



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Today

Let others dream of old-time days
That lie behind on life's highways,
Or backward look with longing gaze
To see the glancing morning rays,
But life hath present charms for me
That cheer me on my onward way—
With babies perched upon my knee
I am content to live Today.

Let others sing of dead June times,
Or sing in swinging, flowing rhymes
Of youthful days and sunny climes
When hope and joy rang golden
chimes.

But though the land of Used-to-Be
Is thronged with mem'ries bright
and gay
With babies perched upon my knee
I am content to live Today.

Let others turn and backward cast
Their longing gaze upon the past,
When youth was full of visions vast.
Before life's sun to noonday passed.
But greater charms than all they see
I find each hour along my way—
With babies perched upon my knee
I've life and love and hope Today.

Let others for the old days sigh
And on the past turn longing eye
To see youth's hopes that sleeping lie
Where winds of other days wail by,
But present joys enough for me;
In morning bright or twilight gray,
With loved ones gathered round my
knee
I know naught better than Today.

The New Humorist

Walking cheerily into the sanctum
the visitor took a chair, and deftly
removing his hat and readjusting his
wig he exclaimed:

"I have here a few jokes which I
would like to submit for publication
in your humorous column."

The humorous editor of the Daily
Whoop turned wearily in his chair
and said:

"We are not purchasing any humor-
ous contributions just now. Our sup-
ply is quite large and we are trying
to exhaust it before purchasing any
more. Of course our policy in this
matter does not necessarily indicate
that your jokes are not good, but only
that just now they are not available
for our columns."

"O, that's all right," exclaimed the
new humorist. "When you hear these
jokes of mine you will appreciate
their worth and hasten to secure them.
I am not writing them for money, as
I have quite enough of this world's
goods to satisfy my modest wants
and needs. Now here is one that I
just dash—"

"Excuse me," but really I am very
busy," interrupted the humorous edi-
tor.

"Well, just a minute or two," said
the new humorist. Now how is this
one: 'Why does a chicken cross the
road?'"

"O, that's too—"

"Yes, I know it's hard," chortled the
new humorist. "But it's awfully good.
'Why does a chicken cross the road?'
Why, to get on the other side, of
course. Ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Say; look here!" angrily shouted
the humorous editor. "I'm not—"

"Of course you're not going to miss
the chance to get these jokes. Here's
another one: 'When is a door not a
door?' That's easier than the other
one."

"What do you mean by springing
those—"

"Of course they're pretty hard to
spring on a man who is not used to

them," laughed the new humorist.
"When is a door not a door? Why,
when it's ajar, of course. Ha, ha! Ho,
ho, ho!"

"Great scott, man!" howled the hu-
morous editor. "In the days of old
Ra—"

"Of course they didn't have any
such good jokes in those days," inter-
rupted the new humorist. It takes
modern wit to invent such good ones
as these I have here. Now here's an-
other good one: 'Who struck Billy
Patterson?' That ought to be easy."

"What Billy Patterson got won't be
a marker to what you'll get—"

"O, I don't expect to get anything
for these. They are only a beginning
for me. I've only been a humorist
for a few weeks, but when I get in
practice I'll have some that will beat
these out of sight. 'Who struck Billy
Patterson?' Why, the man who as-
saulted him, of course. Ha, ha! Te-
he-he!"

"I'm awfully busy now," said the
subdued humorous editor. Just leave
your card and your manuscript and
I will look over your jokes a little
later. If we accept them I will send
a check to your address."

"Never mind the check. You are
welcome to the jokes," said the new
humorist. "I do not really need the
money, although I could send some
more to a needy friend of mine in
Chicago. Here is my card. Good
day."

Handing his card to the humorous
editor the new humorist bowed politel-
ly, gave his wig a push to starboard,
donned his hat and airily walked out
of the room.

The exhausted humorous editor
gave one look at the card and then
fell over in a faint.

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:.....:
: JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER :
:   Press Humorist   :
:   Oil, Etc. /Cleveland, O. :
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Reason Enough

Having received notice that the
price of meat had been again advanced
we sought the office of the man who
controlled the meat supply and asked
the reason.

"You raised the price 50 per cent
early in the spring because it was
so expensive icing the meat," we
said.

"That is true," replied the meat
man.

"But why do you raise the price
now, when cold weather is coming
on?"

"Well," replied the meat man. "It
will soon be time to put up ice, and
ice harvests are expensive. We are
merely preparing to pay the expense."

Realizing that the explanation would
have to suffice, even if it did not ex-
plain, we bowed humbly and took our
departure. Having previously paid
the meat bill we took only our
departure.

The Fault

"Bjinks claims that his airship has
developed fifty horse power, and yet
it will not fly."

"Well, what he wants to do is to de-
velop a few birdpower."

Substitute

Force of habit is something remark-
able. The other day a woman stepped
into an O street pharmacy and asked:

"Have you any 2-cent stamps?"
"No, we are just out of 2-cent
stamps today, madam," said the po-

lite clerk, "but we have something
just as good."

"Something just as good! What is
it?" queried the woman.

"Why, we have—er, um, ah—why,
we have some 1-cent stamps, madam,"
stuttered the quick-witted clerk.

