



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Fishing.

When you take your rod and tackle on a sunny afternoon,
When the air is balmy-laden with the sweetest scents of June,
And go down upon the river where the gamey fishes leap
Here and there in wanton mischief from the waters cool and deep;
You sit down within the shadow and you cast your hook from shore—
But the casting's worse than useless if you've failed to do much more.
You may cast till arms are aching, but the fish will never look
If before you do your casting you have failed to bait your hook.

As in fishing, so in living, it is folly just to wait
For a prize to take your hook if you have failed to put on bait.
You may whip life's stream forever with a line and hook that's bare,
And no fish you'll see provided on your daily bill of fare.
While your friends are busy pulling fish from out each darkling pool
You will fall in landing any if you fail to use the rule.
You may wander hither, thither, whipping ev'ry pool and nook,
But you're wasting life in vain, son, if you fail to bait your hook.

See that man with handsome tackle snarled and tangled in a knot?
He is growling at his ill-luck; not a single fish he's caught.
He went out to try life's fishing with his tackle up to date,
So intent on landing prizes that he overlooked his bait.
And he's whipped life's stream for hours, but he hasn't got a bite.
Why? Because he hasn't whipped it in the only way that's right.
He imagines he's entitled to the best fish in the brook
Without making return for it—and he didn't bait his hook.

Dig your bait while yet 'tis morning, when the shadows reach the west;
Get life's fishing tackle ready, and be sure you get the best.
Let your rod be Honest Purpose, let your line be Duty Done;
Let your reel be Strong Endeavor—see the line will freely run—
Let your hook be High Ideals to your line made tight and fast,
Then approach life's rushing river without fear to make your cast.
But before you do your casting for a moment pause and look,
And make sure that Good Intention is the bait upon your hook.

It All Depends.

Bjones—"That fellow, DeSmith, running on the opposition ticket, made twenty-seven speeches yesterday."
Kernox—"If that ain't enough to beat him I don't know what is. The people don't want no windjammer representin' them in office."
Bjones—"And O'Swat, the head man on our ticket made thirty-one speeches in the same length of time."
Kernox—"Bully for O'Swat. He is demonstrating his statesmanship every day, and the people will rally to his standard as one man."

Senator Graball.

"But the people are opposed to the measure, senator."
"Sir, that's a matter of small concern under present conditions. The legislature that sent me here was controlled by the interests that are back of this measure."
But even then we did not know how

small a private citizen could be and only learned when we walked from the room without being seen by the senator.

Premature.

"Alas, Antony," sighed Cleopatra, as she threw herself prone upon the sward by the river Styx.

"How now, my sweet one?" queried Antony.

"To think," replied Cleopatra, "that I allowed myself to be bitten by an asp. Uh! A creeping, crawling, clammy asp!"

"But now that it is all over why mourn the method, sweet one?"

"But just think, Antony," mourned Cleopatra. "Just think what I missed by living so soon. Had I waited a few hundred years I might have achieved the same end and got my name into the papers by being smashed in an auto accident."

Knowing by experience how useless it is to try to satisfy a woman, Antony discreetly refrained from asking Cleopatra how she was to know such things as autos were to be invented.

Up to Date.

"Willie, tell me instantly what became of the jam that was in that jar on the second shelf of the pantry!"

"Mamma," replied Willie, who was well informed on topics of the day, "while believing that forcible annexation would be criminal aggression, still consideration for my own welfare and duty to my interior organization, I deemed it proper to engage in benevolent assimilation. Therefore I—"

As it dawned upon the fond mother that her loved son was thus early exhibiting the symptoms of imperialistic leaning, she fell in a faint.

The New Armament.

"Sire, we are now prepared to move upon the enemy with every assurance that a great victory awaits us."

"Have those new guns arrived?"
"No, sire; but we have found three or four automobiles and have all arrangements made for a road race through the enemy's country."

Realizing instantly that his commanding general was a genius, the king decorated him upon the spot.

In Baltimore.

