



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### O, Missouri!

O, Missouri, Mizzoo, I'm a weepin' for you.

My tears are a fallin' like rain. I'm a sobbin'—boo-hoo! O, Missouri, Mizzoo;

My heart is nigh broken with pain. On you I've relied with a whole lot of pride,

And counted you safe from the fray. But O, what a slide—why I mighty near died

At seein' you wander away.

O, state of my birth you have squelched all the mirth

And made me feel lonesome and blue.

Though I wander the earth of all joy there's a dearth,

O fickle Missouri, Mizzoo! I have always avowed that of you I was proud,

But this is a blow to my pride. I am sobbin' aloud, and my spirit is cowed

To think that you'd ever blackslide.

You have wandered away from the old path today.

And you'll find that the pickin' is poor.

You will find it don't pay—do you catch what I say?

Your new friends will, bunco you sure.

When on husks you must dine in company of swine

Just recall what I whisper to you: For the old ways you'll pine, and you'll get back in line,

Repentant Missouri, Mizzoo!

O Missouri; it's tough! You were quite old enough

To know a lot better than that. But you swallowed the guff—O, Missouri, it's rough

To have all our hopes busted flat! But, Missouri, Mizzoo; we're a lookin' for you

To come back again to the fold. And the day that you do what a hulla-baloo

We'll raise when your form we behold.

### But

John Siviter Jones, tired and worn out after a hard day's work, had hardly seated himself in his easy chair after supper before his wife said:

"John, dear; you'll have to go right down town and order some coal, some flour, some meat, some sugar and some oil. We are out of everything."

"All right, Mary," said the obedient John.

"I want a little hard coal," said Mr. Jones. "About a half a ton is all I can stand at a time."

"O, you are mistaken, Mr. Jones," said the coal man. "Coal is 'way down. The kind we sold at \$11.50 last week we are selling at \$6.25 now, and charging nothing for delivery."

Mr. Jones was surprised, but he ordered two tons. The next place was the butcher's.

"Give me a quarter's worth of round steak," he said.

"Let me give you a choice cut off of this porterhouse, Mr.—"

"My goodness, no!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "It's all I can do to pay for round and chuck steaks. A porterhouse big enough for my family would take a day's wages."

"O, no; that's where you are wrong, Mr. Jones. We are selling our choicest porterhouse steak at 11 cents a pound."

"Give me three pounds," exclaimed Jones.

Then he hurried off to the grocer.

"What can I do for you?" asked the groceryman.

"I want a quarter's worth of granulated sugar."

"Better let me send you a half-barrel," said the grocer. "I can make you—"

"Do you take me for Rockerbilt?" queried Mr. Jones. "I couldn't pay for a half-barrel of sugar with a week's wages."

"Why, how you talk, Mr. Jones. We are selling our best sugar at three and a third cents, by the dollar's worth, and three even by the half-barrel."

"Send me a half-barrel," gasped Jones.

Happening to pass the clothier's on his way home Mr. Jones stopped in to take another look at a suit that had caught his eye a few days before when he stopped in to pay for the suit he bought for his boy last spring.

"Fine goods, that," said the clothier. "Here, let me try it on you."

"No use," said Mr. Jones. "I can't buy it."

"O, try it on. I'll make the price right."

The suit fit like the paper on the wall and Mr. Jones eyed himself with pride. Then he sighed and began taking off the coat.

"Better let me wrap it up for you, sir."

"O, I can't afford it now."

"It's all wool, hand finished, extra padded, well lined and extra finished, and I'll make it to you at \$8.25. We sold 'em just like that at \$18 six months ago."

Mr. Jones took the suit. He did not have it wrapped up, but donned it at the store and started proudly for home, thinking of the surprise he would give his wife. She had long been scolding him about his personal appearance.

"She'll feel good when I tell her about all the bargains I made this evening," said Jones to himself as he entered the gate. "I'll walk right in on her without saying a word, and she'll—"

Just then Mr. Jones foot slipped and he fell with a thud. He awoke with a start and found that his chair had skated out from the wall and let him down upon the floor.

"Wh' wh-what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Are you awake, John?" came the voice of his good wife.

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you'd order some coal and flour in the morning."

"All right," said Mr. Jones, and forthwith he began counting the small change in his pocket and then made a lot of figures on the margin of the evening paper.

And the tariff tax still taxes.

### With a Mental Reservation

The noted orator had just finished his peroration and apostrophe on the Liberty Bell, the crowds were cheering and the guard of honor was preparing to escort the old bell on its long journey to its permanent home.

"What's all this excitement?" asked a small brown man who had just arrived.

"They are bidding goodbye to the Liberty Bell," said an eyewitness.

"What's the Liberty Bell?" asked the small brown man.

"Great Scott, man! Do you mean to say you are ignorant of that precious old relic?"

"I must confess that I am, sir," responded the small brown man.

"Why, it's our most precious relic. Over a century ago it rang out our freedom. It's tones sounded the knell of government without consent and taxation without representation. It tolled the death of government by force, sir. We would die in defence of that bell, sir. We think more of it than anything else we have in the way of national relics. We love it, sir. We —"

"So it rang out all of these things for your country, did it?"

"Yes, sir. Its clarion voice in days long ago called the people to the defence of their liberties. It —"

"O, yes, so you said before," remarked the small brown man. "It must be a precious relic. I'll look closer."

Crowding up close to the heavy truck whereon rested the old bell the small brown man looked earnestly.

"Beautiful old bell, isn't it?" queried the talkative stranger who had volunteered the information.

"It is just as I thought," said the small brown man.

"What did you think?"

"It's cracked, just as badly as your constitution, your traditions and your principles."

Turning slowly and sadly away, the small brown man was soon lost in the crowds surging over to where the Igorrotes were about to give their famous dance.

### Excelled

The eagle sat despondently upon the top limb of a dead tree.

"My reputation is ruined. Once I was monarch of the air, and none could fly so high as I. But now I am second in the race."

Casting a jealous look at the turkey, which was soaring higher than ever an eagle had flown, the dethroned king of the air dropped down to earth and sought to hide its humbled head in the underbrush.

### Great Scheme

"I've written a novel that will be a winner!" exclaimed DeScribber. "It can't help being at the head of the 'six biggest sellers.'"

"Historical, problematical, sensational, realistic or rural?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Well, what's its main feature?"

"It's printed backwards so the women can read it without turning the leaves from left to right."

### Ruined

"I feel sorry for poor Billson."

"What's the matter with him?"

"O, for a long time his wife talked about his wages, and they managed to live on it and save a little. Not long ago she made the acquaintance of some new arrivals in town, and from them learned to talk about her husband's salary. Since then Billson has been unable to make both ends meet."

### Kind

"Our landlady is the most thoughtful woman in the world."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, when we sat down to our Thanksgiving dinner each one of us found the picture of a turkey lying under our plates."

### Uncle Josh

"I have often noticed," remarked Uncle Josh, carefully replacing the lid of the crackerbox, "that a whole lot of men keep their company manners

in the same drawer with their society clothes."

### Brain Leaks

Kindness thrives on kindness. Charity begins at home, but soon gets away.

Money is often best invested when given away.

When a man wants to he can generally concoct an excuse.

Envy is always looking for empty heads wherein to lodge and grow.

Whenever we hear a boy calling his father "the old man" we yearn for a paddle.

The best times are those which permit us to look back at them without regrets.

We feel sorry for the man who is always too busy to remember that he was once a boy.

Did you ever think that perhaps the heavenly music we read about is only the laughter of little children?

There are business men who would scorn to turn a dishonest trick in their business who act on the theory that everything is fair in politics.

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