

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

The Real Friend.

When the clouds hang dark and heavy
O'er the path that you must tread,
And the thorns of care and trouble
Round your feet are thickly spread,
Sweet it is if those about you
Seem to give your troubles heed,
But the real friend comes and asks
you:
"Say, old friend, how much d'ye
need?"

When disaster dark befalls you
And you lose your house and lands,
It is sweet to feel the kindly
Grasp of sympathetic hands;
But there's one whose words are
sweeter
When he gives your troubles heed—
He's the man who comes and asks
you:
"Say, old friend, how much d'ye
need?"

When the grim and dark death angel
Passes through your open door,
And the babe you loved so dearly
Plays about your knees no more,
Flowers scattered 'round the coffin
Solace stricken hearts that bleed,
But the best consoler whispers:
"Say, old friend, how much d'ye
need?"

When you see a friend in trouble
Don't stand off and softly sigh.
Walk straight up to him and greet
him;

Look him squarely in the eye;
Say you're sorry, and then prove it
By a quick and friendly deed—
Pull your purse and softly whisper:
"Say, old friend, how much d'ye
need?"

A Little Fable.

CONCERNING THE AWFUL THROW
DOWN OF THOSE WHO AL-
LOWED THE TARIFF TO BE
REVISED BY ITS FRIENDS:

After long years of suffering from
the Greed of a lot of Overgrown In-
fant Industries, a Sorrowing Populace
gathered to demand some sort of re-
lief.

"We have been getting the Hot End
of it for a long time," wailed the Sor-
rowing Populace, "and we think it is
High Time that we be given a rest."

"Easy now, Good People," whispered
an Infant, taking its Nursing Bottle
from its lips long enough to grab off
another chunk of Protection. "Let us
go slow."

"But we need the Relief right now,"
moaned the Sorrowing Populace.

"Yes, and you shall have it," re-
plied the Infant, quietly pocketing the
Dinner brought by the Sorrowing Pop-
ulace. "But we must be careful not
to disturb Existing Conditions."

"But we long to disturb our Condi-
tion," wailed the Sorrowing Populace.
"That's just what we're after."

"Just so, just so," replied the Infant,
"but the system under which we have
Waxed Fat must be revised by its
friends, not by its victims."

After a prolongation of Con Talk
the Sorrowing Populace agreed to let
the Infants attend to the Revision.

A few months later the Sorrowing
Populace, in worse condition than
ever, again put up a Howl:

"We asked you for Relief and for
Reply got a Jolt in the Neck."

"Aw, go chase yourself!" retorted
the Infant that attended to the splin-
ing.

"But you told us that you'd do the

right thing by us if we'd let you at-
tend to Revision so as not to disturb
existing conditions."

"Quite true," replied the Infant,
"and we have attended to it so as to
not disturb conditions. Behold, we
are the Conditions, and we have not
been at all disturbed."

Moral: It's your own fault if the
Con Talk wins.

Heavy Assets.

The promotor was trying to inter-
est a capitalist in a manufacturing
scheme.

"I have the exclusive right to manu-
facture this article, and it is an ar-
ticle that every family must have,"
said the promotor.

"And you want to sell enough stock
to erect your factory?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you besides the exclu-
sive control of this article?"

"I've got plenty. Haven't I got a
Dingley law and a friendly congress?"

Being a man of keen perception the
capitalist at once subscribed for a
block of stock and began to lay plans
for watering it.

A Little Story.

Once upon a time a laboring man
took his wife and daughter into a
restaurant to dine. It was a gala
occasion for the laboring man and his
family, for they were wont to dine at
home on humble fare, and they
thought to enjoy themselves in the
unaccustomed pleasure. Seating them-
selves at a table they called a waiter
and proceeded to order a repast, in-
cluding cake, pie, ice cream and fruit.

Just as the soup and fish were
brought in and placed before the labor-
ing man and his family a group of
men took a near-by table and pro-
ceeded to talk loud, make ribald re-
marks and kick because a common
laboring man dared to invade their
favorite eating place.

"See the cheap skate with the hand-
me-down suit," remarked one man,
nodding towards the laborer.

"I smell the disagreeable odor of a
workman," sneered another.

"I'm going to complain to the man-
agement," said another. "We must
have more exclusiveness or I'll patron-
ize another place. I always lose my
appetite when I see a common work-
man near me."

"Get on to the frowsy female next
to him," sneered one, pointing to the
laboring man's wife.

"Yes, and see what a loose-jointed
and gawky girl that is."

"Look like they had just come out
of the ark."

"That hat must have been dragged
out of a garbage heap."

The laboring man bore the taunts
with patience for a time, but the men
at the next table became so insulting
that he shoved back his chair and
clenched his fist.

"I'm going to bump their heads,"
he whispered to his wife.

"Please don't," she whispered in
return. "Let us withdraw quietly."

