



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

That Boy

Gee whiz! It makes a man feel old,
No matter if his years
Are only forty-one all told
Within this vale of tears,
To search for a clean pair of hose
And hear his good wife say:
"If they're not there, then I suppose
Your son wore them today."

Last Sunday I arose betimes
And sought a collar clean
Whilst listening to the church bells'
chimes,
But not a one was seen.
"Your collars?" said my wife. "Let's
see,
I put them all away,
That's strange, I'm sure. Now can it
be
Your son wore one today?"

Neckties! it's hard to find a one,
Although I've bought a peck,
If I'm in haste, it seems my son
Has got it round his neck.
And shirts? Alas, the tale is sad—
I hear my good wife say:
"The only clean one that you had
Your son has worn today."

My shoes, my cuffs, my underclothes;
In fact all I possess;
That boy into them calmly goes
And causes me distress.
And half the time I'm left without
A clean dud for display,
And when I kick I hear the shout:
"Your son wore them today."

It's quite enough to call to mind
My two score years and one
To hunt my clothes an hour and find
They're on my only son.
But, bless his soul, I wouldn't give
The smile when he appears
For e'en the privilege to live
Again those two score years.

Brain Leaks

Advice out of season is like potatoes
without salt.

You cannot reform a man by throw-
ing rocks at him.

Some men with palaces and servants
never had a home.

The "best society" does not always
wear the finest clothes.

The amount of love does not depend
upon the cost of the gift.

Piety cannot be measured by laying
a yardstick along one's face.

There is only one better day than
yesterday or tomorrow, and that is
today.

Most sisters find all the brotherly
kindness exercised by other girls'
brothers.

Some men give a whole lot more time
to choosing a horse than they did to
choosing a wife.

One of our ideas of self-control is
putting up a refractory stovepipe with-
out getting mad.

When a woman burns her hand on
the kitchen stove does she ever think
what a man would probably say?

There are men in this world who
would rather pay for folly than ac-
cept a salary for learning wisdom.

Did you ever hear of a man being
sour for life because he had to be
disillusioned concerning Santa Claus?

Some men chloroform their con-
sciences and then try to excuse their
wrongdoings on the ground that their
sleeping consciences did not protest.

The man who grumbles most at his
family table is the man who mounts
a stool at a lunch counter and eats
without noticing what is set before
him.

The County Editor

The worm-will turn. Sometimes it
takes the worm a long time to make
up its mind to do it, but sooner or
later it does. Every man who has
served time as editor of a country
newspaper has experienced the trouble
referred to in this little anecdote, but
not all of them have had the courage
to resent it.

Let there be a society function in
the little city and the local editor pres-
ent, some will approach him with a
smile and say:

"Well, getting some news to put in
your paper?"

Of course they mean well, but they
seem never to realize that perhaps
even a country editor can lay aside
his professional duties long enough to
go out in society and meet his friends
on a social basis.

"Deacon" Dobyns, one of the best
known country editors in Missouri,
suffered this sort of this for years, and
although it rankled in his bosom, he
never let on, but smiled in return and
nodded assent. But at last patience
ceased to be a virtue. Not long ago
he attended a social affair in his home
town, going as an invited guest. While
mingling with his friends a local gro-
cer greeted him with the remark:

"Good evening, 'Deacon.' Getting
some news for your paper."

"Yes, that's what I'm here for," re-
plied "Deacon." "By the way, Mr
Sands, are you here to drum up some
trade for your store?"

Of course the grocer got mad about
it, but "Deacon" only grinned and re-
sumed mingling with his friends.

A Matter of Location

"My poor fellow, what brought you
here?" queried the visitor, pausing be-
fore the cell of Convict No. 41144.

"I'm here because I made a mistake
as to the advantages of location," re-
plied the inmate of the cell.

"And how was that, pray?" queried
the astonished visitor.

"I made the mistake of breaking
into a bank and carrying off the funds
instead of breaking out of the bank
and carrying off the funds."

The Worst

The ills of life are hard to bear,
Which you'll admit is true;
And of those ills I've had my share
In numbers not a few.
But most of them I bear with ease,
Save this, the worst of them;
It's crawling out of bed to freeze
At 6 o'clock a. m.

The Point of View

"I can't understand how any human
being can take delight in witnessing a
bull fight," remarked Scraggsley, look-
ing up from his paper.

"Nor I," said Waggsley. "And I
can't see how any man can witness a
prize fight between two giant bruil-
ers."

"That's right, too, Waggsley. There
must be something wrong with the
man who can extract pleasure from
either of those things. What are you
going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going to the Yell-Rahvard foot-
ball game. Are you going?"

"Bet your life! Wouldn't miss it for
the world. It'll be the dandiest bruil-
ing match of the year."

