



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Which?

She made a lot of sweaters for the sunbaked Hottentot,
And overcoats for Kaffirs far away;
She knit some woolen stockings for the Fiji islands hot,
And mittens for the poor in far Bombay.
She made warm underclothing for the poor of Borneo,
Bought shoes for Arabs on Sahara's sand;
She thought herself a Dorcas, but she didn't seem to know
That more deserving poor lived close at hand.

Her heart was very tender and it made her fairly wild
To see dumb brutes abused with needless pain.

She wrote for all the papers to encourage treatment mild
For birds and beasts that could not well complain.

She spoke from stage and forum for the good S. P. C. A.,
Or as a patroness at meetings sat.

And she wore a sealskin jacket and another muff quite gay,
And a dozen well-stuffed birds upon her hat.

She went to "mothers' meetings" and presided with eclat,
Or read a paper built on study deep.

"The art of rearing children" she discussed in tones to awe,
Although her hearers often went to sleep.

She spoke of "wifely duty" and responsibility
That rested on a mother's shoulders now;

But she was so busy talking that she really couldn't see
Her children grew like Topsy—"anyhow."

And yet I know another, and she's doing all she may
To spread the light of happiness around.

She finds some time to study midst the many tasks of day
But knows that in her home best joys abound.

She teaches by example, and her kingdom is her home;
Inside its sacred precincts she's the queen.

And so, somehow or other, her own children never roam,
And love around the hearthstone's always seen.

Reminiscent

This department's recent reminiscences anent the old-time prayer meeting seems to have struck a responsive chord, judging by the number of letters received relative thereto. Among the many was one from a good friend in Illinois—evidently one of the old "fathers in Israel," who asks me if I can remember the old-time "pound party."

Can I? I should say so! Wasn't my father a country minister all his life? And wasn't he and mother times without number the recipients—I came near saying "victims"—of the kindly "pounding" of the good brothers and sisters? A pound of coffee, a pound of tea, a pound of butter, a pound of sugar—pounds of things without number. Nor were they all pound packages, either. A lot of those old-timers didn't measure their bounty by the pound.

I remember the time Uncle Henry Pickerell showed up at the "pound party" without a package, and everybody was surprised, for Uncle Henry was generous to a fault. But the next morning mother found "Lady Bounty" in the barn, together with a mow full of hay and a big box full of chop feed. Pinned to the barn door was a note saying that mother could have the use of the cow until Uncle Henry had his annual cattle sale, and that he would provide the feed. She must have been a mighty good cow, for at the next sale Uncle Henry sold her at public auction for over two thousand dollars. I remember that cow well because I had to carry out Uncle Henry's stipulation that "Lady Bounty" must be curried and brushed every day.

The only trouble about those old-fashioned "pound parties" was that so many of the congregation thought they had discharged their obligations to the pastor when they came across with a pound bar of soap or a pound package of something or other. And often the donors served a supper at the pastor's house and consumed a goodly share of what they brought as donations.

But, bless their dear hearts! They really believed that they were doing the right thing. I can imagine the consternation of a city preacher if his parishoners should inflict a "pound party" on him instead of coming across with his salary in real money on the first of the month.

They always had a little set program at those "pound parties." I take it for granted that father and mother were always surprised when one was put over on them. At any rate they acted like it—which is very much the same thing. With each package delivered father would smile and mother would exclaim, "Well, my goodness!" or something like that. Then, when there were no more packages in sight one of the elders, or deacons, would make a little speech of presentation, bubbling over with good will, and father would respond, always in a humorous way that contained a vein of solemnity. Then everybody would sit around and say nothing for a while, but presently some one would suggest a song and then the organist would unlimber that old Mason & Hamlin organ and we'd sing "Gather at the River," and "Home Over There," and "When We Hear the Music Ringing," and the old line of songs you old folks remember so well. Then the young folks would invade the dining room and play "spin the plate," or "Jacob and Ruth," or "heavy, heavy hangs over your head," while their elders remained in the front room and talked politics or any old thing that happened to be uppermost in their minds.

About 10:30 everybody would begin hunting their wraps, which were always piled up on the bed in the nearest bedroom. Considerable time was always lost in sorting out the sleeping babies. It just beat all how many babies they could scare up on the occasion of a "pound party." Always about 10:30, or a little earlier, for we were not given to late hours in those days. We want early and left early.

And didn't we "preacher's children" live high after those "pound parties?"

Do I remember them? Say, I can just shut my eyes this minute and see the kitchen table piled high with packages, or hear mother say, "Now

isn't that thoughtful of you—just what I've been wanting," or father's voice saying, "Just remember that it don't have to be only a pound next time." Cans and jars of good things—not the boughten kind that tastes like sweetened shavings or deodorized punk, but home-made stuff that tasted good all the way down and for a long time afterwards, and reminded you of "more."

