



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Poor Man!

Beans in the coffee and dirt in the fruit,
Peas in the pepper and spice;
Sand in the sugar, and plenty to boot;
Chips in the flaked oats and rice.
Beef doctored plenty with formaldehyde,
Boracic acid and dope;
"Smokes" made of cabbage, our woolen goods "snide,"
Germs of disease in the soap.

Dope in our catsup and paper in shoes,
Yams in the pumpkins for pies;
Cottonseed olive oil, poison in booze,
Ptomaine in potted ham lies.
Horseradish made out of turnips by day,
Butter from tallow at night;
Stone made of cement and bricks without clay,
Bread with vile alum made light.

Strawberry jam made of timothy seeds,
Quince preserves doped with glucose;
Blackberry wine made of juices of weeds,
Jellies—well, nobody knows.
Fortunes built up on rank poison and gall,
Offices won by deep craft;
Clothing and medicine, food—in fact, all
Subjects for greed and for graft.

Paper soles tacked on the shoes that we wear,
Shoddy in all of our clothes;
Nothing seems now to be made on the square—
Craze for adulterants grows.
Quarter-sawed oak desks are made out of pine,
Cotton wove into our silks;
Babies are fed till they mournfully whine
On rank formaldehyde milk.

Poisoned at birth and then poisoned to death,
Poisoned at morn and at eve.
Lungs filled with poison at every breath,
Everything made to deceive.
Victims of greed from the cradle to tomb,
Round us the trust arms entwine;
Poisoned to death—and above us will bloom
Wreaths of the rank poison vine.

The Mississippi Bubble

The shade of John Law sat in the shade of a Stygian tree and wept ghostly tears of jealousy.
"Why this sadness?" queried the shade of Baron Munchausen.
"Alas" murmured the shade of John Law. "I learn that I live a couple of centuries too soon."
"And how, may I inquire?"
"Had I lived in the present age I might have either organized an Equitable Assurance company, or got a place on the pay roll giving advice that would line my own pockets."

Was She Guileless?

"Miss DeWise," murmured Mr. Spoonamore, edging his chair a little bit closer, "will you not play for me one of those delightful sonatas written by Mozart or Beethoven?"
"I am so sorry," replied Miss DeWise, "but I am unable to grant your request. But this afternoon I sprained my right wrist severely while kneading the bread, and although it does

not pain me at this moment, still I know it would prevent me from doing justice to—"

"Sprained in kneading the bread," whispered Mr. Spoonamore.

"Why, yes; I always make the bread. Papa can not abide baker's bread and he says I am the best breadmaker he ever—"

"Miss DeWise," gasped Mr. Spoonamore, dropping upon one knee and clasping her hand. "Miss DeWise, I am unable any longer to conceal my love for you. Miss DeWise—So phronia, dear, if I may call you so—will you be mine?"

The Reason

The gentleman with whom we were trying to trade horses indulged in some profanity that grated harshly upon our ears.

"Why do you swear so?" we inquired in a tone calculated to convey the idea of reproof.

"I swear because I want people to know that I trade hosses on the square," he retorted. "I'm not taking any chances of losing an opportunity to trade because people think I may be like that fellow Dave Harum traded with, by gum!"

Recalling the multitude of stories pertaining to the horse trades made by deacons, we no longer felt it incumbent upon us to administer reproof.

Queer

The man with the high starched collar gazed at the thermometer in front of the drug store and exclaimed: "Whew! It's 102 in the shade."

Just then a lady passed by, wearing French heeled shoes and with her waist resembling that of a wasp.

Pulling his collar away from his perspiring neck the man exclaimed: "I can not understand how women endure this hot weather when they dress the way they do."

Glancing once more at the thermometer, and swabbing his moist brow with a limp handkerchief, the man sought a shady nook.

The Mean Thing

"O, my dear," cooed Mrs. Bildad, "here is just the place we've been looking for to spend our summer vacation."

"What makes it so good?" growled Mr. Bildad.

"They advertise good bathing, good fishing good boating, but best of all, they advertise all the comforts of home."

"Then we don't go," snapped Bildad. "One reason for taking this vacation is to escape some of the things you mentioned."

The Childish Idea

Dorothy usually knows what she means, but often she is unable to express herself clearly. A few evenings ago the summer breeze wafted to her nostrils the odor of decaying vegetables.

