

Whether Common or Not

That Fishin' Feelin'.

The groun'hog is a knowin' beast, but now an' then he fails
 T' give th' proper tip on weather lines;
 Th' goosebone, though it's midlin' fair, will tell some crooked tales
 An' have it rainin' cold when sunlight shines.
 Th' cornshuck is worth tyin' to as well as t'other two,
 But not to airy one can people cling.
 But I've got a good foreteller—I'll jus' explain t' you—
 When I've got that fishin' feelin', then it's spring.
 Th' weather may be blowin' cold an' snow a flyin' fast,
 An' groundhogs, shucks an' bones may all agree;
 But nature always tells me when she's jus' about t' cast
 Her em'rald color over vine an' tree.
 Then reel an' rod an' tackle get a proper fixin' 'round,
 An' sortin' up my hooks I laugh an' sing.
 Though blizzards may be blowin' an' th' snow is on th' ground,
 If I've got that fishin' feelin', then it's spring.
 What rapture greets a feller when th' buds begin t' swell
 An' grass begins t' peep from out th' sod;
 What music comes t' mortals out of ev'ry hill and dell
 When birds begin t' sing their praise t' God.
 It's joytime when th' sunshine drives th' snowdrifts all away
 An' mornin' glories 'gin t' creep an' cling.
 A feller must be daffy if he ain't a feelin' gay
 With a touch o' fishin' feelin' in th' spring.

Repartee.

As the automobile whizzed by it glanced at the horse and exclaimed with fine scorn:
 "I guess I've put you out of business."
 "O, I don't know! I've not heard of your being utilized as a serum plant!" exclaimed the equine.

Papa Goose Rhyme.

Hi diddle doodle
 The trusts have got boodle;
 The taxes are paid by the toil
 The syndicates laughed
 At their profitable graft
 In sugar, steel, railroads and oil.

Uncle Hiram.

"I hev noticed," remarked Uncle Hiram, deftly extracting a cracker from the box and readjusting the lid, "that the man that takes care of his own business has about all he kin attend to. Furthermore, my experiance is thet nations is like individ'als in this respek. Th' less meddlin' a man does with his neighbor's affairs th' more corn he shucks in the fall. We ain't cribbin much produce as a world power right now."

Fie, for Sel'

There was a young fellow in Me.
 Who suffered a horrible pn.
 From trying to dn.
 All the whisky in tn.,
 And he says he won't do it an.

Unkind Fate.

"W'ot's de matter wid you dis mornin', Dusty?"
 "I has a tough experiance las' night."
 "How's dat?"
 "W'y I dreamed dat one o' dem steel magnate fellers invited me t' dine wid him, an' dat he sot out de fines' meal I ever see. He asks me would I hev a little suthin' before eatin', an' I says I would. Den he

brings out a bottle o' champageny jooce. Dat's where I makes me big mistake."

"How does yer make a mistake, Dusty?"

"De mistake was in net eatin' me meal fust and drinkin' de jooce at de finish. When de bloke pulled de cork de poppin' of it woke me up an' I missed me dinner."

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Aqueous.

"I understand that the president of the new steel combine is to draw a salary of \$1,000,000 a year."

"Yes. It takes money to hire an expert in hydraulics to manage the water in such a big concern."

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Two Views.

THE PESSIMIST.

A little toil, a little pain,
 And hearts forever breaking;
 A weary load of carking care.
 Some burdens ever hard to bear—
 Then sleep that knows no waking.

THE OPTIMIST.

A chance to pierce the clouds of gloom
 And silver lining borrow;
 Some pain today so we may know
 That after toil and care below
 We'll find a grand tomorrow.

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Social Solecisms.

Mrs. Nuwed—"Why don't you go to work, instead of begging your way from door to door?"

Walker Rhodes—"Madam, you see in me th' victim of a cruel fate. Wunst I was a officer in the navy."

Mrs. Nuwed—"Why are you not in the navy now?"

