



Is It Right?

They starve by scores when the looms are still
And the spindles rest in the broken webs;
And childish wailings the night hours fill
As the tiny life-tide slowly ebbs.
The mother hugs to her barren breast
The dying babe through the awful night;
While the father, worn by his useless quest,
Stands helpless, hopeless—but is it right?

The music rings through the palace halls
And Newport homes are a gorgeous blaze;
And laughter flows when the gold god calls
To the Smart Set choir for its songs of praise.
The diamonds flash on the bosoms fair,
While the revel lasts through the joyous night;
And the ruby wine takes the golden glare
Of festal scene—but is it right?

The children stand in a ragged line
Through the chilly hours at the soup house door;
Their faces light and their starved eyes shine
At soup and crust as they plead for more.
And the mother starves that the crust she gets
May keep her babe from the famine's blight;
While the father's tear through the long day wets
His sunken cheeks—but is it right?

The Newport dogs on their blankets lie
And doze well fed as their glad hours creep;
While the untouched food on the plates near by
The servants throw on the compost heap.
And dainty hands pat the shaggy hair
Of the well loved dogs in the palace bright,
And the lucky beasts and the owners fair
Go on their way—but is it right?

The children starve when the looms are still,
But laughter rings through the Newport halls.
A mother's wallings the night hours fill,
But the music swells at the Newport balls.
The infants wait at the soup house door,
But the Newport dogs blink their delight.
For the dogs are fat and the children poor,
And day goes on—but is it right?

Proof Submitted

"The wage of the workingman has increased," exclaimed the spellbinder, "and today he is getting more for his toil than ever before in history."
"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" shouted the party hacks on the front seats.
"It is true that articles of necessity have gone up," continued the spellbinder, "but wages have increased more than the increased price of what the workman must buy."
"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" came from the front seats.

"What I say is too well-known to be disputed, and I defy —"
"Excuse me," piped a sad-faced man near the rear of the hall, "Excuse me, please; but I dispute your assertion."
"Throw him out! Hit him with a brick!" "Kill him!" shouted the applause makers on the front seats.
Raising his hand with a stately motion the spellbinder commanded order. "Let the gentleman speak," he said. "We rely upon the truth for our position. Now, sir; have you the proof that my assertions are ill-founded?"
"Yes, sir!" said the sad-faced man. "Produce them, then," said the spellbinder.

Walking calmly down the aisle, and mounting the rostrum, the sad-faced man thrust into the hands of the spellbinder the month's grocery and meat bill, and followed it up by showing him a request from the coal dealer to call and settle up.

A Little Fable

The scheming business man opened his new factory and announced that he was ready to employ workmen.
"Gentlemen," he said to the long file of applicants. "The average wage in this section for the kind of work I have for you to do is \$1.50 per day. But I want to pay more than that. I want to pay at least \$2 per day, for I think that is little enough wage. But in order to do so I must have some encouragement."

"Rah for the new boss!" shouted the crowd. "What do you want us to do?"

"Well, men," said the business man, "I have concluded that the way to do it is for you to help me pay your increased wages. I will increase your wages 50 cents per day above the average providing each one of you will give me \$3.50 at the end of each week. That will enable me to accumulate a fund from which to pay the increased wage."

"That's what we'll do!" snouted the men.

And for several years the men have been drawing 50 cents a day more than their fellows in other mills, and giving back 60 cents a day of it to their employer.

Moral: The business man had sense enough to call it "protection" and the workmen haven't seen the joke yet.

The Truth

"I hear that Scaddlesley took you out in his new auto."
"Yes, and that's all he did do—took me out."

"What do you mean?"
"He took me out, but we walked back."

Those Yellows

Miss DeMillyons — How much is there in the paper this morning about our bal masque last night?

Miss Muchdoe—There's only a half a column, but the editor has given a whole page to the story about women and children starving at Fall River.

Miss DeMillyons (yawning)—O, dear, those yellow journals are growing really insufferable. I must have papa speak to the editor about it.

Brilliant Thought

"What have you to report?" asked the retreating Russian general of his orderly

"I regret to report that the Japanese are harassing our rear columns, sir."

said the orderly, saluting gracefully.
"Is there nothing to be done—nothing to be done?" muttered the perplexed general.

"Pardon me, general, but I have a plan," said the orderly.

"I presume it will do no harm to listen to his plan," muttered the general. Then he exclaimed: "What is your plan?"

Drawing near the orderly whispered rapidly into the ear of his commanding officer, and as he whispered a smile stole over the stern face of the general.

