



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Name

They figured first on Raymond,
Then Clarence, George or John;
They thought somewhat of Eugene,
But none could fix upon.
Some thought was given Edward,
And quite a bit to James;
In fact they were quite worried
Among so many names.

One good friend wanted Arthur,
Another wanted Paul;
One uncle mentioned Asa,
Another said, "No, Saul."
Grandpa suggested William
And grandma Benjamin;
They went the list together
And then began again.

They dwelt awhile on Peter,
On Matthew, Luke and Mark;
They argued from the morning
Until the day grew dark.
They argued long and loudly
Until one fateful day
They quickly got together
And named her Charlotte May.

Good Books

Caldwell, Kas., March 30.—To the Architect, Bryan's Commoner: I have often read with interest your little stories about your boyhood days and I have wondered, too, what books you read then. I have a son twelve years old and a daughter nine years old. Both love to read and I want to get them good books. Now what books would you advise me to buy for them? * * * I subscribe for several papers, and among them The Commoner is a favorite with all members of the family.—J. C. McB.

My Kansas friend puts a hard task on me. But I'll do my best, and if the books I advise are not considered by others as worthy they are invited to send me their lists and I'll gladly forward them to J. C. McB. The other day one of my own little ones came home from the city library with Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." I could hardly wait until she finished it so I could read it again, and honestly I believe I enjoyed it as much then as I did thirty-five or thirty-eight years ago when I read it for the first time. Tom Bailey wasn't such an awfully bad boy after all, and every boy will be made better by reading the story of his life. "Tom Brown's School Days" is a corking good story to put in the hands of any boy, and Louisa M. Alcott's stories are just the books for girls. Even boys like the Alcott stories. Here's a list of books my own father bought me when I was a boy: The Alger books, Oliver Optic's books, Harry Castlemon's books, John T. Trowbridge's stories of Jack Hazard, and Charles Carleton Coffin's historical books. A little later "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield" were provided, and in a few years the Architect was buying his own books.

The boy who has the stories by Alger, Optic, Castlemon and Trowbridge is not very likely to waste his time on "Deadwood Dick" and "Old Sleuth." Give them stories about manly boys who are just boys—not the goody-goody "Rollo" boys, but boys who get into mischief often, but into crime never. Naturally I do not know much about the kind of books girls like to read, but I am of the opinion that girls who begin with the Alcott stories are not very apt to graduate on "The Duchess," Bertha M. Clay and Laura Jean

Libbey. Of course the Youth's Companion is an old stand-by, but there are thousands of us gray-haired boys who can and do look back with delight to the old days when St. Nicholas was a well spring of joy, and we are quite sure that nothing ever has or ever will quite fill the place it occupied years ago. Even to this day "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" seems a live personage.

A few dollars judiciously invested in good books has saved many a boy and girl. The normal youth wants to read, and if the parent does not see to it that the boy is furnished good books—books that will give him moral tone and manly ambitions—the boy will, as sure as the sun shines, get the wrong kind of inspiration from the abominable "Old Sleuth" and "Nick Carter" rot that is always so temptingly displayed before him. I am a great believer in the freedom of the press, but I sometimes wish it didn't extend quite to the limit of allowing the publication of a lot of the stuff that is sold to boys by conscienceless news dealers.

Different

"There," remarked the irate parent, leading Johnnie from the woodshed where a little seance had taken place. "There; I guess that will make you stir your stumps. Why, when I was your age I could paddle my own canoe."
"That's all right," sobbed Johnnie, "but I wish you'd get to thinking that I'm a motor boat."

Unfinished

Richard, aged 4, leaned over the bed and gazed upon the face of the new arrival for several minutes. Then, with a look of supreme disgust on his face, he turned away with the remark:
"Huh! 'Tain't half finished yet."

The Retort Courteous

In a western state a few years ago an effort was being made to secure the enactment of a child labor law. The committee in charge of the bill set a date for a hearing, and among those present to urge a favorable report on the bill were representatives of women's clubs, union men and social workers.

Among other members of the committee was one senator who will be called Eggleston, because that is not his name. Senator Eggleston, a six-footer, weighing 250 pounds, was opposed to the bill.

"I don't believe in these child labor bills," said Senator Eggleston. "I believe children should be taught to work, and the earlier the better. I began working when I was six years old, and when I was twelve I was doing a man's work on the farm. I don't look like it had stunted me, do I?"

"Not physically," remarked a quiet little woman representing an organization of women in the state's metropolis.

After a minute of deep silence the hearing was resumed.
The bill passed.

Brain Leaks

Credit is a good thing to have, but a poor thing to use.

If your competitor talks about you, you are winning out.

When a man buys a hat he wants one that fits the shape of his head. Now if women's heads fitted the

shapes of their hats—but what's the use?

Today's good time will not pay for tomorrow's regret.

A real friend doesn't notice the size of your bank account.

The wise boss is open to suggestions, but he resents complaints.

The real "fan" is never content when the home team opens the season away from home.

The man who stops to heave a rock at every barking dog he passes will not go far in a day.

Some people who think it is all right to whack a golf ball on Sunday would throw a fit if invited to smash a base ball on Sunday.

When we want to employ a young man for a particular job we don't hunt up the one who claims the pool championship of the neighborhood.

April

Now cometh old April with endless array

Of icicles, warm winds and chills;
It may be an o'coat or shirtsleeves today,

Or tomorrow 'twill be syrup and squills.

THE GENEROUS FLORIST

She was the lady of his choice and he took no pains to conceal it.

"I'll bet you don't know what day tomorrow is," she announced suddenly.

"Why, Tuesday, of course," he answered in a puzzled tone.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of a day. I knew you didn't know."

"I don't know. What do you mean?" he replied helplessly.

"Well, I guess I'll have to tell you." She pretended she was hurt.

"It will be my birthday."

"Congratulations, Alice. Congratulations," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "And how old may—"

"That's for you to find out," she answered, laughing.

"Well, I bet I know."

"You do?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you a rose for every year of your life. How will that do?"

At the florists he found the assistant unoccupied.

"Send Miss Casey eighteen of your best roses tomorrow morning. You know the address. Eighteen. Your best. Understand?" The boy understood.

Half an hour later the proprietor was looking over the order book.

"What did Mr. Graham order today?"

"Eighteen roses, sir," answered Willie.

"Eighteen? He's a pretty good customer. Throw in a dozen more."

—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

SPARING THE ROD

A boy of twelve years of age, with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher, and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat:

"Dear Sir.—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday.

He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man they threw stones at caught him and licked him; and the driver of a cart they hung on to licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased licked him. Then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him; and I had to give him another for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until next time.

"He thinks he will attend regular in future."—The Christian Advocate.

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