

Whether Common or Not.

WHEN BENJAMIN TURNS LOOSE.

When Lodge an' all his crowd git gay an' go t' makin' scenes
About th' cause of all our woes in yonder Philippines,
An' tellin' us th' trouble's our old-fogy sense o' right
An' thinkin' more o' justice than we do o' power an' might—
Jus' when they git t' talkin' so there's somethin' doin' then,
F'r up an' comin' is a man th' country knows as Ben.
He shows their claims o' virtue is a bit o' bold pretense
An' he makes their boasted policy resemble thirty cents.

They prate about our destiny an' think they're doin' fine
Till Tillman gits upon his feet an' takes 'em down th' line.
He worries 'em an' flurries 'em an' makes 'em mad as sin,
An' when he gits 'em b'illin' hot he gaily rubs it in.
They talk about our duty t' th' Filipino man
An' say that Thomas Jefferson is but an "also ran."
Then Tillman jumps in with a word an' puts 'em all t' rout—
F'r Ben is sure t' git 'em in a senatorial bout.

They talk assimilation with a sobbin' in their throats
An' their visages so lengthy they kin eat Imperil oats
From off th' bottom of a churn—but 't ain't a bit o' use,
Ben Tillman knows they're shammin' an' he turns his knowledge loose.
He toasts 'em an' he roasts 'em, an' he bastes 'em well betimes,
An' makes their claims o' virtue look like three old pewter dimes.
He always gits 'em good an' mad a jabbin' in his gaffs,
An' then he rares back in his chair an' laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs.

When Lodge an' Beveridge git gay an' try their little wiles,
An' Allison comes pussy-foot adown th' senate aisles,
Ol' Benjamin he sits an' grins an' lets 'em spout a mite,
An' then he says a few briefs words an' knocks 'em out o' sight.
It tickles him almost t' death t' hear 'em moralize
About our Christian duty an' about our growin' size,
For he knows that they don't mean it an' are talkin' f'r effec',
An' he takes th' Declaration an' he swats 'em in th' neck.

Yes, Benjamin he worries 'em an' flurries 'em, you bet!
An' though they try t' down him they ain't never done it yet.
He's got th' right upon his side, his cause is good an' true,
An' here's a hopin', Benjamin, your way you will pursue.
Just puncture hypocrites on sight, an' jab your little fork
Into th' whole exploitin' crowd from Illinois t' York.
Of course they'll cuss an' call you names, but jus' keep up your lick.
An' next election day our votes will make 'em awful sick.

It is Coming.

While not posing as a prophet or the son of a prophet, we have no hesitancy in saying that in about twelve or fifteen months the republican organs will begin printing paragraphs reading something like this: "The war in the Philippines would have been ended long ago had it not been for the false hopes held out to the Filipinos by the democratic party. They will continue to fight in the hope that the democratic candidate for president will be elected. If the republican candidate is elected they will see the folly of further hostilities and surrender. Stand by the republican party," etc., etc.

They said it in 1900, and there seems ample ground for believing that they will have opportunity to repeat it in 1904.

The First Step.

The meeting of capitalists was called to order by the chairman and the business in hand at once taken up.

"There are millions in the scheme, gentlemen," remarked the chief capitalist. "The profits on the investment will be enormous. We can't lose."

He then explained until all could

see that he was right.

"What, then, should be our first step?" queried a minor capitalist.

"That, sir, is a question easily answered," replied the chief capitalist.

"We will proceed at once to have congress enact a law granting us an enormous subsidy."

Of Course.

"But our books show that we did not grant rebates," said the manager of the Gougem, Scrougem & Robem railroad.

"But it is easy to doctor the books," replied the spokesman of the people's committee.

"It is against the law for a man to doctor without a diploma, and I have no diploma," said the manager. "Do you think, gentlemen, that I would disregard the law?"

Seeing the uselessness of wounding the feelings of such a careful man the committee humbly withdrew.

Hounded.

