



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Laugh and Hustle

Are things going wrong with you?
Laugh and hustle!
Does dire trouble still pursue?
Laugh and hustle!
When the clouds of trouble lower,
Don't get morose, sad and sour—
Just turn on a little power.
Laugh and hustle!

Does it seem that you are stuck?
Laugh and hustle!
Are you up against tough luck?
Laugh and hustle!
Grit your teeth, spit on your hands;
Gather up the broken strands,
Tackle ill luck where it stands.
Laugh and hustle!

Does the world look sad and blue?
Laugh and hustle!
That's when things are up to you.
Laugh and hustle!
Just when worst of luck appears
Don't give up to foolish tears—
Banish all your doubts and fears.
Laugh and hustle!

Are you lagging in the race?
Laugh and hustle!
Are you running second place?
Laugh and hustle!
Hold your head up good and high;
Keep on going—ne'er say die—
And you'll get there by and by.
Laugh and hustle!

Good old world if tackled right.
Laugh and hustle!
Lots of good things yet in sight.
Laugh and hustle!
Live your life upright and square;
Keep on striving, fighting fair,
And in good time you'll "get there"—
Laugh and hustle!

THE POETRY OF PERCENT

(At the annual banquet of Groups One and Two, Nebraska Bankers' Association, Dr. P. L. Hall, toastmaster, the following response was made to the toast, "The Poetry of Percent.")

Mr. Toastmaster and "Brother Bankers":—I am deeply grateful for an opportunity to meet bankers in a new relation; to be able to transact business with you at a banquet board instead of a desk, and to be permitted to say my say without prefacing it with any hard luck story or roseate dreams of what I will be able to make if only I can have the favor of an "accommodation." Indeed, my experience with bankers has heretofore been characterized with a solemn sameness that has become woefully monotonous. The damnable reiteration of the familiar phrase, "Ninety days after date I promise to pay," etc., etc., has come to grate upon my sensitive feelings, and I leave it to any fair-minded gentleman present—and you are all fair-minded—if it is not the sublimity of sarcasm on the part of my good friend, Dr. Hall, to assign to me, who stands at the other end of the percentage table from you, the topic of "The Poetry of Percent."

There must certainly be some poetry about percent, for poetry has feet, and experience leads me to believe that percent must also have feet, for how else could the blamed thing travel upward and onward so fast? If ability to travel swiftly increases in ratio with the number of feet possessed by the traveler, then indeed must percent be able to give a thousand-legged worm cards and spades and big casino.

Some things reminds us of other

things, because they are so different. Perhaps that is the reason that the toastmaster happened to think of poetry while thinking of banking. The business world depends in vast measure upon the banking business, but sad and unlovely indeed would this old world be were it not for the poets of yesterday and today. Great as the good may be that your profession has conferred upon the world, I leave it to you if the immortal songs of the greatest poet the world has ever known, with their wealth of faith and hope and love and kindness have not wrought greater blessings; for in the unsurpassed songs of David the Minstrel boy we soar aloft on the wings of the spirit, forgetting the world and its sordid cares, and get a glimpse beyond the pearly gates where care and sorrow are forgotten, and all is joy and peace.

Speaking of Biblical characters reminds me of something. I never heard of any poets being scourged from the temple.

Two little girls, chancing to become neighbors, began forming an acquaintance after the manner peculiar to childhood.

"My papa is a professional man," boasted one.

"Huh, my papa is a professional man, too," retorted the other.

"Well, what is your papa?"

"My papa is a banker. What is your papa?"

"My papa is a poet."

"Huh," retorted the banker's daughter, "that ain't a profession—it's a disease."

Poetry may be either sad or joyful—generally the former. It's usually according to how the writer thereof looks upon the world. If the world looks right the poetry will usually be bright, and vice versa. At any rate the poet's intentions will be honorable, however much we may deprecate his efforts. It all depends upon the point of view. I might be able to find more poetry in percent if I could only look at it from your viewpoint. There must, however, be some poetry in percent, for doth not Byron say—

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;

There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;

Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Perhaps I might catch more of the poetry of percent if I could find an advantageous spot upon which to stand and strain my listening ears. Just behind the bronzed barred and ornamented window is, I imagine, the best vantage ground for that kind of a concert.

But there is, my friends, poetry in all that is honest and useful. There is poetry in the lovelight that shines in the eyes of those dear to us. There is poetry in the sweat and toll that produces the daily bread for loved ones. There is poetry in every profession and pursuit that has for its ultimate aim and end something higher and nobler than sordid selfishness. There is poetry in everything about us if only we attune our ears to hear instead of stopping them up with the cotton of indifference and bending our energies to satisfying the greed for gain that has nothing better behind it than the mere love of possession. I would rather be the starved poet in the garret than to be the slave of greed for gold. The man who owns money may be happy—the man who is owned by his money can never be.