Walker Rhodes—"I wuz discharged fer making a fox pass at a pink tea." W. M. M.

A Frosty Morning.

I love these frosty mornings,
 When all the outer air
 Is tingling with a freshness
 And vim beyond compare.

The north wind in the tree tops
 Proclaims the coming dawn,
 And sends the crisp leaves rattling
 Across the frozen lawn.

From some adjacent farmyard
 A watchful chanticleer
 With raucous, joyous crowing
 Assails the atmosphere.

Then, nearer home, a watchdog,
 Awakened from his sleep,
 Gives voice to his resentment
 In tones prolonged and deep.

A wagon, bound for market,
 Goes creaking down the road;
 I hear the axles groaning
 Beneath the heavy load.

The light grows at my window,
 And on the pane, I see,
 Jack Frost has limned a picture
 Of silvery tracery.

Now, from the servants stairway
 Slow feet pass down the hall;
 And then the kitchen shutter
 Clangs out against the wall.

I love these frosty mornings,
 To note these things, and then—
 To draw the bedclothes closer
 And go to sleep again.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

Miscellaneous.

Senator Hoar's Inconsistency.

In his debates he showed his customary anxiety about the entire policy of the government toward the oriental islands. "You may talk about benevolent assimilation," he said, "and use other honeyed phrases, but your act is pure, simple, undiluted, unchecked despotism." Then toward the close of the discussion he arose again for the purpose, as he expressed it, of saving one principle of constitutional government that was not yet slain. If his arguments from first to last have any point at all it is that not only the Filipino people but all people who are identified like them with a particular territory have an absolute right to independence and self-government free from any sort of interposition by a foreign power.

In speaking of the Cuban amendment, however, he evaded his own appeal to principles. His remarks are reported as follows:

He said that he considered the entire Cuban amendment wise. He was not able to share in the apprehensions indulged in on the other side. It was designed to enforce the Monroe doctrine. The only condition against which objection could be raised was that regarding sanitation, and he thought that it was only proper that our country should be safe-guarded against yellow fever and other epidemics which might originate in Cuba under unsanitary conditions.

The plea is what might be called miserable pettifoggery in a less distinguished statesman. For the amendment as a whole is an ultimatum which proclaims the United States suzerain over Cuba, and the third clause asserts a right of intervention which would prevent the Cubans from dealing with their own affairs as free men. As the approving Hopkins of Aurora says: "Our attitude will be that of a parent looking after the conduct of a child."

Mr. Hoar was bound then to vote and furthermore, he was bound by the general principles that he has advocated, and furthermore, he was bound by the solemn, explicit pledge of the government, which should have held him if his principles did not, which should supersede everything else, and which has no application to the Philippines whatsoever. The Senator from Massachusetts is beyond rivalry in straining at a gnat and swallowing himself.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Lovering currency bill, which the House committee on banking and currency voted recently to report favorably, authorizes national banks to issue circulating notes to the extent of ten per cent over and above their paid up and unimpaired capital, thus furnishing a circulation based on "bank assets," instead of on government bonds. It is bad enough to have a currency which requires government bonds as security, but it is worse to have one based on so-called "bank assets," and the "sound money" advocates are the originators of the plan. Which security will the people prefer "bank assets" or the United States government? Which is the sounder?—National Watchman.

The bakers in the Bruce bakery at Lawrence, Mass., which is part of the National Biscuit Company's manufacturing plant, have been discharged, as the buildings will no longer be used for manufacturing, although Lawrence will continue to be a distributing point for the products.

About 50 hands are affected by the order, which came from headquarters.

The National Biscuit Company have decided to close out the brach at Rutland, Vt., and to cover that territory from another city. When the company bought out H. L. Hoag, who had been in business for some time at that stand, a large amount of goods were manufactured, estimated at \$100,000 a year, but changes have been made so that this has been simply a shipping station for several months. The cracker trust has thus the thanks of Rutland for killing off an important local industry which employed a little over a year ago about 35 men.—Exchange.