

#### John's Wealth

Three hundred millions all he's worth? How poor John D. must feel! Just millions-nothing else on earth, He misses much that's real. Three hundred million ducats piled In one large yellow stack-And a digestion sadly riled, With stomach out of whack.

Three hundred million "yellow boys" To do with as may please, And yet he doesn't know the joys Of buttermilk and cheese. He's got the dollars in his clutch, But little good they do; He cannot eat a jolly "Dutch Lunch" just like me and you.

Just twenty million plunks a year, But they give no delight, He'd give 'em all to feel the cheer Of a good appetite.

A hundred thousand plunks a day-Now doesn't that sound grand? But John would give 'em all away To eat good "corned beef and."

John has a palace rich and grand Amidst the New York hills; I've got an humble cottage, and I toil to meet my bills. But my digestion's something fine, And appetite O. K., And I'd not trade these joys of mine

For all John D.'s today.

### Satisfied

There was a young man from the West With oodles of coin to invest. He tackled Wall street And it cleaned him complete And he hastened back home for a rest.

# Comparative Depth

"I see that Australia claims to have the deepest gold mine in the world." "Tis false. The deepest one is in the United States. It's so deep that the money I dropped in it never made

# Natural Mistake

a sound when it hit the bottom."

"Wait a moment," said Bilkens, as he and Wilkins were about to cross the street. "Wait a moment and let that funeral procession pass."

"That's no funeral procession," said Wilkins. "That's merely a procession of Panama canal engineers who have resigned and are on their way home to accept better jobs."

# The Cost

"I see by a Chicago paper that it is estimated Chicago loses forty million dollars every year on account of the smoke nuisance."

"I can easily believe it. In fact I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"By the smoke nuisance on the back platform of the trolley car. Just think what extra labor it costs the recording angel every year."

# Different

"What's this?" exclaimed Smoothun as his wife handed him a bit of paper.

"That is the bill for my new Easter bonnet, dear," said Mrs. Smoothun with a smile.

"You don't mean to tell me that your Easter bonnet cost that amount!" shouted Smoothun.

"That's just the exact amount, dear."

"Well, for goodness sake!" exclaimed the startled Smoothun. "I never heard of an Easter bonnet costing that. Here's a check for it. Now never made no success in my line o' Leslie's Weekly

tell me how you managed to get one so cheap."

The above sounds good, but we frankly admit that we had to draw heavily upon our imagination in order to produce it.

#### 3 3 3 33

Now comes the fateful question That in my ears doth ring: "I wonder if that coal pile Will last me until spring?"

#### An Apt Retort

Rev. Dr. Batten of Lincoln has many friends among all classes of people in his home city. The other day Dr. Batten came down town when the streets were a glare of ice, and met a friend who is not noted for his piety. The friend stepped to one side to let the reverend gentlemen pass, and as he did so his feet flew out from under him and he came to the pavement with a crash.

"Ah, 'the wicked stand in slippery places,' " quoted Dr. Batten.

The fallen friend looked up at the standing minister and instantly retorted:

"I see they do, but b' gosh I can't."

## A Great Scheme

The great manufacturer visited the famous astronomer, and throwing down a ten thousand dollar bill said: "I want you to devote a year or two

to the work of ascertaining whether Mars is inhabited." "I will gladly undertake the task."

said the astronomer.

"And if you find that Mars is inhabited I'll give you ten times that amount if you'll find some way of establishing travel between us." "That, I fear, will be impossible,"

said the astronomer.

"Well, you prove that Mars is inhabited and we'll do the rest."

"Why, may I ask, are you so anxious to establish travel between the two planets?" queried the man of stars and asteroids.

"Just this," snapped the great manufacturer. "We've got to find more children for our mills, and we've made up our minds to bust these labor unions, cost what it may. You get us into communication with Mars and we'll frame up a scheme to get her kids and ignorant men and women into our mills. Then we'll be fixed on the labor question for another hundred years."

# Short Interviews

John L. Sullivan: "Sure t'ing! De mollycoddle ain't got no business livin'. See? It's t' de marble slab f'r de mollycoddle. What!"

Joseph Gans: "What's de us o' dese bulgin' browed fellers? Dey don't cut no ice wit' nobody, nohow. W'at sort o' figger would one o' dem thoughtful mokes cut in a rough an' tumble? Huh!"

James J. Jeffries: "Them mollycoddles ain't got no excuse f'r livin'. I never seen one I couldn't put out with one punch. They're all right when it comes to writin' dope f'r th' scientific papers, but when it comes t' gittin' there in the rush game they're all to th' bad."

Peter Sharkey: "I ain't got no more use for a mollycoddle than I have for book learnin'. I ain't never read no books that fixed me to stay a round longer. De man w'ot ain't got th' sand t' stand in th' ring and take what's comin' ain't got no right t'kick. It's to th' boneyard f'r th' mol-

lycoddle."

work. It takes noive t' climb porches an' git in t'rough de window w'ile de fam'ly is a eatin' der chuck in de room below. De fust mollycoddle dat tried my line o' business would git pinched by a copper before he had shinned half way up de porch. I'm t'inkin' dat de mollycoddle is all to de bad in de game of life as she is played dese days."

Yank the Yeggman: "We ain't never bothered by no mollycoddles in our business. It takes too much noive t'ink o' bein' a yegg f'r a mollycoddle t' even contemplate de woik. Ours is de strenyous life, an' de mollycoddle is elimernated before he gets started. He may be all t' th' good in framin' up de lit'rary dope, but in life's activities he is a dead one. W'ot?"

An effort was made by our reporter to interview Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allen Poe, William Cullen Bryant and others of their class, but the trance medium was out watching a football game the day before and was unable to get into communication. The preponderance of the evidence, however, so far as our reporter was able to bring it out, was against the mollycoddle.

#### Brain Leaks

Boys are improved by being treated as young gentlemen.

When the streets are awfully sleety a man begins to realize his age.

The girl who does her duty by her mother seldom has time to act foolish. Always tell the truth, remembering that it is not necessary always to tell all the truth.

If we could only finish our halfcompleted jobs what a lot of work we would accomplish.

The man who has Arrived is very prone to look down upon the man who is only on the way.

Men who are never in a hurry and men who are always in a hurry seldom accomplish much. When a man is ready to confess his

ignorance he is almost ready to cross the threshold of knowledge. Only men of limited vocabulary find

it necessary to resort to profanity in order to express their feelings.

The older a man gets the more convinced he is that the laundries use an inferior quality of starch in the col-

Happiness is largely a matter of comparison. We never appreciate the joy of an easy shoe until we put on a shoe that pinches a corn.

We are looking for some illustrated paper that will show us the portraits of the champion housekeepers. We are tired of seeing the portraits of a lot of women of a different kind.

# ONLY ANIMAL THAT KISSES

Why a salute of the lips, ordinarily known as a kiss, should be given such prominence in the literature and drama of the world, both biblical and historical cannot be solved by recourse to any written authority; yet during all these years since the beginning of time this peculiar salutation does not appear to have lost in value, nor is there any immediate prospect of its so doing. What the playwright, the novelist, and the poet would do without this peg upon which to hang a plot it would be difficult to say, and this applies especially to the playwrights, for dozens of familiar dramatic productions, several of which have graced the New York stage this season, have found their greatest factor, the wheel upon which the machinery of the scenes runs and the plot depends, in a kiss-that of a man and a woman.

In France only a half century ago a code of regulations by which the theatres of that country were governed provided that any actor kissing an actress without her consent, regardless of what the play might be, would Bill th' Blink: "De mollycoddle be subject to a fine of many francs.-

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