



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### Master Out

"The veterans of the civil war are dying at the rate of one hundred a day," remarked a prominent official of the Grand Army of the Republic.—Press Dispatch.

They hear the bugle's ringing notes and gladly march away;  
Above their heads Old Glory floats as in the battle's fray;  
The swelling cheers rise from their throats, their steps grow light and gay.

They're marching forth to join the Grand Review.

Forgot are all the weary years, they're young and strong again;  
They're catching step with loyal cheers as in the old days when  
They kissed aside the swelling tears from sweethearts' eyes, and then  
Marched for to answer duty's stern command.

Their eyes no longer weak and dim, they see the banner bright;  
They sing their country's battle hymn, their way is growing light;  
They're marching with the old-time vim, for victory is in sight,  
The sun-crowned hills of glory just ahead.

They hear their captain calling, "Boys, the day is nearly o'er,"  
They catch a gleam of heaven's joys, they see the golden shore;  
No fear of death their joy alloys, their comrades gone before  
Are calling them, "Fall in for Grand Review!"

They hear their comrades singing, and they join the chorus sweet;  
They hear the bugles ringing and they march with eager feet.  
See, the line is gaily swinging down the golden bordered street,  
The laurel crowns of glory have been won.

They hear their comrades' welcome shout, they clasp hands brave and true;  
They've put the fear of death to rout, they pass in Grand Review;  
By companies they muster out the boys who wore the blue,  
With bugles playing "Home, Sweet Home," today.

Comrades behind have sounded "taps" for five score men today;  
Their wasted forms the flag enwraps, they've fought a gallant fray;  
The living close the serried gaps and sadly march away—  
"Lights out!" The boys at last are safely home.

### The Old Favorites

The old favorites are with us once again. They come with wonderful regularity, and long ago we made up our minds that life would be a barren waste without them.

The thermometer reminds us that the weather is beastly hot. The perspiration starts from every pore, and we swelter and suffer in the awful heat. We sizzle and roast and seek in vain for some relief. There is none in sight. But just as we are about to give up in despair along comes one of our old friends with a breeziness that gives us new life—a welcome old friend—the story of the man who couldn't raise pumpkins because the vines grew so fast they wore the pumpkins out by dragging them swiftly over the ground.

We hail its appearance with joy,

and life once more becomes worth living. But even the best of friends must part, and the "pumpkin story" resumes its ceaseless round, leaving us once more solitary and alone. The sun grows hotter, the sky becomes a shield of brass, and the country seems forgotten by providence. But here comes another old friend to cheer us—the story about the boy who climbed the corn stalk and cannot get down because the stalk grows upwards faster than he can descend, and how he is not starving because he is eating the roasting ears and throwing down a half-bushel of cobs every day.

Once more a new joy is born into our weary lives and for a few short moments we are convinced that life is worth living. But the old friend must continue on its journey, and with tearful eyes we see it depart with promises to come again next year. The sun waxes hotter and the leaves of the trees begin to curl in the blinding heat. The grass grows brown and sere, and even the birds are silent in their leafy shelters. Life is a miserable existence and we would end it all with a sudden stroke, but in the distance we see approaching another old friend—the story of the man who was feeding a threshing machine, and becoming incensed at a boy who slashed his hand by accident, thrust the shrieking juvenile into the jaws of the machine, paying the penalty immediately by being lynched by the remainder of the threshing crew.

And thus it goes. The old friends troop by in welcome procession, and in their coming we forget the terrific heat and the horrors of a fiery summer. They come as regularly as the seasons, and we rejoice and are glad.

### After Tennyson

Broke, broke, broke,  
By thy great resort, O sea!  
And I've got to wire for money,  
And do it C. O. D.

### The Bildads

"My dear," remarked Mrs. Bildad a few moments before the evening meal was ready, "I wish you would give Johnnie a quarter and let him go down to the restaurant and get a quart of ice cream for supper."

"A quarter for ice cream!" shrieked Mr. Bildad. "Do you think I am made of money, Mrs. Bildad? We can't afford ice cream."

"But I have not been out of the house for a week, and I am so fond of ice cream. You used to give me ice cream every summer evening before we were mar—"

"There, there; it's no use to remind me of my foolish days. We can't afford ice cream now, and that's the end of it. I have to work in my office all day, and it's just as hard on me as your work is on you. I haven't had any ice cream for a year."

"Perhaps not," retorted Mrs. Bildad. "But when you got up from the breakfast table this morning you lighted a 10-cent cigar. At 10:15 you lighted another, and before you had finished it you went out with a friend to get a cool glass of what you call 'suds.' You had another glass of 'suds' with your lunch, and before 3 o'clock you had taken three friends out to have something and told the man who waited on you to 'make it strong.' You bought three 10-straight cigars for them, and put three more in your pocket for yourself. Before taking the car to come home to supper you had another 'suds' and just as soon as you get up from the supper ta-

ble you will light another cigar. You have spent \$1.60 today on cigars and 'suds' and spent at least two hours in the breeze from an electric fan in the cigar store across the alley from your office. Now it seems to me that I am entitled to—"

"Woman, have you had a private detective on my track! Beware! This is carrying things too far. I'll—"

"No, I just guessed at it, Mr. Bildad; and I see that I made a good guess. Now I want a quart of ice cream for supper and I rather think I am going to have it. You either give Johnnie the quarter or put on your hat and—"

But Mr. Bildad had seized his head-piece and fled, slamming the screen viciously.

