



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Corners.

He spent his life in search of wealth;
He worshipped gods of gold.
And through his schemes of greed
and stealth
He gathered wealth untold.
A "corner" in the people's wheat
He worked with cunning hand;
And millions poor had nought to eat
And hunger filled the land.

He "cornered" coal and hugged him-
self
With joy to see his gain;
And little thought his growing pelf
Was snatched through woe and pain.
He "cornered" wool and little cared
That children starved and froze;
The helpless ones he never spared,
And heeded not their woes.

He "cornered" everything in sight
That promised profits great;
He crushed the weaker by his might
And greed insatiate.
No pity for the weak and poor
Within his bosom beat;
He turned the helpless from his door
And drove love down the street.

He died—as all men die at last—
And downward led his path.
As he had sown despair broadcast
He reaped the grain of wrath.
He "cornered" things on earth com-
plete;
He's "cornered" things down there—
He's got a "corner" on the heat
And is warmed up for fair.

Fully Prepared.

The senator-elect was about to de-
part from his home, en route to the
national capital.
"Are you sure you have everything
you need in your grip?" queried Mrs.
Senator Elect.
"Sure."
"Collars, cuffs, shirts, cravats, un-
derwear, brushes, comb, medicine and
passes?"
"Got 'em all, my dear."
"Is your cigar case well filled?"
"Full."
"I guess you have everything then.
Good-bye, dear."
The senator-elect disappeared in the
direction of a street car, but in about
five minutes he came tearing back,
out of breath and visibly excited.
"Wh-wh-wh-what's the matter?"
gaped Mrs. Senator Elect.
"Great Scott, wife!" exclaimed the
senator-elect. "I forgot my techni-
calities and left 'em lying on the
dresser in my room."

Sanguine.

"DeWrite is the most sanguine fel-
low I ever saw."
"What's he been doing now?"
"He read somewhere that every suc-
cessful novel meant the destruction
of 800 trees, and before he began
writing on the novel he expects to
publish next spring he went out and
planted 1,600 trees."

Lower.

To rail at trusts is now a sin,
So do not do it, friends, I beg;
For coal is lower—in the bin,
And beef is lower—down the leg.

The Difference.

"Is Bilkins a poet?"
"No, he's a versifier."
"What's the difference?"
"A versifier writes verses that read-
ers can understand. A poet writes

verses that nobody can understand,
but everybody raves over."

Disappointing.

"Whillikers is a broken man."
"What's happened to him?"
"He graduated from college last
spring and thought he knew about all
there is worth knowing."
"What made him change his mind?"
"He was accepted as a juror in a
murder trial yesterday."

Prepared.

The indicted federal official locked
himself in the office with his attor-
ney.
"Have you prepared demurrers for
everything?"
"They are all ready, sir" replied
the attorney.
"Have you fixed up the plea in
abatement?"
"It is in the proper shape, sir."
"And have you secured the proper
amount of technical objections to pre-
sent from time to time?"
"I have an unusual number of them,
sir."

"Are you prepared to make a show-
ing that the court has no jurisdic-
tion?"
"Yes, sir."
"And have you prepared for filing a
motion to dismiss?"
"Here it is, sir."
"How about the motion to nolle?"
"All ready, sir."
"And are you ready to ask that the
indictment be quashed?"
"I am, sir."
With a smile the federal official
opened the door and admitted the
waiting reporters.
"You may say," said the federal of-
ficial, "that I will demand immediate
trial. I court full and free investiga-
tion and will make no objections. I
want the public to know everything.
This trial will be pushed by me, and
I will waive all technicalities. Truth
is mighty and will prevail."

Good Scheme.

The wealthy though bashful Mr.
DeRyche was no sooner seated in the
parlor of the Spoonamore mansion
than Miss Grayce Marie Spoonamore
said:
"What a funny little mistake you
made in your note to me this after-
noon, Mr. DeRyche."
"I beg pardon, Miss Spoonamore;
but did I make a mistake?"
"Yes, and such a comical mistake,
too. You dated it '1903.' I should think
you would remember the right figure
because this is leap year."
"I did that—ah—er—I did that pur-
posely, Miss Spoonamore. I wanted to
remind you that—ah—er—I wanted
to recall to your mind the fact that
this is leap year, and perhaps you
would then assist me in—er—ah—I
thought you would see my distress
and help me—er—ah—that is to say, I
wanted you to—er—ah—"
"Goodness, gracious, Mr. DeRyche;
are you trying to propose to me?"
"Ah, that's it, my dear Miss Spoon-
amore. Thank you for helping me
out."
"Well, why didn't you come right
out with it instead of all this rigama-
role. Of course I'll marry you."

