



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

After Memorial Day.

Once more we've heard the muffled drum and marched with halting tread,
Once more we've strewn the fragrant bloom above our comrades dead;
Then back to home and love beneath the old flag overhead
To wait for "taps" to sound our final call.

With dimming eyes we've backward gazed and seen the comrades true
Who heard God's reveille and woke to pass in grand review
From war's sad strife to rest and peace above in heaven's blue,
Their names on Honor's Roll while time shall last.

Our eyes have seen the battle smoke, and through the gathered years
The soft winds bring to us once more our comrades' ringing cheers;
And through the mists of passing time a messmate's face appears,
Transfigured by the touch of hands Divine.

We've spread again the fragrant bloom o'er graves where comrades sleep;
The old flag o'er their resting place eternal vigils keep;
And home again we only wait while evening shadows creep
For "taps" to summon us to sleep with them.

A Little Fable.

The union workingman was haled before his employer and commanded to tear up his working card.
"But have I not the same right to join an organization as you have?" queried the union man.

"But we are organized for mutual protection against anarchy," said the employer.

"And we are organized to protect ourselves against wage slavery," quickly said the union man.

"But labor unions have been the prolific source of rioting and murder," insisted the employer.

"True, some union men have resorted to force," said the union man, "but has capital always been kind? Is it worse to throw an occasional brick than to operate sweat shops and drive women and children to premature death?"

"I will listen no longer," shouted the irate employer. "Labor unions must be destroyed before we are compelled to reduce our dividends in order to pay wages that will enable workingmen to live, as if they were as good as the men who employ them by the thousands."

Moral: What's human happiness compared to increased dividends?

Careful.

Lorena is just past her sixth birthday, and during all of her brief years her "sweet tooth" has been carefully cultivated. A few evenings ago her papa brought her a sack of candy, and after she had eaten a goodly portion of it she was told that it was time for bed.

"I'll give you the rest of your candy in the morning," said mamma.

This was satisfactory, and soon Lorena was robbed for slumber. Kneeling by her mamma's side she lisped her little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake—
"Doodness, mamma," she cried,

breaking off in the middle of the prayer, "don't you think I'd better eat the rest of that candy and be sure of it?"

A Little Fable.

The Little Peoples were growing restless and uneasy, and they were prone to ask questions.

"Why do you persist in ruling us against our wishes?" they inquired.

"Ah," replied the Benevolent Assimilator, "I am only preparing you for self-government."

"But how are we to learn self-government if we are not allowed to practice it?"

"You should watch me."
"And when will we be ready for self-government?"

"You will be ready for it just as soon as you are willing to have me govern you forever."

Scratching their heads wonderingly the Little Peoples wandered back to their homes to think it out.

Moral: Tomorrow will never come if the graft holds out.

Futile.

"Just think of the glory that awaits you," said the recruiting officer to the prospective recruit.

"Just think of it. Every day will offer you opportunities for promotion, and in a few years you may be a colonel or a brigadier general."

"There's no such chance for me," said the prospective recruit, sadly shaking his head.

"Why not?" queried the officer.

"Alas, I can neither swim nor subdue a fractious broncho."

So saying the young man slowly walked from the recruiting office.

Surprised.

"I know I am right!" exclaimed the impassioned orator. "I know I am right, but in order to convince you I will leave it to Senator Graball, who is in the audience. Senator Graball!"

A subdued snore was the only answer.

"Senator Graball! What do you say?" exclaimed the orator.

"What-um, er—not guilty—that is, Say, what is it you want to know, anyhow," said the senator, suddenly arousing to a realizing sense of where he was.

Longing.

It's hard upon a fellow
When he's got to toil away,
Though sun is soft and mellow
And the merry breezes play,
And the bullheads are a-biting
Where the waters gently flow—
Confound this job of writing,
I'm a-goin' to quit and go.

Good Opportunity.

"Jones is making a big mistake by not going into politics and becoming a party leader."

"I didn't know Jones had any marked ability for political leadership."

"Well, he hasn't any in particular, but he is so awfully homely that even the worst kind of caricatures would flatter him."

Barely Possible.

"I think I know one reason why union men do not accomplish more," said the laboring man.

"Why is it?"

"We have a habit of quietly sitting

by while political 'scabs' lay non-union political wires."

Explained.

"Wonder what bankrupted Chumley? He was thought to be one of our financially solid men."

"He was until he made the mistake of trying to build one of those \$1,500 cottages he read about in the Female's Home Visitor."

Brain Leaks.

Some men mistake heartlessness for candor.

Gentlemen will not listen to stories that are unfit for women to hear.

You have to kneel down before God will lift you up.

Pleety is much more than a long face and a nasal twang.

Tapering off on a bad habit is too much like eating consomme with a fork.

