

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

Partly Good World.

Purty good world if you are livin' it right, Doin' your work with th' whole of your might, Singin' an' smilin' from mornin' till night, Helpin' an' liftin' your neighbors.

Purty good world as it's joggin' along. If sometimes our plannin' seems t' go wrong, Try it again an' tune up a new song— Singin' will lighten our labors.

Purty good world though a few days are drear; More sunny days than of dark in th' year; Better be brave than t' tremble with fear; Get from th' world what's a comin'.

Purty good world if you take it just right; Grab right a holt and hold on with your might; Bound t' win somethin' by makin' a fight; Keep things around you a hummin'.

Purty good world—look it square in th' eye; Do well your part without sob or a sigh; You'll git reward in th' sweet by and by, Where there ain't nothin' t' bother.

Purty good world, but struggle your best. T' make it some better, and work with a zest; Work, for th' time will soon come for a rest— Rest with our Heavenly Father.

Great Scheme.

"I understand that Sharpleigh has bought a tent and is arranging to give exhibitions at all the street fairs and carnivals. What's he got to exhibit?" "He's got one of the greatest wonders of the decade. He's got very near half a ton of hard coal left over from last winter, and he's going to exhibit it in a glass case."

Facility.

"I see," remarked the passenger in the campaign hat, looking up from his newspaper, "that Emperor William has just gone out into the forest and killed another wild boar. The appetite that man has for blood makes me sick."

"Another boar hunt, eh?" queried the passenger with the eye-glasses.

"Yes. He rode out the other day and slaughtered another boar, and all the papers are filled with it. That kind of a man makes me tired."

"It is rather bloodthirsty, isn't it? May I see your paper a minute?"

"Certainly—say, wait a minute! By George, this is interesting! President Roosevelt went out into the Maine woods yesterday and killed a bear.

That's just like Roosevelt. He is the greatest man of the age. Who but Roosevelt would lay aside the burden of state for a few hours, plunge into the woods like a Nimrod of old, kill a bear with his own hands, and then emerge from the woods and take up the cares of state as if nothing had happened. That's the kind of a man I admire. Loves the woods, the scent of the pine needles, the wild, free life

of the hunter and the delicious thrill of bringing down big game. It's safe to trust that kind of a man with the affairs of state. Hit the bear right behind the left foreleg, too! Bully shot. Geeminy, but I'd like to have been with him!"

The passenger with the campaign hat might have said more had he not become absorbed in the bear story.

One of the "Friends."

"Yes, sir, I believe that the tariff needs revision," remarked the pompous gentleman, knocking the ashes from a Perfecto.

"I take it, then, that you believe the trusts are bulwarked behind the protective tariff," said the mild-eyed gentleman on the opposite side of the window.

"Nothing of the kind, sir," retorted the pompous gentleman. "I am a believer in the protective tariff, and believe that it should be revised, by its friends, however."

"May I inquire what your business is?" asked the mild-eyed gentleman.

"Certainly, sir. Here is my card." So saying the pompous gentleman handed over an engraved card and walked away with a majestic mein. When the mild-eyed man looked at the card this is what he saw:

- : JOHN JAMES GRABBITALL, :
: Stockholder :
: U. S. Steel Company. :
: Hocking Valley Coal Co. :
: American Wool Co. :
: American Cordage Co. :
: Reading Coal Co. :
: United Copper Co. :
: U. S. Rubber Co. :
: American Tobacco Co. :
: American Sugar Co. :
: Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc. :

"Ah, yes," mused the mild-eyed man, "I understand what he meant when he said the tariff should be revised by its friends."

One Lack.

"They say President Schwab is a nervous wreck."

"Funny. Why don't the trust manufacture steel nerves?"

Hopeless.

"No, gentlemen," remarked the mystic from the Orient, "I fear that my people will never accept Christian civilization."

"Why not?" queried a listener.

"We have no great manufacturing trusts into whose hands the Almighty Father of the Christian nations may give the keeping of the people's welfare."

Then it was that we realized the hopelessness of civilizing those Oriental peoples until we had exploited their country thoroughly. Immediately, therefore, we raised the flag of "Destiny" and loaded up our rapid fire guns.

A Dozen Dont's for Boys.

