



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

Mother's Work

Mother hasn't much to do
To keep from growing lonely;
Simply lives the long day through
At little duties only.
Gets a breakfast just for eight,
While for sleep she wishes;
Two for school must not be late—
Then she does the dishes.

Then she sweeps the sitting room,
Dining room and stairway;
Wields a dustring and a broom
Till things shine in fair way.
Then she has to dress the three
Small kids who've been sleeping—
"Dick" and Charlotte, Marjorie—
Then more dusting, sweeping.

Then she combs three tousled heads
And washes three bright faces;
Makes a half dozen beds;
Puts things in their places.
Then the lunch for those from school;
Then the chores forgotten;
Then her needle and a spool
Of stout darning cotton.

Dinner dishes washed and dried,
Then the porches mopping;
Several patches well applied,
Then a bit of shopping.
Hungry eight to feed at night—
That's the regular number—
Coffee, sausage, biscuits light—
Then the "kids" to slumber.

Then, the supper dishes done,
Her easy day is ended,
Save she sees that one by one
All the clothes are mended.
Sews the missing buttons back,
Mends the little dresses;
Wipes out every muddy track
That her sight distresses.

Gets the kitchen all "O. K."
For the early morning;
Winds the clock so it will say
Loud its early warning.
Then, if nothing else to do,
Upstairs she'll go creeping
Just to waste an hour or two
In not needed sleeping.

Mother hasn't much to do—
That's how people view it—
Little work the whole day through,
Eighteen hours to do it.
But pa—he has to work like sin
In his important station.
Eight hours—then he is all in,
And tired as creation!

From a Far-Away Friend

Los Angeles, Cal., September 9.—
I have read your page, "Whether
Common or Not," with a great deal
of pleasure, and its, or your page, as
I call it, never has been missed since
you have been connected with The
Commoner. In the recent issues of
The Commoner you ask subscribers
and readers to send in the funniest
story they ever heard. In sending
in a story a great deal depends upon
one's profession, and having been
connected with the mining business
all my life, the following story, I
think, is about as funny as any I ever
heard, but before telling the story
will say that the principal of this
story, whose name is Barney Riley,
is an intimate friend of mine, and
the best known character in the en-
tire west, and is commonly known as
the "Pilgrim," or the "wandering
Irishman," and in his wanderings
from place to place he has never
been known to pay a railroad a cent
for carrying him and, furthermore,
the present instance mentioned in
this story is the only time, I think,
that he was ever ditched in his life—

the cause of this is because he weighs
about 275 pounds and is all man; and
another reason is, that anyone that
ever heard him tell a story in that
melodious Irish brogue could not
have a heart so hard as to throw him
off a train. With Riley on this trip
was a Cornishman, and in western
parlance known as Cousin Jack, and
there are among the Cousin Jacks
some of the most comical people on
earth, and it was one of these good
comical fellows that was Barney's
companion on the trip. Barney and
the Cousin Jack were endeavoring to
reach a mining camp and were "beat-
ing" their way and were ditched at a
water tank, and this was their ex-
perience with the section house lady,
Barney being the spokesman: "Good
morning, my good lady, we are two
hard-working miners trying to get
up to Globe to get a job, and down
the road about twenty miles those
cruel trainmen ditched us at a water
tank and as you can see that I am
a heavy man, and me shoes most
worn out an' full of tacks and I am
most starved, would you be so kind
to give us a little bite to eat?" The
lady replied: "I haven't anything
cooked up, the dishes are all dirty
and I haven't much time to cook an
extra meal as I have lots of work to
do." Barney replied: "Never mind
the dirty dishes; can't you cook us a
little mush?" Whereupon the lady
replied: "Oh, yes, I guess so."
When the bowl of mush was
placed on the table, the lady
placed a fork and a spoon down for
them to use. Barney grabbed the
spoon and the Cousin Jack got the
fork. Barney began scooping that
mush down for further orders; mean-
while the Cousin Jack was doing the
best he could with that thin mush,
so after most of the porridge had
gone into Barney's maw, the Cousin
Jack became alarmed and cried:
"Barney, Barney, damme old son,
thee pick awhile and let me shovel."
R. J. WILLIAMS.

Information Wanted

"Mary," remarked the young
woman's father, "that young Stick-
ley has been coming here three
nights a week for two years."
"Yes, papa."
"Burning gas and fuel in the
winter?"
"Yes, papa."
"Well, daughter, I think it's high
time you ascertained whether young
Stickley is a standpatter or a pro-
gressive."

Tariff Prices

"What effect upon prices does the
tariff have, in your estimation, sen-
ator?"
"Well," replied Senator Graball,
"while I believe that the tariff has
not been the cause of any increase
in the price of foodstuffs, I am com-
pelled to admit that since I voted for
it I find the cost of being re-elected
has very materially advanced."

Consistency

Is he a progressive?
Well, he fought the standpatters'
candidates in New York and then
swallowed their platform with every
evidence of satisfaction?
And between times he boosts for
a Lodge in Massachusetts, but re-
frains from boosting for a LaFollette
in Wisconsin.
Is he a Puritan?
Well, between dinners with Gug-
genheim and "Boss" Cox he virtu-

ously refuses to sit at table with
Lorimer.

How about his promises?
He promised to bolt the candidate
if Blaine were nominated in 1884,
and then went back on the promise
given to George William Curtis and
others.

And his patriotism?
He swore off his taxes in New
York on the ground of non-citizen-
ship, and then became governor of
New York within the same year—
an office to which only citizens of
that state are eligible.

Short Arm Jabs

When the strenuous one was up
in the air at St. Louis he certainly
was in his element.

After reversing the supreme court
a couple of times, Mr. Roosevelt
should now pause long enough to
warn the common folk against do-
ing anything to decrease respect for
the courts.

The report that certain sections
of the earth are slipping may be set
down as a fake. The movement is
doubtless due to the pull exercised
by Guggenheim, Rockefeller, et al.

A candidate for mayor of Vine-
land, N. J., is conducting his cam-
paign from the city jail. This is
not, however, the only candidate
who should be occupying similar
headquarters.

After quietly submitting to hav-
ing him select their presidential can-
didate we fail to see wherein New
York republicans have any kick
coming on Mr. Roosevelt's selection
of a republican candidate for gov-
ernor.

We gather from newspaper re-
ports that Senator Lee Brown of
Illinois is one of those excellent and
too numerous gentlemen eager to
sacrifice party for an ideal—and a
consideration.

Tama Jim Wilson has been in the
cabinet for thirteen years. Is it pos-
sible that Richard Achilles Ballinger
has an ambition to equal that
record?

Brain Leaks

People who growl at long sermons
are usually most in need of them.

Some people excuse a lot of little
bad habits on the ground that they
have no really big bad habits.

Even the confirmed smoker finds
difficulty in determining at night
whether his pipe is lit or not.

The Difference

"There's just as good fish in the
sea as ever were caught," remarked
the boarder much given to quota-
tions.

"True, but the bait is much harder
to secure than formerly," retorted
the quiet boarder who usually said
something when he spoke.

One in Its Favor

"There's one good thing to be said
about the 'hobble skirt.'"

"For goodness sake, what is it?"
"When the wearer is limping
along one is unable to say whether
the limp is caused by the hobble or
by tight shoes."

Description Needed

Gentleman, entering swell restau-
rant—"Can you tell me if my wife is
among the ladies present?"
Head Waiter—"Merry Widow,
Waste Basket, Coal Scuttle or
Toque?"

Reminiscent

The melancholy day has come,
And brought its chilly night;
I lay me down when day is done
To dream of anthracite.

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