

Whether Common or Not.

A Prayer.

Help me, dear Father, that I may
Walk upright in Thy sight;
Keep Thou my feet within Thy way
And guard me with Thy might.
Bind me to Thee in love's strong
bands—

Thy wondrous love so mild—
I trust myself within Thy hands,
Even as a child.

Be Thou my stay unto the end,
My comfort and my guide;
Thy love upon my ways attend
When dangers dread betide.
O, tender Shepherd of the sheep,
Be with me in the wild,
That I at last may sink to sleep,
Even as a child.

Sure Plan.

"I saw an advertisement in the paper the other day. It offered to tell for \$2 how a fellow could save one-half of his coal bill this winter."

"Did you send for it?"
"Yes, sent 'em \$2 and got the information. It was correct, all right. I know how to save half my coal bills now."

"How are you going to do it?"
"I'll tell you for half what it cost me."

"All right, here's your dollar."
"They told me to burn wood."

The Poet's Lament.

Of "Brown October" I might write;
Of "Sere and yellow leaves;"
Or eke some throbbing lines indict
On "Autumn's spirit grieves."
Of subjects there is not a dearth,
They surge within my soul—
But tell me, good sir, what on earth
To do to get some coal!

Why write of "Indian summer haze?"
Of "Meadows brown and sere?"
Why write of "Melancholy days,"
The "saddest of the year?"
'Tis vain to seek for glory's crown
That lies at poesy's goal,
For folk in hamlet, village, town,
Can think of naught but coal.

What, then, is left for me to do?
All "Autumn verse" is barred.
My hands are numb, my nose is blue,
My toes are frozen hard.
Pray pity my condition tough,
You see I'm in a hole,
And send a check that's big enough
To buy a ton of coal.

That's Different.

"No, I cannot undertake to interfere in this matter," said Senator Graball. "It is a business matter concerning only the parties involved and I must decline to interfere."

"But," we said, "the present state of affairs is likely to injure our party's chance for success."

"In that case," exclaimed Senator Graball, "it becomes my official duty to use my utmost efforts to secure a speedy settlement of the difficulty."

Futile.

The burglar cowered into the corner when confronted by a pistol in the hands of the irate householder.

"There seems to be some mistake," exclaimed the burglar. "I am merely endeavoring to see that your rights and interests are guarded, not by—"

But the householder never let the muzzle of the pistol wobble an inch until the patrol wagon arrived.

Smooth Mr. Brown.

Miss Gotrox—"I felt really sorry for Mr. Brown this evening. I asked him to button my gloves and he was so awkward that it took him fully ten

minutes to accomplish the task."
Tom Knowit—"What, Jack Brown? That's one of his little games. Why, Brown got his start in life presiding at the glove counter in the biggest department store in Chicago."

A Puzzle for Papa.

"Papa, may I ask you a question?"
"Yes, my son. I'm always glad to impart information."

"Well, papa, when a snake wriggles its tail where does the wriggle begin?"

"Well—um—er. Look here, young man, don't you let me hear another word out of you till bed time."

What's the Conundrum?

One pipes his lays and the other lays his pipes.

Experienced.

C. D. Dude—"Mr. Wheatshock, did you ever buy a gold brick?"

Farmer Wheatshock—"No, I never bought no gold bricks, but I used to think I could tax myself rich and voted that way quite a spell. But I never bought no gold bricks."

The Secret.

"Say, I've got one of the best medicines in the world, and it ought to sell in immense quantities."

"The worth of your medicine cuts no figure. The question is, Have you got money enough to advertise it?"

Brain Leaks

All the world laughs at a lover.
Advice is the only thing some people give away.

Usually the boy is bent as the father is inclined.

Many a man's bad temper may be due to bad bread.

A man need not be a politician to do his duty as a citizen.

I Will wears diamonds when I Wish is begging at the back door.

Some people never learn the difference between religion and Christianity.

Time spent in regretting yesterday is time lost from the work of preparing for tomorrow.

"Providence" is a convenient excuse seized upon by most men who profit by selfishness.

Only those who have suffered know the comfort that may be imparted in a warm handclasp.

A great many people are so bent on looking after big things that they stumble over the little things.

The man who will make a jest of sacred things is quite likely to make a jest of trusts reposed in him.

There is a vast difference between patriotism and partisanship, but some men never become able to see it.

A good husband will not leave his company manners at the door when he enters his home in the evening.

A man who expects to reach heaven on his wife's goodness will find the semaphore set against him.

We know some fellows who are always wishing they were boys again who have never really become men.

We can't help thinking that something is wrong with the minister when a church has to give a concert every Sunday morning in order to draw a crowd.

The man who is always complaining because women are crowding men out of the business world generally is the man who has been unable to hold a place in the business world.

—Will M. Maupin.

TOM JOHNSON AND THE DISORGANIZERS

LOUIS F. POST
..IN..
THE PUBLIC.

In commenting in *The Commoner* upon the attitude of Mayor Johnson of Cleveland toward the silver question, as disclosed by Mr. Johnson in his speech as chairman of the Ohio convention, Mr. Bryan has very cleverly and completely laid bare the real motives of the "reorganizers" in their unqualified hostility to the Kansas City platform.