A Lost Bet

"Of course I didn't read the mes-
sage," exclaimed Wellerby. "I'll bet
there isn't a man on the car that read
it from beginning to end."

"I'll take the bet," said a hollow-
eyed man on the rear seat.

"Here's a tenner, and if you prove
you read it the money is yours," said
Wellerby.

"Fishing up a handful of silver and
a ragged bill or two, the hollow-eyed
stranger covered the wager.

"Now prove it," sneered Wellerby.

"I'm proofreader at the Daily Howl
office," meekly replied the stranger.

Interrupted

"Hello, Binks! Have you read that
new book that everybody's talking
about?"

"What book is that?"

"O, that new book about right liv-
ing and right thinking, you know."

"Yes, I started to read it, but when
I was just fairly started my furnace
broke down, the water pipes froze up
and burst, my tailor failed to deliver
my new suit on time, the plumbers
were too busy to answer my call and
while I was splitting kindling a piece
of board flew up and hit me in the
eye."

Misunderstood

"But were you not appointed to
serve the people of this community?"
queried the humble citizen.

"Well, I should say not!" exclaimed
the political wire puller who had been
appointed postmaster. "What put that
silly notion into your head?"

"O, it's a public office and the people
surely have a right to expect that it
will be conducted with a view to their
convenience."

"Well, that's where the people of this
community are off their trolley. I was
appointed with a view to strengthening
the party lines, which are woefully
weak in this hot-bed of democracy,
populism and anarchy. And you bet I'm
a goin' to do it if I've got to lock up
the place and put in all my time on
political work."

Mixed

The railway corporation opposed the
passage of the new revenue law, claim-
ing that it would be detrimental to the
public.

"It will increase our taxes, and we
will be compelled to increase our
freight rates," said the managers.

But the people insisted upon hav-
ing the new law and it was passed.
True enough, freight rates were in-
creased.

But when it came time to pay taxes
the railroads refused and took the mat-
ter into the courts, where it would be
delayed for three or thirty years, as
the case might be.

"But you increased the rates; why
not pay your taxes, without objec-
tions?" queried the people.

"O, you unsophisticated hayseeds"
snickered the managers. "Don't you
see that any old excuse for raising
freight rates goes, and that we've a
right to go into court to protect our
interests?"

The people, having the matter of
keeping their partisan principles on
straight, found they had no time to
devote to a solution of the question.

Willing

"If I had my choice of work I
wouldn't mind working overtime."

"What do you want to do?"

"O, clip coupons from government
bonds."

Of Course

"Mrs. Umphley says she can not un-
derstand why women dislike to tell
their age. She says she never hesi-
tates to give her age if anyone asks

her."
"Of course she don't. Mrs. Umph-
leigh is 97 years old."

Never

"Say, Binks, did you read that funny
joke on the price of coal?"

"Never heard of anything funny
about the price of coal."

The Star Fairies

Under the title of "Star Fairies and
Other Fairy Tales," Mrs. Carter Har-
rison of Chicago has published another
charming book that will appeal with
especial force to the little folk of ten-
der years, to say nothing of larger
and older folk who have not forgotten
their youth and the fanciful imagina-
tions that peopled those days with
gnomes and fairies. Those who were
fortunate enough to read "Prince Silver-
wings," the first book of fairy lore
written by Mrs. Harrison, will not need
to be introduced to the present vol-
ume. Its title explains its scope, and
the stories therein are daintily told
with all the charm that characterized
"Prince Silverwings." Lucy Fitch
Perkins has caught the spirit of the
stories and furnished accompanying il-
lustrations that are a delight to the
eye. Several of the illustrations are
in colors. In all there are six stories
in the book, "The Star Fairies," "The
Gift of the Birds," "The Land of the
Polar Star," "The Forces of Rain-
bow Clouds," "The Lost City of the
Sea," and "The White Palace." In
these stories Mrs. Harrison has demon-
strated that she has the knack, a word
used for want of a better one, of writ-
ing tales that interest the little folk,
awaken their artistic sentiments and
lead them along mental paths that will
not carry them astray. Fairyland is
still peopled with charming figures,
and we of older growth who have wan-
dered therein and met and conversed
with the inhabitants thereof, may well
give our permission to our children to
take short excursions into the same
beautiful country. The little folk will
find "The Star Fairies" an open ses-
sane to the portals beyond which lie
the land of the Fairies. The book is
handsomely bound and the letterpress
in keeping. It is from the press of
A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A Minor Defect

Weaver—What do you think of my
verses? Bilkins has the face to say
they are not pretty!

Grumble—They come might'y near it,
then. They possess at least two of
the three leading elements of poetry.
The lines begin with capitals and they
end with rhymes. The only thing that
is lacking is the idea, that's all.— Bos-
ton Transcript.

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