



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

A Vanished Excuse

Doubtless the young people of today have found something just as good, but I have often wondered what excuse they have for sitting close together in the front room, now that the old-fashioned album has disappeared. That old album was a mighty handy thing to have around in the old days when we were "taking notice." When I looked at the pictures of ma and pa, of Uncle Jim and Aunt Hannah, and Cousin Sarah and Cousin Joe, to say nothing of grandma and grandpa—when I stared steadily at those old photographs, never seeing them, of course she had to sit up close so she could name them all for me and tell me little stories about them. And the closer she sat, why of course the easier it was for her to see the photographs, consequently much easier for her to recall little incidents.

And if ma or pa happened to enter the room unexpectedly, of course the presence of the album on my knees explained the proximity of the daughter. It was no entertainment to look at the photographs of people unless some one was right there to tell you who they represented. And of course she knew every blessed one of them.

O, those ornately bound old leather albums! Where have they all gone? We know of one or two that we'd give a great deal to look through once more. They used to ornament a table in the front room of the old Missouri home, and they contained the pictures of relatives and friends. Here and there in those albums were photographs of men in the ill-fitting uniforms that men wore during the dark days of the civil war. Women in flaring crinolines, little shavers in funny round-about or skirts starched so stiff they stood straight out—the photographs of men and women now gray-haired and playing with their grandchildren, or else long since gathered to their fathers.

They have disappeared, and forever, and with them went something that not all the ingenuity of modern minds can replace. And as we remarked in the beginning, we wonder what excuse the young people sitting so close together in the front room have when the old folks come in.

Lack of Observation

Mr. Pursley—"Who was that woman that we just passed?"

Mrs. Pursley—"That woman with the chancier hat, the plaid shirt waist with the chiffon collar and the skirt trimmed with velvet braid and cut steel spangled and the French-heeled shoes and the kalsomined complexion, with the near-diamond ear-rings and the sunburst at her throat and the monogram buckle on her belt, and the seven rings on her right hand that she kept holding in full view and the torn binding on the bottom of her skirt—is that the one you mean?"

Mr. Pursley—"Yes, I guess that's the one you mean?"

Mrs. Pursley—"Well, I didn't notice who she was."

The Printerman Won

On divers and sundry occasions the Architect has taken pleasure in mentioning the old time printers, and his pleasure in meeting with them or hearing of their successes. A few months ago he mentioned the fact that one of the old timers, Earl W. Hodges, yearned to be auditor of the great state of Arkansas, and expressed the hope that Hodges would

win out. Now comes the glad tidings that the old-time printer did win out, and by a handsome majority. That is, he received the democratic nomination, which amounts to the same thing as an election down in Arkansas. In a little note to the Architect Col. Hodges says:

"If you are ever down this way, or will take a week off and visit us, we'll show you a good time. With the exception of your own good state Arkansas is miles ahead of any other state in the Union. I ought to know—I've been in several of them. Come down to our annual press meeting in May. What about it? Bring your friend along—the gentleman who edits The Commoner. We are all Bryan men down here, girls and boys alike."

Gee, but we'd like to accept that invitation and roam around through the Arkansas hills in company with a bunch of good fellows—and they are all good fellows down that way. The matter will be submitted to the gentleman referred to by Col. Hodges.

Snubbed

"Has everybody interested had an opportunity to speak on this schedule?" queried the chairman of the tariff committee.

"Please, sir, I would like to say a word," exclaimed a small man who had not before been noticed.

"Whom do you represent?" queried the chairman.

"I don't represent anybody but myself; I'm the ultimate consumer," admitted the small man.

There being nothing further to interest the committee it adjourned to meet in various cafes with representatives of real interests.

Ineffectual

"What do you mean, John Henry Spifkins, by coming home at this hour of the morning?"

"M' dear, I jus' been watchin' th' comet. Greash shings, comets; better shay up shome night an' see comet."

"You hike right out to the barn and go to sleep in the hay, John Henry Spifkins. That comet don't show up until 4:30, and it is now just 4 o'clock. If I hear or see anything more like this the star's you'll see will have longer tails than any comets ever forecasted by the astronomers."

Doubtful

"Money makes the mare go," remarked the man who dearly loved quotations.

"Maybe that's so," remarked the man who had gone broke on the horses, "but all that have felt the influence of my cash have failed to go fast enough to get anything."

Financial Item

"How did Pinkerly manage to get that new spring suit?"

"He got it on time."

"I didn't know his credit was good anywhere in town."

"It isn't, but he pawned his watch."

The Method

After touring the big factory we were admitted to the sumptuous office of the gentleman who owned and managed it.

"Your factory is full of hollow-eyed children and frail women," we remarked.

"Yes, I am so tender-hearted that

I can not help giving employment to those who must have it," said the manager.

"And I learn that your wage scale is at the starvation point or lower."

"I admit paying small wages, but I believe in employing as many people as possible."

"But by paying such a small wage scale your profits are enormous."

"I am compelled to make enormous profits, for how else could I afford to finance all the charitable enterprises with which the whole world is familiar through the work of my publicity department?"

Not having any answer ready to hand we were compelled to seek refuge in silence.

G. O. P.

Onery, Orrey, Ickery, Ann,
Waiting to hear from just one man!

Filison, Folison, Nicholas, John—
If he don't speak quickly we are gone.

Automobilical

"Have a good ride today?"
"Not very—only seven chickens, three dogs and a single buggy."

Brain Leaks

Paraded grief arouses little sympathy.

A bit of scandal never grows less in the repeating.

The older you get the better your slippers will feel.

A man usually has the "blues" after "painting things red."

Smelling of gasoline is no sign of ownership of an automobile.

Your best friend is not the one who is always excusing your faults.

Jealousy is always looking for something that it is afraid it will find.

The trouble with some women is that they can see so many things that never happen.

The man who discovered the German carp will never have any monuments erected to his memory.

"If you don't like your job, quit," is a mighty easy thing to say provided you don't have to work for a living.

Temples of Peace erected from the profits of building battleships are calculated to arouse more mirth than sentiment.

Some church members think they have done their full duty when they see to it that the pastor's salary is kept fairly well paid up.

Explaining the high cost of living a would-be expert says: "The working classes are no longer content with the cheaper cuts of meat." We'd like to know who is more entitled to the choice cuts than the workers.

Ever notice that these culinary experts who pose as teachers of the art of cooking always invite us working-men to watch them cook a steak that costs about as much as the average mechanic's day's wages amount to?

A LIQUOR DEALER'S INCOME

The average annual income of the American liquor dealer, according to a recent estimate, is over \$7,000. These figures are based on an estimate of fifty drinks to a gallon of whisky and twelve glasses of beer to the gallon. Many saloonkeepers, however, by generous adulteration, make a gallon of whisky yield seventy drinks. One village saloon-keeper took in over the bar \$24,000 a year, and his only competitor in the village took in \$16,000 yearly. These men were getting rich, while the village community was being impoverished. This is the experience of thousands of similar communities all over the country, where the saloon is gradually absorbing the wealth and manhood, and sapping the morals, and ruining homes, and yielding nothing in return.—Christian Advocate.

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