"While it is to be regretted," he writes, "that Mr. Johnson is not prepared to defend every part of the financial plank of the Kansas City platform, his frank acknowledgement of difference on the ratio will answer one good purpose. It will convince the public that the men who have made such a fuss about 16 to 1 are not sincere, for they will oppose Mr. Johnson as heartily as they would have done had he given emphatic indorsement to every word in the platform. Many have taken refuge behind the ratio, when their real objection was to some other plank in the platform." Mr. Bryan adds that "these will be unmasked by Mr. Johnson's position."

Sure enough! Mr. Bryan was right. His prediction was verified even before the public had seen it in print. The Boston Journal, a democratic "reorganizer" of republican affiliations, promptly declared that Johnson "would be almost as obnoxious to the conservative forces of the country as Mr. Bryan himself." Some of the democratic "reorganizing" papers, of democratic pretensions, found him even more obnoxious than Bryan; while the New York Times, which may be regarded as the journalistic leader of the plutocratic movement within the democratic party, has lost no time in declaring the same war against Johnson that it has maintained against Bryan. "Between the reorganizers of the democratic party," it belligerently announces, "and the reactionary Bryanites, with Johnson now at their head, there will be, there must be, open war."

Let it be observed that this war, which the "reorganizing" and "harmonizing" Times transfers from Bryanism to Johnsonism, is not a war against "16 to 1." It cannot be, for not only has Johnson never accepted that doctrine, but he expressly declares his opposition to it. In making this hostile pronouncement, therefore, the Times, as spokesman for the "reorganizers," exposes the very insincerity with which Bryan charges them and which he predicted they would themselves expose. It is not the "16 to 1" clause of the Kansas City platform that they have been fighting all this time, under the absurd pretense that that doctrine is the root of all the political and economic evil. What in their hearts they have been arrayed against is the democratic character of the Kansas City platform in general. In some instances holding briefs for the plutocratic interests of the country, and in others deluded by those who do hold such briefs, the "reorganizers" in the democratic party, while professing that what they want is "harmony," are ready at the drop of the hat to fight anybody and everybody who does not fall meekly into the plutocratic procession. And of this they now stand self-convicted. No compromise would satisfy them which did not allow them to formulate the platform and name the candidates. As Johnson truly said in his convention speech, what the plutocratic leaders in both parties have feared is "not free silver, but free men."

He would be a poor observer of af-

fairs political who did not realize that the chief concern of the democratic "reorganizers" is to prevent the nomination of a democrat as the democratic candidate for president. They want a "conservative" democracy; one that can divide with the republican party the campaign contributions of the trusts; one that will contest with the republican party for the plutocratic job in which that party has been profitably engaged; one that would be an assistant republican party when out of power and an acceptable substitute for that party when in power. With this object in view they are looking hopefully forward to the election of Mr. Pattison as governor of Pennsylvania. Should he carry his own rock-ribbed republican state, Pattison would be an ideal candidate, in many respects, for the "reorganizers." But Johnson is casting a bigger shadow than Pattison. He is not nearly so congenial to the plutocratic elements, but he is ever so much more acceptable to those that are genuinely democratic. Hence the bitterness toward him. Even Mark Hanna would not be so delighted were Ohio to poll her old-time republican majority this fall as would that plutocratic coterie of democrats which is composed of Grover Cleveland's intimates and to whose harmoniously belligerent sentiments the New York Times gives utterance.

These malcontents might possess themselves with patience. Johnson is not a candidate for the presidency, in the sense of pulling and pushing for the nomination. He is attending strictly to the particular public business that has been entrusted to him. When asked by a newspaper correspondent last week whether he was a candidate for governor of Ohio and then for president, this was his reply: "I am not a candidate for anything except for mayor next spring. It is my belief that my field of usefulness lies very close to the city of Cleveland." It is chiefly because he is mayor of Cleveland that Mr. Johnson is campaigning the state of Ohio for Herbert S. Bigelow as the democratic candidate for secretary of state, and the remainder of the democratic ticket. The interests of Cleveland have been thrown into state politics by "ripper" litigation which has divested that city of its model charter, and the action of the Hanna governor and the Hanna majority in the legislature, which threaten to burden Cleveland, in common with all the other cities of the state, with board and boss government, and to perpetuate street car monopolies in the interest of Senator Hanna's personal "savings bank." It is necessary to secure, if possible, a popular condemnation of this policy at the polls this fall; and that can be done only in the way in which Johnson is trying to do it—by going out among the people of the state and telling them the truth.

A great many men who make it a practice to flash a big bill when making a small purchase always manage to have plenty of small change when the church contribution basket comes around.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer.
Was originated and perfected by Dr. D. M. Bye. It is soothing and balmy and gives relief from unceasing pain. It has cured more cases than all other treatments combined. Those interested, who desire free books telling about the treatment, save time and expense by addressing the Home Office—DR. D. M. BYE CO., P. O. Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.