"You may try it," he said to the orderly. "We can but fail."

The orderly withdrew and called a squad to his assistance. A hurried round of the retreating forces was made, and then the squad dropped to the rear. An hour later the Japanese advance was checked and the retreating army was temporarily saved.

The bright young orderly had stripped every Russian soldier of the consonants in his name and scattered them in front of the Japanese. Even the little Japs were thrown into confusion by the sharp points.

The Russian orderly is now awaiting his decoration.

Called Down

"Is this an 'open shop'?" queried the man who entered.

"Yes, sir," said the boss.

"Any man can work here whether he's union or not?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, put me to work."

"But I have nothing for you to do," said the boss.

"Thought you said anybody could work here."

"Well, I meant that —"

"O, yes," sneered the applicant.

"Your 'open shop' is closed just like the rest of 'em."

Brain Leaks

You can not get close to God by drifting away from your fellowmen.

Luck is usually only crystallized perseverance.

Money may command obeisance but it can never purchase love.

Satan is quick to accuse us of cowardice if we admit that we are afraid to do wrong.

Gifts should be judged by the motive, not by the value.

Ghastly Humor

The late Rear Admiral Henry C. Taylor often cited as an example of ghastly humor an incident that befell a young woman who was doing missionary work in the hospitals during the civil war. One day, during her rounds, a young soldier, immediately she had passed, set up a loud laugh. She turned and looked at him in surprise. He seemed a pitiful case. Nothing of him but his face was visible on the little white bed, and this young face was sadly thin and pale. Nevertheless, he laughed like one possessed. His mirth resounded through the grewsome room. The visitor returned to him. "Will you tell me what amuses

you?" she said. "Why, ma'am," said he, "here you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I've got both legs shot off."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Whistler's Nerve

Clyde Fitch tells a new story of Whistler. The artist was in Paris at the time of the coronation of King Edward, and at a reception one evening, a duchess said to him: "I believe you know King Edward, Mr. Whistler." "No, madame," replied Whistler. "Why, that's odd," she murmured; "I met the king at a dinner party last year, and he said that he knew you." "Oh," said the painter, "that was just his brag."—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Earlier Generation

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned, "What is your name?"

"Katinka," replied the child.

"And your father's name?"

"I never hat one," came the quick response.

"Then tell me your mother's name," again said the teacher kindly.

"I never hat no mudder, neither," answered the little child seriously. "I was born off my gran'mudder."—Lippincott's.

Out Of Tune

"Has public sentiment in this locality crystallized in favor of any particular candidate?" inquired the scholarly spellbinder who had been sent to do a little campaigning in one of the back counties.

"I do here, mister," said the local political magnate. "If you expect to pull off any votes in these diggin's you want to cheese that there Boston dialect o' yourn."—Chicago Tribune.

Studies of The Vernacular

This is the conversation, substantially, that took place between the girl at the ribbon counter and the girl at the glove counter:

"Saybet!"

"Wot smater now?"

"Yawta herdwot Lildixon sedda bouchoor feller lasnite."

"Wodlil say?"

"Seddy zonnizeer."

"Gway! Wottabout?"

"Howja spozino?"

"Yawtano. Yuratellinit, aincha?"

"Wottasiam? Saybet! Jooever meet-

a feller nayma Dickskittle?"

"Betcha! Wotzegot do with—"

"Nuthinsfurzino, only heenoze—"

"Nozoo?"

"Cancha lemmytellit? Saybet!"

"Glong!"

"Glong yerownseff!"—Chicago Tribune.

A SONG THAT TOUCHES THE HEART.

A little over a year ago Mr. Will M. Maupin, of The Commoner staff, wrote a poem entitled "A Picture of My Mother When a Girl." The words came to the notice of Mr. Will O'Shea, a talented musician of Lincoln, and he composed a melody that is wonderfully in harmony with the beautiful sentiment of the poem. The song, words and music, has been printed in sheet music form, on superb calendered paper, with beautifully illuminated title page, and is now offered for sale. This beautiful song has been warmly welcomed wherever sung, and is sure to become one of the great song hits of the decade. Following is the refrain:

A Picture old and faded, taken in the long ago

A vision of a maid with hair acurl

I live the old-time days when upon its face I gaze—

A picture of my mother when a girl.

The regular price of this beautiful song is 50 cents, but I have arranged with the publisher for a large number of copies and am enabled to offer it for a limited time, at half-price—25 cents per copy. Postpaid. Send stamps or silver. Address, Jessie Brink, 1216 G St., Lincoln, Neb.