



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### My Wealth.

Mr. Morgan has his millions—  
I haven't got a cent.  
He has mansions built of marble—  
I toil to pay my rent.  
But I've more than Mr. Morgan  
When the day of toil is o'er,  
For I know true love is waiting  
Just inside my cottage door.  
I then hear what never greets him  
Underneath his marble dome;  
'Tis a baby's happy greeting:  
"Hello, pop! Has 'oo t'um home?"

Rockefeller has full coffers—  
But mine are empty quite.  
He has private yachts and such things,  
All mine are "out of sight."  
But I've more than Rockefeller's  
Wondrous wealth of gold commands;  
I have dainty, wee caresses  
From a baby's loving hands.  
And when ev'ning stars are peeping  
Overhead in heaven's dome  
I can hear a childish welcome:  
"Hello, pop! Has 'oo t'um home?"

Let them have their untold millions.  
I envy not their store.  
They are worth colossal fortunes—  
I am worth a whole lot more.  
For I have a grander treasure  
Than their hoarded wealth can buy;  
'Tis the love light I see glisten  
In my little darling's eye.  
They can ride in private coaches  
And can plow the ocean's foam—  
But they never hear the welcome:  
"Hello, pop! Has 'oo t'um home?"

### Judicial Humor.

Judge Sullivan, supreme judge of Nebraska, who is a candidate for reelection on the democratic and populist tickets, is a wit, and his opinions as handed down are often illuminated by flashes of humor that assist materially in making plain and forceful the decision of the court.

Nebraska has upon the statute book a law known as the "corrupt practice act," which compels all candidates to file a statement of expenses incurred in securing their nomination and after election a statement detailing every campaign expense. Being a law-abiding citizen, Judge Sullivan filed his expense account a few days after the Grand Island and Columbus conventions had nominated him. The statement is characteristic of the judge:

"I authorized the local committee at Columbus to call on me for \$25 to help defray the expenses of the convention. Thus far the committee has not called, but I am apprehensive."

While on the district bench Judge Sullivan presided at a trial in Fremont wherein a farmer sued the city for damages, claiming that the city's sewage contaminated a creek running through his farm. The plaintiff's attorney had several bottles filled with water from the creek, his intent being to show by them that the water was contaminated all the way through the farm, one bottle containing what was said to be good water taken from the creek several miles further on. Unfortunately for the plaintiff his lawyer got the bottles mixed.

"I've often heard of men getting into trouble by mixing their liquor," dryly remarked Judge Sullivan, "but so far as I can recall this is the first instance within my knowledge where a man got into trouble by mixing water."

A friend noted for smoking poor cigars gave Judge Sullivan a weed re-

cently, remarking as he did so, "Just try that cigar, judge."  
Judge Sullivan lighted the cigar, took two or three puffs, then said: "Guilty!"

### The Result.

The financier had just completed the task of detailing his scheme to the horney-handed taxpayer.  
"That's all right; but where do we come in?" queried the taxpayer.  
"O, you don't come in—you merely shell out," replied the financier in a burst of confidence.

### Good Reason.

"What's the matter, old man? You look awfully down in the mouth."  
"I've got good reason for being blue. I'm afraid my mind is failing."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"I find that I am actually enjoying the 'high-class literature' the magazines are printing."

### To Mr. Baer.

A nightmare now doth haunt my sleep—  
Anthracite!  
Dread visions through my mind do creep—  
Anthracite.  
All happy thoughts its terrors check,  
Upon my trail its horrors trek,  
It swats me ever on the neck—  
Anthracite.

My empty coal bin yawns for more Anthracite.  
Of you no sign upon the floor,  
Anthracite.  
The air is full of nipping frost,  
My summer's wages all are lost,  
And you—you've doubled up in cost,  
Anthracite.

I drop into a troubled sleep,  
Anthracite.  
Then up and up and your price doth leap,  
Anthracite.  
I sadly walk across the floor  
While Jack Frost knocks upon my door,  
And lo, your price goes up some more,  
Anthracite.

You've got us on the hip for fair,  
Anthracite.  
You and your pardner, Mr. Baer,  
Anthracite.  
But now just listen, if you please,  
If you don't let up on your squeeze  
You'll some day go where it don't freeze,  
Both of you.

### In Comparison.

"They tell me that the oath printers take upon joining their union is simply terrible in its construction," said Miss Prudhomme.  
"I don't know anything about it," replied Jack Potts, "but if it is any worse than the one I heard at the Elizzard office today when the foreman pied a slug-head it must be something awful."

### The Game.

"Now, look here, Busterfelt," said the friend, "how on earth do you expect to keep all these promises to the people after you are elected to office?"  
"What a tyro in politics you must be," replied Busterfelt. "After you've been mixing in it a while you will learn that the people expect a lot of promises and don't seem to give a rap for performances."

