



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Poor Kings.

This king life's not so jolly, I'd remark 'twixt you and me,
With all its chance of being stabbed or blown to kingdom come.

It's not the easy-going life that it's cracked up to be,

But rather one that's bound to keep a fellow guessing some.

Now there was Alexander with a job of being king,

Who ruled a dinkey country for a short and stormy spell—

Once I thought I'd trade with Alex, but I've changed my mind, b'jine,
For Alex is a dead one, but I'm still alive and well.

There was Nicholas, czar of Russia, he had wealth and power untold,
And could summon round him armies that were thick as swarms of bees;

He could feast his optics daily on his tons and tons of gold,

And I thought, "Well, Nick, you're lucky and can do just as you please."

Yes, I rather envied Nicholas as a man on Easy Street,

But since then some things have happened which I need not stop to tell,

Convincing me I'm lucky and that I've got Nicholas beat,

For Nick is now a dead one, but I'm still alive and well.

It is said that quite uneasy lie the heads that crowns adorn,

And it seems correctly stated, for they surely earn their pay

Dodging bombs and dirks and daggers from the time they wake at morn,

And always acting happy like their hearts were light and gay.

And I wouldn't trade my station for the biggest throne they've got,

Though I'm but a humble toiler and within a cottage dwell.

I'm content to keep on working and I don't kick on my lot,

For kings drop off too sudden, while I'm feeling fairly well.

Proof.

"Is Billson a good poet?"

"You bet he is. He never backs a friend up in a corner and insists upon reciting a few yards of rhyme to him."

Uncle Josiah.

"I have noticed," remarked Uncle Josh, seating himself on the cracker box and reaching for a handful of prunings, "that the feller that is allus lugging a big club or a revolver around with him is mighty apt to fer-git how t' speak without growlin'."

Sudden Shock.

"Poor man! And what brought him to this sad plight?"

"It was this way," replied the attendant at the lunatic asylum; "the poor man's wife sent him to the store to match a piece of dress goods."

"Well, what of it?"

"He matched it at the first store the first time trying. The shock was too great."

Utilitarian.

Gasping for breath the visitor in Kansas City paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"These hills are something awful," he exclaimed.

"My friend," replied the resident

who was doing the honors, "I thought as you do up until a few weeks ago. Now I'm prepared to prove that the hollows are what menace our city's future."

The Right Sort.

"At any rate," mused the young graduate, smoothing his bulging brow, "if the world had been just what I thought it was when I received my diploma, I could have performed a great mission."

With a dazed look the graduate viewed the busy scene about him.

"Ah, me," he muttered, "as the world is different I'll have to revise my plans."

So saying he spat upon his hands and tackled it.

Observations.

The number of hypocrites in the churches is vastly smaller than the number of hypocrites outside of the churches.

The man who is always giving advice never has any time to follow it.

If a young man does not reach for his mustache when a young lady enters the room it is a sign that he has no mustache.

The man who is always rattling small change in his pockets seldom has any big bills to count in his inside pocket.

A pocket full of money does not always mean a head full of sense.

A Perplexing Situation.

The office-seeker hesitated.

"Unless I bust the trusts the people will repudiate me," he muttered.

"And if I do bust 'em where will my campaign fund come from?"

Truly it was a perplexing problem, and no wonder the office-seeker hesitated.

Finally a great light dawned upon him.

"Aha, I have it!" he exclaimed.

"Distract the attention of the people by talking about 'deeds, not words,' and flourishing a big stick."

Seeing no other course to pursue the office-seeker did not hesitate.

Warned.

The Sherlock Holmes of the finny tribe reported at headquarters:

"Beware," said he, "of a large, portly man, bearing marks of contact with New Jersey mosquitoes."

"Have you no further description by which he may be identified?" queried the chairman of the committee on public safety.

"Yes. He will carry his tackle in one hand and a bunch of ponderous platitudes in the other."

Suddenly recalling a similar episode the chairman uttered a loud shriek and plunged into the atmosphere.

A Little Political Fable.

Once upon a time a man invested \$350,000 in building a fifteen-story office building in a large city. He fitted up his office rooms in nice style and then went out to secure tenants.

"Where is your elevator?" queried the men who came to inspect the rooms.

"I have no elevator," replied the owner.

"But do you expect us to pay you a fair rent for your rooms and then climb these ladders to get to them?"

"Well, I thought you might do it for a while. Later I will give some

man a franchise to operate an elevator in my building."

