

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

Irrigation in the Philippines.

Washington, May 26.—(Special dispatch to the Lincoln, Neb., State Journal.)—Senator Dietrich today introduced an amendment to the Philippine bill making the waters of streams, lakes and other bodies of water in the Philippine islands subject to appropriation and use by the public for domestic, mining, manufacturing and irrigation purposes under such terms, rules and regulations as the commission or its successor may prescribe.

They have poured the island's waters down the Filipino throat
Till the fields and farms are brown and parched and dry;
They have drained the islands' rivers till they will not float a boat,
And of course the vegetation's bound to die.

They have irrigated natives through the funnels of bamboo
Till there's not enough of water for the land;
So comes Dietrich of Nebraska now to tell us what to do,
With a courtly little gesture of his hand.

Irrigation there in Luzon is a system we must use,

For the rainfall, as you know, is very small—

Eighty inches every twelvemonth, counting not the heavy dews,
Which amount, as you perceive, won't do at all

If we've got to keep on giving to our wards the "water cure,"

For we need that much or more to do it right.

So we've got to dig some ditches for their farms, and that is sure,
If we wouldn't have 'em ruined by a blight.

If we irrigate the natives and their little fields as well,

We must haste to make provisions for the same.

We can't alternate the waters, irrigating each a spell,

For 'twould fall and we would have to take the blame.

So while draining all their cisterns to provide the "water cure"

We must dig some irrigation ditches, too.

So comes Dietrich of Nebraska with a motive kind and pure,

With his irrigation scheme held up to view.

O, ye gods and little fishes! What a statesman! What a brain!

Sure the like was never seen 'neath heaven's blue.

He would irrigate a section where they have six months of rain,

And another six of very heavy dew.

He would have the natives hanging up their fields each day to dry,

And then have them irrigating 'em at night.

Wouldn't that scheme sink your bobber? Irrigating the P. I.!

But no doubt that Dietrich thinks the scheme all right.

Today.

"What!" shrieked the astonished host. "I welcomed you to my home, gave you food from my table, treated you like a brother and offered to keep you until you were ready to depart, and now I find you stealing my silver and demolishing my chinaware. What does it mean?"

"I am astonished at your ignorance," replied the guest. "You seem to think that because you thus treated me you are entitled to some consid-

eration. But not so. Where have you been keeping yourself all these years? Know you not that recently there has been discovered a something called 'destiny' and a companionpiece called 'duty'?"

"Beg pardon, sir; but I do not understand."

"Of course you don't. Well, duty and destiny mixed in equal parts produce benevolent assimilation. Therefore I assimilate your silver, and not having any use for your chinaware I destroy it. Pray study present conditions. I bid you keep quiet, for I am seriously considering the matter of taking possession of your house."

Atrocious.

The Cheerful Paretic came to the breakfast table with his face wreathed in smiles.

Instantly we prepared for the shock, knowing that the Cheerful Paretic would soon spring it.

"What," gurgled he, "is the difference between Schley's flag ship at Santiago and the men on board?"

The only answer was the rattling of spoons in the coffee cups.

"One is a cruiser and the others the crew, sir."

A few moments later the ambulance backed silently up to the door of the boarding house.

Misunderstood.

The zealous temperance advocate arose to address the audience in a village of nippa huts sheltered beneath the waving palms of Samar.

He was intensely in earnest.

"Ah, my dear friends," he exclaimed, "why will you continue to put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains? The drink habit is a curse to any people. Shun intoxicants as you would a plague. Harken to me, O ye people. Put nothing liquid into your stomachs but water—pure cold—"

But with a howl of terror the natives rushed into the jungle, leaving the orator standing solitary and alone.

One Omission.

Trust in leathers
And feathers
And soap;
Trust in quinine,
And beer, wine
And rope,
Trust in health foods
And steel goods
We see—
But, praise the Father,
Salvation's
Yet free.

In Doubt.

Mrs. Kyndharte—"Where is your home, poor man?"

