

Whether Common or Not.

A Long Time Ago.

This "world power" business is causing us woe,
Don't you know.
It's hard on the doctrine laid down by Monroe,
And that's so.
In days that are gone no time would we waste,
The land-grabbing nations would quickly be chased
From this hemisphere with the greatest of haste—
But that was a long time ago.
Brave Stephen Decatur, in long vanished years,
At Algiers,
Toward the bold pirates—see, swiftly he steers!—
Amid cheers.
But we've changed the methods, and now we pursue
A course that is wrong, and for Uncle Sam new—
We pension rank robbers like those in Sulu—
And the sultan our flag loudly jeers.
This "manifest destiny" 'bout which we blow,
Don't you know,
Means holes in the doctrine laid down by Monroe,
And that's so.
Once we could remark with our words ringing clear,
"You monarchs of Europe, up anchor and steer
Away from our sisters in this hemisphere"—
But that was a long time ago.
Our forefathers brave fought for justice and right,
With their might.
And after the gloom of a long weary night
Saw the light.
But we have forgotten the lessons they taught;
Torn down the foundation they patiently wrought;
And for greed and empire we've schemed and we've fought,
And laughed to scorn Liberty's plight.
For freedom and justice we once struck a blow,
As you know.
And Liberty's torch o'er the world shed its glow,
And that's so.
For rights that are equal we once took a stand,
And denounced the vile habit of grabbing off land—
To sister republics we gave the glad hand—
But that was a long time ago.
This "thrown in our laps" is a species of graft
And of craft,
At which our forefathers so scornfully laughed
Loud, and chafed.
Once we could boast loudly, "The starry flag means
Equality, freedom and right in all scenes,
But now that we've grabbed off the far Philippines
It seems that on "empire" we're daft.
Once we could stand firm by the words of Monroe,
As you know.
And to back them up bravely we never were slow,
And that's so.
Once we never mixed in monarchical schemes,
And visions of empire ne'er troubled our dreams,
But, judged by events that are recent, it seems
That that was a long time ago.

Great Scheme.

"Mr. Cumso has got a great head."
"What makes you think so?"
"He attached a cyclometer to the
snow shovel and gives his son a dime
every time he scores a century."

True if Not Rhyme.

An esteemed contemporary rejoices
because, as it claims, there is no rhyme
for "Monroe doctrine." The mere fact

that the aforesaid esteemed contempo-
rary is an administration organ proves
that it is wrong.

And here's the proof:

The Monroe doctrine
Was lately knocked in.

Professional.

"Writerly can never forget that he
is an editorial writer."
"What's he been doing now?"

"He gave his affianced an engage-
ment ring for a Christmas present."
"Well, what's that got to do with his
profession?"
"The ring was sheer paste."

Justified.

"What makes Richleigh walk so
proudly this morning?"
"Santa Claus put a pint of coal in
his stocking Christmas."

Overlooked Something.

She wandered down the broad church
aisle
Just as she schemed—ten minutes
late.
A dangling cloak tag raised a smile:
"Great Bargain. Price \$5.98."

A Plain Case.

"Your honor, there can be no doubt
about this man's insanity."
"What grounds have you for mak-
ing that statement?"
"Why, your honor, the poor man has
twin sons, and on Christmas he gave
each of them a drum and a tin horn."

Heartless.

Knott A. Coyne—"This is a mean
an' crool world, pal."
Broken Flatte—"Wot's de meanin' o'
dis pessimism, Knotty?"
Knott A. Coyne—"I struck a bloke
for somethin' t' celebrate Chris'mas
wid an' he grinned an' give me a box
o' cigars w'at his wife had give him."

Kismet.

Hushed the sound of mirth and
laughter,
Dimmed the waves tapers' light;
It is now the morning after
And the nursery floor's a sight.
Papa ne'er a word has spoken
Since the morning meal was through,
For the Christmas toys are broken
And the bills are coming due.

