

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

Real Heroes.

While we're giving our attention to the heroes of this earth
And are boasting some to glory ev'ry day,
Let us not contract the idea that the men of greatest worth
Are the men whose deeds consist of great display.
War produced some mighty heroes who have left a deep impress
And are worshipped by the men of ev'ry clime;
But when talking of real heroes let us honestly confess
They're the men who keep on hustling all the time.

Let us not annex the idea that a hero's born of war,
For the greatest heroes never fought a fight;
And the men who did most fighting—as a rule you'll find they are
Fellows who were very seldom in the right.
No, the very greatest heroes that the roll of history fills
Never had their deeds of worth writ up in rhyme.
They're the heroes of the workshops, of the farms and of the mills—
They're the heroes that keep hustling all the time.

You may talk of martial heroes till the toot of Gabriel's horn,
And declaim about your warriors till you're hoarse;
But they're not the greatest heroes that into the world were born,
For compared with some their work is very coarse.

The real heroes wear no tokens save the blisters on their hands;
They're the toilers that abound in ev'ry clime.
They're the very bone and sinew of all times and of all lands—
Are the men who keep on hustling all the time.

Violated the Code.

Everett Wrest—"Why was Wornan Weery expelled from the Ancient Order of Sons of Slumber?"

Will Knottoyle—"He was detected in the act of working off a gold brick on an unsophisticated guy."

These Perilous Microbe Days.

"Mr. Brownbread," remarked Miss Bostyn Beansbake, speaking in frapped tones, "I am truly delighted to greet you this evening, but before you perform the customary osculatory greeting as becometh my fiance, permit me to propound a few interrogations."

"What is it, Miss Beansbake?" queried Mr. Brownbread in tremolo tones, hastily stowing a clove in his mouth and striving to still the pulsations of his throbbing heart.

"Mr. Brownbread, before inaugurating your pilgrimage from your customary domicile did you think to anoint your lips with a well-recommended anti-septic solution?"

"I did, beloved."

"Did you"—and a steely glitter glistened in the optics of the haughty Boston maiden—"did you properly sterilize your breath after imbibing the ultimate decoction?"

With a slow murmur of horror Mr. Beaconhill Backbay Brownbread staggered to a seat. "Alas, I allowed that duty to escape from my mental perception," he moaned.

Tears gathered in the eyes of Miss

Bostyn Beansbake, and rolling down upon her marble cheeks congealed and fell to the floor with a plunk like that we hear when the iceman leaves a 25-cent chunk on the back porch in the morning.

For several moments the silence was unbroken save by the steady plunk, plunk of the frapped tears hitting the tiled floor.

Finally Miss Bostyn Beansbake dried her optics and remarked:

"Well, my dear Mr. Brownbread, there are worse things constantly evolving—worse things than inoculating frail human forms with the dreaded microbes of disease. I will be brave, Mr. Brownbread. You may proceed to place your lips in juxtaposition to mine, and microbes may get in their devastating work if they will. At least we will depart this life happy."

A moment later pater familias was aroused from a doze by a sound as of a tired cow hurriedly removing her hoof from a very deep and sticky mud-hole.

A Rhyme of Woe.

There was a young lady in Me.
Who had love of the stage on the bn.
But she found not a place
For the reason her face
Was so awfully, horridly pn.

Why They Escaped.

"Hellow, Blinks; hear you were visited by burglars last night!"

"Yep. They climbed in a back window and took every cent we had, together with all my wife's jewelry and the silverware."

"Did they awaken you?"

"Yes. Heard 'em getting in at the window."

"Didn't you try to stop them?"

"Yes. Slipped out the back door and over to Judge Thingumbob's to get an injunction against them, but they were gone when I got back with the writ."

A Great Scheme.

The bandit chief had been in a thoughtful mood for several days, and his minions walked on tiptoe so that he might not be disturbed. Finally a glad light shone in his eyes.

"Men, come hither!" he exclaimed. They came.

"Men, I have conceived a great idea. For many weary years we were unmolested, but finally a sheriff appeared who seemed to think that he was elected to enforce the laws, and a whippersnapper lawyer elected prosecuting attorney had the same fool notion. You know what happened. Thimblerrig Jake is serving ten years. Gold Brick Phil is up for fifteen. Long Knife Scotty jumped through a hole in a platform at the request of the sheriff, an' we've been dodging ever since."

