

Whether Common or Not.

The Versifier's Plaint.

I could sing of "Brown October" as the stately trees' disrober in autumnal season sober, were it not my vagrant thoughts so often turn

To a question now so pressing that it always keeps me guessing, with effects that are depressing, "Where and how may I get anthracite to burn?"

I could sing of "Autumn Season" in a manner perhaps pleasin' were it not for this one reason—there's an empty coal bin yawning and I'm broke.

And my mind with consternation goes through multiform gyration at the awful elevation of the price of Rock Springs, Hanna Nut and coke.

I could sing of "Leaves Turn Yellow" or of "Chestnut Burrs That Swell-o," if I knew just where a fellow could procure three tons of coal upon his note.

But the "Cash" sign greets my vision, while the dealers with decision shake their heads in mild derision when for coal some of my verses I would quote.

As for Baer, who bosses Reading, and harks not unto the pleading of the miners starved and needing, I could write some tripping verses scorching hot.

But I fear my imprecation on the coal king of the nation would bring on a complication and burst up the linotype upon the spot.

Such a state my mind confuses, and each one of the coy muses each advance I make refuses, and Pegasus with a limp his journey goes.

And I'm forced to do my swearing, while for winter I'm preparing and a load of trouble bearing, in a malleable and proper kind of prose.

Quite Correct.

An esteemed correspondent, whose name is not mentioned at her request, submits the following, which meets with the hearty approbation of this department:

"A Baer at the mines is more to be feared than a wolf at the door."

A Fable in Verse.

A lusty babe
Of coddled trade
Waxed big and strong of muscle;
And took delight
Both day and night
In giving nurse a tussle.

One sunny day
The babe got gay
And sought with nurse to mingle.
But nurse yanked
The babe and spanked
It with a free trade shingle.

The moral here
Is very clear—
Let trusts not rear and swear if
Their fierce abuse
Should pry them loose
From their fat graft called "Tariff."

Prejudiced.

Ondes Quare—"Good morning, Mr. Stockson Bonds. Have you seen the papers this morning?"

Stockson Bonds—"No; anything interesting?"

Ondes Quare—"Yes; Folk has got a lot of those St. Louis boodlers in limbo."

Stockson Bonds—"Say that man

Folk makes me tired. Just because a lot of business men have turned a great financial deal in St. Louis he must jump in and cause 'em trouble. I know what's the matter with Folk. He's a jim crow, narrow-minded failure as a business man, and he's after those captains of industry in St. Louis because he has allowed the dark and evil vices of hatred and envy to eat into his nature. What our big cities need is attorneys who will safeguard the people's interests by making it easy to secure paying investments."

Deserves It.

"No, I take no interest in politics," remarked Mr. Howson Lotts. "It is dirty business—too dirty for honest men to engage in. Only ward heelers, tricksters and self-seekers engage in politics."

"But do you not think that it is your duty as an American citizen to take an active interest in politics?" we queried.

"No, sir; I am too busy engaged in looking after my private business affairs to engage in politics. Besides, look at the class of men who make politics a business. It's enough to make a decent man sick."

"But why not assist in purifying politics?" we ventured.

"O, that's all nonsense. What's the use trying? Just let the politicians run things to suit themselves. I'm not going to interfere. It takes too much time and I can't spare it from my business."

"I see that the legislature has just enacted a law that will result in raising the taxes on private property and lowering the taxes on corporations," we ventured to say.

Then there was an explosion.

"That's what it did!" shouted Mr. Howson Lotts. "The ordinary business man is ground into the dust by unjust taxes, while the corporations escape. Our tax laws are infernally unjust, so they are. The man least able to pay is robbed blind, while the men who are able to pay escape by the aid of unjust laws. The country is going to the demnition bow-wows and I think it a shame. The corporations and trusts are—"

Here we interrupted by rising and starting for the door. We had heard all that so often that it is wearisome. It was a good opportunity to preach a sermon to Mr. Howson Lotts, but after a moment's thought concluded that he deserved all he was getting.

Pertinent Questions.

Why is it that just when you go to sign your name in a neat book the pen always splutters?

Why is the coal scuttle the baby's favorite plaything only when baby has on her finest fixings?

What does a woman say when she is all alone and burns her hand on the oven door?

Did you ever meet a crank who agreed with you on all questions?

Tender.

"Land's sake, Mrs. Tootles! Why on earth don't you make your son carry in that coal instead of doing it yourself?"

"O, poor Charley is so delicate. Besides he is not feeling well."

"What's the matter with him now?"

