



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Left Alone

It was an actor man who spake
While tears rolled down his cheeks
And wet the roots of stubby beard
Unshaved for several weeks.
"Alas," he cried, "I'm left alone;
He's gone before," he said.
"But two men e'er could play 'old Rip,'
And one of them is dead."

He struck me for a dollar bill
With which to drown his woes.
"How often have I spent my wage—
That was my way, and Joe's.
'What's mine is yours, and yours is
mine,'
He often to me said.
Alas, but two could play 'old Rip,'
And th' other one is dead."

The old school actor man turned round
To hide his swelling grief.
"The way we used to chum," he said
"Is almost past belief.
If Joe grew tired he wired me
And I played in his stead—
Yes, only two could play 'old Rip,'
And th' other one is dead."

I begged the old school actor man
To come and with me and dine.
Said he: "My grief is such a load
I really should decline—
But yet I'll go; perhaps the change
Will do me good," he said.
"I may forget there were two 'Rips,'
And th' other one is dead."

"When next you play the good old
part,"
Said I, "I'll surely go."
The old school actorman looked sad
And shook his head for no.
"I'll ne'er again play that old part,
'Twould break my heart," he said,
To think that of the two great 'Rips'
The other one is dead."

Limerick

There was a young man in Ky.
Who felt himself awfully lucky.
A maiden with money
Oft called him her honey,
And also her darling and dy.

Discerning

"But is that the way to serve the
people who elected you?"
"I have acted in accordance with
the wishes of the men who elected
me," said the statesman. "I have
nothing to do with the people who
merely cast their votes for me."

Unkind

The chief priests and elders, after
shuddering awhile at the sight of the
money Judas returned to them, waxed
wroth.
"This is a mean advantage to take,"
declared one.
"It is worse than that," said another.
"He might have offered it to us
through an agent, and specified that
it should be used by us as we saw fit."
"Quite true," said another. "Had he
done so we would not be supposed to
know where he got it."
The more they thought about it the
madder they became.
Then it was that they went out and
bought the potter's field and called it
the Field of Blood.

Necessity

When the highwayman shoved his
pistol under my nose and ordered me
to fork over, very naturally I objected.
"Aw, shut up and dig up!" he
growled.
"But—"
"Cut it out, cully; I ain't no time to
waste. I'm a philanthropist, I am, and
de board is a waiting for me donation.

See? I got t' git the money, so dig."
What excuse had I then for delay?
There was the man and the pistol,
and somewhere there was a benevo-
lent board waiting for money and not
caring where it came from.
Besides, why should I, in addition to
losing my money, put myself in a posi-
tion to be denounced as "small-
minded," "censorious," "socialistic,"
and all that sort of thing.
I dug.

Wrong

Bill the Bug—"Dat wuz a swindle.
De horse was doped an' I wuz done
out uv a cool hundred. Dat ain't no
honest way t' run a race, an' de feller
dat does it ought'er be in jail."
Pete the Pipe—"How did yer make
de century, Bill?"
Bill the Bug—"I swiped it from a
sucker w'ot t'ought he knew all about
where de little ball wuz goin' ter light.
An' now it's done been stole from me.
It ain't right, Pete; dat's what it ain't."

The Difference

"Still poring over those fashion
magazines, eh?" queried Mr. Bildad is
a superior tone of voice.
"Yes, my dear," meekly responded
Mrs. Bildad.
"Funny how you women take such
delight in looking over those fashions.
What is there about all that fancy
dress fixing that interests you so?"
"They are very pretty, my dear,"
said Mrs. Bildad.
"Huh!" snorted Mr. Bildad, reaching
for his pipe and a chair. "Pretty
nothing. Where's that catalogue I
brought home this evening?"
"What's that, my dear?"
"That catalogue—big red-backed cat-
alogue."
"O, you mean that one from that
lodge supply house and containing pic-
tures of all those fancy robes, and gilt
crowns, and lace vestments, and red
boots and silver swords and such like,
eh?"
"Yes, that's what I —"
"Here it is, Mr. Bildad. But I never
could see how men could take delight
in trapping themselves out in that
sort of mummery and calling it by
some high-sounding name that—"
"Mrs. Bildad, can't I have a minute's
peace in my own house," shouted Mr.
Bildad, throwing the catalogue at the
cat and thrusting his lighted pipe into
his coat pocket. "I am going down
town and stay until you can give me a
minute's rest from your constant nag-
ging."
And Mrs. Bildad only smiled when
the door slammed.

A True Story

This is neither a rhyme nor a fable.
Neither is it a bit of humor or phil-
osophy. It is merely a plain statement
of a fact, and those who read it may
draw their own conclusions.
A few weeks ago district court was
in session in a western city, and one
of the jurymen, during a recess of the
court, finding himself temporarily
without funds, accosted an attorney
interested in the case then being tried
and sought the loan of a dollar.
The judge learned of this, and when
court convened called the juror before
him and administered a judicial re-
buke that fairly sizzled. The juror
was dismissed with a rebuke, and the
trial began over again with a new
juror in the box.
The case in question was one where-
in a railroad company was a party to
the suit. The judge who dismissed the
juror who had tried to borrow
a dollar from one of the attorneys,

leaned back in his judicial chair and
resumed his hearing of the case, not-
withstanding the fact that he carried
in his pocket an annual pass over that
same railroad, the pass being good for
himself and family, with dining car
and sleeping car privileges added.
As before stated, the reader is in-
vited to draw his own conclusion.

The Patriot

Calling his private secretary into
the inner office and bidding him close
the door, the Great Magnate said:

"Have you arranged with Senator
Graball to get our special legislation
through?"

