

## Whether Common or Not.

### John Bull's Lament.

Wow! W'ot's them bloomin', blawsted Boers h'intendin' to do now?  
Why cawn't they act like decent folk and stop this bloody row?  
They've chased me over kop h'and veldt h'and filled me full of lead;  
From Modder clean to Spion Kop they've piled my countless dead.  
We've shot 'em h'and we've starved 'em, we've burned their 'ouses, too,  
But still they 'ammer h'at my flanks h'and beat us black h'and blue.  
They grab h'our grub, h'our 'osses, too; our wagon trains cut h'out,  
H'and every van guard we deploy they put to h'utter rout.

When Buller went 'e set to work with zeal that was intense,  
But, blawst their h'eyes, them bloomn' Boers made 'im look like tuppence.  
Then "Bobs" 'e went h'and swore h'an oath the Boers would 'ave to trek,  
But Botha and Dewet just laughed h'and landed on 'is neck.  
We've starved their wimmen h'and their kids h'and h'exiled 'osts of men,  
But, dash their bally, scrappin' blood, they h'up h'and fights again.  
We're ten to one h'and ought to win, but still they ride h'and fight,  
H'and taxes keep a-pilin' h'up till they are out of sight.

H'i thought H'i'd get their precious mines h'and grab their fertile plains,  
But h'all H'i've got to date to show for all my blawsted pains  
H'is twice a 'undred thousand men a pilin' h'up my debt  
H'untill H'i'm bankrupt, gone stone broke—h'and 'aven't licked 'em yet.  
Wow! Blawst their h'eyes, H'i only wish H'i'd tackled other jobs,  
'Cause this H'i got is much too big for Buller, French h'and "Bobs."  
H'i've got to drawft another batch of fightin' men, H'i guess,  
H'and raise ten million pun's or more—I know it won't be less.

### Song of the Germ.

I am the influenza germ,  
'Fluenza germ,  
'Enza germ.  
I am the influenza germ  
All ready now for business.  
I make you freeze and roast by turn  
Roast, freeze by turn,  
And sneeze by turn,  
And stagger 'round from dizziness.

### Compromised.

Miss Daysye Dreems—"I mean to marry my ideal. A tall, commanding, noble, gentle, courtly, knightly and—"  
Peter Scroggs—"I may not measure up to your ideal, Miss Dreems, but I've got two hundred thousand plunks in the bank and the prettiest residence on the north side."

Miss Daysye Dreems—"O, Mr. Scroggs! This is so sudden."

### Echo of the Inquiry.

Binks—"Hello, Square! Where are you going?"

Lieutenant Square—"Just been ordered to Bomabalabongbong to take charge of a gunboat."

Binks—"That's strange. You are ahead of Lieutenant Puff in the line of good assignments, yet he just told me he had been assigned to lead the germans at Washington this winter."

Lieutenant Square—"Nothing strange about it. I testified for and Mr. Puff testified against."

### Our Beautiful Language.

There was a fair maid in Moline  
Who posed as society's quine  
Till her father went broke  
With quiver and croke—  
Since when she hasn't been sine.

### She Read the Papers.

The story may, or may not, be true,  
but they are telling it on Senator Tillman.

The senator had business in Omaha

a few weeks ago, and upon alighting from the train at the Union station hurried to the street car. The elevator was not in sight and the senator started up the stairway. As he turned the first corner of the stairway he saw a woman struggling up the steps with a heavy valise. Instantly the senator's southern gallantry was aroused and he stepped to the woman's side.

"Pardon me, madam; but may I not assist you with your valise?"

"The woman looked at the senator's outstretched hand and smiling face and then hurriedly changed her load to the other hand with the remark:

"No, you can't. I've heard about you fellows. We take the papers at our house."

### Brain Leaks.

All the world loves a lover, and laughs at him.

Any fool can swear, and most fools do.

Matrimonial happiness does not need to go on dress parade.

There's nothing in the good time that leaves a headache and a bad taste.

In these utilitarian days Cupid shoots golden bullets from a repeating rifle.

The social problem may be solved by one rule.

Solomon advised the sluggard to go to the ant, but most of them visit the uncle.

It's a mighty mean man who is not delighted when annoyed by his baby.

You may sow wild oats with a patent seeder, but you'll have to reap with a dull sickle.

If some men were as big as they feel there would be a shortage in the wool market.

The victim of under consumption never talks about over production.

Some men save up for a rainy day and then purchase a leaky umbrella.

### Easier.

Willie Wiseguy—"Papa, take me to the Zoo this afternoon, f'r teacher wants us to study 'bout the beasts of prey."

Papa Wiseguy—"No, I'll take you down Wall street this afternoon, Willie. I've got to settle up on my last deal. The Zoo is not in it with Wall street for man eaters."

