

Whether Common or Not.

Keep On Trying.

If you sometimes feel discouraged,
that's the time to prove your worth;
Smile and seek another purchase on
this busy whirling earth.
Spit upon your hands, my brother,
grab a hold with all your might—
Grab and keep right on a-holding, keep
a-holding good and tight.
Time is wasted when you're weeping,
and a man who's sad of face
Seldom lands among the winners in
the old world's business race.
If you slip, get up and hustle—pluck's
worth more than all the rest,
And you'll surely get there sometime
if you do your level best.

Never sit down in the ashes weeping
over efforts vain;
Pull your belt up one notch tighter,
then strike out and try again.
Keep on trying, ne'er discouraged, even
though you often fail,
And don't stub your toe, my brother,
twice upon the selfsame nail.
Profit by each failure, comrade, and
brace up to try once more,
Feeling sure that ev'ry effort takes you
further than before.
Catch your breath and stretch your
muscles, then strike out with added
zeal,
And you'll surely get there sometime
if you do your level best.

Better aim high and shoot under than
to never shoot at all;
Better climb than to be idle, even
though you often fall,
For the man down in the hollows with
his eyes glued on the sod
Never sees the glorious pictures by
the greatest artist, God.
If you try you're better,
stronger, and braver,
And although you score a failure you
are further on your way.
Keep your eyes fixed on the future,
brace yourself for ev'ry test,
And you'll surely get there sometime
if you do your level best.

Looking Backwards.

It was the Psalmist who remarked:
"I said in my haste all men are liars."
Careful reading fails to disclose any
time or place where David had enough
leisure to revise the statement made
in his haste. But David was a fairly
busy man and doubtless was not per-
sonally acquainted with everybody.
And David may have been impelled to
make the statement by certain circum-
stances connected with a campaign
for office.

These reflections and animadver-
sions are called out by the experiences
of a friend nominated for the state
senate in a Nebraska county by the
fusion conventions. The county is
normally republican by 2,500 majority
and a fusion nomination is indeed an
empty honor. But when Mr. Major
received the senatorial nomination he
felt honored and prepared to make
the best fight he could against hope-
less odds.

"I determined to exert myself to the
utmost to poll a good vote," he said,
after the election, "and if possible lop
off a few votes from the brutal repub-
lican majority. I had the usual num-
ber of cards printed, worked a few
newspaper men for some kindly no-
tices and fortified myself with a few
statistics which I wove into a little
speech I framed up for the entertain-
ment and instruction of the voters.

"Then I started out. When I started
I felt that I was up against it. But
as the days went by I began to feel a
glimmer of hope. Every time I met
a republican friend and mentioned my
candidacy he told me in strict confi-
dence that he was going to vote for
me. 'Don't say anything about it,' he

would remark, 'for I don't want to be
classed as a bolter; but you'll get my
vote and I think I can get you two
or three other republican votes.'

"Of course this would make me feel
good. This sort of thing occurred with
such frequency that finally I decided to
keep tab on the fellows who promised
to vote for me. For that purpose I got
a little note book and every time a
republican friend declared it to be
his intention to give me a vote I just
jotted down his name and the date of
his promise.

"Being a union labor man I felt my-
self entitled to the union labor vote,
being the only union labor candidate
on either ticket, and every union la-
bor man I met declared that I had a
cinch on the labor vote. I investigated
and learned that there were about 650
voters in the union ranks of the coun-
ty, two-thirds of them being republi-
cans. This made me feel good again.

"Whenever I went in the country
districts I was assured that I would
run ahead of my ticket, and various
voters were named as having been
heard to declare that they would
scratch their tickets and give me a
vote on this or that account.

"This was my first experience as a
candidate, therefore I may be pardoned
for believing so much of what
I heard. I know better now.

"The night before election I footed
up the names in my little book and
found that 971 republicans had prom-
ised to vote for me. Then I added
two-thirds of the union labor vote, 440,
making a total of 1,413 republican
votes I felt rather sure of receiving.
This seemed to insure my election by
a narrow, but safe margin and I went
to bed to dream of all the great re-
form work I was going to do in the
state legislature.

"Election morning I arose, ate my
breakfast, kissed the wife and babies
good-bye and went down town. About
10 o'clock I went to my voting pre-
cinct and voted. There I met several
republicans who took me aside one at
a time to tell me how they had voted
for me, and how they were quite sure
that So-and-so and So-and-so had
voted for me. This was good news.

"By nightfall, however, I began
bracing myself for defeat, rumors
reaching me that there was almighty
little scratching being done. Having
some friends on the staff of the local
morning paper I drifted into the edi-
torial rooms about 8 o'clock in the
evening and watched the returns. The
first returns opened my eyes. I soon
discovered that I was just about keep-
ing even with the rest of the candi-
dates on my ticket. At midnight I
conceded my defeat and went home
and to bed.

"I saw the full returns the next
evening. I had polled just eight votes
more in the county than any other
candidate on my ticket, and was de-
feated by over 2,000 votes. This was
proof positive that about eight of those
971 republicans had kept their prom-
ise to vote for me, or that about eight
republican union labor men had stifled
their partisanship long enough to re-
member a fellow laboring man.

"This much I have learned: When
a republican tells you he is going to
scratch his ticket and vote for a demo-
crat, draw down the lid of your left
eye, smile knowingly and forget it."

Candor compels the statement that
Mr. Major did not appear to be at all
downcast. He took his defeat good-
naturedly and accepted the jibes of his
republican friends in good part. He
knows more now than he did a couple
of weeks ago.

It was the little story that Major
told that recalled the hasty remark
of the Psalmist: "I said in my haste
all men are liars." And after recall-

ing the incidents of Major's story and
analyzing David's utterance, it would
seem to be a natural conclusion that
David must have said it right after
being defeated for office on the demo-
cratic ticket.

