



Whether Common or Not

By W. L. N. M. M. M.

Things That Sometimes Happen

The big man was using language that was not seemly, and consternation was written on the countenances of a number near him. But no one dared to remonstrate with the big fellow, and he continued to talk.

Finally the little man stepped up and said:

"That sort of talk must stop."

"Who'll stop me?" queried the big man, insolently.

"I will," hissed the little man.

Then the trouble began.

No, you are mistaken. The little man didn't last one round.

The first day of real spring weather Bimberly came home with a lot of garden tools on his shoulder and his pockets bulging with seeds.

"We are going to have a fine garden this year," said Bimberly. "I'm tired of eating stale vegetables."

Bimberly worked like a Trojan for several days, and then rested.

Didn't keep it up?

Of course you are quite sure that Bimberly fooled them all this time and forgot to keep up his garden.

Well, he did.

The little dog had a bad habit of running out and snapping at the heels of the big mastiff that occasionally trotted past. The mastiff paid no attention for several days, contenting himself with passing by with disdain.

But the little dog ran out once too often.

Seeing the mastiff approaching the little dog made a dash, and then something happened.

No, the mastiff just trotted ahead. The little dog didn't see the ice wagon and ran squarely under the wheels.

But the wheels missed, and before the little dog could get straightened out the mastiff had disappeared.

Another Failure

Diogenes was still engaged in his search for an honest man. Pointing to a magnificent building, he inquired: "What building is that?"

"That's the building where the nation's lawmakers meet," replied the one questioned.

"Well," sighed Diogenes, picking up his lantern and shaking it close to his ear, "I'll have to go over there anyhow. This lamp of mine needs some more oil."

Realizing that his search would be prolonged the old philosopher felt the necessity of preparing for the inevitable.

How It Really Works

The noble youth with the bulging brow had read a great deal and was prepared to profit by his reading. When he started out to look for a job he knew just what to do. Seeing a sign, "Boy Wanted," he took it down, tucked it under his arm and went in to interview the manager.

"What do you want, young fellow?" growled the manager.

"I want a job."

"What have you got that sign under your arm for?"

"O, you won't need it any more; I'm the boy," said the youth with the bulging brow.

Then he waited for the rest to happen.

It happened.

"Well, this firm don't want any smart Alecks. You hang that sign right back where you got it and

don't forget to close the door after you when you go out," said the manager.

Realizing that something had gone wrong, and not knowing just what it was, the youth with the bulging brow wended his way homeward to read the story over again.

Too Busy

"I never took a vacation in my life," boasted the man of millions.

"Well, that's about all you haven't taken," replied the man who had just had a business experience with the millionaire.

Lost Chances

The story of the man who could have traded a pair of boots for a clear title to one-half of Texas—if he had been the owner of a pair of boots—is familiar to all. Everybody has just missed, at some time or other, a chance to do something big. It is the old story over again. But here is a story that will appeal to every lover of rod and reel.

A Lincoln man went down to Texas in search of health recently, and for three months lived and loafed and fished along the gulf. Every day found him out in a naphtha launch with a friend, fishing for tarpon, shark and jackfish. The last day of his stay he and the friend took the launch and went out for a final fish. The invalid wielded the rod and line and the friend gave attention to the launch. Their luck was bad, and after several hours trying, the invalid said:

"Well, let's go in. You take the rod and I'll make the final trip at the rudder."

The two changed places. Before the invalid had held the rudder ten seconds a furious strike greeted the man who had just taken the rod. For forty minutes he worked like a nailer, and finally landed a lankfish that weighed fifteen pounds, the third one of the species ever caught in gulf waters, and the largest one on record.

"If I had only held on to that rod a minute longer!" sighs the returned invalid every time he thinks of it.

The Difference

Mr. Straightly was feeling very badly. His sense of right and propriety had been awfully shocked. The evening before, while walking down an unfrequented street, he had run across a crowd of boys at an alley entrance, and they were shooting craps. Among them was Johnny Smith, the office boy. Mr. Straightly had often given Johnny sound advice, and the knowledge that Johnny had fallen by the wayside made Mr. Straightly feel very badly.

After thinking it over in his private office Mr. Straightly decided that Johnny must be given another round of advice and discharged. It wouldn't do to harbor such a boy. Accordingly Johnny was called in.

"I am sorry to learn, Johnny, that you have been gambling. You have disregarded my advice and engaged in the sin of gambling."

"It was just a little game for a penny a shot," whimpered the boy.

"But it was gambling, Johnny," said Mr. Straightly, "and that I will not countenance. You may go to the cashier and get what's coming to you. We cannot keep you in our employ. Let this be a lesson to you. I hope you will never gamble again."

There were tears in Mr. Straightly's

eyes as Johnny walked out with downcast eyes, and for several moments the great dealer was overcome. But he felt that he had to do it. Finally he braced up, called up "central" and asked to be connected with his broker.

