



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Queer

The horsefly has no hoofs upon
Its complement of feet;
The angworm is full of curves,
Without a corner neat.
The bumblebee is not a bum,
The hornet has no horn;
And sound is silence when it breaks
Upon an ear of corn.

The yellowjacket wears no clothes,
The pieplant grows no crust;
The rubberplant can not be stretched,
The goldbug has no "dust."
A lightning plant don't grow from roots,
A jailbird has no wings;
A baseball diamond's on the square,
And so are all prize rings.

Lead pencils are not made of lead,
And pigment is not meat;
A yardman does not rake the lawn,
But keeps the pantry neat.
A bushelman does not weigh grain,
A leper can not leap;
A sailor does not use a plow
To plow the vasty deep.

The English language as it's spoke
If full of quirks and quips;
The more a fellow tries its use
The more he slips and trips.
If white is black and black is white
And both are brown and blue;
Who was it struck Bill Patterson?
Well, I don't know; do you?

His Parting Request

"So it is all over between us, Esmerelda?" said the despondent young lover as he leaned up against the gate.

"Yes this is the end, Reginald," whispered the maiden.

"The end of all our little boat rides, our little tete-a-tetes, our little walks in the moonlight and our happy hours in the dimly lighted front room?"

"The end of all," she whispered. "Is it that you no longer love me; that you have found another?"

"It is fate—that answer must suffice."

"All right, Esmerelda DeSnooks," muttered the young man fiercely. "All right. I know when I have been thrown down. I'll go. But before I part from you forever I would make one last request."

"What is it, Mr. Reginald MacBlink? I bid you speak, and by the memory of the many happy hours we have spent together I will grant it."

"Then I will, Miss DeSnooks. Before I go will you kindly let go of my hand and get off my foot?"

Things That Are Gone

The "good old days" presented us with a few afflictions that, thank goodness, are no longer with us. For instance, we are no longer afflicted by the young lady who arose on every conceivable occasion and recited in a thin, nasal tone:

"Curfew shall not ring tonight." Nor are we now compelled to listen politely and applaud vigorously when a young man arises and in a voice that sounds like drawing a scantling over the edges of an empty packing case, sings:

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Nor are we now compelled to sit in an uncomfortable church pew and keep awake while the minister preaches one hour and fifty-seven minutes.

Nor do we have to swallow medi-

cine in doses big enough to choke a cow.

The old days had some mighty good things to hand out to us, but they mixed a whole lot of bitter with the sweet.

The Difference

Take the man, for instance. He has plenty of pockets. There are five in his trousers, four in his vest and usually four in his coat. Generally he has a pocket in his shirt. And most of the time he has every pocket filled and worried because he hasn't more to fill.

With a woman it's different. Sometimes she has a pocket in her skirt, but more often not. But don't waste time wondering how she manages. You never saw a man carrying a great big leather bag suspended to his wrist and choke full of hairpins, chamois skins, powder boxes, bits of ribbon, loose change, samples of silk and other dress goods, street car tickets, recipes, calling cards, thread, needles, pins, rings, newspaper clippings, fudge, caramels, marshmallows, peppermint drops, seat checks from long past matinees, letters, coin purses and other things too numerous to mention.

Don't waste any sympathy over the lack of pockets in woman's apparel.

Exposed

"Remember that shy and modest Miss Thingujob we met at the reception the other evening?"

"Yes."

"Remember how she blushed every time she was spoken to, and how she persisted in remaining in the background all evening?"

"Yes. She seems to be about the quietest and most retiring little woman in the city."

"Well, I saw her at the ball game yesterday and was surprised almost to death when she flung a cushion at the umpire and yelled, 'Hang the robber! Call a cop, there's burglary afoot! Shoot the dub! Hi, but you're rotten!' Don't it beat all how two-faced some people can be?"

Those Boys

"Got pig's feet?" queried the freckle-faced boy, as he thrust himself forward to the counter in the butcher shop.

"Yes; how many?"

"Calves' brains?"

"Yes."

"Beef heart?"

"Yes."

"Lambs' kidneys?"

"Gee, I guess you don't have to pay no poll tax!" shrieked the boy as he fled for safety.

Imitation

"What is it that has wrought such a change in Snobberly? He doesn't look like the same man."

"O, Snobberly is just cultivating that frown and that thing of screwing his eyes up till they look like a couple of pinholes in a blanket so as to make people believe he is running an automobile."

Orthographical

The word "smiles" is the longest word in the English language. There is a whole mile between the first and the last letter.

This isn't original by a long ways. In fact there is a whole lifetime be-

tween the day we first heard it and the day we put it here. And that's some distance, too.

Great Title

"My daughter married the Duke of Frazzeldorf," proudly boasted Mrs. Nuryche.

"My daughter's husband also wears a title," responded Mrs. Oldtyme.

"I didn't know that. What is his title?"

"John Henry Simpson, E. M."

"What title is that?"

"Expert Mechanic, and we are all proud of it, too."

Favorite Songs

"Over the Line"—William Howard Taft.

"Wash Me and I Shall be Whiter Than Snow"—William Lorimer.

"Almost Persuaded"—Judson Harmon.

"I'm Glad Salvation's Free"—Hetty Green.

"Only an Armor Bearer"—Andrew Carnegie.

Because

I can not sing the new songs,
Nor would I if I could;
The old songs suit me pretty well;
Most new ones are no good.
I'm tired of what they call "rag time."

It calls to mind my clothes;
I've rags enough as things now are—
I want no more of those.

The Mean Thing

Mrs. Proudft—"What do you think of my daughter's execution?"
Old Man Sourdock—"I would hardly advise that. Banishment, or solitary confinement would be enough."

Prominent

"He is the most looked-up to citizen we have."

"Must be a big business man of liberality and enterprise."

"No; he makes daily balloon ascensions at our chief pleasure resort."

Inquiry

"I am Professor Smooks," remarked the pompous gentleman as he entered the office.

"Barber, ventriloquist or hypnotist?" queried the busy man who was rather hard to impress.

Danger

When aviation becomes common there is grave danger that we will cultivate a race of men and women who can not look down to see what made them stub their toes.

The Trouble

"Perhaps your new political parties lacked leadership."

"Not much! What it lacked was followers."

Limeric

There was a young girl in Dubuque
Who wanted to marry a duke,
But when she did wed
She hitched up instead
With a printer named Archibald
Snuque.

Mary

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The children asked the teacher.
"The tariff on its wool, you know,
Makes it a precious creature."

Brain Leaks

A hit in time saves the nine.
Every little bit helps—or hurts.
Troubles come in flocks to those who worry about them.

The old-time farmer who used to lunch on crackers and cheese when

he came to town, now arrives in an automobile and dines at a cafe.

The difference between luck and pluck is the initial letter that starts the push.

Every time we hear a man boasting that he "plays the game square" we insist on cutting the cards.

The happiest men and women we know are those who seemingly have the least to make them happy.

Every time a tariff baron talks about "protecting the American workingman" he has his fingers crossed.

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