



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Three Pals

I want to grab Tom Sawyer's hand
And with him swiftly go
'Cross lots and through the alley ways
Down by the river's flow.
I want to loaf beneath the shade
Where oft we three have been—
Me and my pals of other days,
Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

I want to be a pirate bold
And sail the raging main;
Or search the cave of Injun Joe
To find his robber gain.
Among the river's wooded bluffs
When springtime joys begin,
I want to run with my old pals,
Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

I want to charm my warts away
With words of mystic lore,
And hide a marble to bring back
The marbles gone before.
An Injun fierce I want to be,
With decorated skin,
And trail the whites with my old
pals,
Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

I want to fish in nook and cove
Of every dark bayou,
And skirt the wood-lined river shore
In our dug-out canoe.
Beneath the blazing summer sun,
Or moonlight streaming thin,
I long to stroll with my old pals,
Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

When from the village steeple tall
The bell for me shall toll,
And Charon o'er the river dark
Shall slowly row my soul;
When through the Golden City's
gates
My feet shall enter in,
I hope the first to greet may be
Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

Then hand in hand we three will
search
The city's every place
Until we see a crown of white
Above a smiling face.
"Hello, there, Mark!" we'll shout in
in glee;
"You see, they let us in!"
Then 'way we'll go—Mark, Tom and
me,
And Huckleberry Finn.

This and That

I've waited now for many a week
for Teddy to arrive and speak. Un-
til he does I can not know if it is
yet the time to go and try to land
the bass and pike, or sit at home
so quiet like. Until he speaks I
have no chance to know if my to-
mato plants will grow and thrive,
or will be lost by cutworms keen
nipping frost. I dare not sow my
beans and peas till Teddy sails
across the seas, and towering like
the mountain peaks opens wide his
mouth and loudly speaks.

Each year, and at about this time
reports of woe come in and I'm as
blue as fair Italia's sky while weary
hours go dragging by. The frost
has ruined the apple crop; has forced
the growing wheat to stop; has
blighted ev'ry plum and pear, and
filled my heart with grief and care.
I read the daily mess of dope and
creep to bed without a hope. And
then a mem'ry comes to mind that
in the years that lie behind I had
that same old stew and fret, and
after all am living yet.

I hike me home when eve has
come, and feeling strictly on the
bum. My head feels like a bag of
wheat, and both my shoes are full

of feet. I scold the dog that barks
with glee and wags his tail to wel-
come me; I bid the children hush
their noise and kick aside their
scattered toys. My face looks like
a thundercloud, and no one dares to
speak out loud. But soon the sup-
per table's spread and I fill up on
home-made bread, and coffee fine,
and ham and eggs, then fold my
arms and stretch my legs, and all
the world is fair and bright, while
I'm content—and all is right.

The evening paper comes to hand
with double-column headlines and I
sit me down in easy chair to read
the news dispatches there. "Di-
vorce in High Life" meet my gaze;
"Big Graft in Podunk," one more
says. "He Killed Himself," I see
displayed, "Because They Found the
Theft He Made." 'Tis murder, ar-
son, suicide; greed, graft and crime
on ev'ry side; or else a page about
the pugs, and short-haired gents and
other thugs, till I'm so mad I'm
seeing red, kick out the cat and go
to bed.

About the middle of the week my
weary bones begin to squeak. I feel
I bear a heavy load while traveling
down life's rugged road. My mus-
cles ache, my brain is numb, and
pay day never seems to come. The
hours have ninety minutes each, and
joys of life seem out of reach. But
on I toil and peg away until at last
comes Saturday; and then the
cashier hands a roll that fills with
keenest joy my soul, and out I go
with heart that sings, as proud as
any dozen kings.

Brain Leaks

Content never achieved a reform.
After all it usually rains in good
time.

A short sermon is easiest remem-
bered.

There is no short cut towards a
crown.

The best Christians of my acquaint-
ance have the brightest faces.

The man who never tries to do
things seldom feels the hammer of
the "knocker."

