



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

THE SONG OF THE REAPER.

There is music in the water when its
laughing, mellow tones
Sound from out the shining stretches
marked by many mossy stones;
And its rippling, soft cadences bid us
seek the cooling shade
While the sunlit waves are dancing
through the flower-covered glade;
When the mockbird, sweetly singing
through the heated summer days,
Joins its music with the water's in an
endless song of praise;
But, though sweet their merry chorus,
there's another glad refrain—
'Tis the clicking of the reaper in the
fields of yellow grain.

'Tis the music of the millions, and the
chorus sweet and clear
Fills the hearts of men and women,
gives them happiness and cheer;
For, as golden heads are bending low
before the sickle keen,
Famine flying fast from Plenty by the
tollers' eyes is seen.
Faster flies the flashing sickle, higher
piles the golden wheat,
And with happy hearts the people join
the reaper's chorus sweet.
Old earth's grandest burst of music,
ringing over hill and plain,
Is the clicking of the reaper in the
fields of yellow grain.

Oft we've heard the crashing music
Sousa gives us with a swing;
Oft we've heard the well trained voices
when the greatest singers sing;
Oft we've heard the bugle calling,
sounding "Taps" or "Reveille,"
Or the soldier chorus singing of the
flag and liberty.
But no war song ever written, breath-
ing notes of armed might,
No grand chorus led by Sousa, gave
our hearts the same delight
As the old song ringing gladly where
sweet Peace and Plenty reign
And we hear the clicking reaper in
the fields of yellow grain.

Hungry children hush their sobbing
when they hear its music grand.
Labor joins the mighty chorus that is
ringing through the land.
Ringing anvil, humming spindle, join
the melody divine
That no author's pen can ever hope
to equal or define.
And the whole world rings with glad-
ness, grim want's terrors fade
away,
Mothers smile and watch with glad-
ness while the children roll and
play,
When the harvest time is ready and
we hear the glad refrain
Of the loudly clicking reaper in the
fields of yellow grain.

Little Things.

The inventors of the little things
are the men who make the big money.
For instance, there is the man who
invented the idea of cutting matches
cross ways of the grain of the wood.
When you strike that kind of a match
it's ten to one it snaps off. Just think
of the increased number of matches
consumed because of this.

Interrupted.

"Yes, my fellow citizens, this glori-
ous document, this palladium of our
liberties, this glorious Declaration of
Independence," shouted the g. o. p.
spell-binder, "is our eternal guarantee
of justice between man and man. It
is the death knell of tyranny, the birth
song of human freedom and equality

and of government of the people, by
the people and for—"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted a brown
hued man on the front seat. "Hip,
hip, hurrah! Hurrah, for the Dec—"

At this juncture a policeman, an-
swering a sign from the chairman of
the occasion, seized the brown man
and dragged him from the audience.
Truly it takes our Filipino subjects
a long time to catch on to the subtle-
ties of our language.

Remindful.

"I can't help thinking of that fa-
bled beast called the Argus," re-
marked Cynucus, looking up from the
newspaper in which was printed one
of Adjutant General Sherman Bell's
pronouncements.

"Yes?" said Slowboy.
"Yes, reminds me of the Argus. Got
a thousand 'I's, you know."

Then And Now.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Senator Grab-
all, "my party was organized 'under
the oaks', but we have progressed
since then."

"Yes?" we remarked, with a note of
interrogation in our voice.

"Progressed wonderfully," continued
the senator. "Then it was 'under the
oaks'. Now it is all under cover."

Dream Fortues.

"I was jes' a-thinkin'," observed
Uncle Josiah, "that if I had as much
money as Philander Knox never busted
trusts I'd be able to achieve one of
my ambitions."

"What's that?" asked his nephew.
"I'd be able to buy all th' land join-
in' mine on all sides."

Fatal.

"What was the matter with Feath-
erly?"
"Poor fellow, he dabbled in Wall
street stocks until he died of water on
the brain."

Dan Emmett.

Good-bye, Dan! We'll not fergit you
Long as cotton blossoms blow,
Or th' cymlene seeds air sproutin'
An' th' sweet magnolias grow.
Sandy bottoms still are ringin'
With ol' "Dixie's" swingin' notes,
An' "We'll live an' die in Dixie"
Swell from out ten million throats.

Good-bye, Dan! The boys are marchin'
To th' swing of that ol' song.
Eyes grow dim an' steps are haltin',
But with hearts still beatin' strong.
"Look away!" Yes, look; for over
yonder

Glory points the better way—
"Dixie Land" and "Yankee Doodle"
Bind again th' Blue an' Gray.

Good-bye Dan! We know your welcome
Brought you back th' days of yore.
Certain sure that when you landed
On ol' Canaan's golden shore
You walked through the golden por-
tals,

An' we ain't afeerd t' bet
That they met you playin' "Dixie",
An' th' boys are cheerin' yet.

Annoying.

"You can take this letter direct up-
on the machine," said the employer to
the nervous young stenographer who
began work that morning.

Slowly and distinctly the employer
dictated, and the nervous young lady
hammered away upon her machine. It

was a long letter, and when the em-
ployer was done he remarked:

"Now just read that over to me and
we'll see if I've omitted anything."

