

Whether Common or Not.

Buck the Line.

Are you up against hard luck?
Buck the line!
Show the world you're full of pluck;
Buck the line!
Smash ahead with all your might,
Toss obstacles left and right,
Brace up, friend, and make a fight—
Buck the line!

Is your path beset by foes?
Buck the line!
Does hard fate your way oppose?
Buck the line!
Hump your shoulders, bow your neck,
Don't lay down at ev'ry check,
Smile and always be on deck—
Buck the line!

Long the way unto the goal?
Buck the line!
Strive with all your heart and soul;
Buck the line!
Grit your teeth and try some more,
Though you're hammered till you're
sore,
And some time you're bound to score—
Buck the line!

Fables in Rhyme

Jim Scroggins never thought nor read, but went where party bosses led; and whooped it up both day and night for tariff tax with all his might. On high protection he went daft and helped the trusts hold to their graft. And just because they jollied him they got their canthooks into Jim.

They robbed him on his flour and meat, and other things he had to eat; they robbed him on his clothes and shoes; yea, on his purse they put the screws. But still Jim Scroggins would not see the trusts controlled the g. o. p., and still remained an easy mark for ev'ry corporation shark.

"I've got enough to eat and wear," said Jim, and so he didn't care, but helped the trusts perfect their cinch until at last he felt their pinch. Then Jim discovered with dismay he couldn't live upon his pay; but ev'ry month he'd surely find himself a little more behind.

'Twas then he said, "It seems to me I'm short on this prosperity." But when he sought a better wage his trust employers whooped with rage. Jim got it—please observe the facts—just where the chicken got the ax; and Jim now loudly doth bewail the hot air in his dinner pail.

MORAL.

The stomach, let it here be said,
Is not to think with. Try your head.

One day Benevolent Intent put on a sword and gally went abroad beneath the tropic skies the heathen for to civilize, and fit them all for kingdom come with cannon balls and fiery rum, and incidentally to seize whatever promised it to please.

"Why come you here; we're well content, O, great Benevolent Intent?" the little heathen people cried. Benevolent Intent replied: "'Tis destiny that brings me here, which fact I'll presently make clear. 'Tis on the make that I am bent," chortled Benevolent Intent.

"We only ask for justice," said the heathen man with humble head. "The tyrant for three hundred years we've fought through agony and tears; our sole ambition to be free—pray, go you hence and let us be. We know we're little, weak and brown, so do not hit us when we're down."

"Nay, it is vain that you have tried," Benevolent Intent replied. "My Christian duty is made clear—I've got to grab all I see here; and if you make a kick, be sure I'll dope you with the water cure. 'Tis Christian zeal that

my heart thrills, and you have got to foot the bills."

MORAL.

The moral's here—but what's the use?
Just frame up any old excuse.

Bill Wilkins said, "Corruption's rife in politics and public life, and I'll not soil my hands a bit by taking any part in it. A nomination always comes from caucuses controlled by bums, and decent men they will throw down to take the worst toughs in the town."

So saying, Wilkins went his way and would not vote election day; but held aloof from politics and in its turmoil would not mix. And while Bill Wilkins stood apart the tough ward heelers took new heart, and each one quickly shed his coat and hustled to get out his vote.

The corporations won the fight and boosted rates clear out of sight, but shirked their taxes onto Bill, and others like he is, until they groaned in agony and swore at the high taxes that they bore. It ne'er dawned on Bill's intellect 'twas merely what he should expect.

And thus Bill Wilkins cheats himself and corporations get their pelf; a thing that will go on until a gleam of sense comes unto Bill. Till Wilkins makes a change of plan and does his duty like a man, he'll get it—and 'tis what he needs—right where sweet Cora wore her beads.

MORAL.

If you'd have politics be clean,
Get out and help bust the machine.

A little bug at early dawn awoke from sleep and gazed upon the big round world and said with glee, "Of course all this was made for me." And thinking thus it shook with mirth and started out to boss the earth; nor made a note that through the blue sky up above a birdie flew.

The bird looked down with vision keen and this conceited bug was seen. A swoop, a dive, a quick ker-chug, and all was over for that bug. But ere it disappeared from sight the silly bug cried with its might, "I thought I owned the world immense; I should have had much better sense."

Some parties, just 'twixt you and me, are like this bug—as you shall see. They get puffed up and then commence to pose as special providence; and say, "Good friends, you owe to me your wonderful prosperity; and owing this you should delight whene'er I rob you left and right."

They think because the people grow to righteous anger very slow that they can pile upon their backs 'bout any old amount of tax; that nearly ev'ry man believes he's better off when ruled by thieves. Some day men in Wall street, New York, will get it—where jugs get the cork.

MORAL.

Keep it in mind day after day—
You're foolish when you get too gay.

Glory.

The long procession of university dignitaries wound slowly across the campus. Suddenly the air was pierced by a resounding yell.

"Ber-rax, Ber-rax, Wow chow, billy-wow, whack lack snack; icky bick, ricky cack, hack, hack, dack; ber-rax, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

"It pleases me beyond mention to see you young gentlemen grow so enthusiastic at the sight of learning," remarked the bystander who wore gold-rimmed glasses.

