

Whether Common or Not

Sent the Necktie to Call

When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, Mark Twain, who lived near her, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughters, and he often wore a somewhat negligee costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens (Mark Twain's wife).

One morning, as he returned from the Stowe's without a necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There! You have been over to the Stowes' again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress."

Her husband said nothing, but went to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who presented to her a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found

a black silk necktie, accompanied by this note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have? MARK TWAIN."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"The" Barnsdall Could Not Be Fooled

Many amusing stories are told of Theodore N. Barnsdall, "The" Barnsdall, the Nestor of the Oil business, who died recently in Pittsburgh. He was a strange and wonderful character; self-made, uneducated, a man of great natural force. Once he had a fight on with the Standard Oil Company. A conference was arranged, and the Standard had prepared an imposing array of fig-

ures with the purpose of showing him how badly they had him beaten. They thought they would frighten him. In the statement was a paragraph showing the Standard had 2,700 gas users in a certain town. As a matter of fact they had less than five hundred. Barnsdall ran down the list, commenting pithily on the various items. When he came to that particular town he ran his finger along it and said: "Say if the girl had hit that planner another lick you'd had 27,000, wouldn't you?" That was all, but the Standard crowd knew it wasn't fooling "The" Barnsdall any.—Kansas City Star.

When the Mule's Ears Were Frozen

A city lad from the densest tenement district was taken to the country by a farmer. A few days later he was called early one freezing cold morning before dawn to harness a mule. The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: "Billy! Billy! What are you doing?" "I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."—Argonaut.

A Misunderstanding

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down stairs and eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman. The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry. "Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly. "I ate it cold."—Youth's Companion.

His Own Shame

Robert's mother's admonishing to her small son generally ended with the words: "I'd be ashamed of you if you did so and so," and the word "ashamed," therefore, was constantly in his ears.

One day, after he had eaten up his little sister's candy, his mother said to him:

"Robert, did you eat Dorothy's candy when I told you not to?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Robert in a tone of triumph, "and I'm just as ashamed of myself as I can be, so you needn't be ashamed of me at all!"—New York Evening Post.

Eyeball or Highball

An old Scotsman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: you're either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight, and you must choose."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen about everything worth seein'."—Tit-Bits.

Her Idea of It

The sitting-room carpet was being taken up preparatory to houseclean-

ing, and little Dorothy, aged three, was watching the operation with a great deal of childish curiosity and interest. Taking up carpets evidently was something new to her infantile mind. Finally, after some hard thinking on the subject, she looked up at her mother and asked: "Mamma, is you goin' to let the floor go barefooted?"—Exchange.

How It Struck the Boy

A Philadelphia divine was entertaining a couple of clergymen from New York at dinner. The guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before.

The host's son was at the table and one of the New York clergymen said to him:

"My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon?"

"I guess it was very good," said the boy, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."—Chicago Herald.

Home, Sweet Home

After the battle of Mons an officer congratulated an Irishman on his conspicuous bravery under fire.

"Well, Pat," he said, "how did you feel during the engagement?"

"Feel, captain," answered Pat, "I felt as if every hair on me head was a band of music, and they were all playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"—New York Globe.

Those Foolish Questions

Old Lady—Conductor, why did the train stop before we came to the station?

Conductor—Ran over a pig, ma'am.

Old Lady—What! Was it on the track?

Conductor—no—oh, no; we chased it up the embankment.—Puck.

Why He Wore Them

A famous physician, asked at the New York Academy of Medicine why he wore rubbers on a day when the streets were perfectly dry, replied:

"My wife runs down the street after me with them when I don't. I wear them to keep her from getting pneumonia."—Chicago Herald.

Accommodating

Smart Youth—Have you a few moments to spare, sir?

Millionaire—Young man, my time is worth \$500 an hour, but I'll give you 10 minutes.

Smart Youth—Thanks, but if it's all the same to you, sir, I believe I'd rather take it in cash. —London Answers.

Bringing Out the Point

Lawyer—On the night in question, Mr. Witness, did you not have several drinks of whisky?

Witness—That's my business. Lawyer—I know it's your business, but were you attending to it? —Boston Transcript.

New Clue

A schoolboy composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem: "Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'" —Philadelphia Ledger.

His Constituents

"You seem indifferent to criticism in the newspapers."

"I don't have time to keep up with it," replied Senator Sorghum, "You

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CONTENTS

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IV.—Money	XIV.—Chicago Convention
V.—Imperialism	XV.—St. Louis Convention
VI.—Trusts	XVI.—Baltimore Convention
VII.—Labor	XVII.—Pan America
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	XXII.—Miscellaneous

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