"That's what," murmured the minions.

"Men, we must do something."

"Hurrah!" they shrieked.

"Yes, we must do something; and I've got it all planned out."

With one accord the minions clustered more closely about the form of their chief and listened intently.

"I've got a plan that has worked elsewhere, and it'll work here if we do it right."

"Make your spiel, chief," whispered one of the minions.

"It's this. We've got to go into politics."

"Aw, how's that goin' t' help?" queried a minion that did not think rapidly.

"Listen, men. We'll go into politics by givin' big sums to campaign funds. When our side wins we'll insist on one of our number bein' appointed to prosecute the rest of us, an' they can't turn us down, 'cause we elected 'em. See? Then our feller will ignore the criminal statoots an' confine his efforts to havin' us injunctioned from goin' on with our business. See?"

With wild huzzas the minions gathered their chief upon their shoulders and danced gaily up and down their cave.

Ambiguous.

"Do you think Lyman is a truthful man?"

"Well, I think Lyman would be a good man to act as censor at Manila."

The Modern Annanias.

Standing on the river's brink
A tiny minnow greets his eyes—
At home he makes the neighbors think
He lost a bass six pounds in size.

Egotistical.

Wraggsby—"I see the Daily Whooper is running short sketches of the fathers of great men."

Jaggsby—"That so? What issue did you see my father's sketch in?"

Reversible.

"Sir!" exclaimed Senator Grabbal, "I have never used my vote for the purpose of influencing the speculative market."

We accepted the senator's emphatic denial, but after thinking about it for a short while we were startled to see what a great difference a trifling rearrangement of his words would make.

The Pressing Question.

"Tis not of Cuba we would speak,
Nor is it annexation.
The thing we would consider is
By far a worse vexation.
The time has come to think about
A larger, vaster question—
What can we do to circumscribe
The ice chest's great digestion?"

Brain Leaks.

Undisputed fiction soon becomes history.

True benevolence has no signal bell attachment.

Honest victories are not won by dodging issues.

People who have no sons are always chock full of advice about how to raise boys.

When we see a man who always wipes his feet before entering the house we always wonder whether he

is a considerate husband or his wife a masterful woman.

Fathers who buy good books seldom have to search the police court for wayward sons.

It does not take a boy long to decide which his father loves best, the son or the horse.

Some people contribute to charity like a street car conductor collects a fare—with the ringing of a bell.

Husbands who expect to get to heaven on the pety of their wives are going to be sadly disappointed.

Some men possess minds too much like slates—the good impressions are easily erased, but the scratches remain forever.

Many people pursue a wrong course knowingly, and when trouble comes because of it excuse themselves by saying, "It is destiny."

The man who would depend upon a trust beneficiary to demolish the trusts is just the kind of man to set a fox to guarding his poultry.

A baby's smiling face at the window is a better welcome home than all the bric-a-brac, paintings, tapestry and statuary ever manufactured.

When you compare a miner's hovel with an operator's mansion you have to admit that one is getting too little for his wage or the other too much for his capital.

Our modern philanthropists should bear in mind that history does not record the name of the poor widow who gave a mite, yet she will be remembered long after the names of modern philanthropists have been forgotten.

—Will M. Maupin.

A Democratic Comment.

The Quincy Journal is one of the Illinois papers which can neither be hoodwinked nor terrified by the reorganizing element. Speaking of the action of Don M. Dickinson in suggesting Roosevelt for president in 1904 and Choate in 1908, it says:

Don Dickinson is one of the democrats that we have got to "harmonize" with. Don is just as good a democrat as Cleveland, who promoted him, or Lamont, or Whitney, or Hill, or Olney. Why not call Don home and ask him what kind of a platform he wants to put up for 1904? If we don't do this Don will bolt again as he did in 1896 and 1900 and vote with the republicans. These bolters must be satisfied some way—and about the best way to satisfy them is to put them in charge of the party and tell them to write the platform for 1904. And when they do this they will poll about as many votes as Palmer and Buckner did in 1896.

Damage, and that only, can come to the democratic party by jockeying with these bolters of 1896 and 1900. It is a great mistake to put them in the lead of the party again, for when they can't run it their way they will try to wreck it. They have done this in the past, and they will do it again in the future without compensation. In dickering with such men as these, the democratic party is selling itself, soul and body, and nothing but defeat and disaster will come to it through such a course.