Brain Leaks.

It's a waste of time to pray for any-
thing you will not work for.

The value of a gift depends alto-
gether upon the spirit of the giver.

You can't play with monarchy with-
out losing respect for liberty.

Some men are like trolley cars—
they stop when the central power
plant shuts down.

Because they cannot eradicate pov-
erty some men refuse to give a hungry
man a bowl of soup.

There is something wrong with the
heart of the man who neglects warm-
ing the bridlebits these frosty morn-
ings.

About the greatest case of self-de-
ception is that of the man who dyes his
whiskers and imagines that nobody
knows it.

It's easy for a boy to forget about
the kindlings, but he never forgets to
hang up his stocking the night be-
fore Christmas.

The right kind of a father always
gets a receipt in full for all Christmas
money expended when he hears the
happy shouts of his children.

—Will M. Maupin.

Spelled Nineteen Ways.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat
has the following in regard to the
spelling of the word Muskalonge. Those
who have tried to catch the fish will
probably attribute their failure to their
lack of knowledge of orthography.
They didn't spell it right and the fish
wouldn't bite. The Times-Democrat
says:

"If the terrapin has only five ways
in which to spell his name," said an
observant man, "he cannot cope with

a certain other creature of the water
which I have in mind. In your column
you make the claim, in today's issue,
that the well-known terrapin is unique
in having its name spelled correctly
in as many as five different ways. If
you wish to become acquainted with
a creature which far surpasses the
terrapin in this respect, please look
up 'maskalonge' in the Century dis-
tionary, p. 3646. I fear your terrapin
will have to hide its diminished head,
so far as multitudinous spelling is
concerned, when it comes to compare
notes with what I have been accus-
tomed to call muscalonge. By refer-
ence to the dictionary you will find
that there are nearly two dozen differ-
ent ways of spelling 'maskalonge,' and
I am inclined to think that this inter-
esting member has the record in this
respect."

And here is what the dictionary
shows:

Maskalonge.
Mascalonge.
Maskalunge.
Muscalonge.
Muskalonge.
Muskalunge.
Moskalonge.
Masquallonge.
Maskallonge.
Muskellunge.
Masq'allonge.
Mascallonge.
Moscononge.
Maskinonge.
Maskanonge.
Maskenonge.
Masque longe.
Maskenozha.
Maskininoje.

Here are nineteen ways of spelling
the name of this kind of pike. Besides
there is the mascalongus, a subgenus
of pike. The word masquallonge sim-
ulates the French mosque allonge, which
means long face.

A Suggestion.

Of course the natives of the Phil-
ippines have been charged with some
inhuman practices, but would it not
be well to recall the troops for a time
and let them operate against the coal
operators of Pennsylvania?—Joplin
(Mo.) Globe.

THINK HARD

It Pays to Think About Food

The unthinking life some people
lead often causes trouble and sickness,
as illustrated in the experience of a
lady who resides in Fond Du Lac, Wis.
"About four years ago I suffered
dreadfully from indigestion, always
having eaten whatever I liked, not
thinking of the digestible qualities.
This indigestion caused palpitation of
the heart so badly I could not walk
up a flight of stairs without sitting
down once or twice to regain breath
and strength.

I became alarmed and tried dieting,
wore my clothes very loose, and many
other remedies, but found no relief.

Hearing of the virtues of Grape-
Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, I com-
menced using them in place of my us-
ual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot
biscuit, and in one week's time I was
relieved of sour stomach and other
ills attending indigestion. In a month's
time my heart was performing its
functions naturally and I could climb
stairs and hills and walk long dis-
tances.

I gained ten pounds in this short
time and my skin became clear and
I completely regained my health and
strength. I continue to use Grape-
Nuts and Postum for I feel I owe my
good health entirely to their use. I
like the delicious flavor of Grape-Nuts
and by making Postum according to
directions, it cannot be distinguished
from the highest grade of coffee.
Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich.