



*Whether Common or Not*  
By Will M. Maupin.

Letters From Far-Away Friends

Where is Dan Rice Buried?

Where is Dan Rice buried, anyhow? A few weeks ago a friend wrote us that the famous old circusman was buried in Pennsylvania. Now comes a friend with the following:

Long Branch, N. J.—In The Commoner of July 29 I notice some one inquiring where Dan Rice's remains were laid. Dan Rice died at Long Branch, February 12, 1900, and was buried at West Long Branch, N. J., a small village near here. Full particulars may be obtained from Mrs. Jacob Showles or Captain John Clark of this place.

JAMES R. SUTTON.

Wanchese, N. C., July 28.—“Whether Common or Not:” I love to read your page, for it interests me and gives me as much real pleasure and satisfaction as any part of The Commoner—which is saying a good deal for your work. My favorite song is “Nearer, My God, to Thee.” If there are any sweeter words in the world, or any sweeter music to fit to them, I would go quite a ways to hear them. I could mention a number of songs that stir my soul, such as “On the other side of Jordan,” “Sweet Hour of Prayer,” “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” “God be with you till we meet again,” and “Come to Jesus.” We sing them at times at our meetings and it seems to stir the souls of all, especially the old brothers and sisters. Your piece about the cottage organ did me good, as that is a great pleasure with us now for friends and loved ones to get together, especially on Sunday, and sing the good old songs and have a general good time in a Christian way. There are quite a number of pianos in the community, but they with their high-toned or “tony” music cut no ice with me. Vocal music with the old organ is good enough for me—like the old-time religion. Of course I like our modern ways and days best, but in some respects I am indeed an old timer. Here is a funny story I heard recently. An old negro went to sleep on the train, and was snoring away with his head thrown back and his mouth open. A fun-loving traveling man reached over and dropped a pinch of quinine on the old negro's tongue. The sleeper awoke, spat two or three times and yelled loudly for a doctor. “What's the matter?” queried the frightened conductor. “I don't know—edactly, boss, moaned the darkey, “but from de taste I done got in my mouth I t'ink I must a busted my gall.”

T. H. BAUM.

Bolivar, Mo., July 27.—“Whether Common or Not:” As a friend, for I claim friendship with you although I do not remember ever having met you, I take occasion to write you. I was well acquainted with your good father at Fairfield, Nebraska, where I lived for fourteen years, just south of the old Christian church. Our house was always the preacher's home. Prof. Hubbell, Prof. Aylesworth, Bro. Fowler, Bro. Henry, Bro. Barrow, your father, and hosts of other ministers have eaten at our table and slept beneath our roof. So have Ira J. Chase, Simpson Ely, D. R. Lucas, and others. While living at Clay Center I visited my old home in Missouri, and on my return your father met me and said: “Bro. Cox,

all those people down there who have our complexions are mighty fine people.” Your father and I are old friends of a half century standing, and I have known you for years on account of your connection with The Commoner. I voted for Mr. Bryan at Clay Center in 1896, when it was thought that it would be fatal to take me to the polls in a buggy, but I lived long enough to vote for him twice since then, and I'd like mighty well to live and be able to vote for him in 1912. I have written a few little verses in my time, although I make no pretensions to being a poet. The following may be sung to the tune of “My Old Kentucky Home,” and I have given it the name of “My Old Missouri Home:”

You may sing of foreign lands,  
Of your home beyond the sea,  
Of the many friends and scenes that's dear to you;  
But there's none so bright and fair,  
There's no country anywhere  
Like my old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

Chorus

All hail to you, Missouri!  
All hail, all hail to you!  
I will shout your name in song,  
In praises loud and long,  
My old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

With her fields of waving grain  
And her meadows fresh and green,  
'Neath the sky that's arched above  
so bright and blue;  
With her pure and healthy air,  
There is none that can compare  
With my old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

With her grand old Ozark hills,  
With their caves and rocks and rills,  
And her crystal springs that sparkle  
like the dew;  
'Tis the place I want to stay,  
No matter what they say  
Of my old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

I have lingered many hours  
'Neath the green and shady  
bowers,  
In the orchards where the Big Red  
Apples grew;  
'Tis a picture of content  
That kind Providence has sent  
To bless my old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

Now in kindness I will say,  
From this goodly land don't stray,  
No matter what they tell you you  
can do;  
Wherever you may roam,  
You will find no better home  
Than this old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

And when my work is done,  
And my earthly race is run,  
And there's nothing more my feeble  
hands can do;  
Beneath some quiet shade  
Let my resting place be made  
In my old Missouri home, my old Mizzoo.

W. J. COX.

Holloway, La., July 18.—“Whether Common or Not:” I have been a reader of The Commoner for several years and think it is a fine paper. I notice in your last issue that you would like for us to name our fa-

vorite songs. “I'll remember you, love, in my prayers,” is to me the prettiest of them all. The other day I happened across an old volume called “Uncle John's Sunday Evening Talks,” and in it I found the words of the old song you mentioned, “Pass Under the Rod.” I enclose them, thinking you might get at least a part of the pleasure I did in re-reading them:

I saw a young bride in her beauty  
and pride,  
Bedecked in her snowy array;  
And the bright flush of joy mantled  
high on her cheek,  
And the future looked blooming  
and gay.  
And with woman's devotion she laid  
her fond heart  
At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
And she anchored her hopes to this  
perishing earth  
By the chain which her tenderness  
wove.  
But I saw when those heartstrings  
were bleeding and torn,  
And the chain had been severed  
in two;  
She had changed her white robes for  
the sables of grief,  
And her bloom for the paleness  
of woe.  
But the Healer was there, pouring  
balm on her heart,  
And wiping the tears from her  
eyes;  
He strengthened the chain He had  
broken in twain  
And fastened it firm to the skies.  
There whispered a voice—'twas the  
voice of her God—  
“I love thee, I love thee! Pass under  
the rod.”

I saw a young mother in tenderness  
bend  
O'er the couch of her dear slum-  
bering boy;  
And she kissed the soft lips as they  
murmured her name,  
While the dreamer lay smiling  
with joy.  
O, sweet as the rosebud encircled  
with dew,  
When its fragrance is flung on the  
air,  
So fresh and so bright to that mother  
he seemed  
As he lay in his innocence there.  
But I saw, when she gazed on that  
same lovely form,  
Pale as marble and silent and cold,  
But paler and colder her beautiful  
boy,  
And the tale of her sorrow was  
told.  
But the Healer was there who had  
stricken her heart,  
And taken her treasure away;  
To allure her to heaven he had  
placed it on high,  
And the mourner will sweetly  
obey.  
There had whispered a voice—'twas  
the voice of God—  
“I love thee, I love thee! Pass under  
the rod!”

I saw a fond father and mother who  
leaned  
On the arm of a dear gifted son,  
And the star of the future grew  
bright to their gaze  
As they saw the proud place he  
had won.  
And the fast-coming evening of life  
promised fair,  
And its pathway grew smooth to  
their feet;  
And the starlight of love glimmered  
bright at the end,  
And the whispers of fancy were  
sweet.  
Then I saw them again bending low  
o'er the grave  
Where their hearts' dearest hope  
had been laid;  
And the star had gone down in the  
darkness of night,  
And the joy from their bosoms  
had fled.  
But the Healer was there, and His

arms were around,  
And He led them with tenderest  
care,  
And showed them a star in the  
bright upper world—  
'Twas their star shining brilliantly  
there.  
They had each heard a voice—'twas  
the voice of their God—  
“I love thee, I love thee! Pass under  
the rod!”  
MILDRED L. PERRY.

The following letter comes without a date line to locate it, but I am going to print it. Firstly, because it is a good letter and, secondly, just to give my friend his long-sought chance to see his name in print:

The funniest thing I know anything about is the fact that I have never yet been able to get my name into The Commoner, and I think it is the best name there is. You say in “Brain Leaks:” “Honestly, now, if you think your name is in the paper don't you keep right on hunting until you find it?” Sure! And for ten years I've been reading The Commoner and looking for my name, and I'm becoming somewhat discouraged. But since J. J. Blunk had such a good time I rather think I'll keep on trying for at least ten years more. You want to know “if the people rule why don't they get what they want?” I told you as plain as daylight why—the trusts, for it strikes me there is a “name trust” connected with The Commoner. If not, why hasn't my name been in before this? I think you have your favorites that have a favorite way of telling you your own favorite way the things that suit a favorite idea of your own—and I have looked in vain for my favorite name among the favorites that hop, step and side step all over the page like a bunch of old hens over a pile of chicken feed. But here's a funny story to end up with, and it is a true one. Willie Fissler, aged 5, was sent by his father to a neighbor's on an errand. He arrived at the neighbor's all out of breath and greatly excited. “What's the matter, Billy?” asked the neighbor. “O, Mr. Overholser, I saw two grasshoppers a fightin'.” “Well, which one whipped, Billy?” “Well, sir,” gasped Billy, “one grasshopper e't th' other grasshopper all up, an' th' other grasshopper e't a good deal of th' other one!” This happened in Johnson county, Iowa, about 1850. A short time ago “Billy,” now a gray-haired citizen of Kansas, came back here on a visit and I reminded him of the incident. He laughed and said: “I think the trusts will finally eat each other up just about like those grasshoppers.” J. L. SWITZER.

That's a pretty good little story, but I indignantly deny that there is any discrimination practiced in the matter of names. Wish Brer Switzer would call around at the office some time and see the stacks of letters that come in. Anyhow, his ambition has been gratified, for here's his name in big, bold capital letters.

About the time this issue of The Commoner reaches its readers the Architect and the “biggest girl” will be on the bounding billows, somewhere between New York City and Havana, Cuba. If we are not too sick to remember something about it you'll get the story.

READY RELIEF

Physician—“Have you any aches or pains this morning?”  
Patient—“Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath.”  
Physician—“All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.”  
—Good Housekeeping.