### Misunderstood

"But you told us that by merging your two railroad systems you could reduce expenses and thereby give us lower freight rates."

"Yes."  
"Now we find that you have increased the freight rates 25 per cent."

"Yes."  
"You have deceived us."  
"Not so, gentlemen," replied the railroad magnate. "I did say that consolidation would enable us to reduce expenses, thereby permitting us to reduce our freight rates. But did I specifically promise that I would avail myself of the permission?"

Not being experts in the subtleties of our language the committee was forced to retire.

### Allsonian

"Mr. Chairman," said the delegate from Podunk, "I do not quite catch the meaning of the tariff plank of the platform just read. It appears to be too ambiguous."

"The gentleman is out of order," exclaimed the chairman. "He seems to have overlooked the important fact that this is a republican convention."

The delegate from Podunk sat down, realizing the futility of an appeal from the chair.

### A Power

The fractious broncho stood pondering, forgetful even of the succulent grass growing all about.

"I wonder," finally remarked the broncho, "what that tenderfoot meant when he said that Virginia was responsible for presidents. I must demand recognition of my powers. I rather think I'm something of a president-maker myself."

### The Extremes

"I have noticed one strange thing about this tariff question," remarked Uncle Ponder, addressing the crowd at the village grocery. "The men who shout loudest for protection are those who have nothing to protect and those who owe all they have to it. The first live in the crowded tenement districts, the latter have palaces in the city and cottages at the seashore."

### The Favorite Son

"I see by the papers that the Ball family will hold a reunion in New Jersey this month."

"Yes, I was talking with Hi about it yesterday and he said he would be there."

### Brain Leaks

Salvation is free, but it costs money to keep it.

The slave of a stomach can never be a kingly mind.

Did you ever hear of a baseball player being sunstruck?

One grain of doubt can taint a whole heart full of hope.

We would rather see a man riding a hobby than a man plodding.

Our eccentricities are always glaring faults when exhibited by others.

The office sought Saul and then had a hard time getting away from him.

Speaking of training children, does any one know of a good training school for parents?

We always feel sorry for the boy whose father has forgotten that he, too, was once young.

Some people waste so much time worrying over imaginary ills that they fail to enjoy real blessings.

It is easy for the fellow who never had an aching tooth to advise a sufferer to hasten to the dentist.

You are always sure of getting a good meal at the home of the woman who is proud of her breadmaking ability.

When a man shaves off his mustache he is offended if his friends do not pretend that they hardly recognized him.

Can you keep from laughing when you hear a man who wears a high collar on a hot day criticising women for tight lacing?

Speaking of the scarcity of girls who know how to keep house, perhaps it is due to the fact that there is a lack of young men capable of providing the house.

### Wished He Was a Rabbit.

Seven-year-old George was crying disconsolately over a sadly thumbed arithmetic, from which he was vainly trying to master the multiplication table.

"Thirteen times three are thirty-nine"—sob—"thirteen fours—wish I was a rabbit in Australia—boo-hoo."

"Why, Georgia! What do you wish such a silly thing as that for?" asked a surprised parent, entering at the moment.

"Ain't silly," sobs Georgia. "G'og'aphy says they multiply so easily in Australia."—Quincy Whig.

### Is Perry Heath Protected?

On July 31 Perry Heath will become immune from prosecution for acts committed while serving as first assistant postmaster general. On that day three years ago he left the postal service, and the statute of limitations interposes a bar.

The report that the fourth assistant postmaster general was called to Oyster Bay and instructed not to institute proceedings against Heath because of his association with the republican national committee as secretary, is almost incredible. If Mr. Roosevelt has listened to the "earnest pleadings" of Senator Hanna, Postmaster General Payne and others "and arbitrarily held up" the process of justice, he has disappointed men of all parties who have looked upon him as a man of sterling integrity not to be influenced by considerations of partisan politics.

Why should a man be protected by a republican administration because he occupies a position in the party organization? If he has violated the law "good politics" would seem to require his prosecution. A party can hardly carry such a load of scandal, and the sooner it rids itself of the offender the better will be its standing before the voters.

This is, at least, the view hitherto attributed to Mr. Roosevelt. He identified himself with the cause of honest administration of the public service and was a conspicuous advocate of the merit system. Has the humming of the bee deafened him to the demands of his old-time principles?

If Perry Heath has been saved by executive favor springing from consideration of partisan expediency, the republican party will be put on the defensive and it will not be able to justify itself to the minds of reasonable and level-headed voters.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.