



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Modern Philanthropist

He put peas in the pepper,
And mixed coffee up with beans;
He bleached things out with acid;
Colored things with anilines.
He poisoned scores of babies
With adulterated food,
Then gave millions to the heathen—
And people called him good.

He cornered all the breadstuff
That 'twere possible to seize;
Then got his grip on coal mines
And said, "Pay up or freeze!"
And thousands froze and hungered—
It worried not his mind—
He bought a university
And people called him kind.

He bought some legislatures,
Corrupted bar and bench.
In wrong and greed and privilege
His forces did entrench.
He robbed and squeezed and plundered
Nor heeded human cries.
He built a college building—
And people called him wise.

He paved his way to fortune
With bleaching bones of toil.
The needs of wives and babies
He used to wreak his spoil.
His conscience never hurt him;
'Twas grown too dumb to call.
He gave vast sums to churches
And thought that squared it all.

Thousands to schools and churches—
They're built on dead men's bones.
Thousands to public buildings—
There's blood stains on their stones.
And thoughtless may applaud him
And cheer him on his way;
But blood and tears will mock him
On God's great judgment day.

Blood and tears and heartaches;
Anguish and grief and want.
The faces of starving children,
Haggard and pinched and gaunt.
Wrecks of human endeavor—
All this to achieve a goal.
What profits a man to gain it
And lose his immortal soul?

The Descendants of Demetrius

When Paul preached his wonderful sermon on the text "To the Unknown God," he aroused the ire of a certain Ephesian gentleman named Demetrius. It will be remembered that Demetrius was a maker of silver images of Diana, and Diana happened to be the favorite god of the Ephesians, a magnificent temple having been erected to her in the great city of Ephesus.

When Paul was in the middle of that magnificent sermon it dawned upon Demetrius that the great missionary was likely to do his silver business a great injury. With Paul's God holding sway in the hearts of men there would be a falling off in the market for silver images of Diana. So Demetrius took a reef in his toga and started out among his brethren, shouting: "We must stop this disturber from upsetting the worship of Diana!" And he gave a reason for it. Was it because he loved Diana? Was it because he worshipped at her shrine with singleness of purpose and with love?

Not much. He gave this as his reason: "By this craft we have our wealth."

Demetrius was thinking more of his pocketbook than he was of his religion. It does not require much effort to see all about in this day and age men whose actions indicate that they are lineal descendants of Demetrius. Harken to this man:

"I am opposed to government regu-

lation of railroad rates because it tends to centralization and is likely to enthrone in power for many years a corrupt administration. Besides, under private control I am given liberal rebates."

And before the echo of that man's voice dies away another man exclaims: "The tariff must be revised by its friends. Under it the whole country is prosperous, labor is well employed at remunerative wages and prosperity reigns. Besides, revision of the tariff in the interests of the consumers would mean that a large share of my graft would be shut off."

And from a corner up near the pulpit comes a voice saying: "Of course it is all wrong for Mr. Rockermorbilt to corner the necessities of life. It is wrong for him to speculate in the necessities of men and women and make them pay tribute to him. But he has given us money to put a new roof on the church and get new pews to take the place of our old benches, to say nothing of lifting our church mortgage, and I think we should take advantage of the opportunity."

There was but one Demetrius in the market places of Ephesus, but the market places of the world in this generation are crowded with his lineal descendants. Would that there were as many Pauls traveling the earth and preaching sermons calculated to upset the modern worship of Diana.

Playing Safe

The great Captain of Finance pulled the last wire and finished up on the greatest business deal in his whole career. Calling in his private secretary he asked:

"Have we got all the foodstuffs under control?"

"Yes, sir; the cries of the people warrant the assumption that they are starved into submission to our demands."

"How about the coal supply?"

"All in our hands. The miners have refused to work on starvation wages and the supply mined under pressure is good. We can get 200 per cent more profit per ton now that the plan has worked out, and the people are already shivering and getting ready to submit to our demands."

"And how about oil?"

"Everything lovely. We've knocked out every competitor but one, and if he doesn't submit in twenty-four hours his plant will be like that one that so mysteriously blew up a few years ago."

"'Tis well," murmured the great Captain of Finance. "If you are satisfied that everything is all right you may bring in those checks you made out to the universities and churches and I will sign them before I go to lunch."

