

Whether Common or Not

A Neglected Education.

She was up in physiology, zoology, biology,
 In physics, in philosophy and art;
 She was long on sociology, philology, astrology,
 And classic works she almost had by heart.
 She was good in etymology, orthography, and prosody,
 In languages she reveled day and night.
 For either she said "eyether" and for neither she
 Said "nyether,"
 And was prepared to prove her methods right.
 She knew much of anthropology, and also
 Demonology,
 Also social topics of the day.
 She was AI in astronomy, political economy,
 And learnedly discussed the latest play,
 When it came to egyptology, mythology, geology,
 She knew as much as any one can know.
 In all matters like psychology, ichthyology, theology,
 She talked until her pallid cheeks would glow.
 But though versed in most all 'ology she was forced
 to make apology
 In matters of grave moment morn and night—
 She knew nought of housekeepology, sweepology
 breadology,
 And couldn't boil clear water half-way right.

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The Worms Turned.

"What were you and the rest of Dingman's neighbors doing to him yesterday?"
 "We went over to make an appeal and a protest."
 "What was it all about?"
 "We appealed to him to quit buying Sunday newspapers that gave away musical supplements. When he refused, we appealed to him to prevent his daughter from trying to play and sing the music."

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Precaution.

"Here comes Fullman. Let's turn down this side street."
 "Why don't you want to meet him?"
 "Oh, he's got a two-year-old boy, and when he meets me he takes up all the time telling what his boy does and doesn't give me a chance to say a word about my three-year-old girl. Fullman is a perfect bore."

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Owed to Spring.

Hail spring! (Confound that snow!)
 We welcome thy return.
 Hail spring! (Hear that wind blow!)
 Why don't that furnace burn?
 Soon birds from out the south
 Will come and sweetly sing.
 So let me ope my mouth
 To hail,
 sleet,
 rain,
 snow,
 blow,
 frost,
 blizzard,
 gentle spring.

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Smooth Mrs. Bildad.

Profiting by the experience of former Easters, Mrs. Bildad had availed herself of the services of a private detective. Therefore, when Mr. Bildad shoved his chair back from the dinner table Saturday morning Mrs. Bildad was ready for him:
 "My dear," she began. "One week from tomorrow is Easter, you know. I was down town this afternoon and saw the sweetest love of a bonnet in Bargain's window for only—"
 "No use talking to me about a new hat this Easter," growled Bildad, "I'm too hard up. I can't raise enough money to pay the grocery, meat and rent bills."
 With a smile Mrs. Bildad extracted a slip of pa-

per from her pocket and laid it on the table where she could see it.

"Is that so, Mr. Bildad? Last Monday you backed a ten-full for \$17.25 and lost to a man who held four deuces. On Tuesday night you and eleven friends dropped into a saloon, and before you came out your share amounted to \$5.45. Wednesday evening you rolled ten pins with Mr. Golightly for a dollar a game, and your losses amounted to \$11. On Thursday evening you spent \$1.75 playing billiards—and that was the evening you were too tired to go to Mrs. Highfly's reception with me. Last night you played poker until midnight because you had to work at the office, as you said, and when you quit even you were so tickled that you spent \$2.35 celebrating the event with your comrades. During the week you also smoked cigars to the amount of \$4.70, and your lunches down town cost you \$5.85. The hat I mentioned in the beginning will cost only \$20 and I want you to understand Mr. Bildad, that I am—"

Jumping from the chair Bildad threw a roll of bills down upon the table and hastily fled into his den.
 "It is strange," smiled Mrs. Bildad, "how much a poor husband has to worry him." W. M. M.

Borrowed Fun.

Wanted the Experience.

The girl was very rich and the young man poor but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured.
 "Yes," she replied frankly, "I am worth \$1,250,000."
 "And I am poor."
 "Yes."
 "Will you marry me?"
 "No."
 "I thought you wouldn't."
 "Then why did you ask me?"
 "Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses \$1,250,000."—National Watchman.

The Modern Leonidas.

