



## Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

In Nineteen Hundred and Six  
There are numerous things I am  
eager to see  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
Some things that are needed, I think  
you'll agree,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
Reforms in the senate, reforms in the  
state;  
Reforms in the city, Insurance and  
freight—  
And these we must have or forlorn  
is our fate  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.

The men we elect to high offices  
must,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six,  
Stand firmly for justice and not for  
a trust,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
The money that people save up for  
the day  
When rain shall descend from the  
clouds thick and gray  
Must never be used in the '96  
way  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.

I want to see senators stand firm and  
true  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six,  
And give to the people the laws  
overdue,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
I want to see Platt walking up to  
confess  
He's using the senate to save his ex-  
press,  
And solemnly promise no more to  
transgress,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.

A sight that would strike me as being  
quite fine  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six  
Would be to see Chauncey his toga  
resign  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
And then to see Aldrich, Penrose and  
Reed Smoot,  
And Foraker, Dick, and some more,  
follow suit—  
I would help out a body now in dis-  
repute,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.

We would like to see Panama dirt  
quickly fly  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six,  
And fewer piebiters who are living  
so high,  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
Instead of the horde of officials now  
there  
And talking "sea level" and working  
so rare,  
We'd like a canal that is built on  
the square  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.

And one other thing we would joy-  
fully hail  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six—  
A lot of big grafters and thieves  
thrust in jail  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.  
Give us less of "big stick" in a poor  
fellow's case,  
And more of "big stick" on the men  
in high place;  
Give us all—rich and poor—a fair  
start in the race  
In Nineteen Hundred and Six.

### Things Unseen

The cynical old bachelor and the  
pert young maiden had been having  
a quarrel.  
"Did you ever see a man who paint-  
ed his cheeks, twisted his hair up  
into impossible shapes, perched on  
his head a hat made of feathers and

things and then squeezed his waist  
up like a wasp? Did you ever see a  
man do anything so foolish?"

"I never did," admitted Miss Cos-  
tigue. "And I never saw a woman  
hanging over a bar until midnight  
getting 'rested' after a hard day's  
work; nor tilting her hat on the back  
of her head and wiping her mouth  
on a dirty towel hung on the end of  
a bar; nor standing on the corner  
ogling the men who went by; nor  
whooping it up for reform on election  
day and voting with the ward heel-  
ers and bums; nor spending a dollar  
for cigars for the girls and then  
growling because her husband spent  
30 cents for a pair of bargain counter  
shoes for the baby; nor bunching  
around a sloppy table in a back room  
and singing 'Soldiers' Farewell' in  
maudlin tones; nor going home smell-  
ing like a combined distillery and  
tobacco factory and growling because  
her husband didn't have supper ready;  
nor spitting out a big chew of fine-  
cut before pressing her lips to the  
lips of her little ones; nor spending  
the last dollar of the week's wages  
for booze when the family at home  
was hugging a cold stove and looking  
at an empty larder; nor—"

But the cynical bachelor had fled,  
slamming the door viciously behind  
him.

"And I wasn't even started," com-  
plained Miss Costigue in a sorrowful  
tone of voice.

### Little Willie

Noting that his sister was not quite  
ready to come down into the parlor  
where Mr. DeSpoonamore was wait-  
ing, Little Willie thoughtfully decid-  
ed that it was up to him to enter-  
tain the company for a few moments.

"How is the world treating you,  
Willie?" queried Mr. Spoonamore.

"All right, sir," said Little Willie  
in his politest tone.

"That's good, Willie. I'm glad of  
it. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Little Willie.  
"You can tell me if your mouth is  
sore."

"Tell you if my mouth is sore!"  
exclaimed the astonished Mr. De-  
Spoonamore. "Why do you ask that?"

"I just wanted to know, sir. I  
heard sister tell papa that if she  
didn't hook you by Christmas it was  
all off, and I just wondered if the  
hook had hurt; that's all."

### Some New Year Thoughts

"It's a mighty mean man who will  
let thoughts of the New Year bills  
cast a cloud over his holiday happi-  
ness.

The best way to swear off is to  
just quit.

The man who waits until New  
Year's day to reform seldom makes  
it stick through the week.

You lived last year in vain if it  
doesn't help you to live next year  
better.

The wise man will spend New  
Year's day preparing for better work  
in the future, and not in the mourn-  
ing over the failures of the past.

The wise man quits; the foolish  
man tries to "taper off."

### Exchange of Civilities

Groucherly—"That man Stingerly is  
the meanest man in town."

Jaggerly—"What makes you say  
that?"

Groucherly—"He knows how I hate  
noise, and yet he maliciously gave my

boy one of those infernal snare drums  
for a Christmas present."

Jaggerly—"Did you give his boy  
anything?"

Groucherly—"You bet I did. Sting-  
erly hates anything like discord and  
I sent his boy one of those toy slide  
trombones."

### A New Year's Greeting

I hope the New Year brings to you  
A host of good things in review—  
Good health, and strength to do your  
part

In all life's work. A willing heart  
To share the woes of fellow men  
And help them bear their burdens.

