



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### Figuring the Profits

They figure the cost in dollars and cents  
And balance the books with profits galore.  
They figure the balance of the trade immense  
As steamers ply to the island's shore.  
But what of the blood of the widow's son  
Shed over the waves of the ocean wide?  
Can dollars and cents and profits immense  
Give back to the mother the son who died?

He sailed away 'neath his country's flag  
And his heart beat high with a patriot's fire.  
When duty gave orders he did not lag,  
But marched and fought in the swam; and mire.  
Then greed and lust for an empire's gain  
Wrought changes quick in the flag's intent.  
And the soldier brave fills a foreign grave  
That greed may garner its cent per cent.

They balance the books—for a soldier's life  
Is measured by profits on new found trade.  
The mother who gave her son to the strife  
Is told to rejoice at the profits made.  
And the old flag floats o'er the broad blue sea  
Above the heads of a subject race;  
And they say the stain is hidden by gain  
And the profits will balance the flag's disgrace.

They measure the flag by dollars and cents;  
They offer the boys on the field for gain.  
The bloodshed wrought gives them no offense,  
For their profits roll in the empire's train.  
The widow's son sleeps his long, last sleep  
In a far-off land, but she should not sigh,  
For the "books" are square—and the pages fair  
Will show that the profits are mounting high.

### The Reason

Prior to election day DeToil never met the Honorable Thomas McGrift without receiving a smile and a warm handshake. The Honorable McGrift could put all kinds of fervor into a handshake.

All this, of course, made DeToil feel that he was quite a figure in politics, and he grew very chesty.

The day after election, when the count showed the Honorable Mr. McGrift to have been elected, DeToil met the successful candidate and received only a curt nod of recognition. "Why is this?" cried DeToil. "Day before yesterday and the days before that, you always stopped, shook my hand and gave me cordial greeting. Today you pass me by with hardly any recognition."

"My dear sir," said the Honorable Mr. McGrift in chilly tones, "did you ever ponder on the foolishness of chas-

ing the street car you have already caught?"

### Proud

Sauntering along the Stygian shores Alexander mused. Suddenly he met Napoleon, who happened to be inclined towards musing himself upon that especial occasion.

"Nap," said Alex, "we have been charged with many grave things during the years that have elapsed since we journeyed to these shores."

"Indeed we have, and my feelings are often hurt thereby."

"O, cheer up, Napoleon, old boy," exclaimed Alexander, giving the Little Corporal a hearty slap on the back. "We have been spared one charge."

"Indeed, and what is that?"

"Why, up to date we have never been accused of prosecuting our campaigns with benevolent intent."

The smile that lit up the face of Napoleon fairly illumined the Stygian shades and made old Charon wonder if a warship's searchlight had spotted him.

### Mixed

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the orator at the ratification meeting, "now that the boke of smattle has—I mean, now that the smak of bottle has—"

"No, that is not what I mean," said the orator desperately. "What I mean is, now that the smat of bokle has—no, not that," he stammered, wiping his perspiring brow. Backing up he took a fresh start.

"Ladies and gentlemen, now that the bat of smokle has cleared—hem! Now that the smot of bakle—what I mean to say, ladies and gentlemen, is that we have achieved a great victory of which we should be justly proud."

And during the tumultuous applause which followed the orator took his seat.

### Mythology

When Ulysses came home he found Helen absent, and being hungry he set about getting supper. Before the coffee boiled the potatoes were burned, and then the steak was not ready for the broiler.

"Well, this is a horse on me," muttered Ulysses, viewing the ruins.

It was in this wise that we ascertained that there was more than one horse in the days of the Trojans.

### A Papa Goose Rhyme

Christmas is coming,

The trusts are waxing fat;

Please drop your money

In the trusts' big hat.

Might as well give everything

And have the business through,

Trusts have got things as they will

And can do you.

### The Difference

"Say, Wigglesley," said Biggley, looking up; "what's the difference between a dinner and a 'table d'hote'?"

"About a dollar and a quarter," replied Wigglesley, who was fingering his last two-bit piece.

### Shakespearean

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" shouted Richard.

Wonderful man, that Shakespeare. Even though three centuries in the future he could see with his mind's

eye the advent of the automobile.

Certainly royalty would not be yelling for a horse unless the machine had broken down.

