



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Ironworker.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Men at the Forge.)

Brawny and grimy he works away,
Hammer and anvil and drill,
And the fiery sparks in the shadows
gray
Mark time to the hammer's ceaseless
play

As it works its master's will.
Cling, clang, cling!
Hear the anvil ring
In musical rhyme with the hammer's
swing.

And stroke by stroke the yicling steel
begins its master's will to feel;
And bending, glowing beneath his
hands
Soon comes to do his stern commands.

Long years ago old Tubal Cain
Hammered and beat and drilled,
And the music rang o'er hill and plain
Till they echoed back with a glad re-
frain

And all the world was filled.
Clang, clang, clang!
Thus his hammer rang
In fiery rhyme with the songs he sang.
And fused and forged 'midst smoke
and heat

Until beneath his hammers beat
The sturdy iron, black and still,
Blushed rosy red to do his will.

When Solomon said that wondrous day
His temple stood with finished grace,
"Let him stand forth in front, I pray,
Who thinks his work has paved the
way

To make this wondrous place."
Cling, clang, cling!
And the blacksmith's spring
Brought him beside the proud old
king.

"I made the tools the workers used,"
The blacksmith said. The old king
mused.
"Who made your tools?" The smith's
face shone

As he quick replied: "I made my
own."
Brawny and grimy the smith toils
still,
Hammer and anvil and heat.

And he builds machines to do his will
Till the whole wide world doth feel
the thrill

Of his strong arm's sturdy beat.
Cling, clang, cling!
Hear the anvil ring
In musical rhyme with the hammer's
swing.

And engine and lathe and huge ma-
chine
Beneath his hardened hands are seen
To grow and move and do each task
The master mind of the man may ask.

Farmer and merchant and railway
king;
Millionaire, pauper, tramp,
Depend on the ceaseless beat and
swing

Of hammers that make the anvils ring
And give the iron its stamp.
Beat, beat, beat!
In the fore-fire's heat

Till the wide world rings with the
music sweet.
And forged and welded into the whole
Is the sturdy will of the worker's soul.
And the waiting world is made to feel
The worth of workers in iron and
steel.

Slight Interruption.

"My friends," said the g. o. p. ora-
tor in the Ohio town, "My friends, jus-
tice demands that we throw our pro-
tecting arms about our abused black
brother in the south. The cruel treat-

ment he receives at the hands of the
haughty southrons is a disgrace to our
civilization, and we of the north
should lose no opportunity to show
our detestation of the cruel and in-
human practice of lynching a man
simply because he is black, and not
give him a fair trial before—"

"Biff! Bang! Bang! Crash—boom—
bang!"

"Great Scott, what's that!" ex-
claimed the interrupted orator.

"O, that's only some of the boys
storming the jail to get a nigger,"
said a humanitarian in the audience.
"Go right ahead with your speech.
They won't interrupt us long, 'cause
the jail door is mighty frail."

Chilly.

"Gee, but that's a cold crowd," mut-
tered the front end of the knockabout
vaudeville team.

"Worst I ever saw," replied the rear
end of the same team. "They don't
catch on at all. Them jokes we sprung
don't feaze 'em."

"Worst lot of Rubes I ever seen,
they are. What Rube convention do
you think is in town now?"

"Don't know, but there's the man-
ager. Ask him."

"That crowd?" said the manager.
"Why those fellows are members of
the Press Humorists' association."

And then the knockabout team
grew wise. They were springing the
jokes on the men who manufactured
them amidst fearful mental travail.

The G. O. P. M. C.,

He beat his breast and loudly said,
"I crave investigation."

He said, too, "I'm quite free from
crime

And hold in detestation."
But when a move was made to search

He made due preparation,
And with a screech he made a speech

Full of tergiversation.
He pawed the air and tore his hair

With many a wild gyration.
And when at last they proved the
charge

Was based on actuality,
This statesman brave his skin to save
Crawled through a technicality.

Growing Cold.

"Darling," he murmured, "you are
as sweet as sugar."

"Boo-hoo," she sobbed. "Your love
is growing cold."

"What makes you think that, dear,"
he said, clasping her hand in his.

"You only say I'm as sweet as sugar,
when you know they have discovered
a substance in coal tar that is five
hundred times sweeter than sugar."

When Riley Blushed.

When James Whitcomb Riley was
in Lincoln a few months ago, he was
greeted with an enthusiastic audience,
and the poet was spurred to his best
efforts. Of course he succeeded, but
following the entertainment he met
with an embarrassing adventure.

Just before the poet appeared upon
the stage he was handed a dainty lit-
tle note requesting him to read "That
Old Sweetheart of Mine," and the
name signed to the note was that of
one of Lincoln's charming young
matrons.

Riley did recite the beautiful poem,
and after the entertainment the young
matron, fairly bursting with enthusi-
asm, approached Mr. Riley and began
thanking him.

"O, Mr. Riley, you have no idea
how much I appreciate your kindness
in reading the beautiful verses I re-

quested you to read."

"I am happy if I have given you
pleasure," replied Mr. Riley, with his
best bow.

"O, they are so beautiful. I have
read them so often that they are in-
delibly stamped upon my memory."

"You flatter me, my dear madam,"
said the poet.

