



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

That Dog.

That dog? He boasts no pedigree.
Just dog, and yellow, too.
For beauty no great shakes to see,
But let me say to you
He's worth his weight in jewels rare
Because I'd have you know
Despite his scraggly, yellow hair,
The baby loves him so.

Watch dog? He isn't worth a cent
For anything like that.
On gnawing bones he is intent;
He wouldn't chase a rat.
He's in my way, disturbs repose
By barking to and fro.
But he is safe, for well he knows
The baby loves him so.

He buries bones all o'er the lawn;
He barks without excuse.
You'd think to hear him bark at dawn
He'd bark his innards loose.
He'd be a nuisance, I've no doubt,
To you, and have to go.
But we, well we can't do without—
The baby loves him so.

That dog! He's ugly; yes, I know.
But worthless? Say now, see!
The finest kennels cannot show
A dog worth more than he.
Good points? He hasn't got a one;
His yellow coat is rough;
But baby thinks he's lots of fun.
She loves him—that's enough.

Blissful State.

A young man who lived down in Tenn.
To a charming young lassie said,
When,
Your eyes of clear blue
I am happy clear through,
For the one I'm in love with so Then.

His Reason.

"Do you believe in the election of senators by direct vote of the people?" we asked Senator Grabball.
"Well, there are some objections to that plan. In the first place I do not think it would be right to make the people responsible for the kind of senators we have, and secondly it would add to the duties of the people. I rather think the present plan is the best."

Danger.

L. I. Enwate—"Great heavens, pal, don't dare drink dat stuff!"
Wansa Handout—"What's de matter Li? Dis is cider."
L. I. Enwate—"I know it, pal; but don't you see it's workin'?"

Fate.

The multi-millionaire sat in his library, his head in his hands and his feet on the fender. The rich man was musing.

"I have millions," said he to himself. "I can buy the richest viands and pay for the coal to cook 'em. Pate de foi gras—bah, I could buy it by the ton. I've a French chef who is a wonder. My larder is always well stocked. Gastronomically speaking, I have all that a man could desire, save one thing."

The rich man paused in his musings and groaned.

"Yes, I've plenty of good things to eat," he muttered, "but what's the use. What's the good of gaining the power to buy all kinds of grub if a fellow loses his stomach while prosecuting the task?"

Reaching for a dyspepsia tablet the rich man arose and went out after a

bowl of milk and two dinkey little graham crackers.

Brain Leaks.

When the scowl falls, try a smile.
The courteous man is never friendless.

True charity does not need a press agent.

It requires no especial genius to be a critic.

Be sure you're right and then be careful.

Men who worship self are the worst idolaters.

Old age has no terrors for a clear conscience.

The dead get too large a proportion of the flowers.

Laughter and love are the best lubricants of life.

"Is it right?" not "Will it pay?" is the question.

There is no room for fear in the heart full of hope.

Do good because it is right, not merely because it is a duty.

It's no use to pray for strength if you do not exercise your muscle.

It's a wise husband who knows what to do during housecleaning time.

Tear Down has its eyes on the past; Build Up has its eyes on the future.

This would be a dreary world without grandmothers and maiden aunts.

The things we would rather forget are always the things easiest remembered.

The man who is in love with himself is never in danger of finding a rival.

Speaking of politics—the man who takes no interest usually lacks principle.

Too many men take off their good nature when they doff their office coats.

If people would do as we say and not as we do this would be a better world.

Never mourn about the unaccomplished task of yesterday that can be completed today.

The man who sees nothing but evil in the world should discard his immoral spectacles.

Most men wouldn't be able to tell by reading their tombstones who are occupying their graves.

When a boy begins to wash his wrists the wise parent will ascertain if the cause is a good girl.

The man who tells us how may be all right, but we have more regard for the man who shows us how.

The difference between arsenic and gossip is that the former poisons the stomach and the latter the mind.

Some men keep so busy making excuse for their failures that they have no time in which to make successes.

There are times when words are of no avail, but never a time when the handshake of a friend is not welcome.

Don't measure a man's goodness by the way he treats his dogs and horses; watch how he treats his wife and children.

When money becomes a man's god,

he sacrifices everything man should hold dear upon the altar of his divinity.

The man who is loudest in declaring that he can quit a bad habit is the man who clings to it most tenaciously.

A great many people do not realize the difference between pleasure and happiness until pleasure's headache time comes.

Why He's There.

A little south by west, you know; a little south by west,
Past Honolulu, farther yet, till 'fore the transports rest,
You're anchored in Manila bay, where Montejo went down,
An' then your kit an' you an' all is in Manila town.

An' at night you'll set a-thinkin' 'Neath the stars, a-blinkin', blinkin',
Lookin' at the crowdin' niggers mostly black, tho' some are chrome,

That if bolos fail to hit you,
An' the cool'ry doesn't git you,
An' a thousand things don't happen maybe sometime you'll git home.

They camp you in the hills awhile to acclimate you some,
An' your cuss words seems so futile 't you're wishin' you was dumb,

An' your rations are so crummy that they makes yer stomach balk,
An' so strong that 'less you tie 'em they are apt ter up an' walk!

When yeh stopped at Honolulu,
An' yeh seen the hula-hula—

That's the dance the brown anakas do an' strum the soft guitar—

It was rhythmical, entrancin';
Music sweet an' fairy dancin',
Till 'twas "all aboard!" an' westward, south by west, an' here you are!

Oh, Taft he gits his thousands, twenty thousand ev'ry year.

It's only thirteen per a month if you're a volunteer—

An' the high-priced clerks are haughty settin' on their office stool—
They've a relative in congress an' the 'listed man's a fool!

An' the clerk has his querida;
But the only thing 'at we do is ter polish up our 'coutrements an' hog our quinine straight;

An' each rookie learns the hayfoot,
Till he feels he's gittin' splay-foot;
For the fightin', that don't hurt him;
it's the wait, an' wait, an' wait!

Yes, we wait till we are yellier, an' the fever's in our blood!

An' we see the caribous plowin', plowin' in the mud!

An' we sneak off by our lonesome, 'neath the feather duster trees,
An' we think, till thinkin' hurts us, with our arms around our knees!

Sez the surgeon ter a rookie:
"Look a-here," he sez, "by hooky!
Don't go round like that, bareheaded, you will cook your brains! You hear?"

Sez the rookie: "That don't foller, An' yeh needn't raise no holler,
'F I had brains I wouldn't be here; there's no danger; never fear!"

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Pedigrees Made to Order.

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