



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

RHYMING FABLES OF A FEW SPECIES OF FOOLS

The "Always-Butting-In" Fool.

To make this world of joy and woe it takes all kind of people, though it sometimes seems the kind that's wrong make up the big part of the throng; that those who are not just au fait increase in numbers every day; while we who do the right—or try—grow fewer as the days go by.

But knowing as we do the kinds of people one so easy finds, we do the best we can to greet with courtesy each one we meet; we try to treat all people white and only do what's square and right. But there's one species of the race we loathe to meet in any place.

We can endure the fleshly pains, or business cares that rack our brains. We can endure the gossip's tongue, or office-seeker's wealth of lung. But one affliction is to great, and I arise right here to state that of all fools both great and small, Buttinsky is the worst of all.

You take a friend out to one side a business secret to confide, and old Buttinsky hies in view and straightway makes a dash for you. You join a nice, congenial throng, and old Buttinsky comes along. No matter where, or when, or what, Buttinsky's Johnny-on-the-spot.

One day two men on business bent into a private office went, and seeing them in private talk Buttinsky straightway in did walk. But ere he got his mouth to work one stabbed him with a 10-inch dirk, and then the other smashed his head with a big slungshot filled with lead.

MORAL:

It can not be that it's a sin
To slug men always butting in.

The "Reckless-Driver-in-the-Crowd" Fool.

'Twas circus day and ev'ry street was full of folk who came to greet the grand parade and see the sights of silk and gold-bespangled tights; to see the beasts from jungles wild and wonders upon wonders piled. And everywhere and all around did mirth and joy and peace abound.

The children crowded all about with faces bright and merry shout; and women with their babies sweet were thickly thronged upon the street. Policemen with much effort made a narrow lane for the parade; and soon the lusty cornet's blare was borne upon the summer air.

"O, there it comes!" the children cried, and danced with joy on ev'ry side. But soon their joy was turned to pain, for prancing down the narrow lane there came a horse with frantic might that lunged and plunged to left and right. The fool who strove to curb the horse was trying to show off, of course.

He knew the horse took easy fright, but thought to show off—make a sight—so drove, puffed up, swell-headed, proud, right through the dense and helpless crowd. And when the horse received its scare it scattered terror everywhere, and in the panic that was spread a score were wounded, four found dead.

"I did not think!" the driver cried. "In horsemanship I took great pride. I'm sorry—" But he said no more, for with a sullen, angry roar a crowd of strong men grabbed him quick, and each delivered a swift kick; then, af-

ter-right amount of toll they boiled the reckless fool in oil.

MORAL:

Don't wait until he's done his worst,
But kill the reckless driver first.

The "End-of-the-Car-Seat" Fool.

When summer's sun old winter jars we get the open trolley cars, and as the balmy breezes blow we all go riding to and fro. At morn and eve we watch and wait and grumble if our car is late. But all the same we're full of cheer because the open car is here.

But all our joy is quick subdued because of actions mean and rude performed by greedy "End Seat Hogs," who are more numerous than dogs. They will not move, but make you climb across their carcasses each time, and hoggish-like they only grunt as for the further seat you hunt.

Frail women who are tired and worn with babies in their weak arms borne must climb the mass of hoggish meat that never moves from the end seat. The old, the helpless and the weak are all the same to this car freak. He grabs the end seat and won't stir, but clings like a green chestnutburr.

One day a member of the clan of End Seat Hogs met with a man who had a wife—a sickly dame of shattered health and somewhat lame. The End Seat Hog refused to hunch, and that is where he got a bunch of solar plexus jabs and blows that closed his eyes and broke his nose.

The husband of that sickly wife deformed that End Seat Hog for life, and then his greasy carcass threw along the street a block or two. The people gave the husband bold a purse chock full of shining gold. "Thanks," sir!" the happy people said. "We hope that End Seat Hog is dead."

MORAL:

Kill End Seat Hogs; judges decide
'Tis justifiable homicide.

The "Cannon-Cracker-Joke" Fool.

A cannon cracker red and bright, and loaded full of dynamite, one day drew to itself the eyes of Funny Ike, whose head in size, the writer here with truth relates, in size was five and seven-eighths, although Ike was a giant guy, five feet around and six feet high.

"Aha!" said Isaac, "here's a go! Those sleepy guys some fun I'll show. I'll get that cracker, light the fuse, and thereby raise the very deuce. See that old duffer over there a snoozing in the easy chair? Just watch me scare him half to death and make him choke and gasp for breath."

So saying Funny Ike went in and for the cracker paid his tin; then with a grin upon his face he forthwith sneaked from out the place; the cracker hidden 'neath his coat and giggles gurgling in his throat. He sneaked up to the stranger's chair and 'neath it placed the cracker there.

A sizzling sound, an awful roar, and cold and lifeless on the floor the unsuspecting stranger lay with blood-clots in his hair of gray. And round about disaster spread, while men were filled with awful dread; and Funny Ike, chuck full of grief, was pale and shaking like a leaf.

"I meant no harm." Thus Ike began. "I only meant to have some fun." But then and there men grabbed at Ike and dragged him down the dusty pike. They tied him to a

cannon's mouth, and Isaac soon was soaring south, for with a roar that made things hum the gun blew Ike to kingdom come.

