



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Naturally.

"Does Grafton take an interest in politics?"

"Interest? Having mighty little principle he actually takes usury in politics."

Cautious.

"Rockefeller is taking a great deal of pride in showing the first account book he ever kept."

"Yes; and he's taking a great deal of pains to keep from showing his account books now."

Scratchez.

There was a young farmer near Natchez
Who counts every egg as it hatchez,
And then puts the chicks
In batchez of six
And sees that each hustles and scratchez.

Satisfied.

"He may be all right and the man to nominate, but do you know where he stands?"

"What difference does it make where he stands now? I know he's easily shoved, and that he won't move until he is."

Paradoxical.

"I never handled a typewriting machine in my life," said the printer as he began picking up from the floor the handful of type he had dropped, "but I'm engaged in type righting just at present."

The other things he said do not properly belong to this little bit of history.

Wily Man.

"What did your wife say when you got home yesterday morning about late breakfast time after being out all night?"

"She didn't scold a bit."

"Say, tell me how you work it?"

"The minute I stepped in the door and saw her I said, 'My dear, how lovely the room looks since you have done up the lace curtains.'"

Hopeless.

"This is a peculiar case," said the attendant, "and a hopeless one. There is no cure for his malady."

"What is the matter with him?" queried the asylum visitor, peering curiously at the inmate.

"He is a bachelor, has some property, and aside from his mania is very quiet. But he tried to find a wife as handsome as the women pictured on the calendars, and his reason tottered."

The Seasons.

The poet now does sweat and strive
Beneath the boiling sun;
He's grinding out with might and main
His verses one by one.
'Tis not of summer skies he writes
To fill his scanty purse—
Ah, no; 'tis June and he must write
A grist of Christmas verse.

When winter's snows lie deep and white
The widespread landscape o'er,
He'll hug the stove and strive to write,
And pace the chilly floor.

But not of winter will he write
And walk the floor betimes.

Ah, no; while earth with snow is white
He'll grind out summer rhymes.

A Little Fable.

The Brown Man listened patiently while the White Man was dilating upon the glories of Benevolent Assimilation.

"But," he finally said, "have you succeeded in eradicating all graft and corruption from your municipalities? Are your public officials all honest?"

"No, we still have corruption in our cities, and many of our public officials are inclined to graft."

"Then why do you not remain at home and reform your own country before trying to reform us?"

"My dear benighted brother," said the White Man, "instead of entering public life in my own country, I have come over here where the competition is less keen."

Moral: The grafters are becoming so numerous that new fields must be sought.

A Surprise.

When Mr. Pepperly opened the cottage door his wife met him with a smile on her face and a letter in her hand.

"O, George dear; such good news."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I just received a letter from mama, and she says she will be here day after tomorrow to spend a couple of months with us."

Right here is where we should say that Mr. Pepperly said things improper to print. But respect for the truth prevents. What Mr. Pepperly said was this:

"Good for her. I'll be tickled half to death to see the dear old soul."

And the best part of it is that Mr. Pepperly meant it. His mother-in-law was fully up to the average, and most of us have better ones than we are entitled to.

Balked.

"You say you have been following the theatrical business for several years?"

"Yes."

"Why did you quit it?"

"Well, it was just this way. I've been the ice when Eliza was making her escape. I've shoved clouds when little Eva went up. I've even doubled Legree and Uncle Tom, and once I tried with some success to double in Miss Ophelia and Marks down in southern Illinois. But I was asked to do one stunt that I balked at."

"What was that?"

"Down in Slabville the town marshal nabbed our dog for non-payment of the dog license and we didn't have money enough to get the brute out. And when the manager asked me to double St. Clair and the bloodhound I got mad and quit."

Of Course Not.

The convention should have been called to order at 2 p. m., but was not called until 3 p. m., owing to the fact that Senator Graball, chairman pro tem, had not concluded his conference with the general manager of the X., Y. & Z. railroad. Finally the senator appeared, called the convention to order, and business began.

After the delegates to the national convention had been appointed by the chair, as per resolution—the senator having been made permanent chairman—a rural delegate arose to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman!" he exclaimed.

"The gentleman from er-ah, from umumumum."

