



Whether Common or Not

By W. M. M. M. M.

DOROTHY

Two little blue little eyes
Laughing and dancing with glee.
And the tresses that fly
As the breezes go by
Are giving sweet welcome to me.

Neat little sweet little feet
Dancing and prancing with cheer,
And the angelic grace
Of the bright smiling face
Like vision of joy doth appear.

Red little spread little lips
Lipsing a welcome to me,
And the prints of a kiss
From the lips of the miss
Bid worry and sorrow to flee.

Smile all the while, little girl.
Carry your message of light.
And the touch of your hands
Shall sever care's bands
And make all my burdens grow light.

The Woman

She belonged to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but she made the poor dressmaker work day and night to get her ball dress ready on time, and then forgot to pay the dressmaker for weeks and weeks.

She belonged to the society for the amelioration of humankind, but she was keen on hunting bargains that were made possible by the toil and sufferings of her sisters in noisome sweat shops.

She reprimanded the small boy that threw a stone at a cat, yet she drove a team of horses with docked tails.

She wrote a beautiful article for the local paper advocating the organization of Audubon societies among the boys and girls, then donned a hat containing three stuffed birds and gaily went to the editor's sanctum to submit the article.

She was chairman of the committee on social science at the club, and gave the servant girl a cheerless garret with broken and marred furniture.

She was prominent in her church kensington and read a paper deploring the fact that the poor do not attend church more, and while reading it she wore silks and satins enough to defray the living expenses of the average workingman's family for six months.

Something about the inconsistency of the men might be added to this, but space is too limited to make even a start on that subject.

An Essay on Man

The man stood upon a high hill, and looking out over the wide expanse inflated his chest, tilted his chin in the air and exclaimed:

"Behold, I am it. I have solved all things, and have dominion over all things. To me nature has been compelled to reveal her innermost secrets, and I—"

"But can you make light without heat?" queried the fire-fly that went sailing by.

"And can you soar aloft without perceptible motion?" queried the buzzard.

"And can you tell me why we migrate?" queried the bird.

"You call me 'electricity,'" said the lightning flash, "but can you tell what I am?"

"Why is the grass green, and violet

blue, and rose red, and the clover white?" queried the little rootlet.

Thick and fast came the questions, and quickly the man shrank to infinitesimal proportions. In a short while the high hill was vacant save for the rocks and shrubs, and the man was grovelling in the valley.

Independence Day

All hail the glorious Fourth of July—
(Bang! There goes an eye.)
With flash of flag and noise of band—
(Boom! There goes a hand.)
Our glorious Independence Day—
(Crash! That took an arm away.)
We're free! We're free! Hip, hip, hurrah!—

(Whang! That took a jaw.)
Let cannons roar and marshals prance—

(Call the ambulance.)
We licked the British in Seventy-six—
(Gee! That gun kicks.)
And midst great nations took a place—
(Took off half my face.)

Crash! Bang!! Roar!!!
July 4.

The List

"Good gracious, pa; what are you doing with all that list of names?"

"Well, ma," said Uncle Standpat Goodollar, "I'm just writin' down the names of the good men that helped me save the country from dishonor an' repudiation in '96."

"An' who've you got there?" asked ma.

"Well, I ain't nigh got the list completed but here's the names of Hyde, Alexander, Ryan, Rockefeller, Schwab, Bigelow, Depew, Morton, Loomis, Machen, and a lot of others. It's a mighty big list of mighty big names, ma; but the longer I look at 'em the more I wonder if it was really so."

Safe

The old-fashioned official of the corporation protested against the manner of conducting the business.

"We are fracturing the law and are liable to be sent to jail," he said.

"O, get up-to-date!" exclaimed the wise official. "No matter how crooked we are, we won't go to jail. Remember that the administration brings action against the corporation, and you can't send a corporation to jail."

Being thus assured the old-fashioned and behind-the-times official gave tacit consent to the looting of the public.

Procrastination

"I wonder why I am not recognized," complained the seceded country of Norway.

"Huh, you didn't know enough to send a canal concession on ahead as advance agent," sneered the Panama representative.

Realizing the fatal mistake made at the start, the seceded section sorrowfully turned on its heel and departed tearfully.

Successful

"How is your new corporation coming on?"

"Fine."

"Declared any dividends yet?"

