

The Commoner.

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Whether Common or Not.



The Joiner.

He was what folks called a "j'iner," for he was a charter signer
Of each and every order in his town.
When a new one would be started for a membership he bartered,
And his name would always be the first one down.
He would march with glee and bustle; over rituals he would tussle;
He had uniforms until he couldn't rest.
He was Worthy Grand Head Master of the Sons of Benzoraster,
And for other offices he made a quest.
He was Worthy Secretary of the Free Sons of El Kary;
Of the Modern Choppers he was Royal Ax.
And he proudly held the station of Supreme Extreme Gyration
Of the Free and Ancient Order of Kerwhacks.
Monday night the Sons of Hoping, Tuesday night the Never Moping;
And on Wednesday he would 'tend the Chiefs of Cheer.
Thursday night the Weary Workers, Friday night the Tired Shirkers,
And on Saturday the Helpers Far and Near.
Morn and night of things fraternal he would talk with zeal eternal,
And he spent his wage for gaudy trappings new.
And it needed no persuasion on each possible occasion
To get him to march before the public view.
When he died each mourning order put crepe 'round its charter's border
And his policies were paid with proud delight.
Then his widow said 'midst weeping, "Now I know just what is keeping.
My beloved, darling husband out at night."

The Rural Drama.

The aspiring playwright rushed into the presence of the manger and exclaimed exultingly:
"At last!"
"At last' what?" growled the manager.
"At last I have completed the greatest rural drama ever offered to the public. It's title is 'Back Yonder East.' I have trained seven cows, nine sheep, three dogs, thirty-eight chickens, twenty-seven ducks, bought an old-time mower, a real threshing machine, a corn sheller, got four horses, a lot of trained birds to sit and sing in the branches of a real tree, a real well from which to draw real water with a real pump, and apple and cherry trees in full blossom. I am now ready to go out and make millions as soon as I can find a manager."
"Well, what people have you got to play this drama?"
"People? People? What do we want with actors in a rural drama? Ain't the live stock and accessories enough? I thought you were a theatrical manager."



Spring.

Glad Spring is with us once again;
No more the greedy furnace
With yawning maw and appetite
For four months will concern us.
But ere we've time to think this nice
We must begin to purchase ice.



Before and After.

Before the election he insisted that politics had nothing to do with the contest, and his anger was aroused at the thought of an outsider interfering.
A count of the ballots showed his side to be victorious.
"Whoop-ee! We've skinned 'em! The whole

country has had its eyes on this contest, and it will have an important bearing on the national campaign. We're the people! Whoop-ee!"

"But I thought this was only a local campaign, with nothing about it of national interest," protested the stranger.

"Ah, go on! You're too simple to be a politician. What you need is a kindergarten course in practical politics. That's the way we won out."



Invaluable Assistance.

"What service can you render us?" asked the manager of the great trust, looking with scorn upon the humble applicant for work.

"Sir, I can guarantee to find water any time with my patent divining rod."

With a glad cry the trust manager fell upon the applicant's neck and wept enough tears to water the stock of any ordinary enterprise.



Financial Item.

In the spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
And he wonders how he'll purchase
Ice cream for his lady love.
Then he rises from his slumbers
At the early peep of dawn,
And proceeds to put his winter
Ulster into summer's pawn.



Psychology.

At 11:39 p. m. the clock stopped.
"Why, the clock has stopped," exclaimed Mr. Staleightte. "I wonder what caused it to do that."
Concealing a yawn behind her hand, Miss Keane murmured:
"I suppose it was the influence of mind over matter. The clock is setting a bad example. I must start it going."
While Miss Keane was tripping toward the clock Mr. Staleightte was looking for his hat.

Borrowed Fun.



A Slight Misprint.

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper.
"Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife.
"Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man, "but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"—Glasgow Times.

Smart Woman.

"Mrs. Blithe seems to be very popular with the gentlemen. They all seem anxious to have a word with her. Is she a brilliant conversationalist?"
"No, she is not a brilliant conversationalist, but she makes every man think he is."—Leslie's Weekly.

Explained.

First Long Island Hen—What a studious young rooster Mr. Plymouth Rock is, always burning the midnight oil.
Second Long Island Hen—Well, it is hereditary with him. You know his mother was a kerosene incubator.—Brooklyn Eagle.

As a Discourager.

Tommy Smith—This is the night your sister's best feller comes, ain't it?
Willie Jones—Yes, but I guess she's tryin' to shake him.
Tommy Smith—How d'yer know?
Willie Jones—She eat onions for supper to-night.—Philadelphia Press

Mr. Harrison as a Private Citizen.

Mr. Harrison went out of public station into a more congenial atmosphere. His greatness as a lawyer was recognized. He was made the principal counsel for Venezuela in the boundary dispute with Great Britain. He himself walked out of the first office of the republic into the ranks of free citizens, as was becoming in a free citizen who, for a few years, had been the chief servant and the chief personage of the republic. As opportunities came to him he grew into larger proportions than the country dreamed were his while he was President. Even personal intimate friendships increased, and at last when the time came for him to show how deep were his feelings for humanity, how greatly he loved the country, how strong was his faith in republican institutions, how firm and eloquent a friend he was of justice and freedom, how little of a politician he was when what he conceived to be the nation's honor was in question, then came the time not only of his largest reputation, but of his greatness, and his strongest influence with his fellow-countrymen.

Rarely has a public man performed his greatest public service while out of public station. But Benjamin Harrison, private citizen, made a deeper impression on his time than Benjamin Harrison, President, ever made. And rarely has any man's death been more inopportune than his.—Harper's Weekly.

Schwab and His Salary.

From another point of view, however, the rise of Charles M. Schwab to his present position and his annual salary of \$1,000,000 is a direct menace to this country and her institutions—more than all to her working classes. Why is Charles M. Schwab to be paid \$1,000,000 a year? He is not worth it by reason of his ability in constructive measures, nor is any man on earth worth that sum.

Charles M. Schwab is not to be paid \$1,000,000 a year for what good he can do, but for what harm he will accomplish.

The Steel Trust itself has openly declared that it will pay him that salary, because it expects that he will cut down the expenses so much that he will save more than that to this gigantic syndicate each year.

How will he save it? The formation of the Steel Trust is in itself an answer to that question. When it was organized, it swallowed up nearly all, if not entirely all, the steel companies in the United States. Thousands of honest workingmen were driven out of employment to beg or to steal, and now Charles M. Schwab is to be paid \$1,000,000 annually, and his object will be to cut down expenses by making those thousands of tramps into tens of thousands.

Charles M. Schwab rose from the ranks of poverty himself, and came up as a day laborer. He stands today a Genghis Kahn, a Tamerlane, looking back on the brilliant path he has trod over the ruined homes and helpless forms of thousands upon thousands of workingmen and their wives and children.

If Charles M. Schwab have any heart in his anatomy, he should be ashamed of the position he occupies.

May the Lord speed the day when such infamies as this Steel Trust shall be unknown in this land, and when it will be a crime for any man to be offered and to accept a salary of \$1,000,000 a year for driving thousands and thousands of workingmen out of employment into starvation.—Sacramento Bee.

One Sufficient.

Tommy—Mamma, give Elsie an apple, won't you?
Mamma—I suppose you'll want one for yourself then, too.
Tommy—No. Just give one to Elsie. We're going to play Adam and Eve, and she's going to tempt me.—Philadelphia Press.