

Whether Common or Not.



When Pa Takes Down th' Heatin' Stove.

When pa takes down th' heatin' stove you bet we stan' aroun'
An' keep as quiet as can be an' never make a soun'.
We allus know there's goin' t' be a heap o' noise an' fuss,
An' ma she allus is prepared t' have things in a muss.
F'r pa gits purty careless in his actions an' his talk
If that ol' stove gits contrar'ee an' tries t' buck an' balk,
An' if it bucks too hard then pa says things 'at make me blush,
An' ma can only gasp an' say, "No, pa, you'd bet-ter hush!"

When pa takes down th' heatin' stove he takes off coat an' vest,
An' says if ma'll get a chair he'll gladly do th' rest.
Then ma she gits th' chair an' puts some papers on th' floor,
An' knowin' pa's excited ways she closes every door.
She says she wouldn't f'r th' world have neighbors overhear
Th' awful things that pa'll say if trouble should appear.
An' ma is wise, f'r pa c'n say some words you never see
In any dictionary though you look from A to Z.

Then pa he mounts th' chair an' grabs th' stove-pipe good an' tight,
An' bracin' one foot 'gainst th' wall he pulls with all his might.
I never say a word, an' ma, she trembles like with fear
An' stands across th' room an' puts a finger in each ear.
She's on to pa, f'r purty soon th' pipe comes down kersmash!
An' pa says things I can't spell out, so write 'em with a dash.
Then pa gits up an' feels his bones an' tackles it once more,
An' rassels that ol' heatin' stove all up an' down th' floor.
An' all the time he's sayin' things, an' I've jus' got t' grin.
But ma she says th' way pa talks is just a awful sin.

When pa gits through he washes up an' scoots off down t' town.
Then ma picks up th' things he left a lyin' all aroun'
An' says she'd rather do th' work than be compelled t' stand
An' hear th' things 'at pa would say each time he pinched his hand.
She says I mustn't ever use such langwidge as he done,
An' intermates he sets a bad example t' his son.
I'm mighty glad f'r my ma's sake th' year is built this way.
An' takin' down th' heatin' stove don't happen ev'ry day.

The Doddering Imbecile.

Just as the landlady began pouring the tea the Doddering Imbecile who spends his leisure time in the upper hall bedroom thinking up idic ic conundrums interrupted:

"What," he asked with a silly smile—"what is the difference between a load of saplings for a cooper shop and a police magistrate examining prisoners in the morning?"

Dead silence reigned for a moment, broken

only by the weak moans of the coffee and the efforts of the butter to get away from the cheese.

"One," said the Doddering Imbecile, reaching for the sugar—"one is a load of poles and the other is a poll of loads."



Class Distinction.

"Get out of my way!" shouted the Preferred Share.

"O, I don't know," retorted the Common Share. "I can't see that you draw any more dividends than I do when the magnates get to quarreling."



Consolation.

'Tis better to have loved in vain
Than never to have felt the pain;
For, loving once, you're wiser then,
And ma: win when you love again.



Let Punishment Fit the Crime.

The man who never kissed a maid,
Or hugged a shapely waist,
Is fit for treason, loot and spoil
And should be boiled in seething oil,
Or in a museum placed,
Or, failing this, deserves to be
Unkissed through all eternity.



Quotations.

"Little pitchers have large ears," said the man who revels in quotations.

"Yes, and little growlers have too much froth," said the man who reveled in other things.



Brain Leaks.

Easy go sad to recall.
A baby's smile is a proof of heaven.
Ambition is a steed that must be ridden with a spur.
A heart full of hope is better than a horse full of regrets.

Today's headaches mean a mistake in yesterday's good time.

The oil of love never fails to make the machinery of home run smoothly.

Many men have died without learning the difference between character and reputation.

Some people achieve a reputation for charity by giving away a lot of things they do not want for themselves.

Casting bread on the water for the purpose of getting a bakery in return is like trying to boil water to a jelly.



Depends on Location.

"The biggest fish always get away."
"Not in Wall street."



Questions.

"Why does a rabbit wobble its nose?" asks the Chicago Tribune.

We'll answer the question when the Tribune answers the following:

Where does a snake's tail begin?
When does a pig cease to be a pig and become a hog?

Why doesn't a dog wash its face as a cat does?
Why doesn't a snake's skin wear out when it crawls?

Why is the Tribune free trade in off years and high tariff in campaign years?
Is the Tribune a Buffalo?



An Expert.

"Is Addison good at figures?"
"Is he? Well I should say so! Why, the syndicate he works for pays him a big salary just to make out its tax returns."



Temperance Note.

In life he guzzled beer each day.
In death it doth appear
True to his past he took one last
Final bier.

—W. M. M.

Magnificent Deadhead Trip.

The recreation journey of President McKinley is the most magnificent trip ever undertaken by railroad in the United States, if not in the world.

No emperor or king ever made as splendid a tour through his dominions as that which the president is enjoying among his American fellow citizens. He will see more people and more acres of territory within the next month than any potentate or conqueror except Alexander the Great ever saw before.

President McKinley will be received everywhere with a gay and festive welcome that will not be as noisy as a continuous Fourth of July and will be far more agreeable on that account. He will traverse twenty-five states and his route is 15,000 miles in length. He is accompanied by a working force of his cabinet and he will be in constant communication by telegraph with Washington. He will transact all public business on his route. His train will actually be the national capital on wheels running at an average rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

The president's personal party is constituted of himself and family, several Washington officials, typewriters and telegraphic operators. A great number of press reporters and other followers are accommodated on the train. The commissary department is luxuriously provided and is managed by skilled employes, including a complement of cooks and waiters.

The cars are seven in number and are fitted up in a style superior to anything of the kind ever before seen. "It is understood," says a trustworthy account of the affair, "that the president expressed a desire to pay all the expenses of the trip." But the railroad companies which furnished the palatial cars would not listen to the suggestion.

To a private party the actual expense of the cars and trackage would be \$29,880. The commissary stores and service for the trip would bring the cost up to at least \$50,000, a year's salary for the president. Probably he did not insist with importunate pertinacity on paying the bill.

The president will be fortunate if out of these circumstances a national scandal shall not be evolved.—Chicago Chronicle.

Appropriate Epitaphs.

There needs to be a reformation in epitaphology. People ask me for appropriate inscriptions for the graves of their dead. They tell the virtues of the father, or wife, or child, and want me to put in compressed shape all that catalogue of excellence. Of course I fail in the attempt. The story of a lifetime cannot be chiseled by the stone-cutter on the side of a marble slab. But it is not a rare thing to go a few months after by the same spot and find that the bereft friends, unable to get from others an epitaph sufficiently eulogistic, have put their own brain and heart to work and composed a rhyme. Now, the most unfit sphere on earth for an inexperienced mind to exercise the poetic faculty is on a grave-stone. It does very well in copy-books, but it is most unfair to blot the resting-place of the dead with unskilled poetic scribble. It seems to me that the owners of cemeteries and graveyards should keep in their own hand the right to refuse inappropriate and ludicrous epitaphs. Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. I do not say that poetry has passed from the earth, but it does seem as if the fountain Hippocrene had been drained off to run a saw-mill. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of cemeteries is an offence to God and man.

My uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is: take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush; and if before that stone has crumbled, the day comes for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel.—Christian Herald.