There Are Others.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mr. Bildad,
throwing down the morning paper and
shoving back from the breakfast ta-
ble. "Hurrah! We've won every-
thing. Keep a good majority in con-
gress, uphold the president's hands
and testify to our satisfaction with
the abundant prosperity brought by
our grand old party!"

"Yes, I read the headlines," said Mrs.
Bildad. "That reminds me that Tom-
my must have some new shoes, and—"
"New shoes!" cried Mr. Bildad.
"New shoes? Why I just bought him
a pair last week and the infernal
leather trust squeezed me out of at
least a dollar. I—"

"Yes, shoes have gone up," said Mrs.
Bildad. "And we are out of coal for
the kitchen range and must have some
right—"

"Wow! And the soft coal trust
whooping up the price fifty cents a
crack! We're getting it in the neck
from the trusts at every—"

"Does look like it, Mr. Bildad. Here's
a notice that came from the tax col-
lector yesterday. It says our taxes are
delinquent and that we'll be sold out
if we—"

"Let me see that, Mrs. Bildad. Great
Scott! Why my taxes have been
raised 37 per cent. This is an out-
rage. If the corporations were made
to pay their share of the taxes we
small property holders would not be
robbed blind like this. It's a shame,
that's what—"

"On your way down town, Mr. Bil-
dad, I wish you'd stop at the butcher
shop and order a roast. The Perkinses
are coming to dinner this evening and
I—"

"What, inviting company to dinner
when the greedy beef trust is soaking
it to us right and left! Meat's worth
its weight in gold, Mrs. Bildad, be-
cause the rapacious beef trust is—"

"I know it, dear; but it can't be
helped. I see sugar's up a cent a
pound, but we've got to have a dol-
lar's worth today."

"That's it—squeezed on everything
by the trusts. It does seem like we
are going to be ground to fragments
by them. I am in favor of seizing—"

Just then the telephone bell rang
and Bildad answered it.

"Hello, hello!

"Yes, this is Bildad.

"What?

"Yes, you bet.

"That's the stuff. It was a glorious
victory. Elected a big majority in
congress, the whole state ticket, ev-
ery county office.

"What's that?

"You bet I'll help celebrate. Going
to have torches and red fire?

"Bully. I'll be there. Great idea,
that, celebrating the glorious victory."

Then Bildad hung up the receiver,
donned his hat and coat, kissed Mrs.
Bildad good-bye and started for his
office. As the door slammed behind
him Mrs. Bildad picked up the paper
and remarked:

"I can't understand politics at all."

The Wise Boss.

The notorious boss of the notorious
gang, after boosting other men into
office for years, determined to become
a member of congress himself and get
the first whack at the perquisites in-
stead of coming in on the second deal.
Accordingly he called the gang to-
gether and made public his decision.

"But the public knows you are a
crook, that you have no conscience,
that you are in politics only for the
graft and that you are always in the
market," said a subordinate gangster.
"How can you expect to get enough
votes to elect you?"

"That's dead easy," replied the boss.

"Of course we can control the pri-
maries because a majority of the vot-
ers in this district take no part in
them. That means we can secure con-
trol of the convention and give me the
nomination, eh?"

"Yes, but after the nomination,
what then?"

"Easy enough. We'll tell 'em they
must vote for me if they want to
hold up the hands of the president.
See?"

There was no answering the argu-
ment, hence the gang went out and
whooped it up for the boss. The result
proved that the boss knew a thing or
two about "practical politics."

Brain Leaks.

The burden grows light when love
helps us lift.

He who idles in the morning sippeth
sorrow at twilight.

You deserve no credit until you
have done your best.

It is better to show the son how
than to tell him how.

Too much political pie usually re-
sults in party indigestion.

Borrowing is a slippery hill, easy to
descend, but difficult to climb.

One swallow does not make a sum-
mer, but several will bring on a fall.

Politeness is a mask that some men
discard as soon as business hours are
over.

It is a blessed thing for us that God
judges us by our efforts and not by
our achievements.

Prayer helps you to secure what
you need, but it won't bring you what
you may think you want.

If we knew at forty what we thought
we knew when twenty the libraries of
the world might be spared.

—Will M. Maupin.

Bulger.

That dog hain't got no pedigree,
Er ef he has it's lost;
But lots o' dogs uv high degree
Ain't wuth more'n half their cost.
Depends on what you want 'em fur?
Well, yes, that I'll admit,
You'd call that dog a "common cur."
He's jes' chock full of wit.

Bulger, old boy, ther's hawks about,
D'ye see 'im cock his eye?
When fother's chicks 'r runnin' out
You'll see 'im watch the sky.
Some varmint crawls an' others flies
To steal your fowls away,
But Bulger sleeps with open eyes
An' watches night and day.

Huntin'? No; ain't much at that;
Ther's little here to hunt,
In fun he sometimes hunts the cat
An' trees her, too, the runt!
But when he sees me take my gun
Old Bulger's wild to go,
An' he an' I've had heaps o' fun
A-trackin' hares in snow.
Young man, I'll tell you why I like
An' never'll part from him:
Once I'd a boy—a merry tike—
My bright-eyed little Jim.
He loved that dog, and often they
Played in the meadows free;
An' once when Jim was lost away
He brought him back to me.

An' often yet I see them two
A-rompin' 'neath the trees,
Where grass is green an' skies are
blue.

Happy as birds an' bees.
My little toddler now lies low,
Down where the willows weep,
An' by his side where flowers grow
Some day shall Bulger sleep.

—H. E. Grimm, in Outdoor Life.

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