

Whether Common or Not.

TOGETHER.

(By the Poet Laureate of England.)

Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not do as others can,
Feel, think and work together.

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather.
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should star-and-stripe, and union jack,
But float mast-high together.

Now let us give one hearty grip,
As by true men's given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world
And stand or fall together.
—Kent, England.

(By the Poet Laureate of Precinct C.)

Who says we harbor ancient hate,
Still nurse the old time feeling?
Show me the features of the skate
That such stale rot is reeling.
His name, his race, his nation, pull,
And we will show him whether
Our Uncle Sam and Johnnie Bull
Can't work their schemes together.

Both speak the lingo Cap Kidd spoke,
Lord North and King George shouted
Until G. Washington's brave folk
The red-coats wrecked and routed.
In it both lisp, both plot, both prey,
Plan loot, and thus the tether
Grows brighter, stronger every day
That binds the two together.

Their ways are one, and one their aim,
And one today their story.
Both fight to win a golden game
For booty, not for glory,
Both wander far from home to search
Gold, jewels, hides and leather,
And every year both proudly perch
On ruined hopes together.

While harsh exploiters plan and plot
To down their weaker brothers,
We'll have to stand such dreary rot
From Austin, and from others.
So, scatter ruin in our track,
And loose the war dog's tether,
While stars-and-stripes and union jack
Spread empire's seed together.

So here's a hearty grip of hands
Across the broad Atlantic.
We'll conquer all surrounding lands
And work our schemes gigantic.
And with our blood-stained flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
We'll shoot our way around the world
And share the swag together.
—Podunk, Nebr.

The Usual Use.

There was a young maiden named Mae
Whose manner was winsome and gae.
"I shall marry an earl,"
Said the winsome young gearl,
But at last she married a jae.

Next.

"What should be our first proceeding?" queried the chairman of the committee selected by the stockholders of the Wireless Telegraph company, "to organize the corporation."

"Mr. Chairman," remarked the attorney for the company, "I suggest that we proceed to vitiate the atmosphere in lieu of bonding our equipment."

Devoted.

"Is Biggerly a good husband?"
"I am sure he is."
"Why are you sure?"
"He smoked every one of the cigars his wife gave him for Christmas."

Proof.

"Why should I pardon you?" queried the obtuse chief executive of the state.

"I merely stole a few loaves of bread," replied the trembling prisoner.
"That proves that you are but a common thief," replied the executive,

"and as such an example must be made of you."

"But what if I had stolen a million?" queried the prisoner.

"That," replied the executive, turning again to his work, "would come within the domain of finance. Being but a common thief you can have no conception of financiering."

Coming.

Some time, I know, the clouds will part
And let the sunshine through.
But, O, I know—sit still my heart—
My coal bill's nearly due.

Suspicious.

"Seems queer that Marconi's signal from England and Tesla's signal from Mars should have been the letter S."
"Was it? I was sure all the time that there was something crooked about those signals."

A Political Fable.

The Shade of a Departed Statesman wandered back to Earth one evening for the Purpose of seeing how Things were Progressing.

Seeing a Politician of the Inspired Faith the Shade asked:
"What is being Done?"
"Everybody," replied the Politician,

giving utterance to a loud Ha-ha.

"What is being done to abolish the policy of Isolation?" asked the Shade.

"Rootin' for ship subsidies."

"But how about Reciprocity?"

"That's a Dead One."

The Shade looked surprised, but recovering its equanimity once more propounded a question:

"But only a few months ago a Distinguished Statesman stood before the Throng and advocated Reciprocity in strenuous Tones, and all the People rejoiced. What has brought about the Great Change?"

"O, he was a live Statesman then," replied the Politician, "and we had our Eye on the Good Things."

"But does not Truth live always?"
"Well, maybe; but Truth has got to take a Back Seat when she interferes with the Graft."

With a shake of its head the Shade wandered further along. As it disappeared down the Highway the Politician grinned a moment and then muttered:

"Strange some fellers never learn to do all their shoutin' for the live ones."

Whole.

"Hello, Binks! I'm awfully sorry to see that you have broken your New Year's resolution."

"Thash all ri', ol' man. Never broke it. I—hic—jush drown' it."

As Usual.

"I take notice," remarked the grocery store philosopher, looking up from the weekly paper, "that while Rud Kipling is singin' lustily 'bout fightin' an' blood lettin' an' all that sort o' thing, he ain't enlistin' in no great hurry. Th' feller that's allus hollerin' foudes't f'r war is genrully th' last feller t' put his name on th' muster roll."

Brain Leaks.

Fine furniture does not make a home, nor lack of it a hovel.

Sympathy means something more than saying "I am sorry."

Homoeopathic prayer will not make amends for allopathic sins.

To some men duty calls in a whisper, while pleasure calls up by telephone.

The man who never weighs anchor wastes time in waiting for his ship to come in.

"That's all in your rye," remarked the policeman when the inebriate started to tell a long story.

When your baby cries in church it is a poor little thing. When some one else's baby cries it is a nuisance.

If the eyes were really the windows of the soul some men would have to wear opaque spectacles all the time.

The happiest time in a young man's life is when he discovers that he wets his mustache while drinking out of a saucer.

If some men were as dishonest in their business as they are in their politics they would have a hard time dodging the sheriff.

The fact that a man's hands are calloused by daily toil is not proof

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in The Commoner.

that he is unable to form an intelligent opinion on public questions.

It has never been explained why a hoe handle will raise a blister on a boy's hands much quicker than a ball bat will.

—Will M. Maupin.

Miles Not Injured.

Concerning the rebuke administered to General Miles, the Philadelphia Times covers the situation in a few words when it says: "Through forty years of continuously distinguished service the country has known General Miles as a brave soldier and an honorable officer and gentleman. If he needed further distinction, it is an honor to take his place with Dewey and Schley among the men of achievement whom the jealousy of political commanders but raises higher in the popular esteem. Miles does not need further distinction and his censure by the secretary of war, acting for the president, as well as the oral censure administered by Mr. Roosevelt, will not injure the brave and capable soldier in the estimation of the American people."

The Navy Clique.

A Washington dispatch to the Chicago Chronicle says: "Another of the witnesses who appeared in behalf of Admiral Schley at the recent court of inquiry has been punished by the department clique. Boatswain William H. Hill, whose dramatic description of Schley's bravery in action was one of the finest incidents of the long proceeding, has been transferred from the Portsmouth navy yard to the training ship Prairie, which will shortly leave New York for the island of Trinidad. The navy clique will not overlook any of Schley's witnesses."

Treason.

The day may come when the American wool-raisers will admit that they cannot supply this country with half the wool it ought to consume, and that so long as cotton and shoddy are usable as substitutes for wool they cannot get for their product the high prices they have hoped for.—Chicago Tribune (rep.).