



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. NAUPH.

"Hick'rynuttin'"

I'd like to be a boy again for just a week or two,
And do again some pleasant tasks like those I used to do.
Not go to school or saw up wood, or any jobs like those;
Nor Sunday school nor visiting in my best suit of clothes.
I'd like to be a boy again without a grief or care,
With heart elate and eyes alight and spirits free as air;
And with my chums of old time days with many laugh and cheer
Go "hick'rynuttin'" in the woods about this time of year.

Down there in Russell's wood lot, and then on across the creek,
The old shagbarks are growing and the nuts are hanging thick.
And through the laden branches where the autumn breezes play
We see the school house standing where we studied yesterday.
We hear the old bell ringing and we see the boys again—
The boyish chums of yester year who are today grown men.
O, how I'd like to be a boy, once more with joyous cheer
Go "hick'rynuttin'" in the woods about this time of year.

The hickorynuts are falling and the leaves are brown and sere,
And back my memory takes to a long since vanished year.
Once more I roam in fancy through the old Missouri hills;
Once more I loll in comfort by the clear Missouri rills.
And 'round about are playing boys and girls with spirits free.
While echoes of their laughter on the wind are borne to me.
I'd like to be a boy again—the thought my being thrills—
And go a "hick'rynuttin'" in the old Missouri hills.

One Thing Lacking

After the Nebraska republican state convention adjourned last week a group of republican leaders were discussing the alleged anti-pass platform adopted. A democrat happening along listened to the conversation a few moments and then remarked:

"That platform sounds wonderfully familiar. If it were not for one omission I believe I could tell where and when I heard it before."

"If it contained a demand for a sub-treasury I would say it was a repetition of the populist state platform of 1890," replied a bystander.

"O, that's easily explained," exclaimed a disgusted delegate who happens to be in the employ of a railroad. "The convention's time was so short it couldn't consider everything, but it looks as if the sub-treasury plank would be included next year."

As the Nebraska republican platform is read over the state it is not difficult to distinguish the incredulous laughter of the old-line populists who have been fighting for railroad legislation ever since the first railroad in the state laid hands upon the G. O. P. machine.

Retrospection

Demetrius sat amidst the ruins of his business and gazed at the images of Diana for which there was no longer a demand.

"Alas," he sighed, "I missed my opportunity. I should have organized a life insurance company and bonded my image making business. Then I

could have unloaded my image bonds on the insurance company as an investment."

Realizing, however, that it was too late, Demetrius had to be satisfied with denouncing Paul as a repudiator.

Perfectly Equitable

"Have you sold our syndicate's bonds to our insurance company?"

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary. "Have you invested our trust funds therein?"

"Yes, sir."
"Have you sent that check to our lobby manager at Albany?"

"Yes, sir."
"Has our campagne dinner been paid for out of the advertising account?"

"Yes, sir."
"Did you get enough proxies to insure the 500 per cent increase in our salaries?"

"Yes, sir."
"Good! You may join me in a few hours of weeping over the prospect that dishonest men will secure control of our country and put a stain upon its honor and credit."

Noble Man

Mrs. Nuwed—"Come right in, you poor man, and I will give you something to eat. I suppose you were not always in this unhappy condition."

Seldym Wirk—"Indeed I was not, mum. Fifteen years ago I was rich an' prosperous."

Mrs. Nuwed—"And what brought you to this unfortunate condition?"

Seldym Wirk—"In 1896, mum, I saw dat de honor ov dis great country was threatened by repudiators, an' I sacrificed me immense fortune t' save it from de unprincipaled wreckers what was seekin' t' ruin it. It was me patriotism, mum, dat brought me to dis unfortynit condition. Thanky, mum, f'r dis fine spread."

His Reason

When Willie jumped from his seat on the street car and gave it to the gentleman who had been hanging to the strap, it filled us with pride.

"You are a perfect little gentleman, Willie," we said. "It was fine of you to give your seat to the gentleman."

"Huh!" exclaimed Willie. "I didn't give it to him 'cause o' that. Seein' him holdin' on to that strap reminded me too much o' what happened last night when I got home after playin' hookey in th' afternoon."

It Did

"This watch will work like a charm," said the dealer. "And it will cost you but a dollar."

