

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

The 1902 Plan.

We used to save the heathen with the words of Holy Writ,
But that has grown old-fashioned,
hence we have abandoned it.
Where once our missionaries with the word of peace were sent,
We send the sword and rifle with benevolent intent.
We waste no words in teaching, for we've found a better plan
To Christianize and elevate the Filipino man.
We fill him full of water and we ballast him with lead
Till there's no longer any doubt he's pacified—and dead.

We waste no time in preaching, for we've got to be in haste,
So burn his little nipa hut and lay his gardens waste.
Experience has taught us that it's best to make appeal
To stomach, not to brains, if we would make the subject feel
The weight of argument we use, so just to make it sure
We shrivel up his stomach and then give the water cure.
We soak him and we poke him and we stand him on his head
Till there's no longer any doubt he's pacified—and dead.

He begs us for his freedom, but we treat it as a joke,
And send his humble little home away in flame and smoke.
He begs and prays for justice, but benevolent intent,
Such as we contemplate, must have its reg'lar cent per cent.
It's commerce that we're after, just as much as saving souls,
So we fit him for salvation filling him chock full of holes,
And o'er his frame the mantle of our wondrous love we spread
Till there's no longer any doubt he's pacified—and dead.

We make his home a wilderness, starve women, children, men,
Or put to death each male we find who's passed the age of ten.
It's kill and burn and slaughter, but we do it all for love
To fit the Filipino for a heav'nly home above.
We want to save him trouble in this vale of tears and woe,
So haste to send him over where old Jordan's waters flow.
We scorn the old, old method; we use shot and steel instead,
Till there's no longer any doubt he's pacified—and dead.

Survived.

"Please, mum, will yer give a poor Philippine survivor a bite o' somethin' t' eat?"

"Of course I will, my good man. Here's a sandwich, a piece of pie and a glass of milk. So you are a Philippine survivor, are you?"

"Yes, mum. Last night I was ketched up by de cops an' dey give me de water cure. Made me take a bath, but I survived it."

Good Enough.

"Hello, Binks. My wife and I called at your house yesterday evening, but you were not at home. Did you go to prayer meeting?"

"No. It rained so hard we couldn't go to church, so I called a cab and we went to the theatre."

The Point of View.

"That was a daisy fight last night," remarked Swipem, looking up from his paper and addressing Cashem. "Sitsfimmons led off in the first and gave Jeff Jimries an uppercut that brought the crimson, but before he could follow up his advantage Jimries

gave him a left hook in the eye that closed Sitsfimmons' peeper. Just as the gong sounded Sits swatted Jimries in the jugular with a whack that sounded like plugging a ripe watermelon with an ax. It was glorious. The sawdust fairly reeked with blood and—"

"Great Scott, Swipem, how can you read such stuff. The details of a prize fight make me sick. The blood, the bruises, the brutality—say, what's that headline? 'Another Battle in Samar?' Let's see it! Gee, this is bully! Killed 333 of the traitorous little brown men and burned over a hundred houses! Ain't that glorious! Put a Filipino in the sweatbox and made him inform on his friends, didn't they? That's the stuff! Had to give him the water cure till he bled at the mouth and ears, hey! That's the way to do it. Didn't stop until we had killed the population of the whole village! Bully! That's the way to do it. Kill 'em on sight. This is glorious news!"

"And you don't like to read about prize fights?"

"No, they are too brutal. I don't allow my children to read about 'em. I must get a copy of the evening paper and take it home so's I can read the account of this glorious victory in Samar to the family. They'll enjoy it."

Horrible.

"I see that Attorney General Knox has brought suit against the beef trust."

"Yes, and that a-grease with my idea of settling the question."

"Hope his efforts are honey-fide."

"So do I. The beef trust has been working a skin game on us long enough."

"Butcher life it has. I—"

"But do you think injunction proceedings go to the marrow of the question?"

"At any rate it has raised quite a stew."

"Yes, but the consumers are still in the soup."

"It behoofs us to organize against the exactions of the trust."

"I quite agree with you. But the trust is so well organized that it will be an offal struggle."

