



# Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Naupin.

**Content**

Sittin' 'round the fire in the lamp-light's mellow glow,  
A listenin' to th' children as they patter to an' fro;  
Just rockin' back an' forruds, puffin' smoke rings in th' air,  
With a conscience clear an' easy, nothin' on my mind but hair,  
I am feelin' good a plenty, an' my heart is full o' joy  
At th' very thought o' livin' midst true love without alloy.  
So I'll let the politicians rave an' rant their fullest bent  
While I sit at home o' evenin's full o' sweet content.

Sittin' 'round th' fire with my children by my knee,  
An' a happy little mother rockin' gently close t' me;  
I don't envy Rockefeller all th' gold at his command,  
'Cause I got more things t' live for than he'll have on hand.  
An' I wouldn't exchange places with th' Laird o' o' Skiboo,  
Takin' all his load o' trouble, givin' up my loved ones true.  
But t' just sit here a rockin' softly, gently, to an' fro  
Is about th' sweetest pleasure that I ever hope t' know.

Happy laughter ringin' 'round my humble little place;  
Sweetest smiles a chasin' o'er each happy little face;  
Not a single care t' worry till I face th' world again  
When I got t' marketplaces t' confront my fellowmen.  
Peace an' comfort 'round me, not a care t' cause a frown,  
I'm no millionaire, but only just th' gladdest man in town.  
Sittin' 'round th' fire listenin' while th' children sing,  
I'm the richest man in Lincoln, an' as happy as a king.

**Thanksgiving**

Of course you have a plenty to be thankful for.  
No?

Think again, my friend.  
You are alive, are you not? And you have reasonably good health, or some prospect of gaining it? And there are those you love near you, and who love you in return?

Why, just to be alive in this glorious day when it is given to every man and woman to have some part in the splendid work of making the country what it should be, is sufficient cause for thanksgiving. Maybe you feel that you have no present cause for thanksgiving, but what of the thanks you owe for all the benefits bestowed upon you in the past? Have you been thankful enough for them?

One of the sweetest characters I ever knew was a hopeless cripple who, for years, had been confined to an invalid's chair unable to move a muscle save those of the arms and neck. Partially blind, too. Yet this little woman was a constant inspiration to cheerfulness to those who had the pleasure of entry to her society. Her life was a constant rebuke to the stalwart men and healthy women who were forever grumbling and growling and complaining about their "crosses." She could sing—O, how sweetly she could sing!—and her songs were benedictions. If such as she could find cause for thankfulness, what's the matter with you?

Ever spend a Thanksgiving day

under a tropic sun. There's nothing about such circumstances to remind you of Thanksgiving day at home save the calendar. Something like a quarter of a century ago a little bunch of American printers sat in a cafe in Caracas on Thanksgiving day. They had gone down there to work on a daily paper started by a sadly misinformed but enterprising fellow countryman who had an idea that Venezuela was ripe for the American invasion. Incidentally this misguided man soon learned of his mistake, but he had sense enough to hold out sufficient money to help his loyal employes back to God's country. But that was not until three or four months after the anniversary in question.

There were six printermen in the party, all night workers and all homesick. The weather was beastly hot, and the smell of Spanish cooking reminded them of everything but Thanksgiving day. There seemed nothing to do but seek refuge in the solace too often sought under similar circumstances, and the printermen were about to do it. But a happy thought struck one.

"Let's have a Thanksgiving dinner of our own!"  
"Yes, we will!" shouted the rest in derision.

"Think of Thanksgiving dinner with frioles and tomares and red red pepper and a broiling hot sun," said Billy Placek sarcastically.

"Well, we can hustle our own grub, can't we?" queried Tom Ireland, the proposer.

That struck 'em all right and out they went, agreeing to meet at the cafe at 5 p. m., each with his contribution to the feast. And it was a feast.

By skurrying around a lot the boys found a couple of cans of American tomatoes, a can or two of American corn, some tinned sardines packed in Maine, a bottle of pickles put up in Virginia and a box of sausages packed in Chicago—or Cincinnati. That was about all. But it was all from home, anyhow.

The chef of the cafe was prevailed upon to fry the sausages, but he had to be lied to like a thief before he would consent to cook the unclean hog meat; though he willingly warmed up the corn and tomatoes. The sardines and pickles were all right as they were.

So, seated around a table in a Spanish cafe, in the heart of Caracas, that little bunch of printers, sober and in their right minds ate their Thanksgiving dinner. Billy had straped up a little American flag, which was discreetly put where it would not attract great attention during the feast, and between mouthfuls the printermen talked of loved ones at home and "God's country" and the things the little old flag stands for.

The feast wound up by the printermen standing and singing the only verse of "America" that they could recall, and then they marched out of the cafe with that little old flag displayed at the head of the procession. Nothing happened, but if any of the frequenters of that little old cafe had tried to start something on account of the flag business there would have been plenty doing.

Now you people who are privileged to sit beneath your own home-trees, with loved ones about you, and with a table groaning with good

things to eat—cheer up and think of that little bunch of printermen far from home, in an unknown country, amidst treachery and suspicion, who found something to be thankful for.

**Just Think of It**

Remember the "straw rides" we used to take in the old days, when the sleighing was fine? Course you do! Dick McCorkle's father had a huge bobsled and Ed Bullock's father was one of those jolly gentlemen who always was glad to see young folks have a good time, so he willingly let us hitch his big team to Dick's sled. And we filled it full of straw and warm lap robes and hot bricks. Then a half-dozen of us, young fellows full of ginger, drove around to an equal number of modest domiciles and gathered up a half-dozen of the sweetest, brightest, jolliest girls in the community.

Say! Bells jingling, voices ringing—away we went over hill and dale, having more fun than the young folks of today ever dreamed about. Let's see; what did we sing?

O, yes. "Steamboat comin' around th' bend—goodby, my lover, goodby;" "Gwine t' git a home in Georgia;" "Merrily we roll along;" "Bingo;" "Scotland's burning;" "Hear dem bells," and a score of others, and the jingle of the bells and the crunching of the frozen snow made the sweetest sort of accompaniment to our singing. We were some singers, too, and don't you forget it!

This is all prefatory to what we started to say. What sort of fun compared to this would skipping around in an automobile be, without the bells and the straw and the crunching of the snow, but with the smell of gasoline stinking up the ambient atmosphere?

Not any automobile for us—not much, Mary Ann! Not if we're going out with a bunch of jolly girls and boys for a real old-fashioned winter joy ride. Give us the old bobsled full of straw and laprobes and sturdy boys and pretty girls and fun and happiness and youth!

Ah, that's the trouble—youth! We can easily get all the rest of the things, but the youth that has vanished will not come back.

**Brain Leaks**

Politics brings out some unexpected biographies.

There is only one little letter difference between Pluck and Luck.

There is no sacrifice in giving up what we do not care for any longer.

Every woman envies the wife whose husband is "handy around the house."

Easy Street is always crowded by people looking vainly for empty lodging.

Every time we guess right we are likely to swell up and claim the gift of prophecy.

The joys of a home are not altogether dependent upon the money there is behind it.

Some women put enough "rats" in their hair to indicate the presence of rats in their garrets.

Speaking of "wireless telegraphy," ever notice what a pretty woman can do in that line with her eyes?

Ever notice how easy it is to think about getting up early in the morning—just when you are crawling into bed?

A lot of once candidates are now sounding the "S. O. S." signal without any hope of ever having it answered.

**The Odor of Age**

"Bilkerly usually goes around buried in thought."

"I presume that is why his remarks usually have the flavor of extreme age."

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