



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Set Your Heels.

When you're feelin' kind o' blue
And th' world seems down on you,
Don't lose hope and ease your grip—
Set your heels so they won't slip.
Set your heels and wear a smile
And keep shovin' all the while.
Keep on shovin' till you lose
All th' symptoms of the blues.

Don't lose hope if luck seems tough;
Show you're made of sterner stuff.
Don't sit down to sob and sigh;
Brace up for another try.
Brace up! Stiffen up your lip;
Set your heels so they won't slip.
Then shove hard and wear a smile
And you'll git thar after while.

Do your friends seem to be few?
That's when it is up to you.
But there's left one faithful friend
Who will stick unto the end.
He will stick through thick and thin,
So brace up and wade right in.
Set your heels and brace your back
And success you will not lack.

Don't sit down to peak and pine.
Stiffen up your wobbly spine.
Spit upon your hands and then
Grab a hold and try again.
Grab a hold and set each heel;
Put your shoulder to the wheel.
Shove with all your bloomin' might
And you'll find things movin' right.

Reorganization.

The Amalgamated Order of Industrious Burglars met in convention to resolve a few things.

"Gentlemen," remarked the chairman, "what is your pleasure?"

Instantly there was a babel of voices, some pitched high, some low, but all full of feeling.

"Mr. Chairman," exclaimed one member, "I think it is time to resolve a few resolutions—I mean resolutions."

"The suggestion is pertinent," said the chairman. "But before we proceed perhaps it would be well to hear from some member who is supposed to be in retirement and no longer a candidate for position at the hands of our victims."

To this assent was given most enthusiastically, and the portly member from Condor's Inlet arose in response to a preconcerted plan.

"Mr. Chairman," said the gentleman from Condor's Inlet, "the important question confronting the electorate of this preponderant community in its exegetical relationship to the welfare of the human race as it appertains to the present political conditions is, I may say, vastly more important as it concerns the future of the human race than the mere suggestion of temporal power as it is outlined in the questions propounded with the idea of conferring mere power upon those who, under the pressure of the moment, may be exercising authority."

"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" shouted the listeners.

"It is evident, therefore," continued the portly member from Condor's Inlet, "that in the future our association shall consign to the dreary caverns of the innocuous past for the delectation of future paleontologist, and put ourselves into propinquity with issues that promise provender and engage at once in the prurition of pedantic principles that may provide medicament for our macerated feelings. Gentlemen, I thank you."

"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" shouted the assembly.

"Gentlemen, we have indeed been afforded a rare treat in the remarks of our distinguished brother," said

the chairman. "Let us profit thereby. I don't know what he is driving at, but the mention of provender sounds familiar."

"What do you think he means," whispered a member.

Drawing the inquisitive one aside the chairman whispered:

"It means that we must reorganize. Having been discovered in our systematic robbing of the temples and fired out bodily, we must resort to strategy in order to secure another whack at the loot. The plan is simple. We announce that we are deeply concerned for the welfare of the people who store their goods in the temple, profess that we are their real friends, and by lulling them to sleep get possession of the keys. This will enable us to get next to the loot without going to the trouble of opening the windows with a jimmy. As long as we remain in our present condition we'll be hungry."

"But will the people stand for it?" queried the member.

"It all depends upon our ability to retain a sanctimonious air and persist in declaring that we are the real stuff."

At an executive session held immediately after the speaking, it was resolved to maintain the virtuous pose as long as it held out any promise of getting them next to the pie counter.

Mr. Root.

Must you bid us all good-bye,

Mr. Root?

Please observe our eyes are dry,

Mr. Root.

Though you leave us we'll survive,

And without you we will strive

To keep hope and joy alive,

Mr. Root.

When you let brave Miles retire,

Mr. Root,

Victim of your spite and ire,

Mr. Root,

Then we sized you up as nil,

Small potatoes, few in hill,

That you didn't fill the bill,

Mr. Root.

When you braced up and resigned,

Mr. Root,

We were not surprised to find,

Mr. Root,

That in bidding you farewell

Teddy made your headpiece swell

By the gush that on you fell,

Mr. Root.