For the man owned by money there is no poetry in life, and the life without poesy and music is not worth the living.

There's rhythm and rhyme in the world's busy marts

If only we're striving to mind it.
And poverty stricken indeed are the hearts

That never endeavor to find it.
There's music in work of the hand or the brain,

And some of the sweetest that I know
Is found in the gleesome and gladsome refrain—

In the rhythm and rhyme of the "rhino."

But solemn and sad doth the music become

When tuned to mere love of possession.

It freezes the heart till it's pulseless and dumb

And halts all real business progression.

But tuned to the love of our homes and our wives

We watch the old dollar mark sign grow,

And catch laughter and love as the joy of our lives

In the rhythm and rhyme of the "rhino."

The jangle of coin that is selfishly won
And used to the harm of a neighbor
Will never be blest in the work it has done,

Or bring sweet reward for its labor.
But honestly won and as honestly spent

Its music will ring out so fine-o
That the old world will smile in the peace of content

At the rhythm and rhyme of the "rhino."

Why He Failed

"Did Schemerly succeed in floating that company he organized?"

"No; he scored a great failure. He put so much water in the stock that there was nothing left for it to float in."

Puzzled

"I called on our new neighbor, Mrs. Nurich, this afternoon, and ever since I came home I have been wondering."

"What about?"

"I smelled gasoline the minute I entered the house, and I've been wondering whether Mrs. Nurich had just returned from an auto ride or whether she had been cleaning her gloves."

Modern Definitions

Vested Rights—Something you have no right to but are strong enough to keep.

Standpatter—Either a man who dislikes the idea of letting go of the swag or a man who can not see that he is being bilked.

Trustee of Providence—An insufficient excuse for monopoly.

Community of Interest—A thin disguise for financial highwaymen.

Protection—Synonym for graft.

Pacification—Compelling the other fellow to be satisfied whether he is or not.

Our Subtle Language

The people were about to take matters in their own hands and insist upon lower freight rates, when the magnate appeared and said:

"To arbitrarily lower our rates at this time would seriously cripple some great improvements we are contemplating. If we are not molested now we will be able to so improve our service that we will be enabled to lower the rates much more than this measure contemplates."

Being somewhat unsophisticated the people agreed to wait. Long months

after the improvements were made freights rates were hoisted another notch. The people immediately sent a committee to see the magnate.

"You told us that the completion of the improvements would enable you to lower the rates," said the spokesman.

"To be sure I did," replied the magnate. "We can lower the rates when we please. Good day."

Since then the people have been inquiring into the subtleties of the language with a view of meeting magnates on their own ground.

Brain Leaks

Steadfastness is not pigheadedness.

A thing worth having is worth going after.

Love of home is the foundation of patriotism.

Punctuality is the advance guard of progress.

Selfishness and stinginess are not evidences of thrift.

Today is the crucial point of yesterday and tomorrow.

Charity given to cover a sin is a thin and gauzy garment.

Men who ride hobbies never walk in the footprints of others.

Have you ever wondered if a "summer girl" is as cool as she looks?

Christianity is vastly more than being good through fear of punishment.

The man who quits work by the clock will always have to work by the clock.

It is unsafe to intrust an important matter to a man who has nothing else to do.

A kind word to the living is better than a hothouse full of flowers for the dead.

Keeping sweet during house cleaning time is the supreme test for both husband and wife.

The less a man does around his cottage the more he believes he could do around a mansion.

One trouble with most would-be reformers is that they begin at the wrong end of the task.

The man who stops to wave a big stick at every dog that barks at him, will not go far in a day.

Ever notice how much harder the wooden pew of a church is than the wooden chair in an opera house?

The man whose idea of contentment is nothing at all to do has no conception of the meaning of the word.

The average housewife's idea of a competent man is one who can beat a rug or carpet to her complete satisfaction.

What always amuses us is the spectacle of a man wearing a high collar in the summer criticising women for some of their styles.

We always find it difficult to muster up any sympathy for the man whose troubles are the result of his own deliberate foolishness.

The man who remains outside of the church because of the number of hypocrites inside of it, should take a census of his surroundings.

We often wonder if preachers grow as tired of a chicken diet as we do of hearing the joke about preachers loving "yellow-legged chickens."

There is a vast difference between contentment and satisfaction. A man may be satisfied with his accomplishments and not be content to let it go at that.

There are a lot of people who have acquired prominence by their front door pretensions who ought to be measured by their back porch conditions.

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