



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### April

The little buds begin to swell,  
The grass is showing green;  
The unlocked rills are flowing on  
With rippling, silvery sheen.  
The chickens scratch my garden plot  
Despite the clod's I've flung,  
And by these signs I'm confident  
That spring's been sprung.

The burning hoopskirt taints the air,  
The dust clouds sail on high;  
And from some hiding place un-  
known

Now comes the noisome fly.  
I've got to beat a lot of rugs  
Upon the clothesline hung,  
And by these signs I know full well  
That spring's been sprung.

My better half has got a cloth  
Tied tight around her head;  
The bedclothes and the furniture  
Are in the back yard spread.  
The meals she gets are mighty scant  
Although she knows I'm hung-  
ry as a bear—and thus I know  
That spring's been sprung.

### Information Wanted

It is something that has been puz-  
zling us for something like forty-  
two or three years, and if there is  
anyone who can help us out we  
would be grateful for his assistance.

Perhaps you have often noticed  
the same thing. When spring comes  
and you start out to make garden,  
did you ever notice that every spade-  
full of dirt you turn up discloses  
from four to a dozen big, fat, juicy  
angleworms—the kind that bull-  
heads love to grab for and channel  
cat and perch and bass jump for  
with greedy appetites?

It seems then as if all the angle-  
worms in the world had emigrated  
to your garden.

But when the fishing season opens  
and you grab that same spade and  
hie into that same garden patch for  
the purpose of digging a can of  
worms for bait, you have to spade  
until your back aches and your hands  
are blistered before you manage to  
gather in a about a dozen measly  
little worms that a self-respecting  
fish would turn up its nose at—if it  
had a nose—unless it chanced to be  
awfully hungry.

We have noticed this every spring  
for two score years, and now we are  
more than ever anxious for an ex-  
planation.

### Concerning Uncle Joe

The way the "insurgents" licked  
Uncle Joe Cannon the other day re-  
minds me of the way Artemus Ward  
got the better of his antagonist.

First Artemus jammed his eye  
right over the other fellow's finger.  
Then, to make it more effective  
he stuck his thumb in the other fel-  
low's mouth.

And as a final stroke he plumped  
his stomach up against the other  
fellow's knee.

That's the way Artemus whipped  
his antagonist.  
Isn't that sort o' familiar?

### Too Personal

Professor Condra of the Univer-  
sity of Nebraska knows more about  
the geology and soil formation of  
Nebraska than any other living man.  
And he is something of a crank on  
the matter of soil saving, which  
leads him to talk in season and out  
of season about "erosion" and all  
that sort of thing.

About a year ago he and Governor  
Shallenberger were traveling togeth-  
er on a train, coming back to Lin-

coln after having visited northwest-  
ern Nebraska. There had been a  
heavy rain the night before, and  
Prof. Condra noted with regret how  
the soil had been washed into the  
draws from many fields.

"Lord, what a waste, he ex-  
claimed, looking back from the car  
window and facing the governor.

"Young man!" exclaimed a 300  
pound woman sitting across the aisle,  
"such personal remarks are very un-  
becoming and very ungentlemanly."

### Next!

"Man wants but little here below,"  
Thus saith an ancient song;  
There's one sad thing about it,  
though,

He gets that little wrong.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

And if he gets that little right  
He's such a pesky kind  
That having nothing more in sight  
Destroys his peace of mind.  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Man wants but little here below,"  
As he makes his little march,  
He tries to grab the sugar, though,  
When the trust hands out the  
starch.

—St. Louis Times.

"Man wants but little here below,"  
A little for a while;  
For little shake-downs here and  
there  
In time make quite a pile.  
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Man wants but little here below,"  
But wants it o'er and o'er;  
And every time it's given him  
He wants a little more.  
—Kansas City Post.

"Man wants but little here below,"  
And this I take with grace,  
For just a little dope like this  
Will fill a lot of space.

### Sarcastic

"I think the new minister's wife  
is just too mean for anything."

"What makes you think so?"