"Mr. Chairman, I move you that the

delegation be instructed to vote as a unit for regulation of freight rates as a plank of the platform, and that it be further instructed—"

"The gentleman is out of order," said the chairman. "The delegation has been appointed to represent the dominant interests of this convention, and does not need instructions."

"But, Mr. Chairman, I—"

"The gentleman is out of order. Under the circumstances instructions are not necessary."

There being no further business before the convention a motion to adjourn was made and carried.

Brain Leaks.

Better try and fail than to fail to try.

Men do not rise by always looking down.

The worst bore on earth is the man with a grievance.

Less theology and more Christianity might help some.

We lift ourselves up by reaching down to help others.

You don't have to pray loud to reach the Father's ear.

A flower in the sick room is better than a bouquet on the grave.

A vote in the box counts for more than the protest after election.

Whisky numbers its worst victims among those who never use it.

Calico-clad virtue gets more real pleasure out of life than silk-clad vice.

There is a wide difference between giving for love and giving for praise.

Giving advice to a young man who is in love is like giving bird seed to a cat.

When honest men divide at the polls the exploiters consolidate at the spoils.

Getting along in the world does not always mean getting up in the world.

The real queens of society are those who hold loving sway over their own homes.

Speaking of men, you cannot judge the contents of a book by looking at the binding.

The man without enemies will get no higher in the world than a kite flown with the wind.

This would be a dismal world if all men were successful financiers and none were dreamers.

Doing the easy thing first always results in making doubly hard the last task undertaken.

Every year enough money is spent for flowers for the dead to save hundreds from starving to death.

We never expect large results from a church that depends more on music than religion to attract its congregations.

Ever notice that the greatest bargains are always offered the day after you have spent the last of your week's salary?

The attention of the trustees of the hero fund is called to the man who is brave enough to admit that he is afraid to do wrong.

The man who is always "going to do it tomorrow" is the man who is forever paying tribute to the man who did it yesterday.

One of our neighbors is always making fun of the women because they love to wear multi-colored apparel, but on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month he dons a robe that would have made Solomon look like six lead nickels, puts a tin-

sel crown on his head, and feels all swelled up when he seizes the gavel and calls to order the B. B. C. Q. V. of S. T. E. and W., or something like that.

After a man has ruined his sense of taste by over-indulgence in nicotine and alcohol he is very apt to be loud in his declarations that present-day cooks could not equal those of his boyhood days.

"Truthful James"

Rowena—"Where did you say you caught these lovely fish?"

Rupert—"O, I didn't have a bite; a fellow sitting next to me caught these as fast as he could pull them in, and I gave him 50 cents for them."

Rowena—"Rupert, do you feel well? You are getting so good you scare me."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Amplifying The Argument.

"What is your objection to Uncle Sam accepting as a gift a statue of Frederick the Great?"

"Because, sir, this is a republic, and Frederick was a despotic monarch. Besides, he was a man of blood. You remember what Solomon said in one of his—"

"Solomon? Do you dare to quote Solomon? This is a moral and law abiding country, and Solomon was the greatest polygamist that ever lived!"—Chicago Tribune.

Greenhorns As Inventors.

In 1827 a carpenter of Sandwich, Mass., wanting a piece of glass of a particular size and shape, conceived the idea that the molten metal could be pressed into any form, much the same as lead might be, writes William R. Stewart in the Cosmopolitan. Up to that time all glassware had been blown, either off-hand or in a mould, and considerable skill was required and the process was slow. The glass manufacturers laughed at the carpenter, but he went ahead and built a press, and now the United States is the greatest pressed-glassware country in the world.

In 1890 a novice in the plate-glass industry, Henry Fleckner, of Pittsburg, whose only knowledge of glass had been acquired in a window-glass factory, invented an annealing "lehr," the most important single improvement ever introduced in plate-glass manufacture. In three hours by the lehr the same work is done which under the old kiln system required three days. In four years the importations of foreign crown and plate glass into the United States fell in value from \$2,000,000 to \$200,000.

About the same year Philip Argobast, of Pittsburg, also a novice in glass-making, invented a process by which bottles and jars may be made entirely by machinery, the costly blow-over process being avoided and the expense of bottle-making reduced one-half. The result has been that more bottles and jars are used in a month now than in twelve months ten years ago.

A COLORADO WONDER.

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