For the sake of my ministerial friends of today I'm rather glad that the "pound party" is out of date, but how I would like to attend one of the old-fashioned kind and meet again those dear good souls, so many of whom are listening to the ringing of the music they used to sing about and enjoying that home over there that was the goal of their Christian faith and hope.

Before and After

He was the jokester person
On a sheet the hue of straw;
He thought it cute to scribble
Jokes on the mother-in-law.
But two years after marriage,
When baby sniffles had,
He hustled out to get her,
And, getting her, was glad.

For years this jokester person
Wrote stovepipe jokes galore.
When other subjects failed him,
On this he'd scribble more.
First winter after marriage
He from that dream awoke—
One stovepipe he erected,
And found it was no joke.

Nostalgia Described

After visiting at grandma's for a couple of weeks little Richard came home at twilight and nestling up against his mamma's knee said:
"Mamma, I'm homesick."
"What makes you homesick, dear?" asked mamma.
"Oh, I want to see papa, and Rena and Dorothy, and my dog."
"How does it feel to be homesick, son?"
"Why, I just feel all dried up," was the startling reply.

Modern Definitions

Reciprocity—Trading something you do not want for something you must have.
Contempt of Court—A judicial feeling that what you think is really so.
Affinity—An awfully thin excuse for going wrong.
Tariff Board—The last refuge of an extortionist.

Our Discovery

Mrs. Hutchins of Washington declares that it is impossible to live upon less than \$67.50 a day. That may be quite true, but we have discovered it to be quite possible to exist on considerably less than that amount per day.

Brain Leaks

It is the "good enough workman" who is usually looking for a job. The mother of six always gets a lot of fun watching a mother fussing with her very first. The time usually spent in learning to like grapefruit could be spent to much better advantage. If ever we go into the business of exhibiting strange and wonderful things we will give the platform of honor to the woman who admits that her shoes are too small. Time was when a brownstone front was the sign and seal of wealth and aristocracy. Now the smell of frying bacon issuing from a kitchen is the best evidence.

A great many employers who are quick to find fault are awfully slow to express commendation. Then they wonder why their employes take such little interest in their jobs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Long Roll." A novel of the war between the states. By Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and to Hold." Houghton Mifflin company, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.40 net.

"The Unoccupied Mission Fields of Africa and Asia." By Samuel M. Zwemer, F. R. G. S., student volunteer movement for foreign missions, 125 East Twenty-seventh St., New York.

"Daniel Webster." A vindication, with other historical essays. By Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson. Funk & Wagnalls company, publishers, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

"Brief History of the Boone and Crockett Club with Officers, Constitution and List of Members for the Year 1910." By George Bird Grinnell, editor. Forest and Stream Publishing company, New York.

"The Cross of Honor, the Love of Napoleon." By Mary Openshaw. Small, Maynard & Company, publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.20 net.

"Non-Church-Going, Its Reasons and Remedies." Fleming H. Revell company, New York and Chicago. Price, \$1.00 net.

"The Garden of the Sun." By Capt. T. J. Powers. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.37.

"Checking the Waste Places." A study in conservation. By Mary Huston Gregory. The Bobbs-Merrill company, publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Optimistic Life." By Orison Swett Marden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, New York. Price, \$1.00.

"The Suffragette." A history of the women's militant suffrage movement. By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. With an introduction by Mrs. Pankhurst. Sturgis & Walton company, 31-33 East Twenty-seventh street, New York. Price, \$1.50 net.

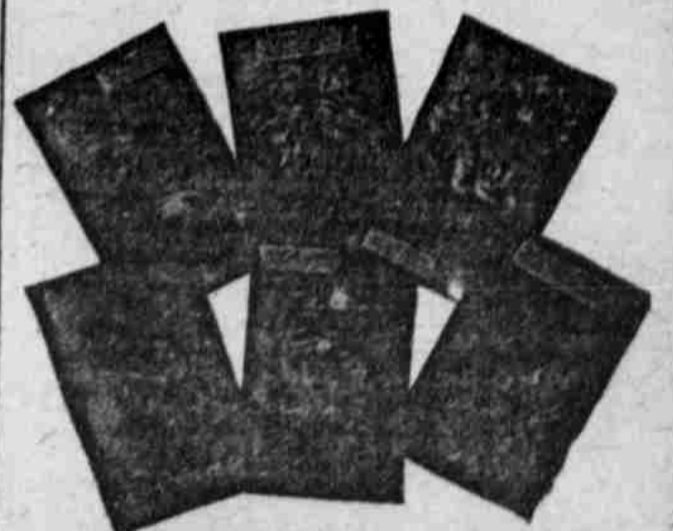
"The Blood of the Prophets." By Dexter Wallace. The Rooks Press, Chicago, Ill.

"Love Life of Jesus and Mary of Bethany and Poems." By Francis Warren Jacobs. Price, \$2.50.

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