



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

A Spring Song

(After Mendelssohn—a long ways.)
Springtime buds are swellin' an' th'
fleecey cloudlet floats;
Th' song birds are a'singin' fit t' bust
their purty throats,
An' I feel th' glory roll
Like a billow o'er my soul
When I walk aroun' an' listen t' th'
swellin' woodland notes.

Th' honeysuckle climbin' round my lit-
tle cottage door
Is a' gittin' green an' showin' signs
o' bloomin' as of yore;
An' I feel th' glory thrill
All my better bein' fill
Till I laugh an' thank good fortune
for th' pleasure I've in store.

Th' bees again are flyin' an' I hear
their busy hum;
They're pilin' up th' honey an' they
got t' give me some.
An' I feel th' glory tones
Jus' a' rattlin' through my bones
Till I think I know what's waitin' in
th' Land o' Kingdom Come.

Watermelon vines are peepin' from th'
dirt jus' like an eye;
I'm a' goin' t' be so careful that no
danger comes a-nigh;
An' I feel th' glory note
Just a' ticklin' in my throat
As I think o' joys a-comin' in th' good
days by an' by.

Th' bullheads are a'bitin' in th' deep
holes o' th' crick;
I've got my lines all ready an' th'
poles are growin' thick.
An' I feel th' glory flow
Through my inner bein' go.
An' I'm goin' t' go a'fishin' an' o' bull-
heads take my pick.

Yes, th' spring buds are a' swellin' an'
th' birds are all a-wing;
Th' air is music laden with th' ringin'
songs they sing.
An' I feel th' glory gleam
That's a dancin' on th' stream,
An' I'm goin' t' take th' pleasures that
th' days o' springtime bring.

A Memory

The Tired Man sank deeper into his
office chair and looked out through the
window upon the sunshine of spring.
The swelling buds nodded back to him,
and the birds twittered and twisted for
his edification. And as the Tired Man
looked and longed the days sped back-
ward upon lightning wings and he was
a boy again.

"Why, there's the old swimmin'
hole," he muttered. "Gee, the water
looks good! Hi, fellers; bet yer I'm
the first one in!"
Ker-plunk! Ker-plunk!! And a
couple of boys were neck-deep in the
water.

"Come on in fellers; the water's
bully!"
Splash, splash! And the silvery
spray dashed high in the balmy air.
"Aw, fellers; now keep away!" piped
the lad who was trying to fish from
the stump of the old oak whose roots
had grown into the water and afforded
a comfortable seat.

"Keep away; I got a bite!"
"Look here, I kin lick th' feller that
tied my clothes in a knot."
"That was Jim Craver that done it."
"No such thing."
"Didn't."
"Did."

Whack! And then a pair of boys,
clad only in nature's garments were
rolling over and over in the lush
grass; kicking, hitting, gouging and

yelling like fiends.

"I don't 'low no feller t' tie my
clothes, Jim Craver."

"Aw, go chase yerself! I'll tie 'em
every time I please."

And once more the boys go tumbling
through the grass.

"I got'er go home, fellers. Come on
out."

"Aw, wait a while."

"Nope. Pa told me ter be home at 6
o'clock, an' it's past that now."

"Well, don't be in sich a hurry.
We're comin'."

"All right, let's swim across an'
back. I kin beat all o' you."

Splash! Ker-chug!

And away they go. The Tired Man
was leading, but his breath was com-
ing in short gasps. The bank is only
fifteen feet away, but Doc Peters is
close behind. One desperate stroke,
one lunge forward, one—

Rat-a-tat-tat!

"Gentleman to see you, sir," said the
office boy.

And with a gasp and a subdued cry
the Tired Man came back to the pres-
ent, and was once more the man of
affairs.

But all the rest of the afternoon his
face wore a smile, and once he opened
the window, leaned out, thrust his fin-
ger into his mouth and then held it
up.

"Wind from the south," he muttered.
"I bet the fishing's good in the old
creek."

Parallel

"I never struck but one thing in the
meat line tougher than this," re-
marked Bimmerly, sawing desperately
at the steak just placed in front of
him by the waiter.

"What was that?" queried Bam-
merly.

"Garfield's report," replied Bimmer-
ly, looking around for an ax.

Seasonable

For months we'll have to buy no coal,
Which makes us all feel nice;
But now it puts us in the hole
To dig the dough for ice.
And thus the seasons come and go
Befraught with evils thick;
But this is one thing that we know—
It does no good to kick.

Evident

"Is B'Jinks a good business man?"

"I should say so! He sold ten mil-
lion share o' gold mine stock for spot
cash before anybody discovered that
he didn't have any gold mine."

In Re Garfield

A trust, a man, a little stunt
Called an investigation;
A brief report, a briefer hunt,
And then an angry nation.

Lucky Strike

"How did Cutely make all his
money?"
"He invented a railroad timetable
that anybody can understand."

Getting Ready

Senator Graball called in his valet
and proceeded to question him.

"Is my grip packed?"

"Yes, sah."

"Got my trunk all ready?"

"Yes, sah."

"Got my fishing tackle and guns in
good shape?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did you get the transportation I
sent you for yesterday?"

