



Fishing

When the winds of May are blowing
o'er the fields abloom with flowers,
and a dreamy feeling gets me during
all my working hours;
When the rippling of the waters
sounds like music soft and low,
and I get the scent of blossoms
winds are wafting to and fro,
Then is when I want to gather all
my troubles into one
And forget it for a season—want
to seize my rod and run
To the deep, primeval forest where
old Nature's at her best,
And the old reel's clicking music
lulls me into perfect rest.

When the boat is idly rocking on
the waters cool and deep,
And the shadows eastward turning
o'er the water gently creep;
When the soft winds sigh above me
and the waters moan below,
And Dame Nature paints her pic-
tures with a tinge of sunset glow,
Then I learn life's sweetest lessons
as I listen there alone—
Sermons from the living waters, ser-
mons writ on mossy stone,
And the world's hard toil forgetting
life takes on an added zest
While the old reel's magic music
lulls me into perfect rest.

When the evening shadows gather
and I row my boat ashore,
And the summer moon is gently
shedding silvery radiance o'er
All the world, and silence brooding
bids me troubles to forsake
As I lay outstretched and resting,
half asleep and half awake;
And the wavelets gently lapping,
and the rustling leaves of green,
Carry me unmeasured distance
from the market's busy scene—
Then I sink away to slumber on
Dame Nature's ample breast,
And the old reel's dreamland music
makes the slumber perfect rest.

Everybody Busy

The gentleman from out west had
some business to transact with the
head man of the Amalgamated
Trust Co., and entering the office
handed his card to the office boy,
who was the only one in sight.
"I desire to see the general man-
ager," he said.
"De head push is down t' N'Yark
arrangin' for de season's rebates
from the railroads."
"Where is the general superin-
tendent?"
"Over t' local railroad headquar-
ters collectin' last month's rebates."
"Where is the secretary?"
"Fixin' up an open letter to de
public tellin' why prices has gotter
be raised in order to meet growin'
expenses."
"Where is th' auditor?"
"Fixin' up a report t' show de
shop men dat wages has gotter come
down."
"Where is the chairman of the
board of directors?"
"Figurin' with a congressional
committee to show 'em dat we've
gotter have more protection against
foreign pauper labor."
"Where is the president?"
"He's in Europe arrangin' wid de
steamship companies t' bring over a
lot o' laborers in de steerage."
"Is there anybody at all here?"
"Yep. De supe's private secretary
is in his room signin' de supe's name
to a new stock issue; de manager's
private secretary is figurin' out de
quarterly dividends; de secretary of
de executive committee is workin'
up a strike among de men so's t'

git de mills shut down and work off
de stock at higher prices, an' de
workmen air workin' while de union
committee is lookin' f'r some one
aut'orized to act for de company."
"What are you doing?"
"Waitin' f'r de head bookkeeper
t' come back so's I kin go t' de ball
game. Everybody's busy around dis
dump."

Limerick

There was a young man in Berlin
Who foolishly spent all his tin,
And exclaimed when he learned
How easy it burned,
"Great Scott, but I guess I'm all in!"

In Style

DeJoque calls himself a chaf-
feur."
"Has he an automobile?"
"No, but he's got a horseless cari-
age—one that he shoves along
himself."

Brain Storm

"What's the mattah with Cholly?"
"He came dweadfully neah captur-
ing a fortune yestahday, deah boy."
"How so?"
"That dweadfully wick Miss Gotdo
spoke to him on the stweet, doncher
know?"

The Better Word

"That was the 'Overture from
William Tell' that my daughter just
rendered. What do you think of her
execution?"
"That isn't what we call it down
in my section," replied Mr. Ranch-
man, who was temporarily in the
city with a trainload of range cattle.

Gaining

"Ah, my genius is being recog-
nized at last!" exclaimed DeScrib-
bler.
"Sold a story?" queried a friend.
"No, but the last one I sent off I
didn't enclose stamps for return, but
it was returned just the same. First
time I've made anything on my lit-
erary ventures."

The Graduate

He gazes out upon the world
And sees great work that must
be done;
Some duties great to save the state
And noble victories to be won.
He gazes out with optics bright
And longs to meet the battle's
roar;
Some day he'll light and work all
right,
Floorwalking some department
store.

Not Interested

"My dear," said Mrs. Coodles,
"here is the description of a house
where everything is operated by
electricity. You just touch a but-
ton and the work is done."
"That don't interest me,"
growled Mr. Coodles. "I'd have to
work awfully hard to find a button
to touch."
Thrusting a shinglenail into place
with one hand and shutting a safety-
pin together with the other, Mr.
Coodles started for the hatrack.

Uncle Wayback

"I see that a lot o' corporation sheets
are attackin' Tom Johnson f'r inti-
matin' that some day we'll have free
street cars. Funny how some people
will get such a crooked view o' things.
If a feller builds a big seventeen story

office buildin' he has gotter put in a
elevator an' give free service to his
tenants. Course he puts the rent high
enough t' pay f'r th' cost o' running
th' elevator, but there ain't no direct
charge in th' way o' fares. If he didn't
furnish th' free elevator service he'd
git no tenants, an, if he built that kind
of a buildin' without a elevator he'd
be considered a candidate f'r the asy-
lum. Now f'r th' life o' me I can't
see th' difference between a elevator
runnin' up an' down a buildin', an' one
runnin' on th' level between buildin's.
Maybe there is, an' I reckon th' fel-
lers that air jumpin' onto Tom John-
son can explain it if they air asked,
but I ain't happened to meet up with
one of them yet."

Puzzled

The man was in doubt. The time
had come when a decision must be
made.
"If I become too active to suit
I will be called an 'undesirable citi-
zen.' But if I fail to do something
I will be called a 'mollycoddle.'"

While the man pondered, hesitat-
ing to make a choice, the collector
for the campaign fund came around,
making the choice more difficult.
"That brings the 'big stick' into
my calculations," muttered the man.
Finding himself unable to make
a satisfactory choice the man went
to Europe.

Brain Leaks

Love levels all lanes.
True penitence does not wait upon
legal conviction.
Godliness is of the heart, not of
the mouth.
You can not avoid responsibility
by shirking duty.
The man who always looks up usu-
ally has a cheerful outlook.
Seeds of happiness never sprout
when planted in the soil of hate.
You can not estimate the weight
of the fish by the size of the hook.
There is only one little letter
between speculation and peccation.

A lot of people never think of
repentance until their sins are made
public.

Investigation will often disclose
that a greasy "jumper" covers a
broadcloth heart.

A good circus comes about as near
as anything we know to being the
fountain of perpetual youth.

There are times in every man's
life when the clasp of a friend's
hand means more than all the words
ever spoken.

If we are sick we do not want any
neighbors tiptoeing in and whisper-
ing in a sepulchral tone, "O, doesn't
he look bad!"

We have wasted enough flowers
on the graves of a thousand dead
to have carried joy to the hearts of
a million living.

The time some young men spend
in learning how to tie their neck-
ties would enable them to learn
some useful trade.

Did you ever hear of much trouble
in a family where the mother kept
the cookie jar always full and with-
in reach of the children?

If we repeat all the good things
we know about our neighbors we
will never have time to tell what
we know of their bad qualities.

Judge Lynch has many grievous
sins to answer for, but there is one
good thing about his decisions—they
are never reversed on legal techni-
calities.

The flowers we strew upon the
graves of our dead do them fully as
much good as the food which the
Chinese lay on the tomb does their
dead.

A man will go through the week
wearing a neat business suit that
looks well on him, and on Sunday
will "dress up" in a Prince Albert
suit and a silk hat that make him
look awkward and uncomfortable.

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