"No; but things are going so well that I've got three sons, four daughters, seven nephews, five nieces and

my wife's three sisters on the pay roll."

A Suggestion

"It appears to me," remarked Uncle Simeon, "that after the peace commissioners get through with that job at Washington they might try to settle the differences between the stand-patters and the no-shelter fellows."

Brain Leaks

When jealousy sneaks in love slips out.

Some people pray like they ask for rebates.

Cheerfulness is a flower that must be cultivated.

Satan is always experimenting with new bait for wary fish.

The fruits of industry must be irrigated with perspiration.

The greatest heroes are those who have spent their lives for others.

When a man does his very best, God will take care of the final result.

Men who build good characters need never worry about their reputations.

The best parts of a vacation are looking forward to it and looking backwards at it.

The weeds of trouble are too often allowed to overrun the garden of cheerfulness.

The worst failures we have ever seen have been scored by men whom the world has called successful.

They may be necessary, but somehow or other we can never have a friendly feeling for dog catchers.

There are husbands whose ideal woman is one who can retain her good nature when the jelly refuses to jell.

The business man who strives merely to keep just inside the law is not a safe man to trust with your business.

One trouble with most men is that they think they could do another man's work better than they ever do their own.

The waitress barber shop would deprive a lot of men of an excuse for staying down town late on Saturday night.

The man who is always looking for the smooth road has no reason to complain if other men drive first to the goal of success.

The workman who makes it a principle to take an interest in his work sooner or later has the principal interest in the product.

Sacrifice does not consist in giving away something you do not want, nor in refraining from doing something you do not want to do.

It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization that the newspapers think it necessary to print columns about a public official who is trying to expose graft.

The fellow who wins is the fellow who hustles out and gets a job. The fellow who is always hanging on by his eyebrows is the fellow who "accepts a situation."

The old patriarch declared, "I said in my haste all men are liars," and we have often wondered what else he would have said if he had not been pressed for time.

An English court has decided that no man is a gentleman who earns his living. We have gentlemen, then, at both ends of American society. Those at one end we call "tramps;" those at the other end call themselves "the 400."

SELECTED HUMOR

"How are you and Miss Rockesleigh getting along?"

"I'm hopelessly in doubt just now. When I called on her last night she insisted on bringing out the chaffing dish, and I don't know whether to construe it as an act of friendliness or to conclude that she wanted to put me down and out."—Chicago Record Herald.

Green—Jones was run over by a trolley car yesterday. They say he cannot recover.

Brown—Who said he couldn't recover, his doctor or his lawyer?—Chicago Daily News.

Bosh—I knew a man once who had never met with a disappointment in his life.

Josh—How was that?

Bosh—He was never looking for anything but trouble.—Detroit Free Press.

Nell—Yes, the play is quite successful. My friend, Miss Padden, made considerable money out of it.

Belle—Did she write it?

Nell—Goodness! No. She's a dressmaker and she made all the gowns for the leading lady.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"You don't subscribe to the newspapers?" asked the visiting neighbor.

"No, answered the hostess, "we know more than the newspapers can tell. My husband is a censustaker."—Washington Star.

"Shadbolt has a wonderful memory."

"Yes; such a memory as his is a nuisance. Every time I meet him I see he hasn't forgotten the dollar and a half I borrowed from him five years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

"The fight," said the reporter, "began in a little alley down there. I don't know the name of it."

"Call it 'Harmony court,'" said the editor, "it's bound to be something like that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Crawford—Why don't your husband buy you an auto?

Mrs. Crabshaw—He says he can run into debt fast enough now without employing machinery.—Puck.

"Do you resent these investigations?"

"I should say I do!" answered the trust magnate. "Why, they are taking up my time and putting me to almost as much inconvenience as if I were a member of the grand jury."—Washington Star.

Crockett and the Mules

When Davy Crockett sat in the national legislature as a representative of the state of Texas he had many clashes with men of more education, but less wit than himself. It is told of him that one day while standing in front of his hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, a drove of mules trotted by under the custody of an overseer from one of the stock farms in Virginia. A congressman from Boston, who was standing near by, attracted Crockett's attention to the unusual sight, saying:

"Hello there, Crockett; here's a lot of your constituents on parade. Where are they going?"

The celebrated hunter looked at the animals with a quizzical glance, and then turning to the other said quietly, but with great emphasis, "They are going to Massachusetts to teach school."—Harper's Weekly.

