



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.)  
I 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.  
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!  
I sing of the brave men true and 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 Old Dominion, and it is waiting for the rightful heir to show up and prove his claim. The architect has just finished writing out his pedigree and otherwise fixing up things so he can claim the money and the broad acres.

No sir; no automobile when he gets the estate. No trip to Europe. The architect has one ambition in the transportation line, and that is to own a span of milk-white mules, about seventeen hands high, and have them hitched to a double-seated rig big enough to safely hold all the

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 long-lost 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 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:

"Mr. Smith, I don't believe I got all of that estate. I think there is about \$20,000 more due you, and if you will sign this paper I'll get it 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:

"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 him a start. But when the architect of this department is ready to start his great daily newspaper he is going to hunt up that particular reporter and give him the best job on the staff.

Maud Muller on a summer's day struck when asked to rake the hay. She mounted her rapid buzz machine and turned on all the gasoline. And the auto answered the lever's turn, while Maud the miles began to burn. The judge came driving his old gray steed that ambled along with sedate speed. The horse of the gas caught

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,  
I 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 vacation enjoyed.

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 with the cracker that has been exploded.

The wise man looketh not at the thermometer 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 nothing to do we are always discontented.

**BRASS BAND**  
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Supplies and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Write us what you are interested in and we will send you a big 30-page catalog free. It gives Band Music and Instructions for Amateurs Bands. Cornets from \$2.50 upward. Easy payments. Write today.  
**LYON & HEALY** 22 Adams Street, Chicago  
World's Largest Music House

**CHILLICOTHE, MO.**  
**NORMAL AND BUSINESS COLLEGES**  
200 Instructors, 1000 students. Professional and Literary Courses. Enter any time. 150 Students in one Kansas City Bank. 50 Typewriters. Positions secured, or tuition refunded. Car fare paid. State course desired. Address,  
**ALLEN MOORE, Pres.,**  
1415 Monroe St., Chillicothe, Mo.

**Life and Speeches of W. J. Bryan**  
Illustrated octavo, 465 pages, published in 1900, nothing later, nothing in print more complete. A few copies, last of publisher's stock at greatly reduced price. Substantially bound in cloth, by mail, prepaid, \$1.00 copy.  
**G. H. WALTERS,** 2245 Vlna St. Lincoln, Nebr.

**Our Bank Money Order Plan of Banking by Mail**  
is the simplest, safest and most convenient.  
4 per cent interest is paid from the moment your money reaches us. Your savings are constantly on deposit, earning good interest, yet you have the money in your possession, ready for instant use when needed. Ask for Booklet "E," which fully explains the merits of this wonderful plan. Write today.  
**The Depositors Savings and Trust Co.,**  
Tom L. Johnson, President  
Cleveland, Ohio

**The Cost of a Piano**  
should not be reckoned entirely upon 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.  
**GABLER PIANOS**

while neither the highest nor the lowest prices, are unsurpassed by any instrument made in America or Europe in the service and satisfaction they give for each dollar expended. The "GABLER TONE" is famous, and the no-less-famous "GABLER WORKMANSHIP" makes that tone permanent through generation after generation of use. A Gabler is cheapest BECAUSE BEST. Investigate

**Ernest Gabler & Bro.**

ESTABLISHED 1854.

500 Whitlock Ave., Bronx Borough, N. Y. City.

**PLATFORM TEXT BOOK**  
Containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and all the National Platforms of all parties since the organization of our government.

BOUND IN PAPER, BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Address all Orders to

**The Commoner**  
LINCOLN, NEB.