



# Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupia.

## Don't Knock

You can't saw wood with a hammer,  
my son,  
Nor polish a marble with knocks;  
You'll not long deceive with great  
clamor, my son,  
Nor profit by throwing of rocks.  
You never can rise to the heights of  
success  
By pulling down others who've  
gained it  
By steadily working through storm  
and through stress—  
They've buckled to work, not dis-  
dained it.

You can't saw wood with a hammer,  
my son,  
Nor polish a diamond with bricks;  
The world soon tires of mere glamor,  
my son,  
And punctures the sharpest of tricks.  
You never can rise by mere envy or  
hate,  
Or growling at those who've suc-  
ceeded  
By honestly tolling both early and  
late—  
'Tis workers, not shirkers, that's  
needed.

You can't saw wood with a hammer,  
my son,  
Nor fasten bridge timbers with  
tacks;  
The world soon shuns a wind-jammer,  
my son;  
You can't build to last with mere  
wax.  
To win you must hustle with might  
and with main,  
And give recompense for your  
wages,  
For those who strive hardest deserve  
greatest gain—  
True worth is the best of all gages.

You can't saw wood with a hammer,  
my son,  
Nor write for the future in sand;  
The world asks more than mere  
clamor, my son—  
It's work of the brain and the hand.  
So labor away with a whistle and  
laugh,  
And scatter good cheer as you labor.  
Don't worry—the world soon winnows  
out chaff—  
It's the wheat that you sell to your  
neighbor.

## Logical

The tariff advocate had just finished his little speech and had volunteered to answer any questions that might be asked.  
"You say that a tariff on wool prevents the competition of foreign wool and thereby enhances the price received by the farmer?" queried the sad-eyed little man in the corner.  
"That is the exact fact, sir," replied the orator.  
"And you say that a tariff on articles manufactured from wool decreases the price of the manufactured article because it stimulates competition?"  
"That is quite correct, my fellow citizen."  
"And you intimate that the manufacturers of woolen goods demand a tariff law that will compel them to sell their goods cheaper?"  
"That is—my dear sir, without the benefits of protection the American working man would—"  
"I understand that, sir," said the sad-eyed little man. "But what I want to know is, why don't the tariff on wool cheapen the price of it by stimulating competition. And if the man-

ufacturer wants to sell his goods cheaper why does he have to have a law compelling him to do it? And if—"

"Look here!" shouted the exasperated high tariff advocate. "You are one of them agitators who would overturn our splendid system of government and give it into the hands of the irresponsible class and soon plunge us into anarchy and—"

"May I ask another question?" queried the sad-eyed little man.

"No, sir! If you want to make a speech you can hire a hall, just like we have done. We ain't payin' hall rent for no such fellers as you," exclaimed the orator.

Whereupon the chairman declared the meeting adjourned.

## The Morning After

"Ah, it was a glorious victory!" exclaimed Mr. Bildad, looking up over the morning paper and stirring his coffee with a flourish.

"It was a glorious victory. The grand old party of freedom won a signal triumph against the hordes of discontent and prejudice and hate. The business interests of the country are still safe, and those who would force the American workingman to compete with the pauper labor of Europe, and all who want law to do for them what they are too lazy and worthless to do for themselves—all the enemies of progress and protection and prosperity have been relegated to the rear by a most decisive—"

"We are out of coal, Mr. Bildad," said Mrs. Bildad in a low voice.

"Gosh, what's the matter?" howled Mr. Bildad. "It's only two weeks since we ordered that last ton, and it cost me a dollar more than it did last year."

"Yes, and when I asked the price again yesterday, I found it had gone up another dollar."

"The infernal robbers!" shouted Mr. Bildad. "They've got a trust and in cahoots with the railroads they are robbing us. I'll not stand for it!"

"Johnnie must have a new overcoat, and I can't get one for less than ten dollars. I could get one for six two years ago that was better than the ten dollar one now."

"There it is again! An honest, hard-working man is robbed on all sides by these gigantic trusts," howled Mr. Bildad.

"And the freight on that barrel of apples ma sent us was more than the apples would have cost here."

"The railroads are ruining this country with their insatiable greed," groaned Mr. Bildad.

"We must have sugar, coffee, flour and butter today, my dear," said Mrs. Bildad.

"Great Jehosaphat, woman!" roared Mr. Bildad. "It seems that the higher the prices these infernal trusts charge us the more you use. This household has got to economize or go bankrupt. I can't stand it much longer!"

"How did you say the election came out?" queried Mrs. Bildad.

"Ah, we won hands down!" exclaimed Mr. Bildad. "It was a glorious victory for the grand old party. We licked 'em, lock, stock and barrel. The country is still safe and—"

"I see that the president of the coal trust, and the manager of the sugar trust, and all the manufacturers of clothing, and the railroad magnates were all supporting your ticket, Mr. Bildad. Don't you think—"

"Look here, Maria," snarled Mr. Bildad. "Women don't know nothing

about politics, and I ain't going to sit here and listen to you habble away on something you don't know nothing about."

As the door slammed and Mr. Bildad's footsteps echoed in the distance, Mrs. Bildad smiled a queer little smile and began reading the society columns of the morning paper.

## Strange

"That speech of Root's at Utica settled it!" exclaimed the partisan.

"I guess it did," admitted the workingman. "I see that Hearst carried the city."

## A Cinch

"Why are you so insistent on having B'Jones nominated for office? Has he any especial qualifications?"

"Has he! Say, B'Jones is the best promiser that ever came down the highway."

## Somewhere

Somewhere the skies are fair and blue.  
Somewhere the sun is shining;  
Somewhere fond hearts are beating true—  
So what's the use repining?

Sometime the right will win the day,  
Sometime see justice reigning;  
Sometime the truth will light the way—  
So what's the use complaining?

Somehow the wrong will yield to right,  
For God close watch is keeping;  
Somehow we'll win the bitter fight—  
So what's the use of weeping?

## No Good

"I'll never take Squareum fishing with me again," say Lyman.

"What's the matter with him? Can't he fish?"

"Yes, he fishes all right, but confounded him he insists on telling the truth after we get home. That sort of thing is what spoils the fishing."

## Brain Leaks

Mental dyspepsia is very contagious. The straw vote has been threshed. The shortest way home is the best route on pay day.

The best goes first, but it is remembered the longest.

We get no credit for bearing crosses of our own manufacture.

There is a world of difference between indolence and rest.

Too often we whisper our praises and megaphone our condemnations.

The American girl who buys a foreign title usually buys woe with it.

Some people are never happy unless they have something to complain about.

The man who forgot to vote has no right to complain about bad government.

The man who believes he has a mission will at once throw away his muzzle.

The more faults a man has the easier it is for him to detect faults in others.

Men who are in the habit of betting hats on election usually wear the small sizes.

The man who waits for recognition never accomplishes anything by which to be remembered.

If some men would serve their God as faithfully as they serve their party the world would be a whole lot better and brighter.

Over in Russia they are killing and maiming in order to secure the right to vote. Over in this country, where the right to vote is conceded to every citizen, a large percentage of them never think to exercise the right. A lot of American sovereigns would, perhaps, be greatly benefited by being compelled to live in Russia awhile.

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