### Brain Leaks.

Good health is largely a matter of good nature.

Laughter is the medicine that keeps the doctor poor.

Envy is the drouth that dries up the spring of happiness.

A guilty conscience is usually hunting for a good excuse.

The man who is right never has to resort to a game of bluff.

A crust in time is worth a dozen libraries in the dim future.

A gentleman never swears in the presence of ladies—or anybody else.

If you listen to gossip it is because you want to, not because you have to.

Job never had to wait for a late train when he was in a hurry to get there.

We'd give all we have to know as much as the average boy of seventeen thinks he knows.

The man who strives for high ideals may not reach them, but even in failure he lands a winner.

If Wendell Phillips were alive today he would add the making of cornmeal to his list of "lost arts."

We'd hate to bear the responsibility of the women who waste their time and money in running cat hospitals.

The youth in the village longs to be a rich man in the city; the rich man in the city longs to be a youth in the village.

Some young men spend so much time creasing their trousers that they never have time to take the crimps out of their minds.

A boy's chief delight is having a grandmother close at hand who has a mania for putting up preserves and making all kinds of pickles.

Just about the time we are coming to the conclusion that the world is growing wiser along comes a wedding party that thinks it is doing something extremely funny when it throws a lot of rice.

### Mr. Shaw Has Another Idea.

A statement to the effect that Secretary of the Treasury Shaw had under consideration a plan by which he hopes to avoid the limitation of \$3,000,000 per month on the retirement of national bank circulation refers to an idea that the secretary has been working out in his mind for some time, but has not yet discussed publicly. Strictly speaking, the national bank act does not put any limitation on the retirement of circulation. The limitation is put on the amount of lawful money that can be deposited for any calendar month for the retirement of notes. Notes can be retired, however, without the deposit of lawful money. Any bank having its own notes in its possession can send them into Washington, have them cancelled and destroyed and receive the bonds deposited with the treasurer as security. In practice, however, this method of retirement is practically never resorted to, for the reason that the notes of any individual bank are so widely scattered as to make it impracticable to collect them in sufficient quantities to send them in for retirement. In the absence of any authoritative statement from the secretary as to the details of his plan, it is understood here, he believes, that by co-operation with other banks it may be practicable for a bank wishing to retire circulation to do so without depositing lawful money. Thus, the banks in the clearing house association could enter into an agreement that when one of their number wished

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COMMON  
OR NOT**  
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A book containing selections from matter appearing in the "Whether Common or Not" department during the past two and a half years, together with some that have appeared in other papers. The book will contain upwards of 250 pages, will be printed on good paper and substantially bound in cloth. It will sell for \$1, and be ready for distribution about December 1, 1903. It is now in press. If you think of buying, please notify the undersigned. He will notify you when the book is ready for delivery. If he knows in advance how many want to buy he will not be left with a lot of unsold copies on his hands. The book will make a handsome and acceptable Christmas present for wife, husband, brother, sister, sweetheart or friend. The book will contain an introductory by Mr. W. J. Bryan. Address communications to Will M. Maupin, 2022 So. 17th street, Lincoln, Neb.  
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to collect its notes to be sent in for retirement the other banks would undertake to segregate all of the notes of that bank that might come into their possession and turn them over to it. The notes thus collected could be sent in and retired, although lawful money had already been deposited for redemption during the month up to the limit of \$3,000,000.—American Banker.

### The British Mint.

An interesting building has been erected on Great Tower hill by the mint authorities as a museum, for specimens of British coins of every age and description. According to high authority the silver penny of King Alfred is the earliest authentic Saxon coin that can be traced with certainty to the London mint. Athelstan, about 928, was the first British king to enact regulations for the government of the mint, but the coinage was debased by the minters during the several reigns following. To such an extent was this fraud carried out that in the reign of Henry I. dealers in the markets refused to accept current money, and when the king summoned the minters to appear at Winchester only three men out of ninety-four escaped mutilation and banishment. Henry I. is said to have instituted a mint at Winchester in 1125, but the English do not seem to have been proficient in the art of coining, for Stow relates that in the reign of Edward I. the mint was kept by Italians. In Henry III.'s time English money greatly improved in appearance, and in his reign took place the first gold coinage in this country. In the following reigns money was again debased, and it became so bad that Queen Elizabeth called in all corrupted coins and new ones were issued, for the first time having the edges milled. In the reign of Charles II copper and tin coins were issued, but the latter was finally recalled in 1693. From the time of the Conquest down to 1811 the chief mint was in the Tower. In that year the present building was erected.—London Chronicle.

AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY  
MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children  
teething should always be used for children while  
teething. It softens the gums, allays all pain, cures  
wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best.