Playing Safe.

"If you will be mine," said the ard-
ent suitor, "I will endow you with
all my worldly goods."
Being a young woman who kept in

touch with political topics, Miss Cutely
lost no time in saying:
"Words, Mr. DeRiche, are good when
backed up by deeds, and only so."

But—

We heard the statesman loud declare
"I want a trial full and fair
On this charge of venality."
But when the statesman's case was
called
Down on his knees he went and
crawled
Out on a technicality.

Father Goose Rhymes

Taffy was a financier,
Smooth beyond belief;
Taffy sought a tariff law
And cornered all the beef.
I went to Taffy's house
Determined it to wreck,
But Taffy took a campaign fund
And smote me on the neck.

Tom, Tom the magnate's son.
Watered stocks then away he run.
The stocks were so wet
They are leaking yet
And Tom's papa paid for his fun.

Easy.

There was a young man in the Sault
Whose dollars were woefully fault.
Said he, "If I must
I'll form a big trust
And get in with the big pirate craut."

Papa Goose.

Steel stock common,
Steel stock preferred;
Steel stock in the soup
And well stirred.

Brain Leaks.

Greed is the soil that the devil loves
to sow seed in.
Every gossip exists because there
are plenty of listeners.

The workman who forgets to look
at the clock is earning his wages.

Can anything be more sad than a
childless home where love of children
exists?

The man who gives nothing good to
the world gets nothing really good
out of it.

The man who succeeds in attend-
ing to his own business has accom-
plished much.

It takes one hundred pennies to
make a dollar, but one penny will un-
make a dollar.

God does not look at the denomina-
tion of the coin; He only looks at the
heart of the giver.

When we want a boy we can trust
we look for one who is "tied to his
mother's apron-strings."

Good humor is a medicine that is
not carried in a doctor's case, but it
can effect more cures than any drug.

Somehow or other we always feel
sorry for a baby dressed up in a lot
of very white and very stiffly starched
"fixings."

Sometimes we think that the "in-
fant class" in Sunday school should
be made up wholly of those who have
children of their own.

The world will never forget the mu-
sician who shall succeed in writing
something that sounds as sweet as
the laughter of happy children.

We often wish we could hold on to
our last dollar like the average wo-
man can hold on to the last can of
fruit she put up the summer before.

Slow & Sure may not make as much
noise in the business world as Hurry
& Flurry, but usually Slow & Sure is
the firm with the longest credit at the
bank.

We are always sure that happy chil-

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dren rush to greet the father who is
always cheerful when compelled to
hang to the strap of a crowded street
car.

The most fortunate man is the one
who does not have to spend the lat-
ter part of his life unlearning what
he accumulated during his earlier
years.

When women become real neigh-
bors they run across for a chat with-
out stopping to tie something around
their necks and dabbing at their
cheeks with a powder rag.

When nations calling themselves
Christian have 2,000,000 men under
arms, and spend more for rum and
war than they do for religion, how can
they say "Merry Christmas?"

There is a vast difference between
the rewards of the world and the
rewards of God. The world rewards
those who get the most; God rewards
those who give the most. The world
rewards those who achieve most; and
God rewards those who strive hardest.

JUST AS EASY

I have printed a book—a handsome book—
and I can't confess it is a good book. I wrote it
myself. Just stories, and fables and poetry—but
it was all good enough to be accepted by The
Commoner and other publications of like char-
acter. And having printed the book I've got to
sell it. Yes, got to sell it. I need the money.

A FAIR PROPOSITION

I want to sell my book. You really ought to
have it. I'm confident you'll like the book—so
confident that I'll send it on approval. Look
at it, read it and think it over, and if you think
the book is worth the money, send me a dollar.
If you don't think it is worth the money send
the book back to me. You may have a week to
think and look it over.

A GOOD BOOK

The book you own is like the old and tried
friend whom you have known for years. The
book you borrow is the chance acquaintance
formed on the train—forgotten when out of sight.
A good book is a friend that stays with you for-
ever. My book will be your friend. See? Mr.
Ryan says it's a good book. If you don't be-
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what he says about it.

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