



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### Three Dreamers.

We're drifting along on the River  
Dreams,  
Dorothy, Rena and I.  
We're guided aright by the firelight's  
gleams  
As the dancing shades go by.  
Ah, smooth is the river for such as  
they  
Who've never a pain nor care;  
Its ripples are singing a roundelay  
For their visions bright and fair.  
Two dream with smiles, one dreams  
with sigh—  
Dorothy, Rena, and I.

They dream of a future's golden store  
Far down on the river's side,  
Where the shining sands of the love-  
lit shore  
Are their playgrounds clean and  
wide.  
I dream of days that will ne'er return  
From out of the vanished years;  
And my dreaming eyes feel the ache  
and burn  
Of a dreamer's unshed tears.  
Two dream with smiles, one dreams  
with sigh—  
Dorothy, Rena, and I.

So we drift along on the low wave-  
crest,  
Dorothy, Rena and I.  
Their dear heads pillowed upon my  
breast  
As the dancing shades go by.  
And dreaming I wake and I fix my  
gaze  
On their smiles and clinging curls;  
Then back to dream of the future days  
Of love with my baby girls.  
And three dream joy as the moments  
fly—  
Dorothy, Rena, and I.

### Economy.

"Gee, I wisht I wus as lucky as dat  
bloke."  
"What's de matter wid him?"  
"Say, dat feller's got money t'  
burn."  
"Hub! Dat ain't luck. Dat's econ-  
omy."

### Support.

"I thought I'd drop in and give you  
a personal about my sister being here  
on a visit," remarked Mr. D'Hedde to  
the editor of the Hawville Clarion.  
"I think we ought to support our lo-  
cal papers all we can."  
"Much obliged, I'm sure," murmured  
Editor Scribblem.  
"Don't mention it," exclaimed Mr  
D'Hedde as he picked up the latest  
exchanges and disappeared, forgetting  
to pay the \$7.94 back subscription he  
owed.

### Opportune.

The star reclined in her easy chair,  
a look of deepest concern upon her  
brow.  
"Business is bad," she sighed.  
"Awful," murmured the press agent.  
"What have you been doing to at-  
tract attention to me?" queried the  
star.  
"Madam, I am at the end of my re-  
sources. The newspapers refuse to  
stand for my diamond robberies, your  
divorce suit was a failure as an ad-  
vertisement, your wardrobe won't get  
us space and the milk bath and pet  
dog dodges are too aged and decrepit."  
The star thought for an hour. Sudden-  
ly her face was wreathed in smiles.  
"Why not work up a story about  
some wretch stealing the anthracite

tiara and necklace the Prince D'Fake-  
ville gave me?"  
With a shriek of joy the press agent  
seized his hat and fled in the direction  
of Newspaper row.  
Yet there are those who refuse to  
credit woman with the inventive  
faculty.

### Historic.

"Are there any historic spots in  
this vicinity?" queried the tourist.  
"Well, mum, right over there by  
that tree Bill Jorkins once had a  
pile of coal that weighed purty nigh  
two ton."

### Great Scheme.

"I've got the best of the fuel trouble  
now."  
"How's that? Manage to get a ton  
or two of coal?"  
"Nope. When I begin to shiver I  
just think of how the coal combine is  
trying to hold me up and it makes me  
hot."

### The Reason.

I used to love to sit and gaze  
At pictures in the fire,  
But that was in the bygone days—  
Why is it? you inquire.  
It is, if answer you I must,  
Because I'm in a plight.  
I am the victim of the trust,  
And coal is out of sight.

### Too Previous.

Standing upon the banks of the  
Rubicon, Caesar paused in perplexity.  
"How shall we cross yon raging  
stream?" he asked of Cassius.  
"It would be an easy matter to play  
bridge if we didn't have to wait a few  
centuries for some one to invent  
cards," replied Cassius.  
Without more adieu Caesar rushed  
into the raging torrent and waded  
across.

### Checked.

Having intercepted her lover's let-  
ters in order to make her believe she  
has been deserted, the crafty villain  
approaches.  
"Ha, fair maiden," he hissed, "fly  
with me."  
"Impossible!" she shrieked.  
"And why impossible?"  
"Because the airship has not yet  
been invented!"  
"Foiled," hissed the bad man, thrust-  
ing his fingers into his ears to shut out  
the haughty "ha-ha" of the fleeing  
maiden.

### Modern Definitions.

University—An excuse for hoisting  
the price of oil.  
Profit sharing—Dust thrown in the  
eyes of the public.  
Tariff reform—A political ping-pong  
game played by republicans.  
Community of interest—Dividing the  
swag.  
Shackles—Obs. See strenuous.  
Strenuous—Obs. See shackles.  
Reciprocity—Getting something for  
nothing without letting the other fel-  
low know it.  
World power—An excuse for any  
kind of crime.

### Those Dear Children.

Little Ethel—"Do you live in the  
water like a fish, Mr. Sloman?"  
Mr. Sloman (waiting for Ethel's sis-  
ter to appear)—"No, my little dear.

Why do you ask that question?"  
Little Ethel—"O, I heard papa tell-  
ing sister at the supper table that if  
she didn't land you tonight there'd  
be no more heat in the parlor this  
winter."

