



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Naupia.

The Man Who Makes the State

He had never gone through college, and his store of varied knowledge was accumulated wholly by the hardest kind of knocks. He had never led cotillions and inherited no millions, but he had to steer his vessel by some sharp financial rocks. In the world of stock inflation he had neither part nor station, and he never posed as champion of nation's honor bright. But each day it was his pleasure to contribute humble measure of the honest toll which blesses and which keeps things moving right.

In the world of huge stock jobbing, planned for purposes of robbing, he had neither part nor parcel, and he had no tariff graft. No press agents he kept writing, gifts to colleges inditing, to keep blazing his cognomen on some bronze or marble shaft. In coal oil and lubrication he had neither part nor station, and he never claimed trusteeship, like the sainted Mr. Baer. But each day, sunshine or raining, every energy was straining to treat every fellow being that he met upon the square.

In his meek and humble station he had some participation in the politics which stirred up quite a lot of heated strife. But he thought his thoughts and voted after each claim had been noted, and he acted as he thought best for the nation's better life. Press dispatches never touted, of his charity ne'er spouted, and among the swell "400" he had neither part nor place. But each day, no duty shirking, he put in at honest working, and he ate his bread in comfort in the sweat upon his face.

A Little Fable

Once upon a time a Good Man and His wife set up Housekeeping for themselves in a new country. They toiled hard and lived frugally, and began to lay by a little money for the inevitable Rainy Day. It came to pass, in the course of time, that some Strangers passing that way left upon the doorstep of this Frugal Couple a Bouncing Baby Boy. The Frugal Couple, seeing that the Little Stranger was in need, took it to their hearts and gave it a place in their home. "We will protect this Little Stranger," they said, "until it is able to take care of itself." And they did. They deprived themselves in order that it might have enough sustenance. The Man worked an hour or two longer every day to make good the exacting demands of the Infant. The Woman denied herself many things in order that the Infant might have Enough and to Spare. Thus the Infant strove and prospered and waxed Fat and Big. It soon outgrew its cradle. Then it became so big it had to have all of one side of the Family Table. Then it finally occupied the whole Sitting Room. And at last it grew so Big and Strong that it arrogantly compelled the Woman to remain in the kitchen cooking for its abnormal appetite, and the Man hustling day and night to provide the things to be cooked. Finally the Man and the Woman complained a little bit and hinted that

the Infant was certainly big enough to go it alone.

"Such unkindness," blubbered the overgrown Infant, kicking the table over and breaking the dishes. "The idea of making me work!"

"But we have taken care of you a long time," replied the Frugal Couple.

"Yes, and after training me up to believe that I would always be taken care of you now threaten to make me work."

"Well, we think we have done our whole duty by you," insisted the Frugal Couple.

Whereupon the Lusty Protected Infant kicked down the doors, broke the windows and drove the Frugal Couple out into the World, mocking them with ribald laughter and crying:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Moral: Ask the Tariff Barons.

It Came to Pass

The quiet striker stepped towards the non-unionist who had taken his place and said:

"Pardon me, but may I have a few minutes conversation with—"

"Come right along with me!" shouted a deputy marshal, grabbing the striker by the arm. "You've violated Judge Skinem's injunction."

Whereupon the guilty striker was haled before Judge Skinem.

"What have you to say, sir?" demanded the incensed judge.

"Your honor, I merely—"

"Shut up! What right have you to address this court?"

"But, your honor, I—"

"Silence, sir. I ordered you and your kind not to speak to, address, communicate with or look at these non-unionists. You have violated the order. To jail you go for thirty days for contempt."

"Your honor, I but exercised my constitutional right of free speech."

"That means thirty days more for you. It is the rankest kind of contempt for one of your kind to mention the constitution in my presence."

So saying, the judge took a special car provided by a railroad company and went off on a hunting trip. The humble workingman went to jail.

In 2006

Quite by accident two exploring parties met upon the Isthmus.

"What is your mission here?" queried one leader of the other.

"We are endeavoring to locate the spot where work was begun on the Panama canal about 120 years ago."

"It is useless," replied the other. "We tried it and signally failed. We are now trying to locate the spot where the work left off."

How It Sometimes Works

Every now and then we have the spectacle of a reformer who starts out boldly, but quits work about the time he sees that his efforts are bringing results.

A few years ago Mrs. B— tried to persuade her husband to quit chewing tobacco.

"I'd quit if it wasn't for the trouble of trying to quit," said Mr. B—.

"Will you try a tobacco cure if I get it, my dear?" queried Mrs. B—.

"Yes," replied the husband.

So Mrs. B— invested in a guaranteed tobacco cure and her husband

began using it. Two weeks later he threw the remedy away.

"What did you do that for?" queried Mrs. B—.

"Why, the blamed stuff was curing me!" exclaimed the patient.

Perhaps there is no particular point to this story, and again it may have an important bearing upon the course of a gentleman who was very loudly demanding drastic freight rate regulation a few months ago.

His Fate

Little Willie Wait-a-Bit

Intended well to mind, But, somehow, always managed it To be a bit behind.

"In a minute," he would say When time came to cease his play.

Little Willie Wait-a-Bit

Grew to be a man; But he loved to sit and sit Scheming out some plan.

"In a minute," he would say, "I will get to work straightway."

Mr. William Wait-a-Bit

Nearer St. Peter's gate, But, alas, he managed it So that he was late.

"Wait a minute!" shouted he; But St. Peter turned the key.

William Wait-a-Bit was sent

To the nether clime, Where without his own intent He arrived on time.

Now he mourns his torrid fate, For his master will not wait.

A Judicial Mistake

The judge was in a hurry to get away from the halls of justice, having an important social engagement. But two cases remained, and he told the court officers to hurry.

Immediately a man was hurried into the witness box.

"What is your name?" queried the prosecuting attorney.

"I decline to answer," replied the witness.

"What's that!" shouted the impatient judge. "That is contempt of court and I remand you to jail for thirty days."

"Your honor," said the attorney, "there appears to be a mistake somewhere. This is Mr. Dodgers, head of the Regular Oil trust, and—"

"O, I beg pardon," said the judge. "I thought this was that strike case, and the witness one of the men arrested for violating my injunction. The witness is excused."

A Roseate Dream

"If I can just keep my furnace working this way for the next six months I'll save money," said Mr. Subbubs.

"How's that?" queried Mr. Outlots. "Use it for a refrigerator and save ice bills."

The Limit

"Is Wiggerly an honest man?" "Well Wiggerly put one of those electric clocks in the bedroom right where his wife could see it when he came in late."

Brain Leaks

Hot air cuts no ice. A cheerful face casts light in dark places.

It is easy to make excuses for those we love. Flattery is the food that fools fatten upon.

Municipal reform comes only after individual reform. A starving man finds little of interest in a tract.

The benefits of a good word depend upon the way it is said. Parental precepts look small by the side of parental example.

Most of us are always quite willing

to begin the work of reforming others.

Fume & Fret are always trying to borrow money of Do & Dig.

Tomorrow's tasks look easy when compared with those of today.

The man who wastes time talking about his ancestors is not building up pride for his posterity.

The conscience of some men never gets in good work until after their sins have been found out.

Some men make such a big fuss about planning for big things that they overlook the necessity of attending to the little details.

Why

Don't you give your heart the same chance you do the other organs?

Why? Because when any other organ is in trouble, it refuses to work, and you hasten to repair it.

The heart, the ever faithful servant, never refuses as long as it has power to move, but continues to do the best it can, getting weaker and weaker, until it is past repair, and then stops. It is just as sick as the other organs, but because it will work you let it.

However, it's not too late for a "change of heart," so remember

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