"But why not put in your own elevator?"

"I am opposed to that sort of thing, gentlemen. I will give away the franchise for the elevator and the corporation that secures it may tax my tenants all the traffic will bear."

Then the men seeking office rooms gave the property owner the merry ha ha and left him.

Finally the man's friends took him in charge and brought him before the lunatic inquiring.

"What's the matter with him?" queried the commission.

Upon hearing the story the commission decided unanimously that the man was crazy and he was sent to the insane hospital.

But will some one please explain the difference between running a car up and down within a building and running a car along the streets between buildings?

A Bunch of Limericks.

There was a young man in St. Croix
Who thought himself quite a gay boix,
But if truth must be told
His pretense so bold,
Only served honest folk to annoix.

There was a young man in Scoharie
Who thought it was high time to marie,
But the maidens he sought
Were not to be caught;
They only laughed loud and said
"Narie."

There was a young man in Champaign
Who tried to get on a swift traighn,
When he brushed off his clothes
And wiped blood from his nothes,
He said, "I'll not do it again."

Brain Leaks

It is easier to save than it is to mend.

There are no oil endowed institutions in heaven.

If we never had trouble we could not appreciate our blessings.

Satan moves up to make more room when a church congregation begins to quarrel.

The man who waits for something to turn up generally discovers that it is his toes.

A whole lot of men who claim to be selfmade unwittingly pay a compliment to their wives.

It is better to help carry your neighbor's load than to walk at his side and join with him in groaning.

Worrying about trouble that may come is too much like taking nasty medicine to cure a disease we expect to catch.

Some people make the mistake of praying for what they want instead of for what they need, and then wonder why their prayers are not answered.

Christ walked and talked daily for three years and never took a vacation, yet some ministers must have three months off in every twelve or complain of collapse.

Hands off!

Mark Hanna's slogan of "Hands Off" is but a twist given to his shibboleth of last year, "Stand Pat," and the one of the year before, "Let Well Enough Alone."

For some time it has been the policy of the republican leaders to inculcate the doctrine of self-complacency. The era of prosperity the country is enjoying gives the republicans an opportunity of which they are not slow to take advantage. Nothing could be more illogical, however, than the suggestion that a change of political ad-

ministration would result in a change of prosperous conditions.

The present good times flow from natural, not political, conditions. The country would prosper with a democratic president as well as with a republican president. The only change likely to ensue is that with a government democratic in every branch the prosperity would be more widely diffused.

Dingleyism and the trusts prove a bonanza for a favored class, but the many do not share in equal proportion the prosperity of the times.

"Hands Off" will be echoed with hearty indorsement by every favored interest of legislation. It appeals to those who have a good thing under the present system, who profit by legislation enacted in their behalf or enjoy monopoly by reason of successful defiance of the laws.

"Hands Off," however, is not a sound policy for those who are oppressed by the exactions of an onerous tariff or who are the victims of the extortions of monopoly.

"Hands Off" will shout the Standard Oil company, the beef trust and every other combination profiting by the defects of restraining laws and the weakness of officers appointed to enforce the laws. These interests preach to the people to "Hands Off," which advice, if followed, is immediately succeeded by the command, "Hands Up."

The slogan of Senator Hanna is ingenious, but in view of the republican record from the fostering of monopolies to the postal scandals it will hardly create enthusiasm among the great mass of the people who at last "pay the freight."—Birmingham News.

BIT HIM

If It had Been a Bear

Sometimes it is good to be in a position where you can turn around to your shelves and take down food that is a rebuilder and life saver. A prominent grocer of Murrysville, Pa., had heard so many of his customers praising the food Grape-Nuts that he finally gave it a trial himself. He says: "For several years up to 16 months ago I was hardly fit for business from indigestion which also affected my head. My brain was dull and I could hardly keep my books.

"One day I heard one of my customers praising the food Grape-Nuts so highly that I wondered if it would fit my case, so I took a package from the shelf and said that I would use it and even if it failed I would not be much the loser.

"But before I had finished that one package such a change came over me that I thought it wonderful and by the time three packages had been eaten I had changed so you would not believe it if I told you about it. My head grew clear and my mind strong and my memory was very much improved and I was well in every respect. I can only give you a faint idea of all the good the food has done me. It is all I eat for supper nowadays and the rest of my family think as much of it as I do. Truly it is a great food and if it were not a great food it would not have done me so much good and have such a tremendous sale in my store." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,600.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.