"Yes, sah. I done got all de tickets
w'ot you asked foh, sah."

"Get that list of new novels I made
out?"

"Yes, sah; got 'em all, sah."

"Is my medicine chest properly
stocked with the articles I usually car-
ry on my journeyings?"

"Yes, sah; got de finest line o' medi-
cines you evah had, sah."

"Berths engaged clear through?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you may tell my secretary
that he will have nothing to do but an-
swer letters from my constituents for
the next three months. I'm going to
the mountains for a month, then to
the coast for another month, and then
to Hot Springs for another month."

"Yes, sah."

After the valet had disappeared Sen-
ator Graball yawned and muttered to
himself:

"These committee assignments dur-
ing the congressional recess are very
annoying, but I really must investigate
the questions arising in connection
with that house freight rate bill."

Brain Leaks

Prayer is a petition, not a man-
damus.

Dividing the swag does not lessen
the crime.

Splurging around is not a sure sign
of earnestness.

The man who goes gunning for trou-
ble never runs short of ammunition.

Some people conjure up trouble and
imagine that they are bearing heavy
crosses.

The chief trouble about thinking
twice before acting once is that some
other fellow is liable to jump in and

seize the opportunity about the time
we begin on the second thought.

The reform that begins in the home
is usually a reform based on a solid
foundation.

The consecrated Christian has a
purse easily opened at the call of dis-
tressed humanity.

It is easy to cheer the winner, but
that does not materially help along
needed reforms.

Some men spend so much time in
getting ready to die that they make a
dismal failure of life.

The man who feels like doing some-
thing foolish generally has his excuse
all framed up in advance.

We know men who exhaust their
cheerfulness at the office and turn on
the trouble faucet at home.

True happiness consists largely in
getting what you actually need, not in
getting what you think you want.

The man whose honor can be satis-
fied only with blood usually has an
honor that needs a disinfectant.

When a man has learned to get
along with what he has he has learned
the first lesson in getting along.

Classic music is the kind that most
of us encore for the purpose of hear-
ing the performers render something
we like.

Some men never learn the difference
between fame and notoriety, and some
men are forever mistaking reputation
for character.

Many men have achieved a reputa-
tion for philanthropy because they
gave back the collar button to the
man from whom they stole a shirt.

Democrats of Nebraska Grieve

James C. Brennan, a well-known
democrat residing near Omaha, Neb.,
died suddenly at his home on the even-
ing of March 18. Mr. Brennan was
well known throughout Nebraska and
he was one of the faithful "hewers of
wood and drawers of water" in the
democratic party. The high opinion
entertained of Mr. Brennan by all who
knew him was well represented in a
tribute paid by one of his closest per-
sonal and political friends, Richard L.
Metcalf, editor of the Omaha World-
Herald. Mr. Metcalf's tribute fol-
lows:

"James C. Brennan was not famous
as the world gauges fame. He had a
wonderfully wide acquaintance among
individuals, so wide indeed that in the
face of the fact that Nebraska did not
seem to know him, he was one of the
best known of Nebraskans.

"I do not write for those who were
strangers to Mr. Brennan; I seek in a
feeble way to put into words the deep
and tender sentiments felt by every-
one who knew him well. I have been
the beneficiary of so many kindnesses
at his hands that although I were to
live to the ripest of ripe old age, I
could never repay them. During sev-
enteen years of friendship I have so
often profited by his loving kindness
that now I proudly lay this humble
tribute on his tomb.

"I never knew a man whose life was
more thoroughly devoted to good
deeds than was the life of this man. I
write not from a passing acquaintance
but from years of the most intimate,
personal association. In my capacity
as a newspaper man it has been my
duty to write many articles concern-
ing men who have passed away, but
never have I had such a difficult task
assigned me as when some of Mr.
Brennan's friends suggested that I
write something by way of tribute to
his splendid memory. Those who knew
him as I knew him, will, I am sure,
understand that where this pen has

failed to do the subject justice it is
because 'great griefs are voiceless.'

"Manifestly it does the dead no good
that the living speak well of them, but
those who feel a sorrow they can not
define are disposed to say something
by way of tribute and these tributes,
paid in faithful spirit to deserving
men, do the world no harm. I do not,
by any means, intend to place this
man upon a pedestal. I know that
there are, all over this world, men just
like him—men who are obeying the
divine injunction, 'Bear ye one ano-
ther's burdens.' He obeyed that injunc-
tion. We who knew something of his
circumstances realized that although
at times his own treasury was de-
pleted, it seemed to be overflowing—
and all for the benefit of his fellows.
We knew men staggering under heavy
loads, who were aided in their trou-
bles and largely relieved of their bur-
dens by his advice and co-operation.
We knew—and this is one of the
brightest stars in the constellation of
his good deeds—that, never, in all his
life, did he forget the widow or the
orphan of a friend. It is easy to un-
derstand how one man will rush to
the support of another, strong and
powerful; but when the husband and
father is gone and there is no chance
of recompense in business or in poli-
tics, it is too often the case that there
are no friends in sight. But James
C. Brennan was not that kind of friend.
The same fidelity, the same honest
friendship he displayed toward his
strong and influential companion in
politics or in business was transmitted
to that companion's widow and orphan



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