



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### Look Ahead!

Old winter's coming swiftly with its blighting cold and snow  
To lock the laughing rivers where the crystal waters flow;  
But beyond the snow clouds flying, and beyond the chill and gloom,  
Is another golden summer with the roses all a-bloom.

Cold without, and chill and dreary and the blasts are fierce and strong,  
But within is love and laughter and the days are full of song,  
For the snow will all be scattered and the rivers onward flow  
In another golden summer when the fairest roses blow.

Is your life beset with trials and your pathway rough and steep?  
Does grim fate keep step beside you and a gloomy vigil keep?  
Laugh at him and watch the coming of a better day ahead  
In another golden summer with its fairest roses spread.

### Hard Luck.

"I'm in a peck of trouble," sighed Pinkley.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked Winkley.

"Matter enough. I've fixed it with the tariff schedule committee and got my little old tariff graft ready."

"Congratulations, old man."

"Yes, but now that I've got the tariff schedule I want, blamed if I can think up anything I can manufacture to fit it."

### In Great Trouble.

"O, but this is simply awful," groaned the employe in the postoffice department.

"What's wrong, my friend?" queried the sympathetic listener.

"Everything. Here I am as sick as I can be and don't dare ask for the medicine I need."

"How's that?"

"If I ask for pain killer I'm likely to be fired for lese majeste, and if I don't I'm likely to die with the cramps."

### The Reformer.

He talked a streak about reform

And spoke of honesty;

At boodling he did loudly storm

And said, "It shouldn't be."

But when into high place he went

And saw great signs of graft

His form with mirth was double bent

And he just laughed and laughed.

You see, hopes of reform are vain

At hands of men like Mr. Payne.

### Touched.

"Hello, Blivens! You look badly.

What's the matter?"

"I'm a victim of the X-raise."

"Jewhillikers! Is there no remedy?"

"None that I know of. Just met

Rivens and he raised the X off of

me. You know Rivens."

### Busy.

How doth the busy coal man now

Improve each shining minute,

And in a trice loist up the price

For all that there is in it?"

### Of Course.

The Humble Citizen, following the usual rule, went to the Prominent Financier for advice.

"About seven years ago you told us that we needed confidence and not

more money, didn't you?" queried the Humble Citizen.

"Yes, sir; confidence was lacking, therefore money, which existed in plenteous abundance, went into hiding and the business of the country was paralyzed," replied the Prominent Financier.

"And since then the per capita circulation has been vastly increased?"

"Yes, sir; in their wisdom the gentlemen guiding our finances have supplied the country with a vastly increased circulating medium."

"And every dollar is as good as any other dollar now, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is. With the scotching of the free silver heresy the confidence in our fiscal institution has been strengthened and fear no longer benumbs our enterprises."

"And with a vastly increased currency, every dollar of which is as good as any other dollar, our business is booming and there is no sign of a business depression, eh?"

"Business is not what it should be in industrial circles, owing to a restricted currency," said the Prominent Financier. "We need a more elastic currency."

"But a few years ago you told us that money based on gold was the only safe money. Now you talk about elastic currency. What does that mean?"

"Your desire for knowledge is commendable. By elastic currency we mean a currency that will respond to the demands of business. We propose establishing it by permitting banks to issue notes based on their assets—assets such as first mortgage bonds, railroad securities, penwipers and worn erasers. This will enable the banks to supply a volume of money sufficient for public needs whenever an unusual demand for money is manifested."

"But I thought you said we had money enough seven years ago, and now you say that despite the vast increase in the volume of currency we need more."

"Yes, that is true. What I mean to say is—"

"That while we only lacked confidence then and had plenty of money, we have plenty of confidence now, but lack the money?"

"Yes, that's it," said the Prominent Financier.

"And if we let the banks issue money on their assets we must, in all fairness, let farmers issue currency on their cribbed corn and stored wheat, the merchant issue currency on his calico and beans, the newspaper man issue currency on his brass galleys and shooting-sticks, the blacksmith on his anvil and bellows, the—"

"By no means," shouted the Prominent Financier. "When you want advice on money you should seek a man who deals in money. The banks alone should be allowed to issue money on assets because the business of a bank is dealing in money."

"But if the government must guarantee the bank currency why not have the government issue it in the first place?" queried the innocent Humble Citizen.

"Look here!" shouted the Prominent Financier. "I thought you came to me for advice and enlightenment. But I see you are one of them blamed anarchists that is always trying for to upset the established order of things. You are one of them there—"

"I was only asking for information, sir," interrupted the Humble Citizen.

"No, you ain't, either. You are one of them blamed socialistic agitators who is trying for to array class against class and stir up a war be-

tween labor and capital. You are a menace to society and I am going for to have nothing more to do with you."

"Strange," muttered the Humble Citizen. "The minute a common, ordinary fellow begins to ask questions about this money proposition he is denounced as an anarchist."

In the meantime, however, the Prominent Financier had turned and walked angrily away.

### A Study in Color.

A beautiful damsel named Mae  
Thought her tresses were turning to grae.

With a wink of the eye  
She reached for the dye,  
And Mae drove the grae all awae.

### Freak of Memory.

"Why do you say that Howells is a mnemonic freak?"

"He never forgets to holler if the election goes wrong, but he always forgets to register."

### Brain Leaks.

Satan is an expert in selecting assistants.

Hard won, carefully kept; easy won, quickly lost.

Hard luck is easily broken by the hammer of pluck.

