

## Whether Common or Not

### Where the Angels Smile at You

Watchin' the white clouds sailin'  
'round the blue,  
World is like a picture where the  
angels smile at you;  
Southwind a wavin' the blossoms  
overhead,  
While the corn is just a-climbin' to  
bring my daily bread.

Green fields and bright fields  
Where toilers soon'll reap,  
And birds in the branches  
To sing my soul to sleep.

O the breath of blossoms — Woods  
where wildflowers throng!  
O that life were dreaming—dreams a  
whole life long!

Toiling and toiling in a world so  
bright

Sometimes think that Paradise has  
given all its light!

Hills, plains and valleys  
Fair in heaven's sight,  
On a bed of blossoms  
Lost in dreams and light.

—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta  
Constitution.

### Coming Down to Language

At a dinner the other evening the  
talk topic turned to a bunch of things  
difficult to pronounce, whereat an ap-  
propriate anecdote was exploded by  
Congressman Edwin Y. Webb of  
North Carolina.

Down at the cigar store some time  
ago, the congressman said, the regu-  
lars were talking about the war and  
remarking how it gave one something  
worse than the faceache to pronounce

the Russian names. A man named  
Benners, who was sitting near, large-  
ly smiled.

"Those Russian names are noth-  
ing," he remarked. "You just ought  
to hear what I stack up against in  
my own home every day of my life."

"What's that?" demanded one of  
the regulars, with an amazed ex-  
pression. "Do you mean to say that  
you have somebody in your family  
who can put a kink in the czar's syl-  
labic twists?"

"Well, I should say that I have!"  
was the grinfal rejoinder of Benners,  
"You just ought to hear the baby and  
the parrot when they get talking to-  
gether."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Flippant Fancies

Hardships of war—battleships.  
Highballs have laid many a man  
low.

You don't have to set a trap to  
catch a cold.

Not all drummers beat drums—  
some beat hotels.

Many a financial upset is due to a  
small tip.

The centipede with one foot in the  
grave isn't very old.

Poets are born, not made—and the  
birth rate isn't high.

Some people try to raise the wind  
by blowing about their prospects.—  
Boston Transcript.

### Safety First

"I always burned my records after  
a month's time," said Reid of Rock  
Island to the interstate commerce  
commission. Evidently the railroad

slogan of "Safety First" is by no  
means confined to the operating de-  
partment—or to train crews.—Puck.

### Revenge

"Don't you care for any postcards  
today?" asked a postal clerk, as he  
handed the man the stamp he had  
requested.

"No, not today," said the man.

"Or some stamped envelopes? We  
have some new ones."

"No, thank you."

"Would you like a money order?"

"No."

"Or perhaps you would like to  
open a postal savings account?"

"I do not."

"Then let me advise you to rent  
one of our letter boxes."

But the man had fled.

"Who was that fellow, and why did  
you ask him all those questions?"  
asked a fellow clerk.

"That," said the other clerk, "is  
my barber. For years when he has  
shaved me he has bothered me with  
recommendations of massages, sham-  
poo, hair cuts and hair tonics. I am  
even with him!"—New York Times.

### Behind the Bars

The Sunday was a wet one and she  
was allowed to accompany her par-  
ents to church. It was her first ex-  
perience of that kind.

The minister was of the energetic,  
pulpit-thumping type, and he  
preached from a rostrum railed in,  
above the people. He excelled him-  
self this day in the thumping tactics  
and had worked himself up to a pitch  
of excitement.

Esther was cowering close to her  
mother's side, and when he reached  
a point which he emphasized more  
than all others, she exclaimed in a  
frightened whisper:

"Ma! what would we do if he got  
out?" — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Dis-  
patch.

### An Irate Neutral

"With which side do you sympath-  
ize in this war?"

"I don't believe," replied Mr. Grow-  
cher, "that I can define my attitude  
as one of sympathy. My sentiment  
is one of comprehensive indigna-  
tion."—Washington Star.