Tuffold Knott—"I ain't sure, mum. De switch engine was in its wicinity w'en I left dis mornin'."

Gratified Ambition.

"Please, mum, would you be so kind as to give me a bite o' somethin' to

eat? I wasn't always dis way."

"Certainly, my poor man. What brought you to this condition?"

"Wunst I was rich, mum—rich beyond the dreams of avarice. But I wuz determined t' die poor. Somehow or other I miscalculated an' got me money all spent before I wuz ready t' go."

A Mathematical Prodigy.

"This is my little brother, Willie, Mr. Spoonamore. He is going to school now and is quite a student."

"Glad to see you, Willie. What do you study?"

"Rithmetic, writin', spellin', and jograffy."

"Good! How old are you, Willie?"

"Huh, that's a 'rithmetic problem. Sister wuz nineteen years old when I wuz born. Kids ain't allowed 'n school till they is six years old. I've been goin' t' school two years and sister is just twenty years old now. Can you figger out how old I am?"

Not being deeply interested in mathematics Willie's sister managed to change the subject.

English as She is Spelled.

There was a fair maid in St. Louis,
Who tripped through the grass when 'twas douis.

At the old-fashioned style
Stood her love with a smyle,
And the twain in the moonlight grew couis.

Futile.

Fate thought to conceal him by naming him Smith,

But there's where fate made a mistake.

For fate never reckoned that a wild thirst for gore

Would change it to "Hell Roaring Jake."

WILL YOU LEND A HAND?

Considered as a business proposition the "Lots of Five" plan of subscriptions inaugurated by The Commoner is one of the best ever presented to the active agent. Considered as a means of arousing democratic enthusiasm and placing the issues squarely before the people, none better has been suggested by any democratic newspaper or party worker interested in the dissemination of democratic literature. It is a splendid business proposition because it offers to canvassers extra inducements to secure subscriptions. It is a splendid democratic campaign proposition because it offers an easy method whereby democratic literature may be placed in the hands of those who seek by study and observation to work for "the greatest good to the greatest number. In recent campaigns the democratic party has been embarrassed by a lack of papers having a large circulation. The Commoner discusses live topics, live issues and live principles and it has a large circulation. It applies democratic principles to all questions now before

Brain Leaks.

True friendship goes all the way. Selfishness wants all and enjoys nothing.

There are no birds on next year's hats—yet.

The man who reaches his ideal did not have far to go.

Truth often stutters, but scandal talks without a break.

The foolish man saves his growls for his home and his smiles for his office.

The man who fails is disposed to attribute his neighbor's success to luck.

The best room in the house is the one in which the children have the most fun.

Content lies so close to our doors that most of us step over it without ever seeing it.

We haven't much use for the man who is a bull on the market and a bear in the home.

There is a time in every boy's life when his highest ambition is to beat the snare drum in the brass band.

More than one woman entertains the idea that heaven must be a place where there are no dishes to wash.

Some men who shudder at the thought of business dishonesty boast of the dishonest tricks they perform in politics.

Some mothers refrain from putting enough food on the table because they fear the children may drop some on the carpet.

Don't be afraid to work in the open. Observe the postal card. It hides nothing from the public gaze, but it gets there just the same.

Some politicians are so busy congratulating themselves about capturing the markets of the world that they never become able to establish credit in the local markets.

—Will M. Maupin.

the people for settlement. It is, therefore, a good paper to place in the hands of the voters.

If you want easy and profitable employment, the "Lots of Five" plan is commended to your careful consideration. Subscription cards, each good for one year's subscription to The Commoner, are sold in lots of five at the price of \$3 per lot. These cards may be easily sold at \$1.00 each, thus affording a profit of \$2 on a \$3 investment, and 66 2-3 per cent commission, which is, we believe, the most liberal terms ever offered by a periodical of national circulation.

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From whatever standpoint the proposition embodied in the "Lots of Five" plan may be considered, it is deserving of your earnest support.

These subscription cards are now ready, and The Commoner asks your hearty co-operation in its efforts to extend its influence and upbuild the party and the principles of democracy.