### The Patriot.

He talked of the nation's "honor,"  
And its credit unimpaired;  
And to make all dollars equal  
He most fervently declared.  
And for "confidence" he shouted  
Through the whole gamut of  
shrieks—  
Then stood off his washerwoman  
For another seven weeks.

### Spring.

Soon spring will try to pipe her lays  
Upon her melancholy lute;  
The swell young man will try to raise  
The price of one plaid golfing suit.

### Versatile.

"Biggs is the ablest diplomat I ever  
met."  
"How has he proved it?"  
"Biggs can frame the same excuse  
in seven different ways and make it  
go every time."

### An Unfailing Remedy.

"Doctor, I suffer *regularly* from  
insomnia. Is there any relief for me?"  
"My dear sir, and you ever try read-  
ing those republican measures for  
curbing the trusts?"

### The Humorous Mr. Knox.

With my good old meerschaum pipe,  
With its fragrance rich and ripe,  
And some anti-trust tobacco in the  
box,  
I can read till out o' breath,  
Laughin' purt' nigh half t' death  
At the funny motions made by Mr.  
Knox.

Through th' wreathin' blue of smoke  
I appreciate th' joke  
When Philander says he is ag'in th'  
trust.  
At each Knoxian paragraph  
I jus' have t' stop an' laugh  
Till I'm skeered that I am likely fr  
t' bust.

As a jokesmith, I'd explain  
He is better than Mark Twain,  
And he jokes with such a solemnoly  
phiz  
That you read 'em o'er an' o'er  
While you chuckle an' you roar,  
And declare there ain't no humor such  
as his.

Talk about Dave Harum Shaw  
Makin' Washington haw-haw,  
As a funny man he isn't one-two-  
three  
With my friend, Philander K.,  
When he's feelin' blithe an' gay  
And as funny as he well knows how  
t' be.

As a combine joker Phil  
Will completely fill th' bill;  
None can equal dear Philander by a  
half.  
But there's one thing that disgusts—  
When he jokes about th' trusts  
We have got t' pay too dearly fr our  
laugh.

### Brain Leaks.

When faith leaves fear enters in.  
The praying Christian is never in  
doubt.  
By the ladder of hope men climb to  
higher things.  
A written word may be erased, a  
spoken word never.  
A weak faith is a poor foundation  
for a high hope.  
The loudest prayer usually reaches  
the shortest distance.  
A lot of people are so conscientious  
that they never let their left hand

## All Sick Ones Get My Help When They Ask It.

It is waiting for you.  
Just write a postal stating which  
book you need and I will gladly do  
this:—

I will mail you an order—good at  
any drug store—for six bottles Dr.  
Shoop's Restorative. You may take  
it a month on trial. If it succeeds,  
the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay  
the druggist myself—and your mere  
word shall decide it.

I know how other treatments have  
failed with you. I know how the sick  
get discouraged. So I don't argue my  
claims. I simply ask you to try my  
way at my risk, and let the remedy it-  
self convince you.

My records show that 39 out of each  
40 pay for the treatment gladly, be-  
cause they are cured. Not a penny is  
wanted from the rest.

I have spent a lifetime in learning  
how to strengthen weak inside nerves.  
My Restorative brings back that pow-  
er which alone operates the vital or-  
gans. I treat a weak organ as I would  
a weak engine, by giving it the power  
to act. My way always succeeds, save  
when a cause like cancer makes a  
cure impossible. And most of these  
chronic diseases cannot be cured with-  
out it.

You'll know this when you read my  
book.

Simply state which  
book you want, and  
address Dr. Shoop,  
Box 515 Racine, Wis.

BOOK NO. 1 ON DYSPEPSIA  
BOOK NO. 2 ON THE HEART  
BOOK NO. 3 ON THE KIDNEY  
BOOK NO. 4 FOR WOMEN  
BOOK NO. 5 FOR MEN (revised)  
BOOK NO. 6 ON RHEUMATISM

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by  
one or two bottles. At all druggists.

know that their right hand does noth-  
ing.

A smile in the home is worth two  
at the office.

Some men become lost by undertak-  
ing a short cut to duty.

No man's heart is big enough to  
harbor both love and greed.

People who mind their own business  
find it an ever increasing duty.

When fencing evil out of the heart  
be careful not to fence the good in.

Attacking error with a feather is as  
unsatisfactory as eating bean soup  
with a fork.

Quite a lot of people are only rude  
when they think they are blunt and  
straightforward.

A widow's tear in the scales will  
outweigh any donation wrung from  
the people's needs.

The world judges us by what we ac-  
complish; God judges us by what we  
strive earnestly to do.

A whole lot of people love to sing  
"Rock of ages cleft for me" if they  
can enjoy a softly cushioned pew while  
doing it.

If some men would put more prin-  
ciple into politics they would not talk  
so much about the small interest they  
have in it.

### A Bunch of Trouble.

The Philippine islands are a bunch  
of trouble, sure enough. During the  
last year 100,000 people have died  
there with the plague and \$30,000,-  
000 worth of cattle have been killed by  
the rinderpest. At least these are the  
official figures. And yet we gave \$20,-  
000,000 for the combination, with sev-  
eral hundred million thrown in for  
good measurement to say nothing of  
the soldiers killed in war and by dis-  
ease. Surely the national administra-  
tion was not wise when it precipi-  
tated all this trouble and expense upon  
our already overburdened backs.—  
Joplin (Mo.) Globe.