### Coming Debate at Atchison

At its next meeting the Lancaster  
Literary society will debate this sub-  
ject: "Which policeman is entitled to  
the most sympathy, the one in a min-  
ing camp or the one in a university  
town?"—Atchison Globe.

### Italy as an Example

If those warring nations had de-  
liberated as long as Italy has there  
wouldn't have been any war.—Buf-  
falo Courier.

### Pointed Paragraphs

Plumbers prefer the piping times  
of peace.

An honest man is indeed a good  
thing—for his creditors.

After a woman has told a third of  
the story men can guess the rest.

Somehow a man who doesn't know  
right from wrong nearly always does  
wrong.

The man who attempts to serve  
two masters is liable to arrest for  
bigamy.

After a man has been married two  
weeks he can understand why love  
is blind.

If all the brides are as beautiful as  
the reporters would have us believe,  
where do all the homely married  
women come from?

Our idea of an optimist is a man  
who hopes for the best, prepares for  
the worst, and swallows the dose  
fate ladles out to him with cheerful  
grin.—Chicago News.

## Bryan—Democracy's Goat

[By George Fitch, in Collier's]

These are slow, dull times for the  
frosted layer of Washington society  
which helped official Washington en-  
joy itself in the brave old republican  
days.

The said days lasted sixteen years,  
during the last stretch of which a lot  
of Washington people got vested in-  
terest in the social joys of the gov-  
ernment. Things got sort of settled  
socially after the republican party  
became a national habit, and many of  
our leading citizens moved to Wash-  
ington for the purpose of sitting in  
with the government, informally,  
over the dinner plates. And then,  
just after many of these citizens had  
invested large sums in new palaces,  
precedent was outraged by the elec-  
tion of a democratic president.

It is difficult for the outside world  
to appreciate the fullness of this ca-  
lamity. It has been very poignant.  
In the first place President Wilson  
has omitted the social end of his car-  
eer entirely. This would have been  
cruel enough in itself, but he has, in  
addition, loaded down the cabinet  
and the other high places with a lot  
of people no one has ever heard of.

They are democrats — that strange  
breed which has been confined hith-  
erto in the two branches of congress  
where one needn't fall over them so-  
cially. But now the whole place  
swarms with them. They override  
the constitution by giving receptions  
and forgetting to invite people who  
have called cabinet ministers by their  
first names for sixteen years. Friends  
of theirs from Texas and Nebraska  
and other weird sections come to  
Washington, having learned to drink  
afternoon tea by correspondence  
school, and have an enormous time  
socially, while the real people who  
knew Will and Theodore and Elihu  
and dear Chauncey Depew sit around  
at home and wonder what the dick-  
ens is going to become of the gov-  
ernment.

Even the diplomatic corps is very  
little comfort nowadays. It didn't  
change with the administration, but  
since the war the ministers of the af-  
fected countries have remained al-  
most unanimously at home as the  
best way of avoiding embarrassing  
encounters. In fact, there is nothing  
for the ex-friends to do socially now-  
adays but to meet round and deplore  
Bryan.

This has been the great indoor pas-  
time of the Outs for the last two years.  
Their zeal at it is unflagging. They  
have developed the occupation into a  
fine art. Other usurpers of awesome  
places have come in for mild disap-  
proval, but only in a half-hearted,  
dilettante way. They can not be said  
even to compete. The government  
really ought to investigate the meth-  
ods by which Secretary Bryan has  
acquired his sweeping monopoly of  
condemnation for everything that  
goes wrong, or differently in Wash-  
ington.

### ALAS! WHAT TIMES ARE THESE

By long practice the ear or the eye  
or the finger tips can be trained to  
extreme sensitiveness—likewise the  
feelings. A great many Washington-  
ians have practiced disapproving of  
Bryan until any little thing he may do  
causes them the most exquisite pain.  
If a member of the ancient irreconcil-  
ables in the northwest quarter of the  
city feels at any moment an unclassi-  
fied twinge or shudder, he or she, as  
the case may frequently be, will  
pause as likely as not and exclaim:  
"Ouch! There! I know that man in  
the state department has been doing  
something! Doubtless he has thrown  
up a window. Now, when I knew

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