MORAL:

The cannon-cracker fiend is due.
Best kill him—do it p. d. q.

The "Didn't-Know-It-Was-Loaded" Fool.

A pistol old and rusty quite, that had for years laid out of sight, one day was brought to public view, like people oft their relics do. 'Twas old and chock up full with dust, and lock and barrel seamed with rust. A harmless looking thing, of course—a pistol oft described as "horse."

One day it fell into the hands of a fool man, such as all lands have ere in stock, 'tis sad to say, and with the old gun he did play. He snapped the ancient pistol's lock, blew down the muzzle, rubbed the stock; then hiked him forth to have some fun with the rust-eaten ancient gun.

He met a friend and as a joke the gun into his ribs did poke. "The thing ain't loaded!" shouted he, and pulled the trigger joyously. A sudden flash, a sullen roar—the friend lay reeking in his gore, for that old pistol's ancient load at last determined to explode.

The fool who thought it lots of fun to play with an unloaded gun was filled with awful grief and woe to see his dear friend slaughtered so. "Alas!" he cried, "I never knew the thing was loaded; O, boo-hoo!"

The men who saw the fool's dread work said, "Boys, our duty we'll not shirk." And then and there they made a run and grabbed the fool who had the gun. They hiked off to the nearest tree and hung him up high as could be, and turning back they jointly said, "'Tis better that such fools were dead."

MORAL:

Don't wait until the fool has shot,
But hang the fiend upon the spot.

The "Rock-the-Boat" Fool.

The lake was cool and broad and deep, and o'er its bosom oft did creep the balmy winds with sweet incense, until its joys were quite intense. And youthful folk—gay girls and boys—would often seek its sylvan joys, and on its glassy bosom float in some gay painted little boat.

One day a young Smart Aleck went down to the lake on pleasure bent; and one swell boat he soon untied and asked some girls to take a ride. The maidens giggled in their glee and gave their consent eagerly. Forthwith the Aleck took an oar in either hand and pushed from shore.

When out upon the glassy lake the Aleck thought 'twas fun to make the maidens shriek in wildest note by rocking hard the little boat. He rocked the boat with might and main until the girls were near insane. A sudden lurch; another yet, and then the fragile boat upset.

The girls were thrown out of the boat, and not a one of them could float. They sank down to the muddy bed and were not found till all were dead. But Aleck saved his worthless hide by clinging fast to the boat's side, and yelling loud in his affright attention drew unto his plight.

The men who to his rescue came soon learned that Aleck was to blame; that he had rocked the boat for fun, and thus the trouble was begun. They seized the Aleck by the throat and forthwith hurled him from their boat, and waited, ere they pulled to shore, till Aleck sank to rise no more.

MORAL:

A fool will rock the boat no more
If drowned before he's brought to shore.

The Gospel of Wealth.

"Hands up!" shouted the road agent. As he was going through the

pockets of the passengers one of them remonstrated.

"This is very hard," said he, "to give up—"

"Nonsense," shouted the road magnate, "if it were not for us leisure classes there would be no demand for your watches."

"But you give us nothing for them," urged the discontented passenger.

"I have organized the production of valuables," replied the captain of industry; "consider what a waste it would be to pick all your pockets separately."

"But we don't want our pockets picked," said the agitator.

"I am charging only what the traffic will bear," returned the capitalist. "I leave your clothes and enough food to last you till the end of your journey; besides I leave you free to earn more valuables."

"This is simple theft—benevolent assimilation, I mean," said the passenger.

"I give you permission to use the road. What more do you want, you demagogues?"

"We want to control our own highway."

"If you controlled the road yourselves the dear public would be robbed. Much better to leave the highway to professional highway-men."

"We—"

"You forget the immense sums I have given to the public by handing back purses and bags when I took the valuables; that, as Mr. Rockefeller says, 'is paying wages,' which is the best sort of giving."

"But—"

"I am only taking what you have now, whereas the trusts take mortgages on all you may ever have."

"But you have no right at all to anything we produce."

"I am holding it only as a trustee," said the leading citizen, "and I have founded a library with my gains."—New book by Bolton Hall, *The Game of Life*.

What Morgan Wants.

The nomination of Grover Cleveland and his election would exactly suit Morgan and the rest of the sharks of Wall street and it would not be displeasing to the wing of democracy which has been opposed to what has been the prevailing idea of the national party for the past eight years. It is very doubtful what the future has in store for this country. It is almost certain that there is a season of depression close at hand. It is not likely that there can be a panic so disastrous as some which have come in the past. The country has reached a stage where that would be next to impossible. But the present age of speculation and trust building must come to an end and what its result will be it is hard to say. If a democrat were in the presidential chair it is pretty likely that there would be a big effort to make out that it was all dependent upon the party in power.

But at any rate there can be nothing in the proposition to have a victory for the so-called democratic party which means nothing. It is always disastrous to "lose when you win." It would certainly be playing into the hands of the republicans to have Cleveland again come to the front. The elements which have brought the republican party to its present unenviable position would simply entrench themselves if they could have Cleveland to manipulate things. If there is nothing higher and brighter than that in store for us we might as well surrender.—Cleveland Daily Leader.