"Learning, nothing!" ejaculated the young man in the red sweater. "We're not whooping it up for profs. We're whooping for Bill Kickemoff, the great

half-back. That's him cutting across the campus."

Forethought.

Bilkins—"If my wife comes in here to price cigars for my Christmas present you offer her a box of my favorites for 99 cents."

Dealer—"All right."

Bilkins—"Put 'em in a pretty box, too. Here's \$4 and a postal card to make up the difference."

To Fit the Crime.

The publisher of the newspaper that gave music supplements with the Sunday edition was haled before the judge.

"These proceedings may be illegal," remarked his honor, "but nevertheless you are to be punished for giving away those alleged songs and tunes with your Sunday edition."

"You dare not send me to prison; you dare not hang me, and you dare not offer me physical violence," said the publisher in a haughty tone of voice.

"Very true," replied his honor. "But we had no idea of resorting to either of those things."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the publisher.

"We are going to make the punishment fit the crime, sir. See that piano and those ladies and gentlemen? Well, that piano will be used in playing the accompaniments and those people will sing the songs. You are now about to be compelled to listen while all that music supplement stuff is being played and sung for you."

In vain the publisher begged and plead for mercy. He had to sit and listen to it.

In the padded cell, Ward No. 1, of the hospital for the incurable insane, sits a man who shrieks from morning till night. He imagines that every sound is produced by some one endeavoring to play music supplements.

And the Sunday newspaper has a new publisher.

Brain Leaks.

Never look a gift automobile in the running gear.

The easiest way often proves to be the wrong way.

Jealousy starves to death where true love flourishes.

Trouble is a crop that thrives least with sunshine.

Those who walk by faith never stumble in the dark.

The man without ambition is usually without anything else.

Satan prospers because he attends strictly to his own business.

We enjoy our bounties more when we ask others to share with us.

The average boy responds to kind treatment as readily as the average dog.

The wise man works on his ark every day; the foolish man waits for the deluge.

A lot of people are so intent upon the hereafter that they utterly forget the present.

The world owes every man a living, but will not pay it unless pushed to extremes.

When all men take an interest in politics then politics will be profitable to all men.

If we succeeded in accomplishing all that we planned we would not know when to be happy.

Considering the number of wise things Solomon said he performed a great many foolish ones.

Real municipal reform will begin at the primaries; theoretical municipal reform always begins with thoughtful essays that few people hear and fewer read.

There is a great deal of solid comfort in the thought that we are judged by our efforts and not by our achievements. If it were otherwise none of us would be safe.

—Will M. Maupin.

John Mitchell.

Of a" the men who have had to do with the coal situation John Mitchell unquestionably comes out with the greatest credit. He has manifested qualities that constitute men great.

He occupied a delicate and difficult position. He had to deal with public opinion on the one hand and with ignorant, illiterate and unreasoning followers on the other. If he failed of securing and retaining the confidence of either element his cause was lost. That he did retain the confidence of public and miners alike is the best tribute to his astuteness and sagacity.

If Mr. Mitchell had not cast his lot with the laboring element he would have made a success as a diplomat. He has that combination of subtlety and frankness which comes very near to constituting its possessor a genius.

—Chicago Chronicle.

Full of Embarrassment.

The announcement from Washington that the republican leaders will not consent to a tariff revision is met by the Indianapolis News, a paper that generally support republican candidates, with this interesting statement: "Of course we understand that the question of tariff revision is full of embarrassment for the republican party. The present tariff is only five years old, and yet there is all over the country a revolt against it among the republicans themselves. Republican candidates in Massachusetts are demanding the removal of the duties on coal, wool, hides and steel. In Wisconsin there is a strong opposition to the present law among the republicans. The schism in the Iowa republican party on this question is clearly defined. In Indiana the tariff reform sentiment is now, as it always has been, strong. When a tariff law becomes obsolete in five years there is abundant reason for alarm on the part of those responsible for it."

NEW COFFEE

For the U. S. Army

Some soldiers are badly affected by coffee drinking. The Hospital Steward in one of the Army Posts in the West, says: "Though in the medical service of the Army, I suffered agony for two years from a case of chronic gastric indigestion, and now that I am free from all the tortures attendant upon it, I attribute it to the good effects of Postum Food Coffee, both as a food and as a beverage.

I used medicinal and mechanical means to relieve myself during those two years and even though I had left off the use of coffee, I did not find myself in any measure free until I had commenced using Postum.

Being in charge of a detachment of the Hospital Corps, U. S. A., I, of course, had supervision of the mess, and by degrees I have initiated into using Postum, every member of the mess, some of whom were formerly very loud in their denunciation of anything 'manufactured.' And, going still further, I have supplied it to our patients in lieu of coffee; none have found fault, while many have praised it highly, and when returned to duty, have continued the use of it when it was possible, for a soldier has an extremely hard time in trying to choose his own food.

For the past eight months, not a grain of coffee has been used in this Hospital, and thanks to a cook who prepares Postum just right—there is a brilliant prospect of coffee taking a permanent seat in the back-ground.

One who has passed through the horrors of indigestion as I have, shudders as he looks back upon his sufferings and when cognizant of the cause, will shun coffee as he would a rattle snake." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.