



Whether Common or Not

By Will A. M. Dupin.

On the Quiet

Come, brother, whoop it up with glee, and praise aloud the G. O. P. Let all with one accord now stand and whoop it up to beat the band. "Look at the doughnut, not the hole," the while the contributions roll from coffers of the trusts immense—as crooked as an old rail fence.

Fling forth the banner from the wall, while Sheldon makes his daily call on ice trust, coal trust, trust in steel—to benefit the commonweal. And while the banner floats in air the trusts will cinch their proper share—they'll use some schemes to get their due as crooked as an old corkscrew.

Send up the rockets! Light the fire from Utica to Rome and Tyre! And this remember without fail—forget the once full dinner pail. Just put your trust in Uncle Joe, of all standpatters chief, you know. And be, while claiming to be fair, as crooked as a winding stair.

Let cymbals crash! And beat the drum from Wall Street clean to Kingdom Come. Boost loud and long for watered stocks that issue forth in bales and blocks. And whoop it up all day for fair for currency based on hot air. Of Wall Street schemes there is no lack, as crooked as a black snake's track.

Sound the loud timbrel! Tomtoms beat, and fill the campaign full of heat. Hide all the issues with your smoke, and whoop it up until you choke. Bring forth the dread injunction writ, for trusts will soon have use for it; and watch 'em turn some clever tricks as crooked as in '96.

Shout for revision till you're hoarse—it's all a campaign bluff of course. And talk publicity out loud, while Sheldon milks the tariff crowd. Talk dinner pail full to the brim—but all the cream be sure to skim. Talk square, but work schemes without fall as crooked as the iceman's scale.

Shout for the square deal long and loud, then snuggle to the tariff crowd. Shout: "We will put you on the blink!" Then whisper to 'em: "We don't think!" Assume the highly moral pose, but get the swag into your clothes. The way is long, and goodness knows, as crooked as a garden hose.

Touring Colorado

The summit of Pike's Peak, bathed in a flood of golden glory, looked down upon you in awful majesty. Awe stricken and silent you gazed aloft and wondered—

"Better have your picture taken on a burro to send home as a souvenir, Mister."

The long shadows came creeping down the sides of the giant peak, drifting, drifting, drifting; and as the last rays of the sun peeped over the hoary crest the sublimity, the immensity, the grandeur, of the great mountain weighed upon you—

"A picture of yourself astride a burro, Mister, printed on a postal card and sent to a friend, will be a welcome souvenir. Three for a quarter, and made while you wait." Silent in the presence of such a

handiwork, you gaze between the rocky walls of Cheyenne canon and wonder how the Master Hand rent asunder those mighty rocks. Your mind falters in the task of calculating the countless ages that have passed since first that tiny rivulet began making its mark upon the face of the eternal granite; and silent and subdued you gaze with misty eyes toward the peaks of the eternal hills and try to realize how—

"Take a burrow up the canon and have your picture taken on a post card for your friends. Better have a photo, Mister."

Slowly you climb the long flight of stairs that lead to the top of Seven Falls, and standing on the brink you gaze downward into the chasm worn in the rock by the gentle trickle through the countless years. The centuries that are past glide by in a procession, and you think how weak and finite is mere man. You gasp as you try to realize the awful power that—

"Better take a burro and ride over to Helen Hunt's grave. Twenty-five cents for the round trip—the only way to reach that historic spot. And get your picture taken on the burro and send it to your friends."

Slowly and thoughtfully you wend your way back to Colorado Springs, your mind filled with inspiring thoughts and your soul subdued by the sublimity of the spectacle which you have been permitted to enjoy, and almost helpless in the face of such tremendous things you—

"Your picture on a post card to send as a souvenir to your friends, only a quarter."

Swiftly the train pulls out and you are headed in the direction of home. Slowly the giant peak begins to fade in the distance, and the clouds drop down over the peak as if to hide it forever from your view. But as it fades in the distance your thoughts travel back and once again you stand at the base and gaze with awe-struck eyes towards the—

"Souvenir booklet of Manitou, Pike's Peak, Cheyenne Canon, Colorado Springs, only one dollar."

Then it is that you shriek with fury and only refrain from doing the train butcher violence by recalling the fact it might muss up your clothes.

Election Predictions

I do not claim that I belong To the prophetic craft, But doubtless Pennsylvania Will go for Mr. Taft. But on the other hand I think That Texas, without tryin', Will offset Pennsylvania By going big for Bryan.

Although no prophet, I predict That when the count is finished I'll find my usual daily grind Is in no wise diminished. And once again I would predict The next administration Will let me up and hustle out To work like all creation.

Proxy

"No, gentlemen; I really can not stand for the office to which you would elect me. However, I have a few policies which I desire to put into force and effect, so I have a suggestion to make."

Naturally his supporters asked him to prefer his request.

"Nominate my office boy. He can handle the business under my direction, and perhaps the people can be

deluded into thinking that he is acting independently." Seeing no other way to prevent trouble, the supporters acquiesced in the request.

Garden Jest

Come into the garden, Maud; Wear your summer rigging; Come into the garden, Maud; See your husband digging. —Montreal Herald.

Yea, come into the garden, Maud, When the summer sun is red! Watch the old man hoe the cabbages That will cost \$2 a head. —Scranton Tribune.

Yea, come into the garden, Maud; Cut out the billing, cooing; Reach for a club—come and see what Your neighbor's chicks are doing! —Houston Post.

Yea, come into the garden, Maud; Before the sun gets hot, And help to slaughter worms and bugs, That eat what truck you've got. —Waterbury American.

Yea, come into the garden, Maud, And see what Nature's granted! Behold the chickweed growing up Where spuds and beans were planted. —Buffalo News.

Yea, come into the garden, Maud, With cotton in each ear; Your blistered-handed husband says Some words you must not hear.

Grand Old Promiser

We will sure revise the tariff—but we'll do it after while— Up or down? Don't ask fool questions, for we're busy. Just trust your Uncle Joseph and his crew a little while, For your ceaseless agitation makes us dizzy. And besides, the contributions that we need to pay the freight Must be paid by corporations, and your uncle's here to state That unless the tariff barons help we're beat as sure as fate— But we promise you revision in the future.

Up or down? O, quit your fooling! We'll revise—so be content— And we'll stand by those who stood by us so truly. Maybe we'll deem it our duty to give things an upward bent, For we mustn't treat contributors unduly.

If the trusts will come down plenty we will have to treat 'em fair, For to throw the crimp into them wouldn't be upon the square; But revision! We're revisers, and our friends will find us there When the ways and means committee gets real busy.

G. O. P. are our initials. "Grand Old Party" you may think— But your thinker sure is cut upon the bias. "Grand Old Promiser" is better—promise puts you on the blink, And despite our failures you again will try us.

So we soak you good and plenty with our hot air line of guff; And we get the tariff barons to put up the campaign stuff— Then what we'll let them do to you will, you bet you, be enough, For they buy the right to rob you and exploit you.

Brain Leaks

It is impossible to overdraw on the Bank of Hope. It always makes a dyspeptic nervous to see a hungry child eat. Most men who achieve success may attribute the fact to some of their early failures.



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