"Where!" thundered the orator, "where in history can be found a charge so base, a calumny so vile, a falsehood so brazen, a—"

"There it is again," muttered a

small, dark man in the rear of the hall as he struggled to the door. "Not content with firing me out of my two-forty-nine-a-day job in the navy department they must hold me up to public scorn at every opportunity."

Frightened.

"Did you celebrate Washington's birthday?"

"Sh-h-h! Don't you know I'm a federal office-holder?"

The Ullterior Motive.

"I see that Congressman Babcock is worrying his fellow republicans with his efforts to amend the tariff."

"That so? I didn't know there was a senatorial vacancy in Wisconsin."

Our Beautiful Language.

A highwayman in Albuquerque stole a horse, a mule and a turque.

They chased him a mile
Till they caught him in style,
And his ending was sudden and jurque.

Opportunities.

Tenderfoot—"Any chance around here to make investments?"

Terrible Pete—"You bet! Poker, faro, chuck-luck, roulette, craps, monte, cinch and hoss racin'. If you've got any money left you kin buy a few steers."

That's Why.

I cannot sing the old songs
With sympathetic strain;
I cannot sing the old songs,
So full of grief and pain.
I cannot sing them any more
With doleful, quiv'ring lip—
In fact I can't sing anything
Because I've got the grip.

Unanswerable Logic.

"We want an increase in wages," said the committee representing the employees.

"I grant that you earn more," said the great manufacturer, "but I leave it to you now, how am I to increase my public benefactions if I pay you higher wages?"

Not being masters of logic the members of the committee were forced to retire in confusion.

However, it may be that the increase in public libraries will bring about a higher standard of education.

Brain Leaks.

Tomorrow is the refuge of indolent Today.

Profanity is a sign of a limited vocabulary.

The hill is always smooth for the man going down.

The greatest successes have been wrought through failure.

It is difficult to arouse sympathy for the man who stubs his toe twice on the same nail.

Some men spend more money in a minute's conversation than they could make in a lifetime.

The difference between a respectable criminal and a common thief is discernable only to the human eye.

There was something wrong about

Only a Name No Money is Wanted.

Please show this to some person who needs one of these books. Ask him to send me his name.

I will mail the book, and with it an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell the druggist to let the sick one take it for a month. If satisfied then, pay \$5.50. If not, I will pay the druggist myself.

I mean that exactly. I do not always succeed, for sometimes there is a cause, like cancer, which medicine cannot cure. But most of these diseases result from weakened inside nerves; those nerves which alone make every vital organ do its duty. I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen them; my Restorative always does that. I have furnished it to 555,000 people on terms like the above, and 39 out of each 40 have paid for it—paid because they were cured.

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Mild cases not chronic; are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

the yesterday's pleasure that is responsible for today's headache.

If heaven were as small as some men imagine it to be the walls would be so close together the sunlight couldn't get in between.

Thoughts of summer are always pleasant in winter. We always feel we would be better satisfied if we had something we have not.

—Will M. Maupin.

Philippine Independence.

Evidence is daily increasing that the public mind is getting round to a sane attitude on the Philippine question. The number who believe that taking the Philippines was a blunder, and that the attempt to force American institutions upon the Filipinos will be further bungling, are rapidly increasing. Even President Schurman of Cornell is getting in line on this subject. In a recent address before the Reform club in Boston, he said:

"The Filipinos are to develop along their own racial lines, not along ours, and it is colossal conceit and impudence to disparage them because they are different from ourselves. Any recent kind of government of the Filipinos by the Filipinos is better than the possible government of the Filipinos by Americans."

That sounds the true note in the whole situation. For the United States to pretend to impose our form of government or type of society upon the Filipinos is indeed "colossal conceit," and the poorest kind of statesmanship. It will not be long before the American people will be heartily sick of the Philippine prize, and will insist that the Filipinos not only be permitted, but be urgently invited to govern themselves.—Gunton's Magazine.

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