Then Mr. Straightly proceeded to sell wheat and corn that he never owned, and buy pork and lard that had never existed.

Brain Leaks

Partisanship is not patriotism. Genuine grief never goes on dress parade.

Success won without effort is always fleeting.

The man who knows the most usually has the least to say.

The man who takes a pride in his work seldom has to worry about a job.

There is quite a difference between saving money and hoarding money.

The chief trouble about wild oats is that the sower seldom has to reap the crop.

The best way to prepare for the big tasks of tomorrow is to clean up the little tasks of today.

When a man burns his hand he says things and keeps complaining about it. When a woman burns her

hand she rubs a little grease on it and pays no more attention to it until she can show the injury to her husband.

After you have attended to your own business is the proper time to attend to the business of your neighbor.

Wouldn't it help the minister a whole lot if his congregation applauded him once in a while? It helps the stump speaker and the actor.

A man has pretty good control of himself when he can refrain from showing his temper after sticking the muckilage brush in the inkwell.

One of the funny things of life is to see a city man who doesn't know alfalfa from sugar cane, cock his eyes up at the sky and then declare: "This is mighty fine corn weather."

A Lincoln housewife who scolded her children for making the house so untidy was silenced when one of her little ones asked: "Mama, which would you rather have, a clean house or us children?"

A friend of ours told the following the other day: "Once on a time, when I was a little boy, a man frightened me by saying, 'I'll cut your ears off.' That man is a preacher, but I'll always despise him." Do you ever incur the enmity of children by talking to them that way?

Senator Stone on Canal Supplies

Senator Stone of Missouri, delivered a speech in the senate on Senator Aldrich's resolution requiring Panama canal supplies to be bought in America, except that in cases where the president thought the prices were extortionate. The following report of Senator Stone's speech is taken from the Associated Press:

"No one can doubt," he said, "that the president will buy practically all canal materials in America, no matter what the difference in prices here and abroad may be. If we are to judge the future by the past there is no room for questioning what course the president will adopt. The men who contributed the stupendous slush funds, aggregating millions upon millions of dollars, to carry the last three presidential elections for the republican candidates, almost of necessity have their grip upon those who accepted their princely donations. The beneficiaries of those enormous corruption funds may sometimes wince and shrink from the task imposed upon them, and to hide the shame of it may now and then perform some spectacular stunt in the limelight and before the galleries, but in the end the forces which operate behind the curtain and hold the strings will have their way. But there has been so much of this blustering, and it has attracted such wide attention that something must be done to relieve the situation. Something must be provided for public credulity to feed upon. A door must be opened for escape and a soft place must be made for the president to fall. The scheme for all this is wrapped up in this resolution."

Senator Stone said that about a year ago the president and the secretary of war had announced that they would not be held up in the purchase of materials for the canal by American manufacturers or American ship-owners. This declaration, he said, was approved generally by the American people as in the interests of the general welfare. But he declared that the special interests affected resisted and won. Promptly these organized their forces to resist and discipline him. "Standpatters" came swarming in every available quarter. The president's courage was put to the test, and, as usual, proved unequal to the

strain. There was a great thundering by him in the index, with the customary Rooseveltian fiasco at the finish. The "iron man at the White House" again proved himself to be no iron man at all, but only what Bismarck once declared Salisbury, "Merely a pine lathe painted the color of iron."

The president surrendered, and instead of buying canal materials, as he vowed he would and he repeatedly asserted it was his duty to do, in the cheapest market, he bought practically everything he purchased—80 per cent of the whole, at protected trust prices in America.

In support of this contention he cited the facts in connection with the purchase from the Ward line of two ships for the canal service. "The president," he said, "opened negotiations for the purchase of foreign ships, but at the same time the batteries of American ship-builders were opened on the president. For a while, a short while, it really looked as if the president would stand his ground. But alas, our hopes were vain; he was not equal to the task. He hauled down his flag and surrendered. Instead of buying the foreign ships of 6,000 tons each for \$750,000, he bought two American ships of 5,700 tons each for \$1,300,000.

"The vessels," said the senator, "had cost not to exceed \$600,000 each, and as they had been in service about eight years were worth 40 per cent less." This he pronounced "a shameful instance of treasury looting." He declared the president's weakness to be a costly thing for the country.

"And so," Mr. Stone proceeded, "the Macedonian cry comes over from the White House to congress. This joint resolution is the response congress makes to that appeal. Hereafter when the president goes on buying trust materials at trust prices, as he has been doing and would continue to do, whether this resolution should be adopted or not, he can excuse himself on the ground that congress has established a rule for his guidance. He can shelter himself under this resolution and unload his sins on congress. That is about the only possible use to which this resolution can be put. * * * This resolution merely crowns the triumph of the trusts over the president."

He closed with the assertion that