"I see the trust is putting up a long tail of woe. What—"

"Yes, it's full of woe—in a horn."

"It makes me tired to see these bloated millionaires going round steaking monopolies."

"Yes, they deserve to be roasted."

"And they ought to be—"

But just then a policeman hove in sight and sprung the riot alarm.

Exactly.

When brilliant writers wield the pen
The very strongest thoughts they think

Are never writ; they're uttered when
They stick the pastebrush in the ink.

—Philadelphia Press.

When brilliant writers wield the pen
They always have hot thoughts to waste.

And thoughts are always hottest when
They stick the pen into the paste.

Modernized.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

At least that's what Shakespeare once did say.

But things are different now, and thus we see

One touch of Morgan makes the whole world pay.

Uncle Josh.

"This here meat trust investigation," remarked Uncle Josh, closing the lid of the cheesebox and looking around for a cracker, "reminds me of the

progress we've been making on the meat business."

"What's got into your head now, Josh?"

"Well, four years ago we had embalmed beef. Now it's been engrossed for future reference. Can't touch it, because it's so high."

Cause for Joy.

Trust in breadstuffs,
Trust in meats;
Trust in pickles,
Trust in sweets.
Trust in clothing,
Trust in soap—
But, glory be,
No trust in hope.

Little Willie.

"Why do you look at me so closely, Willie," said Mr. Sappington.

"I wuz just lookin' t' see if you had scales on you," replied Mary's little brother.

"Why, what on earth do you mean, Willie!" exclaimed Mary, looking at Mr. Sappington with alarm.

"Why, I heard you tell Mr. Goodfellow last night that Mr. Sappington was a regular sucker, and suckers has scales."

His Idea.

The Filipino hid in the tall grass, but just close enough to witness what was being done to his fellow Filipino who had been captured.

When the prisoner had been filled full of water it was jounced out of him with the butt of a half-dozen muskets.

"That's a new one on me," remarked the hidden man. "Wonder what it is. Perhaps it is the American method of conferring Christian civilization."

Shuddering violently the hidden man crawled cautiously away and disappeared in the jungle.

Brain Leaks.

The real Christian observes seven Sundays a week.

I Can't is always living on the bounty of I Will.

Failure in a bad cause is the first step towards a good success.

We know children who yearn for the caresses wasted on worthless dogs.

It is better to profit by a mistake than to waste time in mourning over it.

"Civilization is only skin deep," remarked a noted philosopher. It ap-

pears, however, that it is only a case of sunburn.

The self-made man who boasts about it usually equips himself with a flat roof.

He who gives millions easily is entitled to less credit than he who gives pennies by sacrifice.

Satan manages to remain in business by never trusting his work to subordinates while away on a vacation.

The fact that the bank robber gives his stealings to charity does not make him less a thief or more a philanthropist.

—Will M. Maupin.

Butcher of Samar

But yesterday who wore the blue Held high his head with honest pride; His sword swung gaily at his side, His martial step was manly, true. Today his head bows to his breast, His sword is as a sword of lead, His airy step has lost its zest And shame walks by with sullen tread. He bleeds anew, each honored scar With red lips cries, and cursing, cries, "Let me not live unless he dies— That bully, butcher of Samar."

The star-built flag of spotless fame, The flag that never knew defeat, Today is trailing in the street And Europe mocks us in our shame. From Maine to far Manila Bay The nation bleeds and bows its head. How tall we stood but yesterday— Sackcloth and ashes now instead; Sackcloth and ashes, near and far. Lest God shall smite us, hip and thigh. Sackcloth and ashes, lest we die For that brute, butcher of Samar!

How to Stop It.

Charley Schwab says you might as well attempt to dam up the waters of the Mississippi as to stop the formation of combinations. Yet Charley would do some mighty tall yelling if congress should proceed to adopt free trade and abolish special privileges. —Johnstown Democrat.

Kill and Burn.

Senator McKean of New Jersey has started a war on mosquitoes. It is said that he has given orders to kill and burn all over 10 years of age— Houston Post.

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