



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Age Old Problem

When the Architect's friend, the crippled man with a family of eight, propounded his problem of how to supply the wants of his family, he seems to have sprung a big problem. The Architect judges by the letters that have come pouring in. One of the most interesting is from Mrs. Jennie Sampson of Peoria, Ill., who says:

"Mr. Barnes' answer to your question of February 17, still leaving you up a stump, I should like to submit the famous advice once given by Emma Goldman to the striking cloakmakers at Union Square, New York, some years ago: 'Ask for work. If they do not give you work, ask for bread. If they give you neither work nor bread, then take bread.' Of course we could not expect your friend with his family of eight to be a modern Jean Valjean, but if in company with the other three millions of men out of employment he should assist in such a procedure, there would be 'something doing' in the bread line. It also occurs to me that a working man need not necessarily take time to study social democracy. If some of the principles are not already grafted onto him by experience, I fear he is hopelessly in the mire of ignorance."

Somehow or other the Architect is reminded of a story. Once upon a time an aged colored preacher was espousing the story of the creation. "Den God made Adam out'n de dust o' de 'arth, an' den He stuck him up erg'inst de fence f'r t' dry," said the minister. "Look hyar, phason," interrupted a brother in the pew. "Who made dat fence?" Casting a look of withering scorn upon the pewholder, the minister exclaimed: "It's jus' sich fool questions as dat w'ot am upsottin' all de t'eology we got." Senator Gore of Oklahoma is wont to say: "Wherever there are those who are getting without giving, there are those giving without getting." Some of these days, doubtless, and in God's good time, the producer will get what he produces, and those who produce nothing will have to be the sufferers. It's the other way 'round now, at least to too great an extent. It will take time and thought and study.

But, in the meantime, WHAT IS TO BECOME OF MY CRIPPLED FRIEND AND HIS FAMILY OF EIGHT?

They can not eat treatises on social democracy, nor ward off the chilling winds with theories of government.

The Architect is still up that same old stump.

A Great Reform

The children of today ought to be happy because of one great reform that has been wrought since we gray-haired people were boys and girls. Nowadays the children do not have to drink sassafras tea or take sulphur and cream tartar in the spring to "thin their blood."

We cannot pass a drug store window where sassafras bark is on display without shuddering. And every time we smell sulphur we almost throw a fit.

Remember, old-timers, how we, when children, had to dope ourselves with sassafras tea every spring—three times a day—and keep it up until our blood was so thin we'd bleed at the nose when we sneezed? The theory was that during the win-

ter our blood thickened up and became impure, and there's nothing like sassafras tea to thin and purify the blood. At least our mothers thought so.

And if we didn't have to drink that vile decoction we had to take pulverized sulphur and cream tartar mixed about equal parts. A tablespoonful at a dose, too. Not one of your dinky little modern table-spoons, either. One of those old-fashioned tablespoons about as big as a soup ladle. Had to take it dry, too. And the beastly stuff clogged in the roof of one's mouth and stuck there like beggar-lice to wooly trousers. Waugh! We can taste it yet.

We had lots of fun in our primitive way thirty or forty years ago, when we were boys and girls—fun that our children know nothing about save from hearsay. But, thank goodness, we don't dose our children with sassafras tea or sulphur and cream tartar every spring.

All Willing

"I have just returned from a visit to Mexico," remarked the passenger who sat next to the window, "and I attended a bull fight. I am now advocating that Uncle Sam annex Mexico and thus put a stop to such brutality."

"I'm with you there," exclaimed the passenger fronting him.

"And me, too!" shouted the man across the aisle.

The discussion of the brutality of the bull fight interested me so I finally asked the passenger next to the window what business he was engaged in.

"I am the manager of 'Kid Pug-gley,' the champion welterweight of the United States," was the proud reply.

"And your business?" I inquired of the man fronting him.

"Who, me? Why, I own the fastest greyhounds in America and I am taking them to a coursing meet out west, where I expect to trip all the jackrabbits they can enter into the lists."

"And you, sir?" I asked of the man across the aisle.

"My name is William John Sweatem, sir. Perhaps you have heard of the Sweatem Cloak and Suit Co."

I had, indeed, and recalled that only last fall Sweatem & Co's. 3,000 girl employes had struck against a ten-hour day and an average wage scale of \$3.13 a week.

Pondering thereon, I recalled the old Chinese adage: "Let every one sweep his own doorstep, and worry not himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles."

Proof Positive

He declared that advertising didn't pay, because everybody knew him.

Later the sheriff demonstrated that advertising did pay, for he sold more in one day than the merchant had sold in three years.

Yet comparatively few people knew the sheriff.

What!

Uncle Sam is worried about reciprocity on the north, about animosity on the south, and curiosity Japan-ward. By treating with Canada with more generosity, and not exercising so much velocity in mixing up with that Mexican affair, to say nothing

about not assuming too much ponderosity in dealing with Japan—that is to say, a little less ferocity and more philosophy would suit us all quite well.

Mary Again

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The kids interrogated. "Because the fleece by tariff laws Has been so well inflated."

Our Luck

"It's a long lane that has no ending," remarked the gentleman who loves quotations.

"Just my luck to always be turning into blind alleys," muttered the practical man.

Saintly

"Mrs. Penheck is always trying to make out that her husband is such a superior man."

"Well, he is in some respects."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, the other night he buttoned the 127 buttons on the back of her waist, and when he got to the last one he discovered he was short a button hole for it."

"Well?"

"Well, he unbuttoned them again and got it right the next time, and he never said a word—he merely laughed as if it were a good joke on him."

Sarcastic

"And do you think you can support my daughter in the style she has been accustomed to, young man?" growled Mr. Doughinpay.

"Not if I pay cash," replied Mr. Prompt, who happened to have been a bill collector in former days.

Brain Leaks

Worry is not work. Prayer is not a method of making a demand.

An error is partly atoned for if profited by.

A great many men mistake notoriety for fame.

Christianity is living. Religion may be mere conversation.

Servility may be purchased with money, but friendship never.

A life of sin is not wholly atoned for by one minute of repentance.

Man is the only animal that seeks to profit from the labor of his young.

Love is still going along when mere friendship has turned up a side street.

The meanest thief in the world is the one who robs children of their childhood.

We have to learn to like some people just as we had to learn to like olives.

Some people think they have repented when they are merely afraid to do it again.

The bill of fare may be in French, but that doesn't add anything to the taste of the ham and cabbage.

We always know a man lived, if, after death, it is truthfully said of him: "The children loved him."

People who waste time discussing what hell is never experience the pleasure of thinking about the joys of heaven.

The boss owes the employe something more than money, and the employe owes the boss something more than work.

When people complain of ennui they merely confess that they are tired of resting and are too lazy to do anything.

It's hard to sit still and think when the home team is practicing a block away and getting ready to open the season.

Just about the time you think you are the foremost man in the community, along comes an old settler and asks if you have lived here long.

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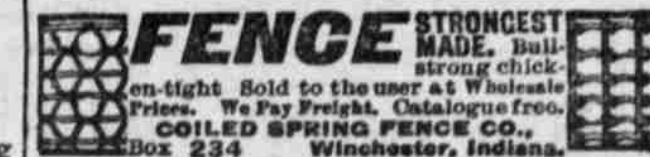
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