The retailer of gossip is not a bit worse than the consumer.

Some men attribute to ill luck their own lack of push and pluck.

The young man who does his best is the first man to earn a rest.

Happiness consists largely in being satisfied with not having a great many things we would like to have.

A great many men are religious without having any idea of the fundamental principles of Christianity.

The difference between peace of mind and piece of mind is what most often results in disaster in the home.

The man who thinks he understands a woman is wiser in his own conceit than eleven men who can render a reason.

It is difficult to teach a monkey to like intoxicants. It's different with a man, and the difference is in favor of the monkey.

When we learn how to run our own business as well as we think we could run another's business we will turn into Easy street.

From the belief that the public at large is legitimate prey to the belief that any individual is legitimate prey is a very short step.

When a young woman begins declaring that she will never marry her friends may confidently expect the early receipt of wedding invitations.

The young man who knows how to say "no" at the right time is the young man who gets the most enjoyment out of saying "yes" at the right time.

### Bryan Not Deserting Silver.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 16.—Special.)—

W. J. Bryan denied tonight that he had made the statement about free silver attributed to him by Prof. Bradshaw of Iowa City, Ia. Mr. Bryan said he had been misquoted, that he had not said to any one that silver would not be an issue in the next campaign. The nearest approach, he declares, he ever made to such a statement is what he often has said—namely: that silver was not the paramount issue in 1900, and is not now, but that some phase of the money question always is before the country. Also he holds that no one is in a position to say when the silver question may become acute again.

## A Book and Six Bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative On Trial to the Sick.

The cost is absolutely nothing to you if my Restorative fails. I simply ask you to learn by actual trial what this remedy can, and will do. I want people to know what I know about this prescription. There can be no safer, no more certain way to convince the sick than to say, "Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month on trial." And that is just what I will do if you write me. I know absolutely that it will help you if you will use it. I know you will willingly bear the cost—\$5.50—if it succeeds. I know this because, for five years I have made this offer everywhere. Thousands have written for my book—have accepted my offer—and only one out of each 40 has said, "It did not help me." Just think of it. My past records show that 39 were helped where 40 tried the Restorative. I am proud of that record. I failed with one in 40—but there was no expense to that sick one.

I cannot cure cancer. No medicine can. There must be some failures. Dr. Shoop's restorative will do the utmost that medicine can. It is my greatest achievement after thirty years in hospitals and at bedsides. I have found, at last, a way to cure even obstinate, deep-seated diseases.

I treat—with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—the INSIDE NERVES. Here lies the secret to my success. It is my discovery. My Restorative is the only prescription that reaches these nerves. Without this inside nerve treatment, I could not offer "a month's treatment at my risk." No other known remedy would stand the test.

In thousands of homes it is now constantly kept as a safe-guard. Off days will come to us all, but a few doses will set things right again.

### How to Secure Trial Treatment

Send no money. Simply ask for the book you need. A postal will do. Then I will arrange with a druggist near you, so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative to make the test. Send me no money. You deal with your druggist, remember. Use the Restorative a full month—then decide. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.50; if it fails I will have the druggist bill the cost to me. Could anything be more fair?

To delay means to forget. Write now, while you have it in mind. This is important.

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 2515, Racine, Wis.

BOOK NO. 1 ON DYSPEPSIA  
BOOK NO. 2 ON THE LIVER  
BOOK NO. 3 ON THE KIDNEYS  
BOOK NO. 4 FOR WOMEN  
BOOK NO. 5 FOR MEN (male)  
BOOK NO. 6 ON RHEUMATISM

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

Middletown (O.) Signal: The post-office scandal surprises no one. The whole administrative fabric of the government is permeated with corruption, as an old cheese is sometimes in the possession of skippers. And it is not to be wondered at when it is known that boodlers are selected not only for the subordinate position, but even for the United States senate.

## Maupin's Little Talk

I want to have a little heart-to-heart talk with readers of The Commoner. Somebody—I think it was Solomon—said, "Of the making of books there is no end." He—or some other—also said, "O that mine enemy would write a book." I have written a book—not much of one, I frankly confess, but it's the best I have done so far—and I want to sell it. It is only one of many books published—not THE one of many. It is merely a collection of sketches and verses that have appeared in THE COMMONER and other publications, and is given the title

## Whether Common or Not

It will be very handsomely and substantially bound in cloth, will be printed from clear type on good book paper, and will have upwards of 250 pages. Mr. Bryan has written a "foreword" for the volume, and it will have a fac simile of his signature attached thereto. Other authors have written better books, but no other author ever wanted to sell his book any more than I want to sell mine. If you want to know why I want to sell it, write me, enclosing an order for the book. You needn't send the money with the order, for the book will not be ready for delivery until December 1, 1908. But if you say you want it I'll know how many to print. I'll enter print only a few too many I lose out. I'll enter your order, and when the book is ready I'll notify you. Then you can send the price, \$1, and I will send you the book. If you do not like it you can give it to some one who does not like either of us.

I published a book once before, expecting all my friends to buy it. Either they never knew I published it, or I overestimated the number of my friends. I am quite sure you will like this book. I know I would like to sell you one. If you will order now you will lift a heavy load from my mind. I've talked my space full. If you want to know more about this matter, write me. A postage stamp is cheaper than an inch of advertising space in such a valuable advertising medium as The Commoner.

WILL M. MAUPIN,  
2022 So. 17th St. Lincoln, Neb.