JULY 19, 1907

The Commoner.



Always

I love to sing of the rolling sea (I live on the prairies wide.)

I love to sing of the wild waves free (I never have seen the tide.)

Of whitening sails and stormy gales (Gee! Haw! And the corn rows tall.)

And long lee rails and wild sea tales (O, the dinner horn's sweet call.)

I love to sing as the sun sails by The print shop's redhot windows high.

Yo, heave, O! Blow, winds, blow!

I sing of the sea and its life so free Though a blamed thing of it I do not know.

- I love to sing of the knights of old (My lance is an old stub pen.)
- love to dream of their deeds so bold
- [Gadzooks! What a red hot den!] Of lance and shield and armor bright
- (A linen suit for me.) Of jousts and bouts for truth and right

(Back to my den I flee.)

- I love to sing of the old crusades
- While hunting the ever welcome shades. 497 - 764.5

Lance in rest!

Fight with zest!

- I sing of knights and their brave old fights
- But I opine that these days are best
- I love to sing of the "Boys in Blue" (A shirt waist suit for mine.)

Brave boys of "deeds of daring do' (A home life suits me fine.)

A clash of arms on the battlefield (Me for the quiet life.)

Brave boys who will not ever yield (I flee from the storm and strife.)

I love to sing of the battle's roar With smoke of cannons hanging o'er. Hip, Hooray!

Charge away!

babies. When the family gets tired of that, it's off to the Ozarks.

In the meanwhile there are a few books needed to complete the little library, and a few little plates and things to put on the dinkey little shelf the missus had run around the dining room wall.

But the chief ambition of the architect lies not along transportation, or plates, or library. For something like thirty years he has been struggling to achieve one ambition, and that is to be the actual and undisputed owner of two pairs of suspenders at once. When he gets that Virginia estate its him to the clothing store and the suspender counter.

When the architect received the letter asking him if he was the longlost heir and requesting him to submit his family history with a view to securing the estate, he was reminded of a story that "Met" loves to tell.

A little old shoemaker who owned a little basement where he toiled away day after day, was approached by a lawyer who said:

"Mr. Smith, I believe you are heir to a considerable estate, and if you will sign this power of attorney I will try and secure it for you for a commission of ten per cent. If I get nothing it costs you nothing."

The little old shoemaker signed tion enjoyed. the paper, and in a few weeks the lawyer brought him \$20,000. The shoemaker immediately closed his shop and began a riot of luxury that resulted in the spending of his entire fortune in about three months. When the last dollar was spent he opened up his little shop and resumed his daily toil. A few weeks later the same attorney again approached him and said:

all of that estate. I think there is ploded. sing of the brave men true and about \$20,000 more due you, and if you will sign this paper I'll get it thermometer for you." The little old shoemaker, his face haggard and drawn from his dissipation, laid down his hammer, pressed his hands to his aching head and exclaimed in a woebegone tone of voice:

one good whiff, and fell right down there stark and stiff. But Maud sped on with a loud ha, ha! and waved the judge a gay ta, ta! Alas for Maud, for the judge waxed hot and entered a fine of one ten-spot. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "I've been fined ten!"

Filler

When the sun is hot. And the wind, too: And there's no cool spot Appears in view, It grieves me sore, As down my face The sweat drops pour, To fill this space.

When the brazen skies Like molten brass Bakes, boils and fries As the long hours pass, vainly strive With best of grace To grind out live

Stuff for this space.

My brain pan steams But I am glum

For e'er it seems The rhymes won't come.

But, just the same, I've got to face

The rhyming game

And fill this space.

Brain Leaks

Some bargains are expensive. Politics sometimes makes strange cellmates.

Worry never completed a task worth while.

The vacation earned is the vaca-

Men who ride hobbies usually enjoy the excursion.

The new restaurant's bill of fare always looks good.