### Doing His Best.

"You should do something to improve your circulation," said the doctor, counting the pulse of the sick man.

"Great Scott, doctor!" exclaimed the editor of the Podunk Gazette; "I'm already printing the best paper in the county for a dollar a year and throwing in a \$1.50 book with every paid-in-advance subscription."

### Dinner Menu.

Friday, November 29.

\* Turkey Croquettes Turkey Hash \*  
\* Dessicated Turkey \*  
\* Potato Patties Turkey Gravy \*  
\* Cranberry Sauce \*  
\* Baked Turkey Hash \*  
\* a la Warmover \*  
\* Turkey Sandwiches \*  
\* Cold Turkey Cold Dressing \*  
\* Turkey Giblets \*  
\* Coffee Milk Water \*  
\* Pumpkin Pie \*  
\* Pepsin Wilted Celery \*  
\* Indigestion \*

—Will M. Maupin.

### Are the Colonels Scared.

Louisville, Sept. 27.—The distillers of Kentucky met at the Louisville hotel today and agreed to limit the whisky output of the next fiscal year to 27,000,000 gallons.—Press Dispatch. Twenty-seven million gallons! It's an insult to the corn;

It's an insult to the fragrance of the flower-scented morn,  
When the zephyr takes the dreams that made us happy through the night,

And instills them in the kernel in the rosy morning light;

While the kernel holds the gladness till it passes through the still,  
Then the proud Kentucky colonel of the essence gets his fill.

Twenty-seven million gallons! What a paltry drop it is,  
It's enough to make the seltzer in despair refuse to fizz.

Twenty-seven million gallons? Only that, and nothing more?

Now prepare to hear an awful and impressive sort of roar,

For the morning nips and bracers and the nightcaps they will make  
Will be drunk in old Kentucky—and no other thirst will slake.

Twenty-seven million gallons! This is Carrie Nation's work.

She has bluffed good old Kentucky with her "hatchetizing" jerk;

She has scared the doughty colonels on their own, their native heath.

Twenty-seven million gallons? Why, it wouldn't wet your teeth!

Oh, they're longing in Kentucky for the day so bright and blest

When the nations cease from troubling and the thirsty are at rest.

—Baltimore Sun.

### Creelman's New Book.

Among the books issued recently by the Lothrop Publishing Co. of Boston, one entitled "On the Great Highway," by James Creelman, the famous newspaper correspondent, will be read with great interest. In this book Mr. Creelman, as he says in the preface, intends "to give the public some idea of the processes of modern journalism which

are gradually assimilating the human race."

The author's newspaper work has carried him to all parts of the globe, and his ability as a vigorous, terse, lucid writer has enabled him to lay before the reading public a vast amount of valuable information.

The book contains the following chapters:

I. The White Shepherd of Rome.  
II. The Storming of Ping Yang.  
III. Interview with the King of Korea.

IV. A Ride with the Japanese Invaders in Manchuria.

V. Battle and Massacre of Port Arthur.

VI. The Avatar of Count Tolstoi.

VII. Tolstoi and his People.

VIII. "The Butcher."

IX. Familiar Glimpses of Yellow Journalism.

X. Battle of El Caney.

XI. Heroes of Peace and War.

XII. A Talk with Kossuth.

XIII. The Czar on his Knees.

XIV. Greeks on the Verge of War.

XV. Sitting Bull.

XVI. On the Firing Line in the Philippines.

XVII. A race with a Woman for the Cable.

XVIII. In the Black Republic.

XIX. Newsgathering in the Clouds.

XX. McKinley, the Forgiving.

Special attention is called to this book because the readers of The Commoner will remember the work done by Mr. Creelman in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and those who followed his reports then have a recollection of his style that will lead them to desire a copy of the book.

### Sermons From the Tripod.

(By A. M. Brownlee.)

The book contains fifty of Mr. Brownlee's best sermons which abound in wit, humor and pathos. Their moral tone is elevating, and the author never wavers from what is right and good. "Sermons from the Tripod" contains 350 pages, is cloth bound, and illustrated. Price, \$1.25, including postage. Order book of Brownlee & Cantrell, 27 East St., Benton, Ill.

## LIMNINGS

The same being a Book in which appears Divers and Sundry Verses and Sketches from the Trenchant Type-writer of the Architect of

### Whether Common or Not

It is not a collection of "literary gems," but a collection of sketches and poems written in the hurry and worry of newspaper work. But you will enjoy them. The stories are of human interest and the verses about homely things and affairs. A neat book of 180 pages, well printed, cloth bound, with fac simile of the author and his cob pipe and writing machine on the cover. The book will be sent postpaid on receipt of 75c in postage stamps, money orders, bank drafts, silver or certified checks.

### A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The author cheerfully admits that hundreds of better books have been published, but insists that no other author wants to sell his works any more than he does. He wants to enjoy Christmas himself.

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