The man who spends all of his time preparing for death has not lived for much.

Some people put so much trust in God that they have no faith in themselves.

Hope is hard to kill as long as Doubt is kept from the door of the heart.

One swallow does not make a summer, but enough of them will make a man a "goner."

The man who is a day ahead of his work is worth double the man who is going to do two days' work tomorrow.

The pessimist mourns over the blossoms that have fallen to the ground; the optimist looks at the blossoms that remain upon the tree.

Somehow or other when we hear people say they do not like to see their names in print we always think of Annanias and Sapphira.

Cleveland vs. Altgeld.

Mr. Cleveland's lecture on the Debs strike is heartily welcome. It serves no other purpose it will set thousands of college youths to investigating the facts of the controversy between Cleveland and Altgeld relative to the former's uncalled for, unnecessary and arbitrary use of federal troops. The result of this investigation will not redound to the glory of Mr. Cleveland's statesmanship nor tend to establish confidence in his candor or veracity; but it will redound to the great credit of John P. Altgeld, as a democrat, as a believer in orderly law-and-order, as a faithful executive, and as a courageous statement. Others besides college students will also make this investigation. Men afflicted with groverclevelanditis will not do it, of course; their investigation will begin and end with a reading of Mr. Cleveland's lecture. But all admirers of Cleveland are not afflicted with groverclevelanditis, and these will at least look into the matter impartially, including Altgeld's telegrams, and the evidence upon which they were based and which Cleveland ignores with a sneer. When the facts about this episode are sifted to the bottom, Mr. Cleveland's connection with the matter does not appear enviable.

His action regarding that strike was taken at the request of the managing committee of the railroad combine. This is the kernel fact of the whole affair. Nor does this fact lose any of its sinister significance because the request was made through a special counsel of the United States; for the special counsel of the United States for that occasion was also a counsel of the railroad combine, and his relations in that particular were known by the Cleveland administration at the time it selected him for special counsel of the United States.

A plain partnership for plutocratic misrule and official disorder, between the combined railroads centering at Chicago and the Cleveland administration, is revealed by the documentary history of that railroad strike and of Cleveland's participation therein. Persons wishing to compare Mr. Cleveland's side of this story with Governor Altgeld's will be edified and instructed, after reading Cleveland's lecture, to read Altgeld's speech at Cooper Union October 17, 1896, in which all the pertinent documents are quoted.—Chicago Public.

A Service to Judge Parker.

The suggestion is made by certain short-sighted and ill-informed persons that the objection of The World to James T. Woodward as a candidate for presidential elector-at-large is calculated to injure Judge Parker's chances of election.

The fact is that of all the services rendered to Judge Parker by The World in the preliminary campaign, its movement to secure the withdrawal of Mr. Woodward could not possibly be elected. The World cannot support him. Thousands of democratic and independent voters would, with us, refuse to condone and indorse the action of the Morgan-Belmont bond syndicate in "holding up" the government for millions of profit and trying to repeat the operation.

Mr. Cleveland's labored defense of these transactions, which were condemned by public men and public opinion throughout the country, has only served to bring them forcibly to the people's minds, to rekindle their indignation and emphasize Mr. Woodward's prominent connection with them.

Mr. Woodward can no more carry New York on a popular vote than J. Pierpont Morgan or August Belmont could.

This being the fact, in our deliberate judgment—unbiased by any personal feeling against Mr. Woodward, whose private character and standing are exceptionally good—is it not a service both to Judge Parker, as the foreordained presidential candidate, and to the democratic party, which desires to elect him, to relieve both of this needless and heavy handicap: Is the party so strong that it can afford to sacrifice a single electoral vote?

It was The World's interest in Judge Parker, as the best and strongest candidate for president since Mr. Cleveland's withdrawal, which led it to ask the reason of Woodward's nomination, and it is that interest which causes it now to insist upon his withdrawal.—New York World.

Kansas Philosophy.

When a woman pays a compliment to a married man his wife begins to wonder suspiciously what it means.

The cow is ahead of the man: She doesn't have to wait till some one is ready to wash and cook the greens before she eats them.

If a woman truly loves her husband when she is asked how he is, she will say: "Well, he does not complain, but I do not think he is very well."

You hear a great deal of the yellow and the black peril. There is also the red peril, the girls having renewed the custom of painting their cheeks.

This is the season when, if any one mentions greens, some woman present makes a record by claiming that she always washes hers nine times.—Atchison (Kas.) Globe.

Even the Enemies.

"I suppose," said the newspaper clerk, who was fixing up the death notice: "Relatives and friends are respectfully invited, etc.?"

"Lemme see," replied the widower. "Mobbe you'd better say: 'Relatives and friends, also the neighbors.'—Philadelphia Press.