"She called the other day while  
I was trying to find a button to  
match them on my husband's coat,  
and she said, 'Perhaps I kin help  
you.'"

"Why, I think that was kind of  
her."

"Yes, but she pulled a dozen or  
more buttons out of her handbag  
and mighty soon found one just like  
them on his coat. Then she kinder  
smiled and went to talkin' about  
somethin' else."

### Great Scheme

We pondered over the problem for  
a long time. Finally we reached the  
solution.

We simply made our neighbor's  
hens believe that we had bought  
them. Now they scratch up his gar-  
den instead of ours.

Maybe we can raise a couple of  
messes of garden truck before the  
poultry discovers what a cheat and  
a swindler we are.

### The Laugh

"Love laughs at locksmiths," so they  
say,

And maybe it is so.  
But does it laugh at the baker man?

Nay! He has got the "dough."

### The Difference

On election day the average citi-  
zen is a sovereign in his own right.

Otherwise he is only an ultimate  
consumer.

### Reminder

"What's the string around the  
thumb for, Wilkins?"

"Just to remind me that my wife  
didn't tell me to bring home some-  
thing this evening."

### Come on, Boys

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, O give, me back my heart."  
—Lord Byron.

Maid of Lincoln, coy, serene,  
Tell me—natural or blonde.

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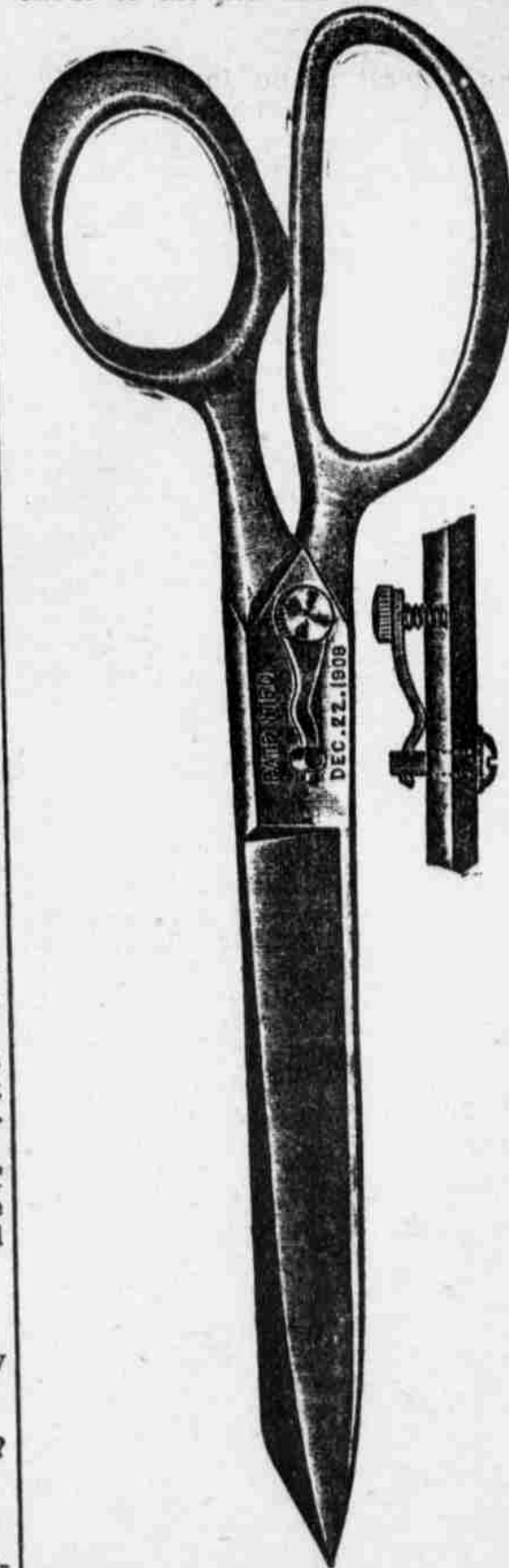
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