The laboring man and his family

hurried through their meal, paid the
check and prepared to go.

"The atmosphere seems to be be-
coming purer," sneered one of the
men.

Then the laboring man flung off his
coat, spat upon his hands and made
a rush towards his tormenters.

"I'll punch your heads!" he ex-
claimed.

But before he could make good his
threat a judicial looking gentleman
grasped him by the arm and asked:
"Are you not a laboring man?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, I am a federal judge and
these gentlemen are my friends. I
enjoin you from disturbing them. If
you do I'll throw you into jail."

"But they insulted me and my
family."

"That, sir, is none of my business.
But these men are rich, own coal
mines and ships and factories and
railroads, and they must not be dis-
turbed by common workmen. To do
so would be to threaten existing busi-
ness conditions, inflame the masses,
create class prejudice and probably
lose me my soft job."

So saying the judicial gentleman
made a slight motion with his hand
and a company of militia marched in
and escorted the laboring man outside
amidst the laughter of the group at
the other table.

This may not sound quite as ro-
mantic as another little story you
read in the daily papers a week or so
ago, but the chances are that it is a
whole lot nearer the truth.

Scared 'Em.

The glee club formed a line along
the front of the platform and prepared
to sing for the g. o. p. convention.

"Hark, Appollo, strike the lyre!"
boomed the basses and tenors.

The rest of the song was lost, for
every protective tariff statistician in
the audience, mistaking the orthog-
raphy, ducked his head and made a
bee-line for the door.

That's What I'd Do.

(With apologies to the late Ben King.)

If I should die tonight
And you unto my bier should come
And osculate my lips so dumb
And whisper in my ear a word—
I say, if I should die tonight
And lie in state, and garments white,
By just one thing I could be stirred.

If I should die tonight
And you should stand beside my bier
And gently whisper in my ear
The information that
P. Knox has made a trust look sick,
Straightway I'd rise, and mighty quick
Tear loose my white cravat.

If I should die tonight
And you should wander to my bed
And, after weeping, shake your head
And murmur, "He'll be happy when
He hears that Knox has really gone
to work"—
I'd come to life and rise up with a
jerk—
But I'd fall dead again.

Brain Leaks.

It's a poor injunction that won't
work both ways.

A penny in the purse is worth a
pound in prospect.

If the world owes you a living don't

send a collector after it.

The foolish man works himself to
death trying to find a soft snap.

When you pray do not demand what
you want; ask for what you need.

Solomon was a great hand at saying
wise things and doing foolish ones.

The letter that never came was not
the one containing a statement of
account.

Peter is not the patron saint of
fishermen. He is the only may who
fished all night and admitted in the
morning that he did not get a bite.

—Will M. Maupin.

A Talmage Story.

The late Dr. Talmage was on one
occasion in the company of some the-
ological students. They, fresh from
the study of church history, were
laughing together over the old schol-
astic question:

"How many angels are supported on
the point of a needle?"

They were surprised when Dr. Tal-
mage turned to them and said:

"Well, how many do you think?"

As no one answered he went on,
with decision:

"Well, I'll tell you—five."

And he justified his answer with
the following story:

One very stormy night he was com-
ing home late, and noticed a light in
the window of a room where he knew
a poor woman lived whose husband
was at sea. He wondered what kept
her up so late, and he went to see.
He found her hard at work sewing by
her lamp, while her five rosy children
were sound asleep beside her.

"There," said Dr. Talmage, "was a
needle supporting five angels."—Phila-
delphia Times.

ACCIDENTAL?

The jury returned a verdict of acci-
dental death on the man who fell from
the window ledge on which he had fallen
asleep. But the death was really due to
carelessness which made the accident
possible.



There are a
great many
lives sud-
denly termi-
nated as a
result of
carelessness,
although the
medical cer-
tificate may
read "heart
failure."

When a man
takes
chances with
his stomach
and neglects

the warning symptoms of disease, he is
carelessly inviting calamity.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
cures diseases of the stomach and other
organs of digestion and nutrition. It
enables the perfect digestion and assimi-
lation of food, which makes strength.
It stimulates the liver, cures biliousness,
and removes bilious impurities from the
blood.

"I had been troubled with a pain in lower
part of my stomach for three years, so severe I
thought it would kill me in time," writes Mr.
Aaron Van Dam, of (Kensington) 2549 119th St.,
Chicago, Ill. "I could hardly work; it felt like
a big weight hanging on me and got so bad that
I had to take medicine. I used Stomach Bitters
for a time, but it did no good so I wrote to Dr.
R. V. Pierce for advice, which he gave me im-
mediately. I followed his directions; used two
bottles of his medicine and was cured. I had a
torpid liver which was troubling me instead of
cramps (as I thought), so Dr. Pierce told me.
I have pleasure in living now; have gained in
weight 15 pounds since then."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure con-
stipation. They do not beget the pill
habit.