

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

Mr. Morgan.

You have formed some giant rings,
Mr. Morgan.
You've formed trusts in many things,
Mr. Morgan.
Banks, and bonds, and ships and stocks
Railroads, tramways, shipyards, docks,
And you clip coupons in blocks,
Mr. Morgan.

You have cornered all but air,
Mr. Morgan.
And I fear you'll squeeze us there,
Mr. Morgan.
You've got all that runs and floats,
Locomotives, motors, boats—
Got consumers by their throats,
Mr. Morgan.

From the men who sweat and toil,
Mr. Morgan,
You exact your share of spoil,
Mr. Morgan.
Forming trusts you spend your days,
And the occupation pays.
Why? Because we're blooming jays,
Mr. Morgan.

If we did that which is right,
Mr. Morgan.
We'd knock your graft out of sight,
Mr. Morgan.
We'd clip your financial wings,
Smash your giant trusts and rings,
And do other righteous things,
Mr. Morgan.

But you'll still pursue your way,
Mr. Morgan,
Till the final judgment day,
Mr. Morgan.
Then you'll get a startling shock
When you tread the golden walk
And at Peter's big gate knock,
Mr. Morgan.

Peter will peep through the gate,
Mr. Morgan.
And pronounce your final fate,
Mr. Morgan.
He will gaze at you a spell,
Then will gently murmur: "Well,
Take the stairway down below,
Mr. Morgan.

"While on earth you spent your years,
Mr. Morgan,
Wringing wealth from toil and tears,
Mr. Morgan.
All the steel and coal you got
Is down there, and piping hot,
And you're welcome to the lot,
Mr. Morgan.

"It will be no use to try,
Mr. Morgan.
To crawl through the needle's eye,
Mr. Morgan.
Wealth may rule things down below,
But one thing I'd have you know,
At this gate your gold don't go,
Mr. Morgan."

Eoycotted.

Tired Tom—"I'm much obliged f'r
yer kind offer, mum; but I am forced
t' decline dat salad."

Mrs. Nuwed—"Why, what's the
matter with that salad?"

Tired Tom—"De vinegar in it has
been workin', mum."

The Hairpin Rival.

"It makes me tired to read all this
stuff about the hairpin being such a
wonderful tool," growled the oldtime
printer. "The hairpin ain't in it with
the old composing rule. I've used this
old rule as a knife, a can opener, a
toothpick, a papercutter, a screwdriver,
a chisel, a corkscrew, a manicure set,
a nutpick, a wire cutter, an ice pick,
a stovellid lifter and a window fastener.
I use it to clean the bowl of my
pipe, have fastened my suspenders
with it, worked my way into shows
with it, hocked it for bromo seltzer,
used it to work my way on freight

trains; it makes a good straightedge,
comes in handy to scale fish, and if I
had to I believe I could make it do
duty as a collar button. As a handy
tool the hairpin ain't in the same class
with the old composing rule, and don't
you forget it."

A Woman's Wit.

"What's this?" growled papa, sud-
denly entering the parlor and noting
that the gas was burning low.

"O, papa," chortled the daughter.
"Mr. Spoonamore was just telling me
how the people were getting even
with the beef trust by not eating meat,
and I thought it would be only right
to try the same plan on the gas trust."

Fame.

"Who is that mild looking old gen-
tleman over there?"

"O, he's Professor Somebody of
something or other. Believe he wrote
a book on some scientific subject. We
don't pay any attention to him."

"And who is that broad-shouldered
fellow over there whose hair grows
down to his eyebrows?"

"That? Say, come right over and
I'll introduce you. He's the biggest
lion here. That's Percy Battersleigh,
the champion ping-pong player of the
resort."

Modern Definitions.

Water—the stuff coroprations are
made of.

Philanthropist—A man who gives
away what he can't use himself.

Financier—A man who grabs off to
the limit.

Captain of Industry—One who lives
off the profits of another's work.

Subsidy—A synonym of steal.

Destiny—A good excuse for any
old thing.

Duty—What we want done regard-
less of how much it injures others.

Benevolence—Giving them what we
want them to have, not what they
need and desire.

Assimilation—Taking all the other
fellow has.

The Editor.

The editor of the Podunk Blade sat
in his chair, grinding copy with all
possible rapidity. It was the eve of
press day, and the printer and devil
were stacking the type at a great rate.
Sheet after sheet was filled with flat-
tering notices of Podunk's prosperity,
of Major Blithers' new residence, of
Banker Squeezem's new carriage, of
the approaching graduation exercises.
Faster and faster he wrote, till his
tired brain became dizzy and his
head dropped over—

"How are you, Mr. Editor," said a
hearty voice. "I'm Tom Slocum, that
lives over by the big creek. Been tak-
ing your paper quite a spell and
thought I'd better drop in and pay
up."

"Glad to see you, sir. How's the
crops over your way?"

"Never better. Guess I owe you
for about two years. Here's three
dollars. Give me credit for it, will
you?"

"With pleasure. I'll just write you
a receipt."

"Never mind the receipt. Say, I've
a couple of chickens out there in the
wagon that my wife sent in to you.
She said she'd bet you'd like 'em."

"Thank you very much. I—"

"Never mind the thanks. Tain't
nothing. Just been down to mill and
had a big grist ground. If you've
got a sack or something to put it in
I'll give you thirty or forty pounds.
We think a mighty lot of your pa-
per, and we want to show it."