The Reason

"Why do you call your servant girl
'Dove'?"

"Because she is such a piece
maker."

After Riley

When the frost is on the punkin an'
th' fodder's in th' shock

You can see us madly chasin' 'round
an' 'round a city block,

For the coal bin now is empty an'
the air is gettin' chill

An' we got to buy some fuel with no
coin to pay th' bill.

We have spent our summer's wages
where the many pleasures flock

An' th' frost that hits the punkin
gives yours truly quite a shock.

Sing and Smile

What's the use of weeping?—Tears
will never smooth the way.

What's the use of sighing?—Sighs
were never known to pay.

Just keep singing and keep working
though the skies are often gray,

And the world will give you some-
thing worth the having.

What's the use of kicking—Any mule
can do the same.

What's the use of growling?—Growl-
ing never won a game.

Just keep singing and keep tolling,
yours the victory or blame,

And the world will give you some-
thing worth the having.

Strange Things in Texas

J. M. Lewis, the poet-humorist on
Houston, Texas, Post, sings about "In
the Fall" in part as follows:

"Now the corn is shocked and standin'
in its dry an' rustlin' rows,

And all round them an' between
'em the big yellow punkins glows,

And you hear the click an' clatter of
the mowers in the wheat,

And the golden rod is clinging 'round
your knees and under feet."

We have long known Texas to be
a wonderful country, but this is a
new one on us. We never knew be-
fore that they waited until after the
corn was ripe and shocked to harvest
their wheat. We saw some corn down
in Texas once, and it looked just like
the corn we raise up in Nebraska.

The Texas wheat, too, did not seem
to differ a bit from our Nebraska
wheat. But Texas has a wonderful
climate, and perhaps the corn down
there is cut and shocked in July and
the wheat harvested in September and
October.

Or it may be that Brer Lewis is
mixed up in his agricultural data. Men
closely confined to a cluttered up
newspaper office are apt to become
mixed.

Yet, after all, Brer Lewis may have
merely stretched his poetic license a
bit. If that is allowable we beg leave
to submit the following:

"When the crocus lifts its petals from
above the drifting snow,

And the waving corn is nodding in the
long and stately row;

When the ice upon the river is so
smooth and three feet thick

We can hear the merry reaper in the
wheat fields going 'click.'

Brain Leaks

A hungry man is hard to reason
with.

The real Christian does not have
to tell it.

The cheerful giver has no need of
a press agent.

Some men pay so much attention to
the proper curling of their mustaches

that they have no time left to culti-
vate their brains.

An honest constituency is the best
cure for graft.

Life is what we make it—death
the way we take it.

Some men mistake their moral dys-
pepsia for religion.

You can always see good bargains
when you are broke.

A tract may save a soul if the
stomach is first attended to.

A good employe is worth some-
thing besides the wages paid him.

The man who chooses his words
seldom has to make any of them good.

Some men are sorry for the poor
only when their own pockets are
empty.

The man whose creed excuses our
shortcomings is always a welcome
evangelist.

The world judges a man's success
by what he makes; God judges it by
what he does.

People who look on life as a joke
seldom see any laugh to it when the
real point comes.

The man with millions can never
understand why men with jobs should
go out on a strike.

Individual suffering appeals to some
men who are unmoved by the thought
of millions in distress.

You may safely judge a boy's pro-
gress at school by the interest his
father takes in the schools.

When a man is so old he has lost
interest in the circus it is time he
began closing up his mundane affairs.

The workingman who is trying to
support a large family on \$1.50 a day
is seldom interested in the foreign
policy of the nation.

You can always borrow trouble
without collateral, but it is a cinch
that you will have to pay compound
interest at usurious rates.

MORE FALSIFICATION

The treasurer of the New York Life
Insurance company has admitted an-
other instance of gross falsification
of the books of the company with in-
tent to deceive. This time the decep-
tion was practiced not against the
Prussian government, but against the
insurance inspection department of
the state of New York.

Among the company's assets De-
cember 31, 1903, was \$4,000,000 of In-
ternational Mercantile Marine stock.
On that date \$800,000 of this stock
was nominally sold to J. Pierpont
Morgan & Co., through George W.
Perkins, who plays the double role in
the business world of Morgan's part-
ner and the insurance company's vice
president. The insurance company
then made its annual report to the
state, showing only \$3,200,000 hold-
ings of that stock, and on the next
business day, January 2, 1904, it
bought back the \$800,000 stock. Mr.
Perkins again acted as representative
of both parties to the transaction.

The kernel of the offense that the in-
surance company's officers committed
was the deception of their own policy-
holders. Formally the offense ran
against the state. Actually it ran
against the policy-holders, because
the state inspection department ex-
ists for the sole purpose of represent-
ing the interests of the policy-holders
where their interests are apt to be
overlooked.

There is a law on the New York
statute books which provides a \$500
fine and a year's imprisonment in the
penitentiary as maximum punishment
for falsifying corporation books. At
a distance of a thousand miles it
looks very clear that the time has
arrived to apply the law.

The gravity of the deception indi-
cates that the maximum punishment
of both fine and imprisonment is de-
sirable.—Chicago Record-Herald.