



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Flat Owner's Fate.

A rich man built a row of flats,
All modern and complete;
A velvet lawn stretched out in front
Along the dusty street.
And then he tacked a sign up high
Above the passing crowd:
"These handsome modern flats for
rent;
No children are allowed."

He garnered rents in golden store
And riches high he piled,
The while his building never rang
With laughter of a child.
No childish feet went pitty-pat
Adown its marble halls;
The roomy echoes never rang
With children's loving calls.

The owner died, as all men must,
And neared St. Peter's gate,
And o'er the glowing arch he saw
The words that sealed his fate.
The words he read were writ in flame
And filled his heart with woe:
"This place is full of little ones—
You'll have to go below."

Good Reason.

"Nobody ever saw a bald-headed
Indian."
"Of course not; they are experi-
enced hair-raisers."

Race Suicide.

"This talk about 'race suicide,'" re-
marked the lion, "makes me tired."
"There doesn't seem to be much
foundation for the talk," admitted the
rabbit.

Sure Sign.

"Wraggsley is the worst hypocrite
I ever saw."
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, yesterday he listened for an
hour while Nupop told about the
smart things his boy says and he
pretended all the time that he really
enjoyed it."

Contradictory.

The "angle" worm is full of curves,
"May" apples come in June;
"Lead" pencils are not made of lead
And "spooners" have no spoon.
"Black" berries are, as well we know,
Quite green when they are red;
And boys must always go "afoot"
When they walk up "ahead."

Senator Graball.

"Senator, is there any money in
politics?" asked the young man.
Assuming a thoughtful expression
Senator Graball replied, after mature
deliberation:
"I do not know whether there is
any left or not. We have been taking
it out rather rapidly of late."

In a Bad Way.

The great financial magnate was de-
pressed and sad.
"Alas," he moaned, "I can no longer
make use of large sums of money. All
the colleges are supplied beyond any
possible need. Every community has
a handsome library. All the art treas-
ures of the world have been gathered
into my gallery for the benefit of the
public. What can I do?"
"Pardon, sir," said the private sec-
retary. "You might cease wringing
money from the people and give them
a chance."
"That will not do," said the mag-
nate. "The man who does only his
duty to his fellows does not get front
page position under the slug heads."

Being a wise man the private sec-
retary remained mum for the rest of
the day.

Crushed Ambition.

When the young man descended the
broncho was not there, and he hit the
hard prairie soil with d. s. t.
Hurrying to his side we anxiously
inquired:

"Are you injured?"
"Physically, no; but the chief am-
bition of my life has been crushed."
In reply to our anxious query con-
cerning it he sadly remarked:

"Now that it has been demonstrated
that I cannot break the fractious
broncho how can I, who was not born
in a log cabin nor compelled to study
by the light of a fireplace, ever hope
to become president?"

Realizing the awful blow we could
only turn away with a deep sob in
our throat.

The Prize Winner.

The shades of the great inventors
gathered on the banks of the Styx
and soon were engaged in an ani-
mated discussion as to which had con-
ferred the greatest blessing on man-
kind.

Just as the discussion threatened to
terminate in a fight a thin quavering
and shady voice piped forth:

"All you fellows will have to take
to the Stygian timber. I am entitled
to the prize."

With one accord the shades looked
toward the presumptuous speaker.
Not one recognized him.

"O, I ain't known to fame, and
that's why you don't recognize me.
But I'm it, just the same. I invented
the street car strap."

Owing to the fact that there was
nothing more to say a large chunk of
silence fell upon the shadowy throng.

Limericks.

A man who sat in the parquette
Said, "This is an awful bum pluetts.
The ballet and chorus
Do nothing but bhor us,
So it's better to go than to stuette."

There was a bold sailor named Leigh
Who never set sail on the seigh.
On the firm solid shore
His yacht suit he wore
And kept it as clean as could beigh.

There was a sweet lassie named
Mayme
Who played a real good golfing
gayme.
But shocking to say
When she made a misplay
The language she used was a shayme.

There was a young fellow in Me.
Who was thought to be weak in the
bn.

For the neighbors all said
"He's so weak in the head
He won't come in out of the rn."

Jealous.

The plumber and the iceman con-
versed in low tones.

"We've got to do something or be
lost in the shuffle," said the man with
the tongs.

"Yes, he's growing rich at a rate
that will make us look like the 25-
cent chunk of ice you leave on the
back porch," said the man with the
pipe wrench.

"Or a householder's purse after he
has paid your bill," retorted he of the
tongs.

But before the conversation grew

personal to the point of conflict the
twain harked back to the original sub-
ject.

In the meantime the owner of the
mowing van said nothing but har-
vested the coin.

The Plan With the Hoe.

Feas and beans and lettuce
Peeping through the soil;
Soon we'll go and get us
Fruit for all our toil.
But the everlasting weeds
Growing quickly from their seeds
Keep a fellow busy hoeing when it's
more of sleep he needs.

Onions and potatoes
Growing green and fine;
Soon we'll see tomatoes
Hanging on the vine.
But the everlasting weeds,
Each one ever upward speeds,
And a fellow's got to hoe 'em for the
garden sass he needs.

Beets and cool cucumbers
Growing night and day;
Neither ever slumbers
Or fools its time away.
But the everlasting weeds
Weary toiling never heads,
And you've got to go and hoe 'em till
for rest your backbone pleads.

Balmy winds are blowing,
Blowing day and night;
Garden truck is growing
Up with all its might.
But the everlasting weeds
All the other verdure leads,
And a fellow's got to hoe 'em if on
garden sass he feeds.

Brain Leaks.

All skies are bright when the heart
is full of hope.
A man is not poor if he has the love
of the little folk.
Satan shuns the home that owns a
well thumbed Bible.
Some people doubt because it is
easier than investigation.

If love could be bought with money
this would be a cheerless world.
Doubt stands dumb before the
mother who weeps for her babe.

The devil never worries about the
man who gives nothing but advice.
Too many people take their trou-
bles to God and keep their joys to
themselves.

There are no childless flats in
heaven; they are all in the other
place—or here.

Men who never heed the loud call
of conscience never miss the faint
whisper of temptation.

It is a poor Christian that looks
longer for soft pews than for oppor-
tunities for loving sacrifice.

Did you ever hear of a man claim-
ing that he was misquoted if the
words attributed to him met with the
approbation of the public?

Some men who claim to be too wise
to believe the story of Jonah and the
whale are so foolish that they believe
their party can do no wrong.

No Mystery.

"There is no mystery about the
president's attitude—no psychological
expert is needed to explain his men-
tal operations," says the Philadelphia
Record. "As a man he knows the
tariff ought to be reduced; as a presi-
dent and an aspirant after the nomi-
nation next year he is in the hands
of the republican leaders." Certain-
ly. He is not so wedded to any pro-
position in government or politics
that he will not sacrifice it for the
sake of giving the country the benefit
of four years more of administration
under his alleged direction. Much of
his talk does not have real meaning,
and what does will not come to any-
thing in practice.—Joplin Globe.

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