"You are very kind. I can never
thank—"

"Well don't try. Say I guess you'd bet-

ter send the Blade to my wife's sister
over in Slabtown. She visited here
a couple of months last summer and
got acquainted with a lot of people.
She'd like to keep track of them. And
while you're about it just send it to
my brother down in Cohosh. He owns
some property here and ought to read
about how thing is boomin' here.
That was a splendid write-up you gave
the church supper. I bet it tickled the
church folks. We thought we'd die
laughin' at that story you wrote about
the county convention of the other
party. You did certainly take the
hide off o' them. I believe your pa-
per gets better every week. We're
goin' to have a lot of apples this sum-
mer. Come out some time and take
home a couple of barrels. Your edi-
torials go right to the meat of the
questions at issue and I'm gettin' a
lot of valuable information out of
them. Say, I'm goin' to kill a beef
next week and if you want it I'll
bring you in a forequarter. We can't
use it all. Come to think of it I had
you send the paper to my boy that's
goin' to college over at Clingville,
and I ain't paid for it. Count up
what it all amounts to for a year.
Three dollars? Say, you won't get
rich chargin' that way. Well, I must
be goin'. Here's a fiver. Just give
me credit on them subscriptions for
the whole amount. I'll be in next
week with the beef. Good day."

But just as the good farmer stepped
to the door his foot caught on a splin-
ter and he fell with such a thud that
the editor woke up.

Brain Leaks.

The early worm feeds the bird.

A mother's knee is the best altar.

Nothing falls like an undeserved suc-
cess.

The man who is looking for trouble
does not need a magnifying glass.

The ferryman at the Styx charges

LOTS OF FIVE PLAN A SUCCESS

The Commoner's friends are taking
hold of the "Lots of Five" subscription
cards in a very encouraging way.
Every mail brings additional orders.
They come from every part of the
Union, from men of all classes and
ages. Merchants, farmers, lawyers,
traveling salesmen, mechanics, young
and old, are joining hands in a com-
mon effort to assist in the spread of
democratic doctrine.

One order came from one of our
newsboy friends, who is selling Com-
moners in Arizona.

Another from a gentleman who
writes that he is 82 years old.

Many have started out to see what
they could do before ordering the
cards, and they have usually met
with better results than they expected.

Mr. A. J. McBride of Paterson, N.
J., gives his experience in these
words: "I got these acquaintances of
mine to subscribe in about one hour,
in a hurry. I only wish I had plenty
of time to help the good cause along."

Mr. W. F. Jordan, of Beloit, Kans.,
undertook to sell one block of five,
and when he wrote for the cards, had
already taken eleven orders. "I have
had more luck than I expected," are
his words.

"I have been out about two hours
tonight and saw five men who said
they would take The Commoner as
soon as I got the 'lot of five' cards."
This quotation is from a letter re-
ceived from Mr. F. Winslow Annable,
of Lake Odessa, Mich. Mr. Annable
has already ordered his second "lot
of five."

Mr. D. T. Cross, of Highland, Wis.,
writes, "the above is the result of
about ten minutes' work."

Mr. J. J. McGhee, of Eldorado, Ill.,
says "I have parties waiting to get

the same fare to all—and that's every-
thing the passenger has.

Too many men praise in a whisper
and condemn through a megaphone.

We would never know some men
are Christians if they did not tell
us.

The prettiest picture the eyes can
feast upon is a baby face framed in a
window.

We know some musical critics who
will insist on telling Gabriel that he
lacks technique.

Some men are always so busy
bragging about themselves that they
never hear opportunity's knock.

One of the prettiest sights imagin-
able would be that of a mother play-
ing the piano while her daughter
washed the dishes.

We can not blame a boy for not
paying much attention to the father
who takes a cigar out of his mouth to
offer advice against the use of to-
bacco.

"Wisdom is good, with an inherit-
ance," says the Good Book. Which
reminds us of the ever-present patriot
who is always shouting for the old
flag, and an appropriation.

Baby feet have an affinity for mud,
but there comes a time in the his-
tory of nearly every home when the
parents would give all they possess for
the sight of a tiny footprint in the
front hall.

Will M. Maupin.

A New Definition.

From advance sheets of our new
dictionary:

GRATITUDE, n. From the Latin
word gratus, thankful.

The sensation experienced by one
who receives as alms a part of the
goods which have been stolen from
him.—Wilmington Justice.

The Commoner. Hurry up."

A busy man is Mr. C. V. Riddle, of
Rodney, Ia., for he sends in five
names with his remittance and asks
us to fill out the cards for him.

The second and third orders have al-
ready been received from a number
of those who have been surprised to
find how readily the cards sell; in
some cases the second "lot of five"
has been ordered before the first lot
was received from The Commoner of-
fice.

A loyal friend in Buffalo, N. Y.,
whose name is withheld, is entitled
to the credit of having sold the largest
number of cards up to this time. He
sold twenty-six in just one week from
the time the offer first appeared, and
wrote that he expected to make it
fifty before another week went by.

"Will you not join the ranks? In
what way can you better employ a few
hours of your spare time than by aid-
ing in widening the influence of a pa-
per that seeks to strengthen the cause
of democracy?"

Three dollars invested in five sub-
scription cards will yield you a profit
of two dollars, if sold at the sub-
scription price of \$1.00 each. If profit
is not desired you may give your
friends the benefit of the "lots of five"
rate by raising a club of five sub-
scribers at sixty cents each. This of-
fer is made for a limited time only;
however, there is no limit to the life
of a subscription card. Each card is
good for one year's subscription when-
ever received at our office, properly
filled out.

Send in your orders now. Make
Post Office order or Bank Draft pay-
able to

THE COMMONER,
Lincoln, Neb.