



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

In 1910

We are going to accomplish some wonderful things
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We are going to bust trusts and political rings
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We've rolled up our sleeves and we've spit on our hands
 To go after grafters who have swiped timber lands,
 And cinch all the members of tariff trust bands,
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We have made up our minds to get rid of the sharks
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten;
 To quit being counted by trusts "Easy Marks"
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We're bound and determined to rouse up our pride
 And quit being donkeys for trust barons to ride;
 We're going to go out and get Joe Cannon's hide
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We're going to shake Peary and Wellman and Cook
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 The "polar dash" fellows'll get no pleasant look
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We'll not look for the pole till we finish the job
 Of putting off watch all the interests that rob,
 And stop men like Aldrich who only "play hob,"
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We're going to quit being the political tools,
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten,
 Of men who make profit from tariff-fed pools,
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 We'll fool 'em a trip and we'll kick up a fuss
 If they try one again to Joecannon us—
 We'll leave Uncle Joe back in Danville to cuss,
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 Experience, we've learned, is a mighty dear school,
 Ere Nineteen Hundred and Ten
 But there's no better college to care for a fool,
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.
 So those who've not learned that they're suckers to vote
 To bolster up trusts that have made 'em the "goat"
 We'll send to that school, and their progress we'll note,
 In Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

The Good Old Days

We cheerfully admit that in one respect today has its advantages over yesterday.
 The "spare bedroom" is no longer the torture that it used to be at this time of the year. The modern furnace, or the base burner, has changed all that.
 Geeminy Crickets! Couldn't the spare bed room get colder than Greenland's icy mountains? If it was ten degrees below zero outside, it was sure to be twenty degrees below in the "spare bedroom." The sheets were merely thin layers of ice, and the bedposts were north and south poles with never a sign of an equator between. By the time you had doffed your clothing and donned your "nightie" your teeth had chattered all their enamel off, and you

had gooseflesh enough on your body to sandpaper down all the rough lumber in the township. And when you dived feet first in between those icy sheets you just knew you'd freeze to death before you could alarm the household. You shoved your knees up under your chin and held them there until you got a cramp, and then you unkinked long enough to get a frostbite on a couple of toes before you hunched your knees up again. You held your head under the covers until you were almost suffocated, and when you finally just had to stick your nose out to get a breath you jerked it back in and broke off an icicle. You lay there and shivered until you wondered why the house didn't fall down, and just before you froze to death you went to sleep.

There are some things about the good old days that we love to recall, but just when we get to ruminating over old times and having a lot of fun with ourselves, suddenly a memory of the spare bedroom intrudes and—biff! bang! If it happens to be the hottest day of summer the mere thought of it cools us off for a time.

If we had an enemy—and we hope we haven't—the very worst thing we could wish him would be that he might have to spend an eternity trying to go to sleep in one of those old-time "spare bedrooms" along about January.

Resolved

That during 1910 I will not be a grouch.
 That I will be silent when I can not speak a word of cheer.
 That I will not give advice that I do not heed myself.
 That I will not pass by on the other side.
 That I will give what I can, when I can, to help a fellow man.
 That I will preach only what I practice.
 That I will look only on the bright side.
 That I will not be envious—or no more so than I can possibly help.
 That I will do my best.
 That I will not blame others for my own mistakes.
 That I will cut out grumbling.
 That I will not speak ill of a neighbor, nor listen to those who do.
 That if I get the worst of it I will make the best of it.
 That what I can do for myself I will ask no one to do for me.

The Anxious Inquirer

"What is this great anniversary you are celebrating?" queried the Heathen who had just arrived on our shores to secure a Great Uplift.
 "This is Christmas," we answered.
 "The season of peace on earth, to men good will."
 "It means, then," continued the Heathen, "that no more will the world know the horrors of war, and that men everywhere will seek only the reign of peace and love?"
 "You catch the idea exactly," we exclaimed, wondering at the Heathen's ready grasp.
 "Yet I note that your nation alone will expend \$140,000,000 on its army next year, and \$120,000,000 more on its navy."
 "Sure thing!" we exclaimed. "We always prepare for war in time of peace."
 "And you are building Dread-

naughts, and educating men in the science of killing one another."

"O, other nations do it, and we must follow suit," we replied.

"And your railroads annually kill 15,000 people and injure and maim 75,000 more?"

"Well, we are too busy to take much account of human life," we replied by way of apology.

"And thousands of hopeless women toil from dawn till midnight for a crust and a roof?"

