



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Woman's Crowning Glory

She was lithe, petite and dainty,
With complexion clear and fair;
And she had that crowning glory
Of a woman—gleaming hair.
But she could not be contented
With the locks of Nature's gift,
So she sought a swell hairdresser
Just to give her looks a lift.
And that swell hairdresser fixed it
With a little bunch of jute, worked
in puffs and ringlets cute; piled
them on her silly caput—and she
thought herself a "beaut."

First she brushed the gleaming
tresses
Till they waved about her face;
Then she took a peck of hairpins—
Aimed to hold the hair in place.
After which, with much painstaking,
Out of wire lying by
She began to lay foundation
For hair bunches mountain high.
Yes, that most expert hairdresser
made a frame of wire slats, like a
prison built for rats, and piled jute
and hair around it with about a
million pats.

Then she made some corkscrew
ringlets
Out of jute scraps that were left,
And proceeded to apply them
In a manner quick and deft.
Then above the whole creation
She stuck on with glowing pride
A be-ribboned and be-flowered
Hat with brim some four feet wide.
Then this sweet, top-heavy maiden
with her wad of phoney hair, took
a stroll to get the air, thinking
that the folk who saw her thought
her hair was on the square.

Still With Us

—The old protectionist who thinks
that if the tariff is only high enough
it will make wool grow on the back
of a hydraulic ram.

—The would-be-goods who will
not take part in the primaries and
then complain that "politics is
rotten."

—The grafter who thinks that di-
viding the swag through charitable
channels will condone the crime.

—The multi-millionaires who love
to prate about the "blessings of
poverty."

—The philanthropists who can
hear the cry of distress of those ten
thousand miles away, but can not
hear the bitter wall of starving wom-
en and children in the same city
with them.

—The blind partisans who believe
that a man who owes his govern-
ment position to the influence of the
trusts can be trusted to safeguard
the interests of the people.

—The exploiter who lives off the
toil of others and spend their time
talking about the dignity of labor.

—The reformer who insists upon
reforming everybody but himself.

Greetings

While we sit here in a sweltering
office, grinding out space fillers at
so much per, a lot of fellow workers,
members of the American Press Hu-
morists' Association, like ourselves, are
gallivanting around Montreal, skim-
ming the rapids of the St. Lawrence,
climbing the hills of Quebec and sip-
ping pink lemonade from tall glasses
on the porches of the swell hotels
amidst the Thousand Islands. And
it's awfully hard to sit here and
grind while our thoughts are with
the jolly bunch in Canada. How
we'd like to be basking in the sun-

light of John D. Wells' smiles, or
listening to the good ones from the
lips of Cy Warman and Strickland
Gillilan and George Ade and Tom
Daley and Jud Lewis, and all the
rest of 'em. It wasn't lack of funds,
either, that kept us here, because
that part had been pretty well pro-
vided for. It was just our luck to
be caught in such shape that we
couldn't get away—dog gone it!
But here's hoping that the boys and
their good wives will have the time
of their lives, and that when the as-
sociation meets next year they'll all
be there again, and this unfortunate
member with 'em, accompanied by
the missus. We'll live in hopes until
next August, anyhow.

Adam and "Us"

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."
—Success Magazine.

Whatever troubles Adam missed,
This must have made him sore—
When he and Mother Eve fell out
He couldn't slam the door.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam bore,
He never had to grieve
Because a woman lived next door
Who coaxed the cook from Eve.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He was a lucky man,
He was not nightly told to dump
The ice box water pan.
—Detroit Free-Press.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
With cooks, and doors, and jokes,
Eve never claimed that she was glad
'Cause Cain looked like her folks.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No one of sense believes,
That fashions ever bothered him—
The people wore fig leaves.
—Des Moines Capital.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
With earth and sea and sky,
He never starved because the cost
Of living was too high.
—Omaha World-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He never had the blues
From paying off the monthly bills
For grub and clothes and shoes.

Old Dan Rice

J. H. Myers of Rochester, N. Y.,
noting J. J. Blunk's query concern-
ing the last resting place of Dan
Rice, writes as follows:
"Dan Rice's old home and burial
place is Girard, Erie county, Pa.,
about fifteen miles southeast of
Erie, Pa."

Many Thanks

The thanks of the compiler of this
department are due to the following
for copies of old songs:
R. L. Smith, Santa Ana, Calif.,
"The Model Church."
Miss Mildred Perry, Holloway, La.,
"Pass Under the Rod."
"A Friend," "Old Black Joe."
And heartfelt thanks are due, and
are hereby extended, to the hun-
dreds of kind friends who have writ-
ten charming letters in response to
requests for favorite songs and sto-

ries. These letters, or portions of
them, will be printed from time to
time, but the compiler can not re-
sist the temptation to tender his
thanks for the kind words and unde-
served compliments contained in all
of them.

If this department of The Com-
moner gives a tithe of the pleasure
to its readers that the compiler gets
out of the letters from his unknown
and far-distant friends, then we are
well content.

Brain Leaks

The man who achieves his ideals
really ought to have higher ones.

Perhaps you have noted that a lot
of men who are so deeply interested
concerning our national resources
never make an effort to conserve
their own.

The average man can not remem-
ber the birth dates of his children,
but he can instantly tell you the date
the home team returns from its
round of the circuit.

The worst never really happens.
Some people we know who flee to
the mountains in summer to escape
the heat ought to remain at home
and accustom themselves to it.

Really there should be no punish-
ment for the crime of punching the
fellow who comes back and tells you
what a fine vacation trip he just
had, knowing full well that you can
not take one this summer.

In Missouri

Funny things happen at the Mis-
souri state prison at Jefferson City.
Several years ago the warden discov-
ered an illicit still inside the walls,
convicts making their own whisky.
Later he discovered a counterfeiting
plant. Now comes word that the
prison authorities have opened a bar-
ber shop, employing convicts to com-
pete with the free barbers of the
city.

You can find almost any kind of a
"skin game" at the Missouri prison,
it seems.

Misunderstood

"I thought you told me Bingerly
had bought a flying machine."
"No; I said that Bingerly was a
high-flyer."

Matter of Punctuation

"Is Bjinks a periodical drunkard?"
"Indeed he is not. Bjinks is a
commacal drunkard—he never comes
to a full stop in his dissipation."

HELD THE WINNING HAND

Senator Overman said the other
day of a defeated bill:

"It deserved to be defeated. It
was as irregular as the tin can poker
game. A man, describing this game,
said:

"'One-Eyed Bones, on my right,
held four kings and an ace. Two-
Fingered Schermerhorn, on my left,
held four aces and a king.'

"'And you—what did you hold?'
some one asked excitedly.

"'I, being the coroner, held the
inquest,' was the reply."—Washing-
ton Star.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Mr. Browning (pompously)—
"This is a great day for us at home.
My daughter comes out tonight."

Mrs. Diggle (surprised)—"You
don't say so, mister? So does my
'usband; e's been in for a month."
The Tattler.

IN JUNE

First Beggar—"What are you do-
ing here, Pete? I thought your stand
was on the bridge."

Second Beggar—"Oh, I gave that
to my son as a wedding present."
Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Watch Folly and Watch Wisdom WHICH?

Make Up Your Mind and Act



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