Silence reigned.

"Go ahead and read. What's the
matter?"

"Please, sir," sobbed the nervous
young lady. "Would you mind telling
that again. I forgot to put the paper
in my machine."

He Did.

"Did Scrougerly ever take any great
interest in politics?"

"Well I should say he did. When I
was a candidate for the legislature he
loaned me a hundred to pay my cam-
paign assessment and charged me 10
per cent a month."

Imposter.

It was evening upon the Stygian
shore, and the shades of the departed
were wandering about.

"Good evening," said Shade No. 1
to Shade No. 2. "I believe we have
never met before."

"I think not," said Shade No. 2. "I
just arrived."

"What name, please?" queried Shade
No. 1.

"Reciprocity," was the reply. "And
your own?"

"The Iowa Idea," was the answer.

Just then Shade No. 3 interrupted
and said:

"Permit me to introduce myself. I
am the shade of the trusts busted
by Philander Knox."

Immediately Shade No. 3 was set
upon and soundly beaten, then dragged
before Pluto.

"What's this?" queried Pluto.
"Fighting in my domain? I can't have
this."

Immediately Shade No. 1 and Shade
No. 2 explained the situation, and
then Pluto's rage was something aw-
ful to contemplate.

"Get out of here, you rank im-
poster!" he shouted. "Get out at once.
You may be a Shade, all right enough,
but when you claim to be the Shade
of a Knox-busted trust you make in-
sinnuations against my common sense.
There is no such thing."

And thereupon Shade No. 3 was
hurried back to the realms of life to
acquire a proper ancestry.

Brain Leaks.

The broader the smile the shorter
the task.

Everything is for the best, even the
worst of it.

A smile will go a mile while a frown
is going a furlong.

The "sanest Fourth" was where it
rained the hardest.

Ever notice how long the day is
when you start it off grumbling?

We'd like to go fishing just once
when only the little fish got away.

It is a waste of time to pray for
what you want unless you really
need it.

The man who never makes mis-
takes is the man who never undertakes
anything.

When a man begins to wonder if he
looks as old as he really is, it is a
sign that he does.

The writers of the best old songs are
dead. The writers of some of the new
ones ought to be.

The man who never ate watermelon
save with a fork has an awfully good
time coming to him.

The men who talk loudest about the
necessity of war are generally the men
who stay at home and finance it.

We will probably never have enough
money to enable us to set aside a hero
fund, and even if we do have enough

we wouldn't do it. We'll set aside a
fund to reward the girls who can bake
better bread than their mothers.

If there were no weeds to interfere
with the garden perhaps we wouldn't
enjoy eating the vegetables so much.

We are inclined to believe that the
hardest work we could do would be
what some men think is having a good
time.

The greatest bore in town is the
man who insists on telling you his
troubles when you want to tell him
your own.

Nearly every man would like to have
a job that would permit him to get
up whenever he pleased in the morn-
ing to begin it.

We have often wondered why some
corporations did not try obeying the
law just to see if it wasn't cheaper
than hiring costly lawyers to fight it.

What has become of the sweet old
grandmother who could remember
when tomatoes were called "love ap-
ples" and everybody thought they
were poison?

There are three epochs in a man's
life—the day he catches his first fish,
the day he hears the wail of his first
born, and the day he realizes the
significance of today.

A man never knows how much work
a woman has to do until his wife goes
away for a couple of weeks and he
undertakes to straighten up the house
the day before she returns.

Quite Remarkable

In a report to the secretary of the
navy, the chief constructor says that
"with the sole exception of the New
York navy yard there is not a single
navy yard, either on the Atlantic or
the Pacific coast, which is at the pres-
ent time equipped with a building slip
and overhead crane facilities neces-
sary for the building of a collier of the
size specified in the naval appro-
priation act, inasmuch as this vessel
will require a building slip as long
and as fully equipped as that neces-
sary for the Connecticut."

If the United States government
were not administered in the interests
of "captains of industry" it might
seem remarkable that the navy yards
are so poorly equipped that but one of
them is fitted to build a collier, but in
view of the obligations to encourage
the captains of the shipbuilding and
steel industries, it is not strange that
the "statesmen" at Washington have
withheld appropriations to equip the
government yards. The remarkable
feature in the equipment of the navy
yards is that there even should be one
yard with equipment that will permit
the government to build ships on its
own account, thus depriving the "cap-
tains" of a part of their rake-off, to
which they are entitled by virtue of
their leadership and their zeal in the
promotion of "prosperity."—Milwau-
kee News.

What Is Radium

The word radium is daily becoming
more familiar, but in certain parts of
the country there is still some diver-
sity of opinion as to what the sub-
stance is. We hear of one man who
thought it was a breakfast food.

"That is," he remarked, recently, to
a friend, "I thought so till Bob Bim-
ler said it was some new sort of stove
polish."

"Did Bob say that?" the friend said.
I thought Bob usually knew what he
was talking about."

"Well, what is it, then?"
"Why, Bill Staples told me that it
was a kind of knit goods for pyjamas
that is specially light and warm."—
San Francisco Star.