Then  
I wish for you the love that lies  
And shines and gleams from dear ones  
eyes.

I wish for you the handclasp warm  
Of honest friends who stand the  
storm;

Of friends who stick in time of need  
And prove to be true friends indeed.  
For you I wish the skies of blue,  
A heart of oak, a purpose true,  
And that reward which comes to one  
Who sees a task begun—and done.

I wish for you peace, joy, content;  
A life of hope and faith well blent  
Into that calm and peaceful whole  
That says "All's well" unto the soul.  
I wish for you God's guiding care;  
Of life's good things your proper  
share;

Good friends, good neighbors and  
good cheer—

All good I wish you this New Year.

### Our Beautiful Language

"And now that you have been elect-  
ed to the United States senate," said  
the exultant committee, "we are sure  
you will stand by the people in their  
fight against wrong."

"That I will," ejaculated Senator-  
elect Graball. "I will stand by the  
people."

When the last of the committee had  
retired and left the successful candi-  
date alone he muttered to him-  
self

"What a convenient language ours  
is, to be sure. I didn't say I would  
stand with the people. I merely said  
I would stand by."

### Foxy

"My husband is so kindhearted. He  
insisted on bringing home several of

the unmarried men from the office to  
eat Christmas turkey with us. He  
is so thoughtful."

"Uh-huh," replied Mrs. Longwed,  
who had lots of experience. "Per-  
haps he doesn't like turkey hash, and  
turkey soup."

### Began Wrong

"I'm awful busy these days, Peg-  
gerly. I'm writing up some rules that  
will reform the game of football."

"You are wasting your time, Scat-  
terly. Rules won't help any. You've  
got to reform the people who insist  
on seeing the present kind of foot-  
ball."

### Her Preference

Two little sisters sat upon the floor  
a few days ago, telling each other  
what they wanted for Christmas.

"I want a dolly with real hair that  
will open and shut her eyes and cry."

"I want a dolly, too," said the other  
one. "But I want mine made out of  
real meat."

### Unfair

"O, mamma! What did Santa  
bring you?"

"He brought me a lovely diamond  
ring, my dear."

"And what did he bring you, papa?"

"The bill, my son."

### Brain Leaks

They can't dig canals with politics.  
The man who hustles has no time  
to mourn.

The real Christmas is of the heart,  
not of the purse.

Pluck and Push make a team that  
keeps the double-tree even.

A great many young men have been  
ruined by trying to live away from  
their jobs.

It always makes us tired to read  
what some bachelor says about mar-  
ried life.

The man who waits and does his  
work in a hurry usually finds himself  
with plenty of time to worry.

The trouble with most fathers is  
that they deal out to their sons a lot  
of advice they never followed them-  
selves.

Every once in a while we see a  
seventeen-year old boy who makes us  
wonder how in the world we ever for-  
got so much.

## MR. BRYAN IN JAPAN

The Japanese Times of Friday, Oc-  
tober 20, prints the following:

This morning the Keio-gijiku uni-  
versity had the honor of a visit from  
the eminent American, whose name  
is on everybody's lips just now—Mr.  
W. J. Bryan. He drove up to the  
main entrance of the university sharp  
at the appointed hour, namely, a quar-  
ter after nine and was met there by  
President Kamada and the faculty,  
who immediately ushered him to the  
middle of the corridor leading from  
the "Preparatory" buildings to the  
university class rooms. The students  
were drawn up on the spacious lawn  
tennis ground facing the corridor. It  
was raining then, but the enthusiasm  
of the boys rose above the elements,  
and in the rain they stood, giving  
hearty cheers as the distinguished vis-  
itor fronted them. Another tremen-  
dous cheer went up as Mr. Kamada  
introduced Mr. Bryan to the audience  
in a few but most appropriate words.  
Mr. Bryan had begun to speak. His  
strong, sonorous voice—emanating  
from a man who is a perfect model  
of physical development and high in-  
tellectual mien, and beaming with the  
goodness of heart that he appeared  
to be—at once cast a spell, as it were,  
over the assemblage. He commenced

by referring to the unfavorable state  
of the weather, on account of which  
he appreciated the students' enthu-  
siasm all the more. He then said:  
"I came here today to do honor to  
the founder of your school whom I  
have long since learned to admire."  
Proceeding, Mr. Bryan dwelt on the  
fact that the late Mr. Fukuzawa had  
by his unique conduct won the noble  
title of the "Great Commoner." The  
title had a special significance to the  
speaker, because he was the editor of  
a journal called The Commoner, the  
aim of which was to represent the  
great mass of the American people  
and to stand guard over their rights  
and interests. Perhaps the reason  
why Mr. Fukuzawa was called the  
"Great Commoner" was a little differ-  
ent. Mr. Fukuzawa won the title be-  
cause he refused all titles and pre-  
ferred to be one of the people. In  
America many people wish to be in  
office, regarding it as the source of  
power and influence. But a man  
might be so great as to be influential,  
without an office—individually great  
and above official greatness. Mr.  
Fukuzawa was a great man; he need-  
ed no office to make him great; with-  
out an office he was great enough to  
be influential among his fellow men