"Well, our industrial conditions are not the best," was about all the reply we could make.

"And thousands of poor children go breakfastless to school every morning in this Christian land?" further queried the Heathen.

We had to admit that such was the case.

"And thousands of men are killed in your mines and factories every year because employers have discovered that human life is cheaper than safety appliances?"

We could only nod our head in assent.

"And thousands of little children are being physically stunted and mentally dwarfed because men in their greed are willing to coin gold from the proceeds of the theft of the playtime of youth?"

The Heathen paused for our reply.

By this time we were a little impatient, but we waited for one of two more queries.

"And you actually pay some men a premium to exact toll from widows and orphans?" queried the Heathen.

By this time we were angry.

"Look here, you ignorant Heathen!" we shouted. "If you don't like our way of doing business just get out. You come from a country that we'll have to civilize pretty soon, and we are building the Dreadnaughts and training the army that can do the little old civilizing job to perfection. Now git!"

And as the Heathen retired from the scene we resumed our Christmas celebration, feeling at peace with all the world.

The Wrong Idea

"See that poor fellow over there; the one who looks as if he did not have a friend on earth?"
 "Yes, he does look like a down and outer, doesn't he?"
 "Well, you are mistaken. I just asked him how he felt and he said he felt like a lord."
 "So he does. You'd understand if you were posted on what's going on in Great Britain just now."

Those Dear Girls

"Jack actually kissed me as I stood under the mistletoe last night."
 "O, dear! Now I've got to pay Jack."
 "What do you mean?"
 "O, I bet him a box of cigars against a box of gloves that he wouldn't have the nerve."
 This explains why they no longer speak.

Something Missed

When we arrived at the office we started to work, but somehow or other there seemed to be something lacking.
 We couldn't seem to get started. Everything went wrong, and for the life of us we couldn't ascertain the cause of the trouble. The fountain pen worked; the stenographer was good natured; the steam heat was working well—but something was lacking, and finally we stopped trying to work and plunged into thought.
 Finally we located the trouble. We had actually reached the office without having been stopped on the

street and "tagged" for something or other.

Having thus located the trouble we realized that it was no use trying to continue, so we hastened down town and permitted ourself to be fixed out for the day.

Brain Leaks

"Soft snaps" usually have a painful "come-back."

We'd rather ride a hobby than stick in the mud.

A little Christmas candle can brighten up a lot of territory.

Some people who are looking for the worst of it seldom need spectacles.

The older we get the more we are convinced that Santa Clause is the real thing.

The cost of living continues to increase, but, thank goodness, we are still living!

We pity the man who has never experienced the pleasure of making a child feel happy.

No sweeter music was ever heard than the happy laughter of children on Christmas morning.

The man who puts off good resolutions until New Year usually forgets them before the year is old.

One good feature about 1910 is the opportunity it affords us for doing much better than we did in 1909.

The man who said that December 21 is the shortest day in the year forgot January 1. That is the "shortest" day for most of us.

The worst part about this Dr. Cook business is that it gives Walter Wellman a chance to say "I told you so."

THE DREAMERS

You count them as an idle class,
 You call them of the lesser breed,
 Who 'mid your roaring interests pass
 With none to give them hint or heed

But, dreamers, dreaming as they go,
 They are the first, the pioneers;
 They plant the seeds that swell and grow

Unto the grand results of years:
 They are the salt of earth; in fact,
 The dream is father of the act.

Utility, with giant hand,
 A new force trembles through the land,

A new creation springs to light,
 But back of it the dreamer dreams
 And what utility hath wrought
 Through all the tides of time but screams

From out the dreamer's busy thought:
 The builder builds, the dreamer lays
 The broad foundations of the days.

The grand achievements of the years,
 The march of commerce, swift and true;

The message that fulfillment hears,
 The marvels that the times imbue—

Oh, mock the dreamer not! he sleeps
 Upon the roaring rim of things,
 And it is through his dream that sweeps

The thought from which the deed upsprings:
 He deals in fancy's pliant clay,
 He dreams the darkness into day.

He dreams, and men catch up the fire;
 He dreams, and down the grooves of time

To broader beauty worlds aspire,
 To higher uses nations climb,
 He dreams, and something of his hope,

Some light that flashes from his star
 Throws the iron engine's lever ope,
 Bids the world-builders build afar:

The dreamers, dreaming faith makes fact,
 They are the fathers of the act.

—Baltimore Sun.