We paid the dollar.
The dealer was correct, and we have no complaint to make.

The watch worked like a charm—exactly like a charm.

By the way; did you ever see a charm that kept time?

That's All

There was a big man named McCall whose tears for our "honor" would fall, but it looks after years

As if McCall's tears were simply and overflowed gall.

Explained

After hearing Senator Graball's eloquent speech against free passes we were impelled to question him somewhat.

"It is not true that you carry passes?" we inquired.

"Not free passes, sir," declared the senator. "I have amply remunerated the railroad corporations for the transportation they gave me."

For a moment we thought that the senator meant he paid his fare, but after consulting the Congressional Record we saw a great light.

Uncle Jake

"I got it all figured out about that Ekytible Life Assurance sassiety," remarked Uncle Jake, reaching for the cheeseknife. "I figure that th' directors have got all the assurance an' all th' money, an' that the policyholders ain't got nothin' but their equity in the life."

John D.

You've money to burn,
John D.
More'n ever a man can earn,
John D.
But the wealth you pile high
You must leave by and by,
And when questioned about it
What will you reply,
John D?

You've money in piles,
John D.
Has it brought you in smiles,
John D?
In your lust and your greed
You have made men's hearts bleed,
And you've profited much on
Humanity's need,
John D.

When asked for final account,
John D.
To what will your wealth amount,
John D?
All the spoils of your fight,
All your fortune in sight,
Will not measure at last
With the poor widow's mite,
John D.

A Dozen Don'ts

Don't "knock."
Don't get gay.
Don't depend too much on friends.
Don't forget that the best kind of advice is example.
Don't do all of your pushing against the breechstraps.

Don't be a good fellow at the expense of your family.

Don't forget that your wife earns half the money—or more.

Don't forget that time wasted today is a draft on tomorrow.

Don't work so hard trying to find a way to live without work.

Don't forget that there would be no tongue of gossip if there were not at least two ears.

Don't keep all your good nature for use during business hours—take some of it home with you.

Don't think that a brown stone front will keep the butcher boy from seeing the garbage barrel in the rear.

Boygraphs

My son, bear this fact in mind. I never knew a man who smoked who did not regret it, and I never knew a man who did not smoke who did regret it.

My son, people whose friendship is worth nothing to you will call you a "good fellow" if you spend your money recklessly in dissipation, but if you are honest, decent, cleanly in habits and God fearing, you will be called a "good fellow" by the dearest and best friend a boy can have—your mother.

My son, it is true that the world owes you a living, but you should be ashamed of being too lazy to hustle around and make the world pay the debt.

My son, in more than two score years of observation I have never

seen a gentleman who was not a gentle man.

My son, while you are sowing your wild oats remember that those who love you most and have made the greatest sacrifices for you, are the ones who are reaping most of the harvest of tears and heartaches.

My son, remember that knowledge of evil and ignorance of right are creditable to no one.

My son, if you would not resent a sneer at your sister you are unworthy of being called a young man and ought to be thrashed. And if you would even think of reflecting upon the good name of any other boy's sister you ought to creep up and alley and kick yourself.

Brain Leaks

Interested labor never watches the clock.

The partisan slave is always proud of his bonds.

The man who makes nothing but money is poorly paid.

The best day of life lies between yesterday and tomorrow.

Christianity and churchianity are as wide apart as the poles.

Jealousy is a constant search for something the searcher hopes never to find.

The boy who is ashamed of his work is never worth giving some other job.

Men often miss opportunity's knock because they are themselves so busy "knocking."

When a boy calls his father "the old man" it is a sign that it is time to hunt up a hickory tree.

The man who attends strictly to his own business usually finds a growing business to attend to.

The man who lives up to his income in early life usually has to live down to his income in later years.

A great many men scheme to get themselves in the nine-hole, and then complain about it when they get in.

The man who finds himself unenthused by the circus is suffering from a disease that medicine will not cure—old age.

The employer always knows the man who is so anxious to wash up and quit that he anticipates the whistle by a minute or two.

We know men who have put enough energy into coloring a meerscham pipe to run a family washing machine seven weeks without a stop.

Most any man could succeed in business if he could put up as good a front as the average woman can when a fashionable neighbor happens to call on washday.

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