"Well, he was in a football game yesterday and had his nose broken, one eye gouged out, his ankles dislocated, his shoulder bone broken, three fingers dislocated, his back sprained, his neck twisted and a knee sprung. Poor Charley is entirely too

delicate now to carry in coal or do any other hard work like that."

Too Solemn.

J. O. Kerr—"I have here a good joke on the coal situation that I'd like to sell."

Editor—"Impossible. Can't use it. The coal situation is no joking matter."

His Preference.

"I desire here and now," declared the candidate, "to pay a tribute to the splendid services rendered by the Bungtown Bazoo to the cause of—"

"Beg pardon," interrupted the editor of the Bazoo, rising in his seat, "but I'd prefer to have you pay your subscription."

Brain Leaks.

The man who is always whistling is never whining.

Carelessness is often mistaken for absent-mindedness.

There is nothing as heavy as a heart without hope.

It's an awfully bad neighbor that has no good qualities.

When it is your own fault, don't grumble. Cure the fault.

Tell the truth, but remember that it is not always necessary to tell the truth.

Some big men would shrink to nothingness if deprived of their pocket-books.

Men who can least afford it are the men called upon most often to make sacrifices.

A ballot in the box is worth two objections after the new administration takes hold.

Some men fail to distinguish between making a reputation and building a character.

You waste time talking agnosticism to the mother who weeps over the bier of her babe.

The man who makes opportunities is the man who usually has a chance to grasp opportunities.

The man who votes without thinking is usually the man who fails to vote for his wife and children.

The shortest prayers bring the quickest answers, because they leave more time for the petitioner to work.

People who look for good private monopolies would achieve quicker results by trying to wash charcoal white.

A great many people will not learn the difference between sanctity and moral dyspepsia until after it is too late for them to profit by their knowledge.

—Will M. Maupin.

Promise and Performance.

The republican party promised, in its national platform of 1900, to "favor such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent" the abuses of monopoly and the extortions of the trusts. Two sessions of congress, both absolutely dominated by the republican party, have been held since that promise was made, but not one line of legislation intended to "restrain and prevent" trust extortion has been written into the federal statutes. On the contrary, not the slightest effort has been made to enact such legislation. Meanwhile, to look no further than to the two facts which stare every householder in the face, the beef trust has raised the wholesale price of meat an average of 75 per cent above the price of 1896, and the hard coal trust has caused prices of that article to be raised 100 and, at some points, 200 per cent without stirring the republican administration to make one effective move under the laws

Consumption Can be Cured.

Marvelous Discovery by the Famous Doctor
Yonkerman of Kalamazoo, Mich.—State
Officials and Great Medical Men Pro-
nounce It the Only Cure for Con-
sumption and all Throat
and Lung Troubles

Consumptives Given up to Die and Sent Back
From California Hopeless and Help-
less are Now Alive and Well
Through This Wonderful
Cure for Consump-
tion.

A Free Package Containing Sufficient to Con-
vince the Most Skeptical Sent to all
Who Write

Consumption can at last be cured. Marvelous
as it may seem after the many failures, a sure,
positive and certain cure for the deadly con-



If You Have Consumption, Throat or Lung
Trouble Write Today, Delay
Means Sure Death.

Consumption has at last been discovered by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, a great Michigan doctor, who has made a life study of this fatal disease. His wonderful remedy has been fully tested and rigidly proven a sure cure by state officials, and noted medical men all over the world testify to its power to kill the dread germ that causes consumption. The doctor makes no secret of the ingredients of his wonderful cure believing that the people are entitled to such a production of science, and he is sending free treatments all over the world, bringing joy of knowledge of certain rescue from this awful, fatal disease. Such eminent scientists as Koch, Luton, Pasteur and all the great medical and germ specialists and chemists have already repeatedly declared that the consumptive germ cannot live a minute in the presence of the ingredients of this wonderful remedy that has already revolutionized the treatment of consumption and has taken it from the catalogue of deadly fatal diseases and placed it in the curable list. Free trial packages and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death are sent free to all who write to Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, 888 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. Dr. Yonkerman wants every consumptive sufferer on the face of the earth to have this marvelous and only genuine cure for consumption. Write today. It is a sure cure and the free trial package sent you will do you more good than all the medicines, cod-liver oils, stimulants or changes of climate and it will convince you that at last there has been discovered the true cure for consumption. Don't delay—there is not an hour to lose when you have consumption, throat or lung trouble. Send today for Free package.

which already exist. Further comment on the way republican promises square with performances is unnecessary.—Illinois State Register.

Would Help Some.

The election of all judges by the people, and for limited terms, would help to solve our trust and labor problems. Such elections should be earnestly advocated by all thoughtful citizens.—San Francisco Examiner.