"O, goodness, mamma!" she cried; "that tastes just awful to my nose."

Our Wonderful Language

"Been fishing, eh? How much did your biggest fish weigh?"

"It didn't get a weigh; it got away."

Quite True

"I have noticed," remarked Uncle Milton as he cleaned and refilled his pipe, "that a great many fellows with

money have a habit of purchasin' fine press notices under the misapprehension that they were buyin' public opinion."

It May Be

"I notice that Chauncey Depew is not telling any funny stories since those Equitable disclosures."

"No. I guess that in this instance the tale does not go with the Hyde."

He Did Not Hold His Job Because—

He knew too much.

He shirked his work.

He performed the easy tasks first.

He wouldn't be bossed by any man.

He had no thought above getting his pay.

He thought it smart to deceive his employer.

He thought himself too good for the place.

He wouldn't do more than his share of the work.

He imagined that the world owed him a living.

He would not do more than he was paid for doing.

He could not see the use of caring for little things.

He took no interest in the welfare of his employer.

He began work by inclination and quit work by the clock.

He forgot his business too often and his habits not often enough.

He was more interested in quitting work than he was in doing it well.

He grumbled if told to do it in some other way than he wanted to do it.

He paid more attention to the deft rolling of his cigarette than he did to keeping stock.

He was such a good fellow after hours that he did not feel like being a good fellow during hours.

He thought his working hours were merely time to be spent between going out with the boys and nursing a headache in the morning.

Brain Leaks

It is very easy to make excuses for those we love.

The older a man is the farther he could jump when a boy.

It does not take much courage to be a hero in the hmetight.

Today's happiness depends upon the scarcity of yesterday's regrets.

Did you ever have as good a time on your vacation as you anticipated?

It is better to be known as a good man than to be known as a good fellow.

Some men think they are popular merely because people impose on them.

Perhaps they call them "captains of finance" because some of them are so rank.

In the race for wealth the men who are distanced often reap the greatest benefits.

Some churches that talk about revivals would better talk about resurrections.

The pocketbook nerve of some men is much more sensitive than their domestic nerve.

We have never heard of a business man going to a pool hall in search of an office boy.

This would be a dreary world indeed if there were no rainbows to chase occasionally.

Salvation is to be had for the asking, but it costs work and money and sacrifice to retain it.

People who have children of their own are always slow to advise other how to raise their children.

Some people manufacture crosses for the satisfaction of thinking that they are earning crowns by carrying them.

The sweetest old woman we ever knew had a habit of saying when she

started to repair one of the children's garments. "Patch by patch is neighborly, but patch upon patch is beggardly."

A mother is always ready to trust her daughter's happiness to a young man who is courteous and polite to his sisters.

The man who contends that the world is growing worse is merely looking at it through spectacles that are mentally fogged.

It transpires that some eminent gentlemen have been so busy guarding the national honor that they grew very careless about their own.

We are so old-fashioned that we would rather see a woman pushing a baby cab than see a woman riding in an auto with a poodle dog in her lap.

If ever we have to board again we are going to look for a place in a home where the housewife feels complimented if you eat until your collar hurts.

A CURE FOR ACCIDENTS

There are several reasons why our railroads kill and maim thousands each year, while English railroad traveling is as safe as sitting at home. But the fundamental reason is that our courts, especially our judges, regard a railroad smash-up as an "accident," whereas the English courts regard it as deliberate and criminal carelessness always. If your arm is broken or your thumb smashed in a railroad "accident" of any kind in England you get damages which an American judge, thinking always of "vested rights," would set aside as scandalously excessive.

But is not the English practice both juster and wiser? Does not the result—the absence of "accidents"—prove it?

Our officials and our public, are most respectful of "vested rights"—a wholesome spirit of conservatism. But do we not carry our respect too far when we respect those rights more than those possessing them? Does not a man show the most reckless disregard of his own rights—a disregard that should be sharply rebuked—when he mounts them and rides them roughshod over the rights of others?

The cure for "accidents" is invariably heavy damages for the victims.—Saturday Evening Post.

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CURED

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simple, harmless appliance, which it costs you nothing to try if you write at once. Send your name today. The Drafts come by return mail. Then if you are satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. The risk is ours. A valuable book on Rheumatism (illustrated in colors) comes free with the trial Drafts. Magic Foot Draft Co., XC5 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