Best in the Armory

When his Satannic Majesty appeared we were, of course, terribly frightened for a moment.

"Don't get scared," said he. "I just dropped in."

"What's doing in your line?" we queried, more for the purpose of appearing at ease than anything else.

"Plenty! Plenty!" exclaimed his Satannic Majesty with a grin.

"Anything new?"

"Best ever," he replied. "Got a new scheme that beat's 'em all to death." Naturally we asked what it was.

"Dividing the swag with my enemies," he replied, "and then of course common courtesy makes 'em keep rath-

er quiet. It beats anything I've tried yet."

"Then you are doing—"

But before we could finish there was a puff of smoke that blinded us for a moment, and when we recovered there was nothing in the room but a sulphurous smell.

A day or two later, however, we read of another church accepting some of the money.

The Fiddle

Use ter tell me dat de debbil
Ha'ted ebry fiddle's strings.
Dat de strains we t'ought was music
Was de swishin' ob his wings.
Wasn't so—dey was de echo
Ob de songs de angels sings.

Fiddle strings sung out de music
Dat jus' bore me to de skies.
Made me feel so young an happy,
Put de spahkle in mah eyes;
Carries me back to ol' Ferginny
Wha' mah love a sleepin' lies.

Can't no debbil make de music
Dat ol' fiddle gives t' me;
Bears me upwahds on its pinions
Till de jaspah walls I see;
Opes de gates and lets me wandan
Whar de many mansions be.

Good ol' fiddle, you's mah treasure,
An' I'll keep you till I die;
Den I'll try mah bes' to tek you
Upwahds wid me t' de sky,
For no harp can mek such music
As dat fiddle, so says I.

Sure

The world well knows the old, old story—

A man can't buy his way to glory.
There's only one safe, dead-sure plan—
Deal squarely with your fellow man,
And unto others always do
As you would have them do to you.
Though you pile riches great, untold,
Salvation is not bought with gold;
And gold piled up to mountain height
Will not outweigh a widow's mite.

The Russian Mother Goose

By o'baby Buntingvitch
Your daddy's gone a huntingvitch
To get a little rabbit skinsky
To wrap the baby Bunting insky.

Old Mother Hubbardsky
Went to the cupboardsky
To get her poor dogsky a boneovitch
But when she got theresky
The cupboard was baresky
For Oyama had grabbed it and gone-
ovitch.

Uncle Josh

"I have noticed," remarked Uncle Josh, nudging over towards the crack-box, "that a whole lot o' men are like bumblebees. The hustle around t' beat th' band an' keep up a turrible hummin', but they never put up no honey t' sell."

Great Plan

"I've got a scheme to protect my garden this spring."

"What is it?"

"Bought my neighbor's chickens and hired him to put in a garden of his own. They'll all go over to him."

Brain Leaks

A sincere reformer first converts himself.

Life is what we make it, not the way we take it.

More flowers for the living would not rob the dead.

Great political reforms have their inception at the fireside.

A satisfied stomach is the first step toward moral regeneration.

Men who have to pay for Easter bonnets write no jokes about them.

The man who does his level best

gets credit for doing all on the book of life.

A man may be content with his lot without being satisfied with his condition.

The crosses that we make for ourselves are not the ones that win us crowns.

The man who wants to profit by wrongdoing is never at a loss for an excuse.

Men who would scorn to cheat in business have no hesitancy in cheating in politics.

Grafters are in the minority. The majority is equally to blame for not putting a stop to it.

Some men secure credit for philanthropy by publicly contributing to the conscience fund.

On the journey of life a man never loses any time by stopping to help some one make a new start.

Did you ever see any one look quite at foolish as the boy who smokes a cigaret because he thinks it makes him look like a man?

A lot of Christians who imagine that they could die for their religion haven't nerve enough to pray with a Salvation Army band on a street corner.

The man who grumbles the most about his food while at the family table is usually the man who eats heartily at a free lunch with a fork that a hundred other men have used before him.

DON JOHN D'AUSTRIA

The Don John De Austria, one of the Spanish ships sunk by Admiral Dewey in the famous battle of Manila bay, has been raised and will be sent to Portland to be exhibited at the Lewis and Clark centennial. The vessel will be anchored during the exposition in the Willamette river, adjoining the exposition grounds, together with a number of Uncle Sam's latest and finest warships.

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