



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

At Eventide

Eeney, meeneey, miney, mo—
 Into bed the babies go!
 A little dress in the corner there,
 A pair of trousers behind the
 door;
 The frayed-out stockings upon the
 chair,
 And well-worn sandals upon the
 floor.
 All the day long have the little feet
 Pattered around in their childish
 play;
 Voices that rang with a laughter
 sweet,
 Stilled and hushed at the close of
 day.
 Then the sandman comes—creep,
 creep, creep—
 And the tired babies are soon asleep.

Oney, orry, ickery, Ann—
 Into bed for the old sandman!
 A sticky print on the windowpane,
 A muddy track on the hall-room
 floor;
 Four little feet walking By-lo lane,
 And stillness is ushered in once
 more.
 All the day long and the cottage
 rings
 With elfin sounds of their childish
 glee;
 Then the night time comes and with
 it brings
 Quiet and lonesomeness for me.
 For the sandman's come—creep,
 creep, creep—
 And I'm alone in the silence deep.

Fillison, follison, Nicholas, John—
 Bless the babes my eyes rest on!
 A happy pair in the little bed,
 Dreaming the dreams that the
 angels send;
 Snuggled so warm 'neath the covers
 spread,
 Tired but happy at the long day's
 end.
 All forgot are the bumps and the
 falls,
 And all forgot are the pains and
 aches;
 Memory fails when the sandman
 calls—
 Never returns when the sun-god
 wakes.
 And I rest content till the morning
 glad
 Brings welcome shouts of "Dood
 morin', dad!"

Smith Wins

Recently this department offered a prize of seven sesterces, payable in business college currency, to the one making the best guess as to the author of certain extracts from recent fiction published in these columns. Almost as many guesses were received as there are different kinds of republican state platforms, and after long and serious cogitation the puzzle editor has decided that the following wins. The prize money will be forwarded as soon as the American people agree that a Roosevelt platform endorsing the Aldrich-Cannon tariff is a "progressive" platform:
 Santa Ana, Calif., September 24.—I have read your "Extracts from Recent Fiction," which appeared in The Commoner of September 16, and after due consideration have decided to enter the contest for the prize of seven dollars in business college money. If I should be so fortunate as to win this valuable prize I can make good use of it. If any landlady refuses to accept it on my board bill I can keep it to use along with the panic script or the no-cent dollars when the next panic

arrives. My guess is that the author of the book from which you took the extracts is a certain ex-president of a big republic who recently returned from an animal slaughtering trip in Africa; the same man who, when addressing a large body of laborers would have them believe they are the real smoke, but if one of them happens to be kidnapped from his state, denied his constitutional rights, spirited away to Idaho by hirelings of a great corporation and is yet on trial for his life—this same molder of public opinion calls him an "undesirable citizen." He is also something of a magician, and in a few months time has been known to transfer a "practical man" like "My Dear Mr. Harriman" into an "undesirable citizen." I do not know that he practices the black arts, but he shows symptoms of it. He is also a great biographer, and I have read that in some of his great works he characterizes Tom Paine as a "filthy little atheist," Thomas Jefferson as being "timid and shifty," Andrew Jackson as "flighty," and various other men prominent in the public eye during the past and the present all come in for classification as "liars," "nature fakirs," "molly-coddles," "muckrakers," "malefactors of great wealth," etc., etc. Fortunate, indeed, is our country to have such an example to point to and advise the rising generation to emulate. If I am so fortunate as to be the contestant to best answer your query, please send me the aforesaid business college currency to my address.
 R. L. SMITH.

Exchange Comment

Perhaps the new style hats for women will be sold by the square foot.—Washington Post.
 And doubtless paid for by the pound—with some shilling and pence thrown in for good measure.
 Whatever else may happen, the next congress is likely to show more beardless men than any previous one within a half century.—Boston Transcript.
 Well, a congress made up of men with less on their faces and more inside their heads would be a welcome innovation.

About one out of every five people in Nebraska of all ages has a deposit in the state banks, and the average is \$333. Are you one of the five, or are you the other four.—Lincoln Daily Star.

Well, here's two of us, anyhow. Will the rest of the quartette please step forward?

New York street car conductor breaks his arm ringing up fares. Talk about strenuousness in doing one's duty!—Cleveland Leader.

Some people always find it mighty hard to do the right thing—or ring, as in this case.

Arithmetical Progression

The coal operator is forced by the coal miners' union to pay the miners 10 cents a ton more for digging the coal.
 The coal operator forces the wholesale dealer to pay him 50 cents a ton more so he can pay the miner 10 cents a ton more.
 The wholesale dealer forces the retail dealer to pay him \$1 a ton more so he can pay the operator 50 cents

a ton more to pay the miner 10 cents a ton more for digging it.

The retail dealer forces the ultimate consumer to pay \$1.50 a ton more so he can pay the wholesaler \$1 a ton more to enable him to pay the operator 50 cents a ton more for paying the miner 10 cents a ton more.

The ultimate consumer, having no one to whom he can pass the deal must grin and bear it until such time as he accumulates gumption enough to own the coal mines himself.

Pending which glad day the usual number of decades and centuries will pass slowly by.

Short Arm Jabs

There are people who continue to applaud the man who paraphrases one of the original Ten Commandments, thinking that he is the original discoverer of the idea.

The indications are that "Sunny Jim" is suffering from a temporary eclipse.

It seems, judging by recent republican primaries, that when President Taft tried to put the "pie counter" ball across he rather fozzled the put.

The latest edition of "Mr. Barnes of New York" seems destined to appear on the bargain counter set aside for damaged goods.

Isn't it rather strange that the president does not solve the Ballinger trouble by putting Richard Achilles on the supreme bench?

We are not so much interested in Prof. Garner's efforts to teach monkeys to talk as we are in some scheme to prevent a lot of monkeys from talking so much.

Secretary Ballinger conveys the startling intimation that he is about to point out a few black kettles if they do not immediately refrain from animadverting upon his own collection of sooty pots.

Our republican brethren seem to be getting together for the sole purpose of ascertaining how far apart they can knock one another.

A few more such "progressive" victories as that in New York and the standpatters will be the winners.

We have often made note of the fact that a medium priced hat is never in style.

A lot more people would try to get into heaven if an admission fee was imposed upon them.

At any rate that New York scrap recalled to many minds the fact that there is such an office as the vice presidency of the United States.

A robber tariff lauded by "progressives" exacts just as much tribute as a robber tariff lauded at Winona.

Your coal dealer will now endeavor to explain why he has to raise the price \$1.25 a ton in order to meet the increased cost of ten cents per ton for mining it.

Advice to committee on rules for future "progressive" republican conventions: "No hitting in the break-away."

Ignorant

The Chicago board of education has issued the following warning to schoolboys:

"Do not run to school!"
 This merely proves what we have long contended—that the Chicago board of education is sadly in need of a few members who really know boys.

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