"The senator tells me that there
can be no such thing as failure."

"And have you arranged with the X,
Y. & Z. railroad for a better rebate on
our product?"

"The manager of the freight depart-
ment has finally consented to increase
our rebate by giving us 20 per cent
more of the freight paid by our com-
petitors."

"And have you sold the bonds in
my Aurora Borealis and Blue Sky cor-
poration to the Benevolent Life As-
surance company as an investment for
the benefit of our policyholders?"

"Yes, sir; I made the transfer on the
books today and your account is cred-
ited with an amount that equals the
par value of the stock of the Aurora
Borealis and Blue Sky stock."

"Has that state senator to whom we
gave all those railroad passes finally
seen his way clear to vote for those
bills of ours?"

"Yes, sir; he told me last evening
that he was convinced of the right-
eousness of our demands."

"And, by the way, how about that
ordinance we introduced in the city
council last week, vacating a couple of
public streets and giving them to us?"

"We had some trouble, sir, but it is
all over. Several of the aldermen in-
sisted upon being paid more than the
established rate, but they finally ac-
cepted the original tender. The ordi-
nance will be passed at tonight's meet-
ing."

"That is very good. Now I wish
you would finish that speech you are
preparing for me and which I am to
deliver at the banquet of the Sons of
America society tomorrow evening.
Lay especial stress upon the dangers
of allowing these anarchistic and so-
cialistic agitators to continue their as-
saults upon vested rights, and ring in
something about these great industries
being given to us as trustees to admin-
ister in the interests of the great com-
mon people. Be sure and have it
ready by tonight, as I will have to
commit it to memory."

"Yes, sir. Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all. You may go now."
And as the secretary retired the
Great Magnate sighed wearily and
turned to his desk to frame up a few
more schemes calculated to benefit the
people.

MOST APPROPRIATE

Secretary Shaw has objected to re-
ceiving a professional gravedigger as
his official coachman. Any one who
has seen the kind of rigs in which
members of the cabinet, by the grace
of congress, draw up in front of the
white house on cabinet days, would
say that a professional hearse-driver
was the man needed to complete the
picture.—Minneapolis Journal.

WAGES ONLY OBJECT

"Lots of men are hunting easy
berths," says a representative from
Tennessee, "but multitudes of laboring
men who are compelled to earn their
bread by the perspiration of the fron-
tal sinus ought to appreciate the sim-
ple beauty of this advertisement which
appeared in a New Orleans paper.
"Employment—Steady work not so
much an object as good wages. C. M.
D."—Washington Times.

MY BOOK AND MY SONG

I printed a book once—and wrote a
song once. Now I want to sell both.
To prevent any argument I will admit
that book and song are both good.

The book contains poems and
sketches that have been contributed
by me to The Commoner. It also con-
tains 275 pages. And, too, it con-
tains a couple of hundred dollars that
I have as yet been unable to get out.
The price of the book is \$1, postpaid
—and it is worth more.

The song is "A Picture of My Moth-
er When a girl." I wrote the words.
Mr. Will O'Shea, now deceased, wrote
the music. It is published in full sheet
music form with handsome title page.
The regular price of such sheet music
is 50 cents.

BOOK AND SONG FOR \$1.00.

I will send you both book and song
for one dollar and pay the postage.
This offer is good only during May.
If you give me an order and think you
have not received your money's worth,
I'll return the money and you may
return the book and song. Address
WILL M. MAUPIN,
1216 G St., Lincoln, Neb.

IT SOUNDED PLAUSIBLE

"That horse dealer down to Cross-
town is a queer lot," remarked old
Jared Billings, as he sunned himself
on the horse block and watched his
neighbor mend a picket fence.

"What's the matter with him" in-
quired the other, as he drove a nail
home without hitting his thumb.

"What's the matter? Why, he's a
sharper, he is; you've got to look alive
or he'll cheat the very eyes out of you!
I'll just tell you what he did to me last
week.

"I had occasion to get a rig from
him—just had to have it that very day
to go to town on that court business—
and that horse dealer, he said he didn't
know me, and he'd lost a lot, letting
things to strangers, and unless I'd
leave the worth o' the rig with him
then and there he wouldn't hear to
my taking it.

"Well, it just so happened I had the
money by me—wasn't much of a turn-
out, by the way—and I put it up with
him, and when I came back he handed
over the price and I give up the rig.

"Well, now, what do you suppose
that fellow called after me as I was
putting off home? 'Hold on!' he hol-
lered. 'You've forgot to pay for the
hire.'

"'Hire?' I said. 'Hire? I'd like to
know if I wasn't driving my own rig
all the afternoon!'

"Did you ever hear the like o' that
for graspingness? Yes, sir, I tell you,
that horse dealer's a sharper!"—
Youth's Companion.

THAT LABOR DECISION

The supreme court of the United
States has just decided a case that
affects the labor question and is a
blow to labor organization. This de-
cision declares that no eight hour law
or ten hour law can interfere with the
individual right to contract. There is
much to the question, and persons who
have not lived in cities where the la-
bor question is a vital one, can hardly
judge fairly. People in the country
know nothing about the labor question
except that there is always work and
no end to it. But to the city workman
it presents itself in an entirely differ-
ent view, and we should hear both
sides, before deciding. The eight hour
law passed in many states has been a
great help to labor organizations and
has in turn been bitterly antagonized
by those who employ in great num-
bers. The greedy corporations have
won a great victory, which means mil-
lions of additional profits where profits
are already large.—Hastings (Nob.)
Democrat.

Painkiller CURES
CRAMPS
PERRY DAVIS' & COLIC