There are a lot of men whose be-
lief in the doctrine of free speech is
confined to themselves.

There are men who boast of their
honesty because they have never
been caught acting dishonestly.

The half of the world which does
not know how the other half lives
usually doesn't care to find out.

We'd give a pretty penny to again
feel the sensations of the small boy
who has just landed his first fish.

We think more of the man who
tried his best and failed than we do
of the man who won without exer-
tion.

As one of the boys we can stand
a noiseless Fourth, but we serve
notice here and now that we want a
rainless Fourth.

The difference between the man
who draws wages and the man who
draws a salary is quite often the
larger size of the wage.

We seldom hear complaints of
unmanageable children in the homes
where there is no complaint about
the size of the lighting bill.

Men who boast of being self-made
usually reveal thereby that they paid
more attention to their vocal organs
than they did to their mental ap-
paratus.

The employer who is always
preaching the doctrine of "don't
watch the clock" is usually the em-
ployer who most carefully scans the
time slips.

PROSPERITY

O who hath seen prosperity
That dwelleth in the mind,
Of politicians who stand pat,
Can anybody find
A trace of his great benefits
To laboring mankind?

'Tis said he lives upon the farm,
And by the cottage hearth,
It is laughter rings thro' out the
land;
Exuberant with mirth,
And all along the highways
He scatters golden coin,
Says Pat to Ann, "we're out o' mate
Prosperity is foine!"
—Helen Chamberlin.

Storm Lake, Iowa.

A BOGUS CLAIMANT

Cambridge, Mass., dispatch to the
New York World: Daniel Blake
Russell, as he calls himself, ranch-
man from Dickinson, N. D., but now
adjudged to be James Rousseur of
Massena, N. Y., claimant as son to
half the fortune of the late Daniel
Russell of Melrose, was declared to-
day to be an impostor. Thus ended,
in the probate court before Judge
Lawton, one of the most remarkable
attempts on record to break a will.
His fight for half of nearly \$1,000,-
000 left by Daniel Russell occupied
194 days, during which the court
heard more than 4,000,000 words of
testimony. The result was an un-
equivocal victory for William C.
Russell, son of Daniel Russell, who
has throughout the trial appeared
confident that the ranchman's claims
would be disallowed. In rendering
his decision, Judge Lawton said:

"This vast conspiracy, which em-
braced stealing postoffice stamps,
forging letters, subornation of per-
jury and other similar crimes is with-
out foundation and vanishes into thin
air. It had its origin in the roman-
tic imagination of the counsel for
the petitioner. Professional detec-
tives have collected evidence which
must be regarded as true. The pho-
tographs, which are said to be those
of James Rousseur of Massena, N. Y.,
must be regarded as genuine.

"Neither the respondents (F. C.
Almy and William C. Russell), nor
their counsel, have been anything
except honest in their defense of the
Russell estate against an impostor
and a dishonest claimant. Finally,
I find that none of the three petitions
was brought by Daniel Blake Rus-
sel, but by one who attempted to
impersonate him and defraud the
Russell estate. The petitions are
therefore dismissed."

The claimant's attorney is State
Senator L. A. Simpson of North Da-
kota. When the decision was an-
nounced he said: "I have just be-
gun to fight," which indicates that
the case will be appealed.

A peculiar feature of the legal
climax was the popular approval of
the claimant. Following the deci-
sion Russell, or Rousseur, was fol-
lowed to the Boston hotel by a
cheering throng, which thus demon-
strated its protest against the deci-
sion.

UP TO THE INSURGENTS

There is only one theory of the
president's New York speech—con-
ceding the president has a definite
political purpose—and it is a theory
consistent with everything the pres-
ident has said or done, the president
intends to crush the insurgents. He
would not have revived and empha-
sized the tariff split at this time for
any other reason. The president on
his side is showing the courage and
determination of his position and al-
liance. He has chosen his affiliations
for the four years and the insurgents
are not to his liking.

The question is, what are the in-
surgent leaders going to do about it.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

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