### The Day After

Now that the grimy battle smoke  
Is clearing fast away,  
And totals found the country 'round  
Cast on election day;

"Twere well we wasted not our time  
In watching smoke clouds roll,  
But spend the days in finding ways  
And means the heavy price to raise  
Of one small ton of coal.  
We're proud of duty nobly done  
When at the ballotbox,  
And feel quite proud that we're allowed

To vote in squads and flocks.  
But bear in mind that winter's here  
And much is to be done,  
For anthracite has taken flight  
Until the price is out of sight  
And is twelve plunks per ton,

### Another Quotation

"Do you love to hear poetical quotations," murmured Miss Muchmon into the willing ear of Lord Lookin-round.

"I much prefer Bradstreet's or—that is, Miss Muchmon, I love quotations dearly."

### Those Dear Girls

"That awful Charley Brown kissed me in the dark hall last night."

"You need not have wasted time explaining that the hall was dark."

### Brain Leaks

Honest effort is never a failure.

Envy is a disease of small minds.

Apathy always succumbs to opposition.

No man fails who tries his level best.

Doubt stops at the door of the heart full of faith.

When honest men fall out rogues get in their work.

The apologies of some men sound wonderfully like brag.

The worst slaves of habit usually boast of their chains.

It is a thick skinned man who will not flinch at the truth.

Politics will become clean when clean men do their duty.

Money may buy a place to live, but it takes love to make a home.

Jealousy is always looking for something it does not want to find.

Poverty is no digrace—if it is through no fault of your own.

A man who has nothing but money is to be pitied by even the pauper.

The man who enjoys his work wastes no time looking at the clock.

The wife of the "good fellow" is entitled to the credit as well as sympathy.

A man never really begins to learn until he is ready to admit that he does not know.

We would all be reformers if we could accomplish our favorite reforms in a minute.

A vote cast for principle is never lost, even though it be the only one in the ballotbox.

We waste time when we ask the Lord to do something that we are able to do ourselves.

We'll never get real reforms in this country until voters judge candidates by their mental and moral ability in-

stead of by their handshakes.

The man who meets no opposition usually pursues a dead level existence.

Some people are so proud of their ancestry that they never exert themselves to benefit posterity.

The man who prepares for death wastes his time; the man who prepares to live is wise indeed.

Some men will seek patiently for an excuse to go wrong when the reason for doing right is in plain sight.

We are always very apt to think him a good conversationalist who patiently listens to all we have to say.

You have good reason to doubt the patriotism of the man who asks, "Will it pay?" instead of asking, "Is it right?"

### An Irishman's Suicide

"Do you know of the only Irishman who ever committed suicide?" asked W. B. Pollard, of Jersey City, who was at the Fifth Avenue hotel last night, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. "You know it is said that Irishmen never commit suicide, and when the argument was advanced in a crowd of that nationality he was so unstrung that he decided to show his opponents that Irishmen do sometimes commit a rash act. He accordingly disappeared, and the man who employed him started a search. When he got to the barn he looked up toward the rafters and saw his man hanging with a rope around his waist.

"What are you up to, Pat?" he asked.

"Oi'm hanging meself, begobs," the Irishman replied.

"Why don't you put it around your neck?"

"Faith, Oi did, but Oi couldn't braythe," was the unsmiling reply of the man from the Emerald Isle.

### Sightless and Speechless

William A. Pinkerton tells of an old-time confidence man who used to do business in Chicago. He was anxious to work unmolested around a depot where a special officer was engaged to protect the unwary. The crook one day walked up behind the officer whom he knew pretty well, and suddenly reached around and put his hands over the officer's eyes.

"Can you see anything now?" asked the "con" man.

"Not a thing," said the other, as he raised his hands. The crook removed his hands and a \$20 gold piece fell into each of the officer's hands.

The crook walked away laughing, but the officer followed. "Say," he remarked, "if you put one of those into my mouth I could not even speak."—New York Times.

### Easy Job

W. W. Jacobs, the English humorist, relates the following story: "I was looking at a butcher shop's display, when the butcher came out and said to an old man:

"Henry, I want you."

"What do you want?" the old man asked.

"Why," said the butcher, "I'll give you a shilling and a joint of meat if you'll kill all the flies in my shop."

"All right," said the old man. "Give me the shilling first and the meat afterward."

"The butcher handed out the shilling. Then the old man asked for a stick about a yard long. This was brought him. He grasped it firmly, went to the doorway and said:

"Now turn 'em out one at a time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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