



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

On or before December 1st, 1908, Mr. Maupin will have ready for delivery a book made up of prose and verses that have appeared in this department of The Commoner and in other publications. The book will be given the title "Whether Common or Not," handsomely bound in cloth, 250 pages, with an introduction by Mr. Bryan. The book will be delivered postpaid for \$1. Those who contemplate purchasing are requested to make the fact known, in order that an idea may be obtained of the size of the edition needed. Subscribers will be notified when the book is ready for delivery.

The book will be printed from clear type on first-class paper, and will make a handsome and acceptable present. Address orders to WILL M. MAUPIN, 2022 S. 17th St., Lincoln, Nebr.

"Right, All Right!"

"When th' most is on th' punkin'," as Jim Riley used say,
An' th' suamac leaves are tinted red an' gold;
When th' squirrels are a hustlin' through th' blessed live-long day
A storm up their grub in winter cold,
Then is when I'm feelin' finer than th' pompouset o' kings,
An' singin' from th' morn till late at night;
F'r th' orchards an' th' vineyards each its richest treasure brings,
An' my heart is sayin', "Right, all right!"

"When," as once remarked by Riley, "Jim," "th' fodder's in th' shock,"
An' th' leaves are gently whirrin', stirrin' down;
When Bob White fom out th' stubble calls th' mother of his flock,
An' th' meduergress is slowly turnin' brown,
Then is when I'm gay an' happy fom th' risin' of th' sun
Till th' western hills begin t' hide its light,
F'r th' weary summer's over an' th' joy-time has begun,
An' my heart is saying, "Right, all right!"

When th' autumn winds are blowin' o'er th' medders brown an' sere,
An' th' cornblades turn t' yellow with th' frost;
I'm a livin' an' enjoyin' best of all th' blessed year,
Wo'th a whole lot more than all th' toil it cost.
So I'm full o' joy an' gladness while th' Injun summer haze
Tints th' western blue with colors rich an' bright;
An' I sing a loud thanksgivin' through th' cool September days,
F'r my heart is sayin', "Right, all right!"

Very Plain.

"I do not understand why coal should be so high," protested the consumer.
"We experience great difficulty in securing an adequate supply," explained the merchant.
"But the mines are shut down because of a glut in the wholesale market."
"Quite true, but that is because the railroads are unable to find cars enough to haul the coal."
"But the railroads complain that their business is such that they must raise freight rates in order to pay dividends."
"Of course, but that is because the railroads have increased wages 10 per cent."
"But freight rates have been increased 30 per cent."
"Yes, but this increase is due to the fact that all expenses have been materially increased."
"But we are told that expenses would be materially reduced by consolidation and mergers."
"Of course they are."
"But you say that expenses have

increased largely, despite the fact that consolidation was effected for the purpose of decreasing expenses. Your explanation don't jibe."
"Look here; I ain't going to talk to you. You are one of them blamed agitators whose spouting will bring this country to anarchy if it ain't shut off."

Foretold.

Pharaoah organized the first trust. He cornered all the foodstuffs in Egypt.
For several years he prospered mightily, but it was by grinding the people into the dust.

But Pharaoah's fate should be a warning.
After prospering through his iniquitous trust he met death in a rather uncommonly large flood of water.
The trusts are doing business on watered capital.

And some of these days, when the people become thoroughly aroused to their own interests there is going to be a grand squeeze of watered trust stocks.

Perhaps Pharaoah was a good swimmer, too.

But he was caught in the undertow. The trust promoters might profitably read the story of Pharaoah's corner in foodstuffs!

A Great Success.

Polk—"Was Bustervelt's Labor Day speech a success?"
Jolk—"Was it? It was the greatest labor effort I ever heard. Why, Bustervelt talked for two hours without saying a word about the labor question that could not be construed in a half-dozen ways."

Confirmed.

Sophleigh—"I will not offer my heart and hand until I find the woman who will appreciate all my good qualities, who will equal me in mental endowment, and who comes up to my ideal of all that a wife should be."
Miss Cawsteek—"What a confirmed bachelor you are."

Abdul Hamid.

There was an old sultan in Turkey whose morals e'er worked rather jurkey;
By a deal of finesse
He kept out of distress,
But his morals were ever so murky.

The Result.

Wragg—"Did you succeed in that little business coup you undertook the other day?"
Bragg—"Nope. My plans went Lip tcnwise."

Brain Leaks.

Praying is not demanding.
Giving is the best means of getting.
Mistakes are good investments when we profit by them.
Time is worse than wasted in mourning over wasted opportunities.

The Master died to save sinners, but the sinner must want to be saved.

A man misses a whole lot of joy by building a heaven a way off yonder.