"The tender sentiment in the lines
are so beautiful," gushed the matron.
"They certainly were written from
the bottom of your heart. How proud
one should feel in the knowledge that
they had inspired such beautiful sen-
timents. I know Mrs. Riley must be
one of the happiest of women, and I
would be so delighted to meet her.
May I not hope to have the exquisite
pleasure some time?"

"I hope so, madam," said Riley,
blushing like a schoolgirl. "And if
ever you do meet her I wish you would
let me know how she looks. I have
never seen her, and I often wonder
whether she is blonde or brunette,
short or tall, slim or—"

But the gushing young matron had
disappeared.

This little incident recalls another
that has been told before. At a social
function a young woman approached
Mr. Riley and after gushing for a few
minutes, said:

"O, Mr. Riley, how fortunate you
are. I understand that you get a dol-
lar a word for everything you write."

"Yes, that's true," said Riley. But
sometimes I sit for a whole day and
can't think of a blamed word."

Brain Leaks.

As long as we cling to sin we cannot
get close to God.

A big man can sometimes creep
through a very small hole.

If our plans all went right we would
soon be too lazy to work at all.

March is the month when town-
men do most of their gardening.

Parents who allow their children to
grow wild must expect to reap bitter
fruit.

Some philanthropy is very much
like giving colliers to men who have
no shirts.

The greatest "rounders" are very
apt to talk loudest about being
"square" men.

The man who says the world is
growing worse should do something to
clear his eyesight.

If we do not share our blessings
with God, how can we expect Him to
share our sorrows?

God's hand reaches down only just
far enough for us to reach it by
standing on our tip-toes.

When a man begins to sacrifice his
moral interests for his business inter-
ests he should be watched.

The man who tries to "taper off" a
bad habit would make better progress
by trying to wash charcoal white.

The charity that covers a multitude
of sins is not the charity which is
exercised for that specific purpose.

Religion is something more than
sitting in a cushioned pew and look-
ing solemn while the minister talks.

There are times in a man's life when
he would pay handsomely for the
pleasure of being annoyed by the
baby.

Just because you cannot make a silk
purse out of a sow's ear is no reason
why you should not endeavor to make
something.

Some men have managed to secure
the reputation of being big men sim-
ply by carefully imitating some big
man's ways.

When a Christian begins asking
himself, "Is it wrong?" it is a sure
sign that he is seeking diligently for
an excuse to do it.

When a woman burns her hand on
the oven door she greases the burn and
waits for her husband to come home

Are We Honest?

I believe you are, and I am willing
to let you judge me. I honestly be-
lieve I have a book worth a dollar to
you, and I believe you will think so
after you see the book. The book is
one I published myself, and it is made
up of the poems and sketches that
have appeared in the "Whether Com-
mon or Not" department of The Com-
moner, and in other publications. I
wrote them all myself. The book is
cloth bound, gold side and back
stamps, foreword by Mr. W. J. Bryan,
and has 277 pages. The price is One
Dollar.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

If you say so I'll send you the book
on suspicion. If you think it is worth
a dollar, send me the money. If you
do not think so send the book back
in good condition—natural wear and
tear expected—and we'll call it square.
I make this offer for two reasons—one
is I think the book is worth the dol-
lar, and secondly, I think you will
think so and send me the money.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

Perhaps you would like to know
why I am so anxious to sell my book.
I'll tell you—I need the money. Now
drop me a card and say you'd like to
receive my book on suspicion. I'll
take it for granted you are willing to
pay for it if you like it and think it
worth the money, and I'll send it to
you by the next mail.

WILL M. MAUPIN

2022 South 17th St. Lincoln, Neb.

to show it to him. When a man
burns his hand his wife knows it long
before he can show her the blister.

There are some philanthropists who
imagine that feeding the minds of
their fellows will make amends for
starving their bodies.

We know a man with five children
and nine horses, and although he does
not know the birthday of a single
child, he can tell the exact date of
birth of each of his nine horses.

"I'm always glad when we have
company, because then my wife al-
ways has something good to eat?" Did
you ever hear a man spring that?
When we get to making laws for this
country the punishment for springing
that chestnut will be twenty-seven
years at hard labor.

CREATED WEALTH

Something from nothing—a garden
from a desert. Such is the history of
irrigated sections. Take land that sells
for 50 cents an acre, put water on it,
and it sells for—what? There are
quarters of land in irrigated sections
of Colorado that cannot be purchased
for \$20,000 and which earn a remuner-
ative interest on that valuation.

And yet you can purchase irrigated
lands where the soil is perfect beyond
belief, where the water supply is plen-
tiful and inexhaustible, where climatic
conditions are healthful and exhilar-
ating, where fuel is abundant and
cheap, for from \$15 an acre up.

THE REASONS:

The North Platte Valley, extending
from Bridgeport, Neb., to Guernsey,
Wyo., and the Big Horn Basin, Wyo-
ning, have been but recently made
available for settlement by the exten-
sion of the Burlington railroad into
those sections. The irrigating compa-
nies must have settlers along their
ditches and they offer substantial in-
ducements in the shape of low-priced
water rights and lands.

HOW LONG WILL THIS CONDITION CONTINUE?

None may say surely, but it won't be
for long, and the sooner you invest
the cheaper will you be able to do so,
for the advance is just as sure as has
been the advance in the price of sim-
ilar lands in other sections.

For further information write to J.
Francis, General Passenger Agent,
Burlington Route, Omaha.