Don't conceive the idea that it's smart to follow the example of tough men.

Don't be afraid to say "yes." Don't imagine that smoking cigarettes makes you a man.

Don't cultivate a mustache at the expense of good manners.

Don't forget that your mother is a woman.

Don't let your hat-band become too tight.

Don't call your father "the old man" and imagine that it exhibits your independence.

Don't grumble at hoehandle blisters until you can quit proudly exhibiting the sprained baseball finger.

Don't read "Deadduck Dick" literature until after you have finished all the good books in the public libraries.

Don't grumble about doing the chores as long as you eat and sleep at home.

Don't forget that the thing the average boy thinks is smart is the thing that is foolish.

Don't forget that only a cowardly boy ill-treats his little sister.

Shaw.

You say the tariff shelters trusts, O, Shaw!

That trusts all competition busts, O, Shaw!

But still your racuous voice defends The tariff's most nefarious ends, And beg us leave it with its friends— O, Pshaw!

You say monopoly grows strong, O, Shaw!

Bulwarked behind the tariff wrong, O, Shaw!

And then you chase out on the jump And prance and prattle on the stump, And beg us swallow the whole lump— O, Pshaw!

You fear the trusts will shut up shop, O, Shaw!

If we their giant graft should stop, O, Shaw!

And so you say we should agree To being robbed eternal-lee To benefit the g. o. p.— O, Pshaw!

You fear to shave a schedule down, O, Shaw!

For fear the barons all will frown, O, Shaw!

And so you preach protection's graft; On high protection you've gone daft; You're "It" with the trust robber craft, O, Pshaw!

Brain Leaks.

There is a wide difference between piety and pewity.

Some men have no higher ambition than to color a meerschaum pipe.

It is easier to give a reason for being good than it is to conjure up an excuse for doing evil.

That coal trust baron is not the first man to stand on a street corner and boast of his intimacy with the Almighty.

If you know a man whose children do not run to meet him when he goes home, be very careful when you have business transactions with him.

The man who makes a jest of sacred things is likely to make a failure at distinguishing between his belongings and those of others.

—Will M. Maupin.



That old copybook maxim finds its most forceful application in the waste of vitality, which is called "burning the candle at both ends." A woman is often tempted beyond her strength by domestic or social demands. Some day she awakens from this waste of strength to the woeeful want of it. She has become weak, nervous and miserable.

For weak, nervous, run-down women, there is no better tonic and nerve than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores the appetite, quiets the nerves and gives refreshing sleep. It cures local diseases peculiarly womanly which undermine the general health. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"No doubt you have forgotten me, but after you read my letter you will remember me," writes Mrs. Annie E. Moring, of 238 7th Avenue, S. W., Roanoke, Va. "In the year 1897, I wrote to you for advice, which you gave me free of charge. When I wrote to you I was a wreck; I could not walk straight for pains in my abdomen; could not sit down, lie down, or get any ease at all. I had what was called the best doctor here, but did not get any better until I went through a course of your medicine. I took eight bottles each of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and ten bottles of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I tell you the medicine made a cure of me."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Wildcat Banking.

The republicans in congress have agreed to pass the infamous Fowler currency bill in case they shall have a majority in the next session. The Telegram has discussed this iniquitous bill with many bankers, and has found no banker who did not pronounce the Fowler bill a dangerous measure. They agree that it is the wildest of wildcat banking schemes. When we elect a congressman this fall we should try to discover which of the nominees favors and which one opposes the Fowler bill. We know that Congressman Robinson is opposed to the bill. We do not know where Mr. McCarthy stands. However, since he was nominated by railroad and sugar beet influence, it is safe to say that he would vote with the corporation interests in favor of the Fowler bill. If this estimate of Mr. McCarthy should not prove a fair estimate, the Telegram will cheerfully make correction if Mr. McCarthy or any of his friends will inform us just how he stands on the Fowler bill.—Columbus (Neb.) Telegram.

Very Plain.

Let us see what the president's strenuous demand for more legislation to crush trusts really means. It is only two years until the next presidential election. It will take a year to get an act through congress and two years to get it through the supreme court. That will tide over the next presidential campaign. Is it necessary to make it plainer?—Columbus (O.) Press.