



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

"Just-Going-to-Do."

The restful land "Just-Going-to-Do"
Is a shady, flower-strewn isle,
Where the zephyrs blow in the sunset
glow

O'er the river of Afterwhile.
And the fruit that grows on its spreading
trees
Hath never their like for size;
While their lucious gleam o'er the
rippling stream
Casts a glamor o'er mortal eyes.

Flowers that bloom in "Just-Going-to-
Do"

Have a beauty beyond compare;
While the rich perfume of their radi-
ant bloom
Floats forth on the summer air.
And the cool retreats of its daisied
dells

Call out to the souls of men;
While the restful nooks by the bab-
bling brooks
Are luring again, again.

But the fruit that grows on its spread-
ing trees

Where the dew in the morning drips,
Like apples of old, though they seem
like gold,
Are ashes upon the lips.

For the promise made to the eyes of
men
Have never a time come true
In that beautiful isle of the After-
while—
The land "Just-Going-to-Do."

And flowers that grow on this beau-
tiful isle

Where the sunset shadows creep,
Yield forth a breath that is like to
death,

For they lull mankind to sleep.
They hold the eye in a steady gaze
With many a varied hue;
But their rich perfume soon clouds in
gloom

The land "Just-Going-to-Do."
Though the bones of men line the
sandy beach,

And the wrecks of hopes pile high;
Though the wierd tones of the dying
moans

Are heard as the winds go by,
Men still sail forth on that misty
stream

With dreams as their only crew;
And are run aground on the reefs that
bound

The land "Just-Going-to-Do."

A Little Fable.

The Little Brown Men gathered
about the Forerunner of Progress and
looked curiously at his exhibits.

Among other things the Forerunner
exhibited Rum, Bibles, Lies, Graft,
Boodle, Infidelity, Adultery, Vice, Di-
vorce, Alimony, Perjury, Usury, Ex-
tortion, Sweat Shops, and More Bibles.

"I have come here," said the Fore-
runner, "to assist in making you
great. You have no conception of the
great things in store for you through
my ministrations."

"But before you came we knew noth-
ing of the evils that have come in your
train," said the Little Brown Men.

"True," said the Forerunner, "and
yet these are among the things that
will make you great."

"How can that be?" queried the Lit-
tle Brown Men. "Why will familiar-
izing us with the horrible things make
us great?"

"My dear friends," replied the Fore-
runner, "do you not know that it is
only by meeting and overcoming evil
that you grow strong and great?"

"But—"

"There, that will do, my friends,"

said the Forerunner. "Now, by doing
as I say, and not as I do, you will meet
these temptations and grow strong in
opposing them. That is the way to
become great."

"But have you grown strong enough
to overcome them in your own coun-
try?" persisted the Little Brown Men.
Whereupon the Forerunner waxed
wroth and turned loose his rapid-fire
rifles.

Moral: If you can find it, keep it.

Safer.

"Do you approve of the use of money
in politics?" queried the young man
contemplating public life.

"Well, my young friend," said Sen-
ator Graball, "my experience has been
that cash is much more difficult to
trace than a bank check. You don't
have to indorse Uncle Sam's notes."

Senator Knox.

Frick and Cassatt
Know where they're at
And don't you forget it a minute.
A tool they did need
In their wonderful greed,
And Philander Knox now is in it.

In the seat left by Quay
Cassatt and Frick say
They've a man who to their pleasure
will pander.

And you'll see that is so
When this fact you do know:
The seat is held down by Philander.

As a trust buster Phil
Has amounted to nil—
Which is Latin for "not worth a
penny."

In the senate you'll see
That Philander C.
Will be just as worthless as any.

As some distant day
The whole people may
Wake up and a new courage muster.
When they do you can bet
They will speedily get
A genuine, busy trust buster.

But with men like Cassatt
And Frick at the bat
They'll get it where Grace wore her
corals.

For trusts and their crews
Will put on the screws
And laugh at both justice and morals.

The Bell.

"There is one free thing at the
World's fair, anyhow," mused the
philosopher of the Joplin Globe. "And
that's the Liberty Bell."

"Uh-huh," replied the man who has
been there and knows, "and that's so
badly cracked we can't use it."

Wise Silence.

"What's the matter with Nurich?
He used to be forever talking about
his family tree."

"Nurich looked up his tree recently
and discovered that it was in sore
need of judicious pruning."

Brain Leaks.

A little love will leaven a long life.
The true prayer is an humble peti-
tion.

A heart full of hate is a poor field
for hope.

A thing is not necessarily honest
because it is legal.

If we had the nerve of some book
agents we have met, we'd be riding in
our own private yacht.

Russell Sage says he never took a
vacation. We would rather have all

the good times he has missed than
have all of his money and his cares.