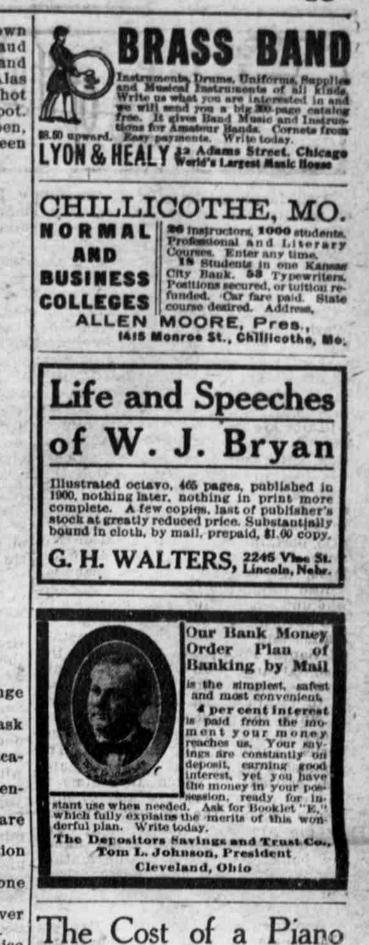
Worry causes more perspiration than the heat of the sun.

The vacation we miss is the one we would have enjoyed the most.

The pies are just as good as ever -your "taster" is out of whack.

You can never make another noise "Mr. Smith, I don't believe I got with the cracker that has been ex-

The wise man looketh not at the



should not be reckoned entirely us an what you pay to get it. A very important factor, as the years pass, is what you pay to keep it in order, and more important still is the length of service and the degree of satisfaction it gives you.

tried

But safe in my den I think I'll stay

- I love to sing of the harvest field. (I don't know oats from wheat.)
- I love to sing of the fertile yield (Me for the soft old seat.)
- Of rippling grain when the cool winds blow

(An electric fan in mine.) Of ripe grain nodding to and fro

(In the evening long 'bout nine.) The reapers" music floating free

So quickly stirs the soul of me.

Click, clack, click! Is the measure quick.

- "Tis a sweet refrain from the ripened grain
- But here at my desk I think I'll stick.

---- Dreams, Idle Dreams

The architect of this department has a fortune in sight-great or small. If he is the right man he is going to get an estate, and it isn't in Spain, either. It is back in the him a start. But when the architect Old Dominion, and it is waiting for of this department is ready to start the rightful heir to show up and his great daily newspaper he is goprove his claim. The architect has ing to hunt up that particular rejust finished writing out his pedigree porter and give him the best job on and otherwise fixing up things so he the staff. can claim the money and the broad acres.

gets the estate. No trip to Europe. She mounted her rapid buzz machine

the transportation line, and that is the auto answered the lever's turn, to own a span of milk-white mules, while Maud the miles began to burn. about seventeen hands high, and The judge came driving his old gray have them hitched to a double-seated steed that ambled along with sedate nothing to do we are always disconrig big enough to safely hold all the speed. The horse of the gas caught tented.

"Great Scott, have I got to go through all that again!"

Immediately after his appearance on the witness stand in Judge Landis' court, Mr. Rockefeller was interviewed by the newspaper reporters and he proceeded to give them some good advice along financial lines. He asked each one if he was saving anything out of his salary. And of the whole reportorial bunch only one seemed to bear the earmarks of the genuine news gatherer. When asked if he had saved anything this newspaper man said:

"I haven't saved anything yet, but I hope to be able to begin next week."

The oil king didn't offer to give

Maud Muller on a summer's day No sir; no automobile when he struck when asked to rake the hay. The architect has one ambition in and turned on all the gasoline. And

during July and August.

People who seldom work are the ones who talk most about their summer vacations.

The man who is always blaming others for his troubles usually has plenty of them.

The magazine writers are now grinding out their stories for the Christmas editions.

A scientist avers that the heads of human beings are growing smaller. We hadn't noticed it.

A man who has money may be happy; the man who is had by money is always miserable.

We always laugh at Mark Twain's jokes for fear we may be deemed deficient in the sense of humor.

We'd hate to feel as mean as a man looks to us when he snubs the advances of a trusting little child.

There is no one quite so disagreeable as the little man who presumes too much upon his small size.

You get more good while reading Solomon's wise sayings if you can temporarily forget Solomon's foolish actions.

The wise father begins investigating when he notes that his son is using great care in the selection of his neckties.

Before the wife returns from her vacation the husband ought to settle the gas bill in order to avoid unnecessary explanations.

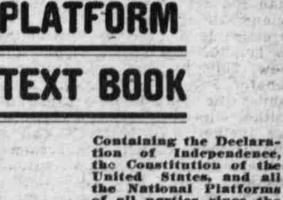
When we are hard at work we are apt to think we would be happy with nothing to do. When we have



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