We enjoy our own rights best when we respect the rights of others most.

What the universities most need is the endowment of chairs of cheer-upathy.

By mourning over the few trials we soon forget to rejoice over the many blessings.

Many a man wins the approval of his conscience by carefully training his conscience.

It is a good thing for some of us that the world does not treat all men as they deserve to be treated.

A nagging wife and a jaggin' husband make about the most miserable combination we can conjure up.

The man who mourns over the failures of yesterday is always far behind the man who is planning success for the morrow.

The foolish man seeks temptation in order that he may show his strength; the wise man avoids it in order to conceal his weakness.

Orthographically there is a difference of but one letter between jealous and zealous, but otherwise there is the difference between misery and happiness.

"All the world's a stage," but somehow or other most of us imagine that we are forced to labor in the "supe" parts when we deserve to play leading roles.

Political Nicknames.

The latest contribution to the vocabulary of politics comes from Iowa, where the word "standpatters" has been coined to designate those advocates of a protective tariff who think it wiser to "stand pat," as the expression of the card-player is, on their favorite principle, than to admit that the time for tariff changes has arrived. The proverbial ingenuity of the Yankee is thus once more illustrated. He has found scope for the display of his talent at various eras in politics, for usually political nicknames are the outgrowth of exciting political struggles. In the strenuous times of Van Buren we had the "barnburners" and the "hunkers." During the civil war democrats in the north who sympathized with the south were stigmatized as "copperheads." The dissension in the republican ranks over the proposition to nominate General Grant for a third term led to the use of the word "stalwart" in the designation of Grant's supporters. The extensive defection of tariff reform and free trade republicans to Cleveland, later on, gave rise to the term "mugwumps," as applied to the seceders, a term which is still in common use. It is not unlikely that in the strenuous discussion of the tariff issue, bound to occur in the coming presidential campaign, the name "standpatters" will be applied to ultra-protectionists very generally, and not alone in Iowa. And, by the way, it is not a bad word in this connection.—Leslie's Weekly.

Pensions for College Professors.

An excellent and most praiseworthy plan is that proposed by Cornell university for pensioning off its professors who are retired after reaching the age of seventy years. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been given the university for this purpose, and this amount will be placed at compound interest until 1914, when it will amount to \$250,000. Each professor retired will receive an annual pension

Have You Got Rheumatism?

A New and Simple Remedy that You May Try Without Spending a Cent—Cured Many Cases of 30 and 40 Years Standing.

TRIAL BOX FREE TO ALL



82 Years Old, Cured of Rheumatism After Suffering 42 Years.

For Rheumatism, that horrible plague, I discovered a harmless remedy and in order that every suffering reader may learn about it I will gladly mail him a trial box free. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy that enabled many a person to abandon crutch and cane. In Lyon, Mo., it cured an old gentleman 82 years of age, after suffering over 40 years. In Denham, Ind., it cured a lady who then cured fifteen of her neighbors. In Marion, O., it enabled Mrs. Mina Schott to abandon her crutches. Rev. C. Sund of Harrisville, Wis., testifies that this remarkable remedy cured two members of his congregation, one who had suffered 18, the other 25 years. In Bolton, N. Y., it cured an old gentleman 83 years of age. Never before has a remedy been so highly indorsed as this; among the eminent people who indorse it, is Doctor Quintero, of the University of Venezuela, whose indorsement bears the official seal of the United States consul. No matter what your form of rheumatism is, nor mind if doctors say you are incurable, write me today sure and by return mail you will receive the trial box, also the most elaborately illustrated book ever gotten up on the subject of rheumatism, absolutely free. It will tell you all about your case. You get the trial box and this wonderful book at the same time, both free, so let me hear from you at once and soon you will be cured. Address, JOHN A. SMITH, 2643 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

of \$1,500, three-fourths of which will be paid from the pension fund and one-fourth of which will be contributed by the professors. It is expected, however, that professors who reach the age limit before 1914 will also receive the benefits of the pension scheme. The salaries paid in even our largest and wealthiest universities are meagre compared with those received by men of no greater ability engaged in mercantile pursuits, and this, taken together with the social and other demands made upon the professors, makes it almost impossible for them to save anything.—Leslie's Weekly.

Be Wise

Have a scale of your own. Protect yourself on weight on grain and live stock with

Free Scale Cat.

Reliant 5-Ton Scale

Guaranteed Five Years
Sold on 30 Days Trial
Ball bearing, Inter-Hall bearing, no loose weights

\$29.75

changeable parts, full compound beam, no loose weights
O. L. Chase Mercantile Co. 1431 W. 9th St. Kansas City, Mo.