



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MOORE.

"Ex" or "Selected"

There are troubles galore that upon a man pour
As through the old world he doth travel.

There are things that perplex and so many that vex,
And tangles he can not unravel.
But speaking a person I think that the worse one—
At least it makes me dejected—
Is swiping these rhymes by the dozen at times
And crediting "Ex" or "Selected."

A man sits him down with a deep thoughtful frown
And takes a fall out of the muses.
He writes a good verse that should add to his purse,
But money and credit he loses.
For surer than fate, it is sad to relate,
It always is to be expected
That some scissors fiend's shears cuts it out—it appears
With credit of "Ex" or "Selected."

If a joke makes a hit, or you show flash of wit,
You're robbed of the fruits of your toiling;
For the scissors fiend's eye will the good thing espy,
Then snip-snip—your work he's despoiling.
It's a ten-to-one shot that the fellow will not
Give credit for what he's collected;
But if he does, then, he will grab up his pen
And credit it "Ex" or "Selected."

The Elements

The board of directors of the Poddunk Gas company were in secret session, called for the purpose of arranging a few matters. The people had been demanding an investigation of certain political deals in which the city council was mixed up; also concerning financial methods following along the lines of dividends.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "something must be done. The people are becoming inquisitive and are demanding a look at the books. What shall we do?"

Then arose the expert of the company. He looked about him and then spoke softly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "nature has given us a hint. Let us not ignore it." Naturally enough he was called upon to explain, and the explanation was forthcoming.

The books were burned, the stock was watered and the pipes were pumped full of air.

Atrocious

Having successfully eluded the fisherman the first time, the bass was emboldened to try again.

This time the bass was not so lucky, and as it lay gasping in the bottom of the boat it cried out in a loud voice: "Alas, I am another victim of the re-bait system."

However, not having an expert at the business to advise L.M., the bass had to suffer.

Discovered

Mr. F. R. Webber of Decatur, Ill., has made a discovery. Not long ago he read in a daily newspaper an account of the arrest of a brass finisher who had been detected in the act of stealing brass castings from his em-

ployer. At the trial it was brought out that the prisoner, an expert workman, made an average of \$6 per week, with which he had to support a large family. The complainant testified that the prisoner had secreted the stolen goods in his dinnerpail.

"At last," writes Mr. Webber, "after eight years of diligent search I have discovered what the republican leaders meant by their talk of 'the full dinnerpail.'"

The Seasons

Snow has its time to fall
In many a soft and feathery flake.
But on this season thou now hast the call,
O buckwheat cake!

The Test

Good citizens are numerous
If you will search them out,
A fact they will admit to you
If you express a doubt.
But there's a test you can apply
And then you'll surely know—
Just watch the citizen who cleans
His sidewalk of the snow.

Those Dear Girls

"Percy Flage proposed to me last night, and I decided to accept him."
"I expected that. Percy threatened to do something desperate when I refused him the other night."

In The Future—Perhaps

The workman in search of employment was ushered into the office of the manager of the great concern.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the manager.

"I am looking for employment. I am a skilled workman in your line, and I can give satisfactory reference. Do you need a man?"

"Yes, I have a place for you, but I want to ask you a few questions before I put you on the pay roll. If they are answered satisfactorily you get the place. Now, are you a—"

"Hold on a moment, please," interrupted the workman. "You are going to ask me if I belong to a trades union, eh?"

"Yes, that was one question I had in mind."

"And if I said yes you were going to make some remarks about 'free and independent labor' and 'slaves to walking delegates' and some stuff like that?"

"Yes, but I want you—"

"Correct! Now let me ask my questions first. Is this concern in a trust managed by a few greedy men who are willing to rob rich and poor alike if it only increases dividends?"

"Sir, I don't allow any common lab—"

"O, that's all right, Mr. Manager. Does your concern give other concerns in the same line of manufacture a show for their white alley? Do you oppose maintaining a lobby at Washington to secure special legislation in your interests? Do you buy and sell lawmakers to suit your own conveniences? Have you any string tied to judges on the bench? Have you any—"

"Look here; I'll throw you—"

"No, you won't throw anything. I just wanted to know a few things before I go to work for you. Sauce for the laboring man's goose is sauce for the employer's gander, and when you howl about 'free and independent labor' and all that sort of tommy-rot, don't kick if the laboring man makes

a few inquiries. Good day, sir. I don't believe I want to work for this kind of an outfit."

P. S.—This did not actually happen. But it would be possible for it to happen if laboring men were wise enough to vote as solidly on election day as they march on Labor day.

Brain Leaks

He who wastes minutes wonders what becomes of the hours.

The best victories are won a long time ahead of the real conflict.

A man is often in bad company when he is alone with his thoughts.

"Good luck" is the term that the shiftless apply to the diligent.

The man who talks to himself always has an appreciative audience.

We have some doubts about the man who is always boasting of his reform.

Better meet trouble half way than to sit still and let it overwhelm you.

When a man is the slave of his stomach he can never be master of his mind.

A little today is better than waiting for tomorrow in the hope of getting more.

It beats the world how big a little house feels when the babies are away visiting.

The fellow who is in the wrong is usually the fellow who has "nothing to arbitrate."

It is a good thing for this old world that the people who growl about the weather do not have the making of it.

The funniest thing about the "comic sections" of the daily papers is the fact that they are called "comic sections."

But fine feathers do make fine birds, despite the old proverb. But fine feathers do not always make good or useful birds.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door, but the trouble is that so many men are so busy grumbling at their fate that they can not hear the knock.

The Fourth Anniversary

Thursday evening, January 12, the employes of The Commoner celebrated the close of the paper's fourth year, a custom inaugurated at the end of The Commoner's first volume and observed ever since. The first anniversary was celebrated at the office, the second at Fairview, the third at the home of Mr. C. W. Bryan, and the last one at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Waite, Mr. Waite being the assistant manager of The Commoner's business department.

The evening was spent in various games and in social conversation, an amusing feature being the effort of the guests to mold from wax representations of various animals and insects named on cards handed to them. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mr. Waite, who has been connected with The Commoner since its foundation, severs his connection with the paper on February 1, having decided to engage in farming in the hope of bettering his health. The anniversary therefore took in a measure the form of a farewell party, and the employes, to show their regard for him presented to Mr. Waite a handsome Morris chair in which to perform a part of his agricultural duties. The presentation speech was made by Mr. W. J. Bryan, and Mr. Waite made a fitting response. Mr. Bryan testified to Mr. Waite's splendid services and voiced the regret of every one connected with the paper that he should sever his relations.

Coshocton (O.) Democrat and Standard: The organization of trusts have produced three evils. The enormous advance in the price of their products, the partial extermination of their small competitors and the demoralization of Wall street through the vast amount of watered stock. The first would be moderated by revision of the tariff; the second would be helped by equal rates for all on the railroads, and the third will in time correct itself by the quotations of the stock market and taxation.

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