with bad characters who have managed to acquire good reputations.

Some men can say more with a handshake than other men can say in an hour's speech.

The true Christian gives until it hurts, and then keeps on giving until it quits hurting.

The schools of vice are seldom recruited from the homes where the boys are treated as companions.

Somehow or other we are always ready to rely on the man who is a favorite with children and dogs.

The man who gets nothing but money out of life goes into the next world with nothing to recommend him.

The man who "speaks softly and carries a big stick" may go far in a day, but he leaves very few friends along the way.

What a great campaigner a man would make if he could only impress men with the idea that his handshake is as sincere as the wag of a dog's tail.

Every time we buy a ton of coal we realize how hard it is to keep warm in winter, but we get some consolation in the thought that the men who rob the consumer will not experience that sort of trouble some time."

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A SONG THAT TOUCHES THE HEART.
A little over a year ago Mr. Will M. Maupin, of The Commoner staff, wrote a poem entitled "A Picture of My Mother When a Girl." The words came to the notice of Mr. Will O'Shea, a talented musician of Lincoln, and he composed a melody that is wonderfully in harmony with the beautiful sentiment of the poem. The song, words and music, has been printed in sheet music form, on superb calendered paper, with beautifully illuminated title page, and is now offered for sale. This beautiful song has been warmly welcomed wherever sung, and is sure to become one of the great song hits of the decade. Following is the refrain:
A Picture old and faded, taken in the long ago
A vision of a maid with hair aurl.
I live the old-time days when upon its face I gaze—
A picture of my mother when a girl.
The regular price of this beautiful song is 50 cents, but I have arranged with the publisher for a large number of copies, and am enabled to offer it for a limited time, at half-price—25 cents per copy, Postpaid. Send stamps or silver. Address, **Jessie Brink, 1216 G St., Lincoln, Neb.**