If Truth traveled as fast as a Lie,
a lot of gossips would be put out of
business.

You are excusable if a man deceives
you once. You get what you deserve
if he deceives you twice.

It does not take long after you have
met the average old bachelor to dis-
cover the reason why he is.

Speaking of passing away the time,
do you know of anything more suc-
cessful than a promissory note?

Making a child happy requires a
very small investment, but its divi-
dends beat the Standard Oil company's
stock.

Somehow we have a great admira-
tion for the woman who likes onions
and would rather eat them than go to
a social function.

Honestly now, did you ever hear a
prima donna sing a song that sounded
as well as the first song your little
one learned at school?

When a girl is 16 she wants to ap-
pear older. When she is older she
wants to appear 16. But what of it?
The opposite sex is guilty of the same
thing.

Are you not acquainted with a lot
of people who are continually putting
medicine into their stomachs in the
hope of curing a diseased imagina-
tion?

Some men say they do not join a
church because churches have too
many hypocrites, forgetful of the fact
that there are more hypocrites outside
of a church than inside.

Breaks From Parker.

"There is little prospect, therefore,
of the united support of New York
democrats, that is essential to Judge
Parker's success in carrying New
York state."

The foregoing is from the Mobile
Register, that has been advocating
under a mistaken idea that Judge
Parker could reunite the party, an
instructed delegation for Judge Par-
ker from Alabama to the national
democratic convention.

This is a most candid admission.
The Register admits what the Jour-
nal has seen all along and especially
since Tammany sat silent during the
state convention at Albany when the
resolutions were read indorsing Par-
ker and instructing that state for
Parker in the national convention.
Friends of Parker from up the state
cheered and yelled themselves hoarse,
but Tammany refused to enthuse, but
sat through it all sullen and silent.

This silence was awe-inspiring. It
was significant. It chilled the con-
vention; it has impressed the whole
country—every one who has not been
so blinded by their opposition to Mr.
Hearst as to want to take anything
rather than Mr. Hearst.

Here is what has changed so sud-
denly the mind of the Register and it
is worthy of reproduction in full in
the state press at this time when a
movement is on foot to get the state
convention to instruct for Judge Par-
ker:

"The Tammany Times, Walter Scott
editor, and bearing the seal of the
Columbian Order of Tammany on its
editorial page, revives the history of
the wrecked Ulster County bank, of
which Judge Alton B. Parker was a
trustee. The Times says that a lead-
ing republican newspaper has ar-
ranged to print all about the wreck-
ing of this bank should Judge Parker
be nominated for president. The
Times says: 'We believe that the
facts regarding this crash ought to
be made public now, and not by re-
publicans after the adjournment of
the St. Louis convention.' Then fol-
lows the story, made up largely of
quotations from newspaper reports of
the winter of 1891-92, in which Judge

Parker is greatly blamed for neglect
in not stopping the plundering of the
bank and of misrepresentation in
signing a statement that the bank was
solvent when he should have known
that it was a total ruin. The signif-
icance of this attack upon Judge Par-
ker is plain. Tammany is determined
to prevent the nomination of Judge
Parker and is resorting to heroic
measures to accomplish that end.
There is little prospect, therefore, of
the united support of New York dem-
ocrats, that is essential to Judge Par-
ker's success in carrying New York
state."

The Register will not, in the face
of these recent disclosures by the
Tammany Times, and its own admis-
sion, "that there is little prospect,
therefore, of the New York dem-
ocrats, that is essential to Judge Par-
ker's success in carrying New York,"
insist that the Alabama democratic
state convention should instruct for
Judge Parker. This is a frank and
manly admission, an admission cred-
itable to its patriotism and shows it
has been alone influenced by an un-
selfish desire for party harmony.—
Montgomery Journal.

6000 Miles From A Jury.

"No freeman," promised King John
under the persuasion of the barons at
Runnymede, "shall be taken, or im-
prisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or
exiled, or in any way harmed—nor will
we go upon or send upon him—save
by the lawful judgment of his peers or
by the law of the land."

For nearly seven hundred years that
has been the law of English-speaking
men. But the supreme court of the
United States, by its favorite vote of
five to four, has decided that not only
the constitution, but Magna Charta
stops this side of the Philippines.
American citizens living in that favored
land are not to enjoy the right
of trial by jury because congress was
under no obligation to extend that
right to a people unfit to exercise it.

Of course the law is what the ma-
jority of the supreme court declares it
to be. But there is no disrespect to
that lofty tribunal in saying that if
our flag is floating over seven million
people who are unfit to be trusted with
trial by jury it is wandering altogether
too far from home.—New York World.

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 CONFESSSION.

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.

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