Sent you off with sigh and tear,

Mr. Root;

But let Miles go with a sneer,

Mr. Root.

By the side of Miles the hale

You compare—no idle tale—

Like a tadpole with a whale,

Mr. Root.

So we say, Good-bye and go,

Mr. Root.

Best that it should happen so,

Mr. Root.

As you've treated other men

May you thus be treated when

You're in private life again,

Mr. Root.

His Mistake.

We gazed with admiration, mixed with sympathy, upon the scarred and grizzled veteran whose empty sleeve told of terrible suffering and whose shoulder straps told of gallant service.

"Has your country made adequate return for your heroic service?" we queried.

"It has rewarded me beyond my just deserts," he replied.

"But you are only a captain, yet you

have been in the service upwards of forty years!" we exclaimed.

"True," replied the veteran. "I made the mistake of enlisting in the fighting department instead of in the department where I could deal out pills to the head push whenever he had a pain."

Alas, how often we mourn in after life for the mistakes of our earlier years.

Teddius Historicus.

A history he wrote for us,

A wondrous book 'twas, truly

He gave no little jim crow war

A prominence unduly.

But his great duty to fulfill

He wrote till it was done—

Six hundred pages on San Juan Hill,

And one on Lexington.

Brain Leaks.

Love lightens the heaviest load.

Hypocrisy is the tribute evil pays to truth.

Building castles in the air is better than groveling in the mire.

A high ideal unreach'd is better than a low success achieved.

Satan is always well satisfied when he sees a sinner "stand pat."

If you do not believe it yourself you cannot make others believe it.

The fool says, "I doubt." The Christian says, "I believe." God knows.

Many young men have gone to the bad trying to keep up with "good society."

Thank goodness they'll never be able to form a trust and control baby laughter.

Some men keep their faces to the right, but the corners of their eyes upon the sheriff.

Good humor is the best medicine, but some people reject it because it is not sold on prescription.

Men pinch and save to meet life insurance premiums, and never give a thought to soul insurance.

Sometimes we wish we could be as happy as the boy just starting on a visit to his grandma's house.

The man who is so busy taking care of his money that he has no time to enjoy it deserves no sympathy.

If we had money enough to build a cup defender we wouldn't do it. There are other things that need defense first.

Our idea of a soft job is a high salaried clerkship in the store of a merchant who does not believe in advertising.

There are some women who spoil the appetites of their children by their fears that they will soil the tablecloths.

The trouble with some men is that they spend so much time preparing for death that they miss most of the joy of living.

Do not feel badly when you see a woman wasting her affections on a pug dog. The children she does not have are better off.

We never see a crowd of business men lined up at a lunch counter for a five-minute feed without wishing we had a sure cure for dyspepsia for sale.

We never see a man who is drudging to amass gold but we are reminded of the foolishness of the kitten that spends hours trying to catch its own tail.

The man who spends all of his life in sordid gain should feel glad to know that he cannot take it with him. Indestructible currency has not yet been invented—it either burns or melts.

A Youth That Ought Never

To be Mentioned,

Some very distinguished gentlemen are engaged in preparing for the celebration, next summer, of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the republican party, "under the oaks" at Jackson.

Committees have been appointed to drum up sentiment all over the state and President Roosevelt is to be invited to be present.

All of which suggests the query, "Why, in heaven's name, should the fiftieth, or any other anniversary of the founding of the republican party, be celebrated?"

And if it must be celebrated, why should the common people be expected to have anything to do with the ceremonies?

Is the semi-centennial of the republican party to be celebrated because it is the party that gave Lincoln to the nation at a critical time in our history?

If that be the reason, the whole performance better be abandoned, because it seems almost like sacrilege to mention in the same breath the first of our martyred presidents and the party that today resembles only in name, the party that Lincoln loved.

Lincoln stood for the rights of all men, as against the greed of the few.

He drenched with blood a thousand battlefields, first, that the union might be preserved; second, that the freedom of the negroes might be established, if possible.

And though the signing of the emancipation proclamation was a war measure no one who knew the hon-

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