Mary Land—"Goodness gracious, Jessie; where did all those solemn-faced undertakers come from?"

Jessie Peake—"They are not undertakers, Mary."

Mary Land—"Well, then, who are they?"

Jessie Peake—"They are professional humorists, and they are merely wearing their vacation faces."

Limerick.

There was a fair maid named Louise,
Whose chief delight it was to touse,
But she always cried "Nay,"
And refused then to play
Unless told "You can do as you please."

Thoroughly Satisfied.

During the campaign of 1892 in Nebraska the republicans imported into the state the best oratorical talent obtainable. Every republican officeholder who had a national reputation as a spell-binder was sent into the state to sing the prosperity song, and they sang it day and night to the exclusion of all sober discussion of the questions at issue.

Among other administration spell-

binders sent into the state was Senator Fairbanks of Indiana. One of his first speeches was made at Aurora, and he had an enthusiastic audience. After warming up to his subject the senator began the "prosperity chant" and let his voice soar into the clouds.

"My fellow citizens!" shouted the senator, "prosperity has come to our beloved land through the wise economic policy of the republican party. Our granaries are full to bursting. Prices are high. Employment seeks the man, not man the employment. Our condition is a happy one. Is it possible that you are thinking of risking a change? Let me ask you, fellow citizens, will you take this risk. Do you want to change your present happy condition? I repeat the question: Do you want to change your present happy condition?"

And an enthusiastic republican in the rear of the hall, roused from a sleep induced by too much campaign liquor, slowly arose to his feet and leering admiringly at the speaker, exclaimed:

"Well, I sh'd shay not! Never!"

Fairly beaming with satisfaction because of his happy condition the inebriated gentleman sat down, and in the wild applause which followed Senator Fairbanks made his escape.

Modern.

"Gentlemen," said the president of the society, "it having become public that I desire to succeed myself in this high office, I hereby give you an opportunity to do the right thing."

"Mr. President," said the gentleman from the Third ward, "as this meeting was called to transact merely routine business, and as the present incumbent's term does not expire until next year, I deem it hardly proper at this time to—"

"But I want a public indorsement at this time," exclaimed the president. "Those who are for me will say so. All in favor of indorsing my administration and pledging me support next year will please say 'aye.' The 'ayes' have it. Gentlemen, I thank you for this token of your loyal and disinterested support. What is the further pleasure of the meeting?"

In Boyville.

"What has that boy over there done that he should put on such superior airs and calmly accept the homage of his playmates?"

"O, that's the boy who shouted 'Hello, Teddy,' and was spoken to by the president."

Query.

If all the world were water,
And all the water were rocks,
Pray tell me what would Morgan do
For moisture for his stocks?

Brain Leaks.

Only the agnostic takes pride in parading his ignorance.

The memory of youth is the staff upon which we lean in old age.

Marriage may be a lottery, but a capital wife is a prize worth drawing for.

Only the foolish seek temptation in order to try their powers of resistance.

Those who see nothing wrong in a white lie are afflicted by moral color blindness.

Bad habits cannot be cured with ointments. They require a surgical operation.

The true Christian never does those things for which he must first seek an excuse for doing.

The happiest homes are those in which the company manners are on exhibition every day.

Science has not yet been able to tell where a boy gets all the things he carries in his pockets.

If the eyes were really the "windows of the soul" a great many people would be compelled to wear opaque glasses.

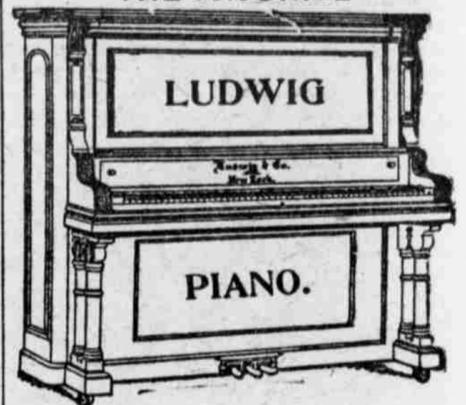


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