



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Down in Kansas

They are mad and bound to fight,
Down in Kansas.
They've rolled up their sleeves, all
right,
Down in Kansas.
They are pawing up the soil,
And their blood is on the boll,
They are after Standard Oil,
Down in Kansas.

They are tired of Standard greed,
Down in Kansas.
They refuse to longer bleed,
Down in Kansas.
If there's gore that must be shed
Rockefeller will be bled,
And they'll sure come out ahead,
Down in Kansas.

They are making business hum
Down in Kansas.
They'll put Standard on the bum,
Down in Kansas.
For when she gets fighting hot
She is "Johnny-on-the-Spot,"
And they'll bump the trust a lot,
Down in Kansas.

They are mad and wading in,
Down in Kansas.
They are bound to fight and win,
Down in Kansas.
And the "system" might as well
Tuck its tail and run like fury,
For they've tolled its funeral knell,
Down in Kansas.

And we all admire the pluck
Shown by Kansas.
Here's a wish for her good luck,
Nervy Kansas.
When she lands on Standard's neck,
Makes the greedy "system" wreck,
Then the right will be on deck,
Down in Kansas.

His Reason

Mrs. Nuwed: "Why do you not take
a bath?"
Hitte DeRhodes: I am prejudiced er-
gin water, mum.
Mrs. Nuwed: Why so?
Hitte DeRhodes: "I invested de for-
tune me uncle left me in Wall street
stocks, mum; an' I ain't got done shud-
derin' at de leakage yit."

Abbreviated

Said the maid to the bashful young Mr.
"I am sorry, but I'll be your Sr."
But the young man was wise
And he saw by her eyes
That her "no" meant a "yes," so he Kr.

Senator Graball

"Do you take no interest in the peo-
ple?"
Senator Graball looked at his con-
stituent with a wise smile and replied:
"Well, I'm realizing considerable on
my investment among the voters of my
state."

Financial

"But is there any money in this gold
mine your are exploiting?"
"Any money in it? Well I should
say so! I put it there myself. That's
why I am trying to sell this stock."

Mythological

Midas was growing hungry and
thirsty, for did he touch food, it turned
to gold; did he touch water, it, too,
turned to gold.
"This is becoming monotonous,"
murmured Midas. "What will posterity

say about my foolish desire for great
riches?"

After accumulating a few more tons
of gold in a vain effort to satisfy his
physical appetite, Midas thought a
great thought.

"But, after all," he muttered, "they
will hardly call me a 'frenzied finan-
cier.'"

Even in his hour of gloom Midas
managed to pick out a slight beam of
light.

Dr. Osler's Mistake

We are told by Dr. Osler that a man
is 'on the bum'

When he's past the age of forty—that
his useless days have come;
That he's only fit for slaughter and a
nuisance to abate

When his two-score years have ended
and his day is growing late.

But I'll say to Dr. Osler that he's off
about a mile,
And his little fulmination only causes
me to smile.

For I've passed the age of forty and
I'm feeling fit and fine,
Conscience clear, digestion easy and a
good wife's hand in mine.

When a fellow reaches forty, if he's
acted on the square,

He should find earth's choicest bless-
ings ready, waiting for him there.
He has learned life's richest lessons
and is then prepared to do

Something for the world he lives in
as he journeys gladly through.
"Worthless at the age of forty?" Os-
ler's talking through his hat!

Forty, just the age for doing; let the
doc remember that.

I have passed the age of forty and I'm
feeling fit and fine,
Health and strength and joys of home-
life, and a baby's hand in mine.

Topsy Turvy

T. Rout—Poor Bass; he is going the
pace altogether too fast.

C. Roppie—What's the matter with
him?

T. Rout—O, since he lost his money
in that angleworm mine he has been
drinking like a man.

Coming

A little warning I give you—
Now ponder deep upon it—
The time is near when you are due
To buy an Easter bonnet.
A ribbon and a bit of lace,
Some feathers and some wire;
A little jet the whole to grace—
And prices mounting higher.

Spring

I saw a robin yesterday.
Has spring been sprung?
I saw the boys at marbles play.
Has spring been sprung?
I saw an Easter hat displayed;
I saw a tramp hunt for the shade;
I saw some flower beds newly made.
Has Spring been sprung?

I saw a kite go sailing high.
Has spring been sprung?
I saw smoke in the alley nigh.
Has spring been sprung?
I saw some buds upon the trees;
I felt a balm upon the breeze;
Kerchew! Kerchew! O, hear me sneeze!
Yes, spring's been sprung.

Sartorial

F. Ortune Hunter—Miss DeScadds—
Imogene, dear—behold me at your feet.

I have come to press my suit for —"
Miss DeScadds—Mr. Hunter, you
have made a mistake. The tailor shop
is five blocks down the street. Good
evening, sir!"

Brain Leaks

The bird on the hat sings no songs
to spring.

The best way to have a good time is
to do good.

The Prince of Peace did not carry
a "big stick."

The workman who watches the clock
can not watch his work.

The day is always short to the man
who is engrossed in his work.

Truth is stranger than fiction be-
cause we do not meet it so often.

The man who gets the most out of
life is the man who puts the most into
it.

Some men hide their candles under
bushels because they are not big
torches.

The best compliment you can pay to
a woman is to eat at her table like you
were half-starved.

The man who mourns today about
the losses of yesterday is accumulat-
ing nothing for tomorrow.

When a fellow keeps the peace by
frightening his comrades into submis-
sion we usually call him a "bully."

As long as the world expects every
young man to sow wild oats there will
be a continual harvest of whirlwinds.

The successful man goes about his
business with the same energy that a
terrier displays when you yell "rats!"
in its ear.

The man who does no more than he
is paid to do is usually the man who
is complaining about not getting what
he is worth.

Big men are not always the bravest.
We know a six-foot man who walks
the chalk when his five foot wife
speaks the word.

John Barleycorn has given many a
man an exhibition of the jiu-jitsu
method of getting on top—with the
man as the under dog.

We may be a bit old-fashioned, but
we never did enjoy the music made by
a girl whose mother was washing
dishes in the kitchen.

The wise man avoids temptation,
fearful lest he be weak enough to
succumb. The foolish man hunts it
with the intention of showing his
strength.

The Forgery

Dere teacher, pleze excuse my sun
Fer absents yisterday;
I hadd to have him home because
My servint went away.
He washes dishes, sweeps an' dusts
As expert as cud be;
We're all soe proud of him at home,
He's such a help to me.

"Say, mother," he sez yisterday,
"We kids all luv Miss Drew;
She's jist ez nice ez she kin be,
An' mighty pretty, too."
An' when I maid him stay at home,
His fase growed awful sadd.
"I can't see teacher, then," he sez;
"Alass! ain't thatt too badd?"

My sun rites all my notes fer me—
He's ritin' this to you;
I hirt my hand a weko ago,
Or maybe it was two.
But Willie's such a darlin' boy,
He's helppe me all he cud;
Excuse his absents, if you pleze.
Yures truly, Mrs. Wood.
—Bide Dudley in Kansas City Star.

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