The Parsons Eclipse says that Senator Householder, "fighting the iniquitous Republican railroad bill," is like a brave Spartan fighting the brave hosts at Thermopylae. And the point is not badly taken if along the line suggested by Gene Ware's poem: □

A father said to his hopeful son,
 "Who was Leonidas, my cherished one?"
 The boy replied with words of ardent nature,
 "He was a member of the legislature."
 "How?" asked the parent; then the youngster saith,
 "He got a pass and held her like grim death."
 "Whose pass? What pass?" the anxious father cried:
 "'Twas the'r monopoly," the boy replied.—Kansas City Journal.

Well Enough.

"Didn't I tell you to let well enough alone?" said the doctor to the convalescent who had disobeyed and was suffering a relapse.
 "Yes, doctor," whined the patient, "but I wasn't well enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Skeptical.

"What did Mazie say when you told her she was as pretty as a picture?"
 "She wanted to see the picture."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Wunder—But what could Mr. Morgan do with all the money in the world, even if he should corner it?

Mr. Wunder—Perhaps he is fond of strawberries.—Baltimore American.

The train it is a wicked thing,
 The engine smokes all day,
 And drags along the chew-chew cars
 And tanks up by the way.

—Chaparral.

Miscellaneous.

The cry comes from steady Scotland that drunkenness is increasing, and The Dundee Advertiser calls for a campaign to arouse the people.

Official reports show that during the year 176,524 persons were cited and the nearest previous approach to this figure was the total of 165,903 similarly apprehended in 1898, the average for the preceding five years having been 154,500. Not more than 2,153 were charged with crimes so serious as to involve remittance to a superior court. The report says:

"It remains terribly clear that we are getting farther than ever from getting rid of the huge volume of drunkenness and disorder which mark Scottish statistics so unfavorably, as compared with those of other countries."

Last year the number of persons so charged rose to 112,033, another record figure. The five towns with the worst record are Queen's Ferry, with 1,424 cases per 10,000 of the estimated population; Falkirk, with 1,066 cases; Linlithgow, with 830; Cummock, with 710, and Clydebank, with 756 cases. Of the 176,524 persons charged, 14,813 were acquitted or set free by proceedings against them being dropped, and as regards the nationality of convicted prisoners only 52 per cent were Scots, 4 per cent were English and 43 per cent were Irish. Of the convictions 73 per cent were dealt with by fines which realize £48,936, and of this amount Glasgow contributed £16,657.

The period of temperance succeeding the Burns era seems to have come to an end, and John Barleycorn is as jubilant as ever.—Atlanta Constitution.

If the discussion of the Evans bill had served no other purpose it would have been worth while for the growing unanimity of opinion it developed among people who formerly supposed it impossible that they should ever reach the same conclusion on any subject involving the antagonisms that disturbed Utah for so many years. But the public sentiment on this subject proved that much of the old bitterness has passed away; that Mormons and non-Mormons alike are anxious to bury the past and begin a new era in which all shall co-operate for the general good.

It is not in human nature to forget wrongs or abandon prejudices in a day, but it is possible to turn from the past and look to the future with hope and a determination to do all that can be done for the establishment of a better understanding. Such a possibility has been demonstrated by the attitude of all classes towards the Evans measure.

Governor Wells was exactly right when he said the friends and foes of the bill were alike sincere in their motives; and he was right, also, when he declared the bill would afford only a delusive hope of benefit to those whom it was designed to protect. Both sides have seen the waves of bitterness rise and subside, each succeeding wave receding further until this last one barely disturbed the serenity of the people.—Salt Lake Herald.

The Irish World, under the caption of "Evil Work," reprimands Miss Maude Gonne for attacking the United Irish League in her lecture in the Academy of Music, New York. "If Miss Gonne cannot find some better mark for her abuse than the United Irish League," says the Irish World, "she had better go back to Paris." Miss Gonne prefers physical force to parliamentary agitation. Let her advocate it all she pleases, but refrain from belittling the efforts of Redmond, O'Brien, Dillon and their confederates at Westminster. The United Irish League is waging a gallant fight against landlordism and should be encouraged rather than condemned.—The Irish Standard.

One Democratic principle, that of a Senatorial election by the people, will surely come shortly to pass.

The situation in many of the states today is so scandalous that public feeling is aroused throughout the country.

New York should take the initiative in this great reform.

Let the state legislature act.
 The present system permits corporations to debauch the state legislature, in order to debauch the United States Senate.

Let the Senators be elected by the people, not by the corporations.—Tammany Times.