



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

My Real Wishes

I've made some hefty wishes for the year that's just ahead, And I'm hoping from the number just a few will round me spread. Here are some: I wish for riches, and I wish for power and place; And I wish for wide dominion over ev'ry clime and race; For the chance to show my power over all my fellow men— But if none of these are granted I will be contented then With a chance to hustle daily and provide in modest way For the loved ones who surround me and make joyful every day.

I have wished for many millions and for private yachts and cars, And for airships to go sailing up among the shining stars; Wished for lordly power and station, wished for scepter and for crown; Wished for cheers from subject millions, wished for greatest of renown. But above and far beyond these I have greater wishes still— Wishes that I hope the New Year in its gracious goodness will Grant me—that I still may labor and provide in fullest store For the ones who daily greet me at my humble cottage door.

All big wishes are but playtime— just the merest "make believe," That I voice to speed the hours when my children in the eve Gather round to talk with Daddy— what care I for gold or fame? What care I for place or power in the world's great fighting game? Of the wishes I am voicing not a one I'd care to see Coming true if in the coming to a one about my knee It would bring a pang of sorrow, bring a moment of regret, For the old days in the cottage where in love each day we met.

Grant me, New Year, not great riches—keep the light of love aglow! Grant me not the place of power— let me watch the roses grow In the cheeks of wife and children! Let me see the lovelight shine In the eyes of those about me, of these little ones of mine! Grant me, New Year, not dominion—I'm content with humble place If to me is given power to bring smiles to ev'ry face That I know I'll see at even, when my daily task is o'er, And I greet my loved ones waiting at my little cottage door!

New Year Resolutions

Never did have much patience with the fellows who waited till New Year's day to make good resolutions. As a rule such resolutions don't pan out very well. That's the reason I made none—not a single, solitary one. I might have "sworn off" on the old pipe, but the Little Woman, with a vivid recollection of the time she had with me the time I did "swear off," remarked that it would be just as well, perhaps, if I refrained. She said she could stand it all right, but she was afraid the children might not profit by my attitude towards them and the world in general as a direct result of such action upon my nerves. To be real honest about it, I'm glad she looked at it that way.

They do say that what one does

on New Year's day one will do every day in the year. Of course it isn't true—and I'm glad of it. I shudder to think of what would happen to one's family if every day of 1913 was put in by me as I put in its first day. Aside from about ten minutes spent in helping put up a clothesline, I didn't do a thing but just lazy around—and eat, and read. By the way, I read of how the people of New York and Chicago and other big cities ushered in the New Year. And that reminds me that I did make one resolution, which was that I'd never make such a blithering fool of myself as those people made of themselves.

I'll wager a four-dollar dog against a couple of two-dollar cats that with all their champagne drinking and drunken orgies those city folks didn't have half so good a time with their New Year eve pastime as you and I had on similar anniversaries when we were young folks.

Ah, I see you catch what I mean! Didn't we have just a bushel of fun with our "watch parties" in those old days? Maybe a bit sleepy New Year's day, but never a headache and never a pang of regret. Most of the old folks would sing and pray the old year out and the new year in while gathered in the village churches, but we young folks usually managed to dodge that. We had "taffy pulls" and "corn poppin's" and such like diversions. And if we didn't drink champagne out of "my lady's slipper" like those fool New Yorkers, we did drink spiced cider out of tin cups. Of course we didn't dance the old year out and the new year in. It would have been little short of social ostracism to have danced in those days in the villages where you and I lived. To be sure, we didn't dance. You can not dance without a violin to make music. But we did play "weevilly wheat" and "there was an old miller that lived by the mill" and "Old Dan Tucker," and such like games. And if we did "alaman' left" and "right and left," and "all promenade," and "forward and back," and "forward and cross over," and "two ladies change," and "change right back," and "half promenade," and "right and left home,"—even if we did, I say, it wasn't dancing for we had no other music than our lusty voices tuned to song.

Geeminy Christmas! You couldn't trade me a dozen of those big city goings on for the memory of just one of those old New Year's eve parties away back yonder.

But hilarious as we might be on one of those occasions, we always sobered down just before the clock struck twelve. And at its first stroke some one would strike up "Coronation," and we'd all sing, and sing our level best, too. Of course you remember—

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her king. Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing!"

We seldom resumed our noisy fun after midnight. There was something just a bit solemn to us about the birth of a new year. So we just sat around and talked a while, and pretty soon the stamping of snowy feet on the front walk would inform us that the old folks were back from the watch meeting—which was a pretty sure sign that it was time for us youngsters to be scattering to our homes. Then we'd hurry into our

wraps—no sealskins or fur-lined overcoats, or anything like that. Just good, thick overcoats, and knit "comforters" and mittens and wristlets. And then home in sleighs and bobsleds. Crimi-nee, how we would sing going home! "Goodby, my lover, goodbye," and "Hear dem bells," and "Singin' skewl," and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "One More Ribber for t' Cross," and—O, you remember 'em just as well as I do.

Believe me! These New Yorkers and Chicagolites don't know a blooming thing about having genuinely good times on a New Year's eve! Do they, now?

In 1913

I want to see some things take place Ere 1913 rolls away; Some things I know will help the race, Ere 1913 rolls away. I want the kibosh put to greed; A full supply for every need; An end to war of creed on creed, Ere 1913 rolls away.

I want to see a world-wide peace Ere 1913 rolls away. And hatreds, too, I hope will cease Ere 1913 rolls away. I want men judged by honest worth; I want a newer, fuller birth Of peace and good will o'er the earth, Ere 1913 rolls away.

I want foul schemes to go awry Ere 1913 rolls away. All lusts and hates hung Haman high Ere 1913 rolls away. I want youth's playtime sacred made; I want the wolf of hunger laid; And joy in every home displayed, Ere 1913 rolls away.

I want to see toil recompensed Ere 1913 rolls away. The era of fair play commenced Ere 1913 rolls away. I want all men both near and far To know and feel they're on a par— That they their brothers' keepers are, Ere 1913 rolls away.

These, some few things, I'd like to see Ere 1913 rolls away. If so, this world would better be, Ere 1913 rolls away. Here's hoping, then, that you and I Will buckle down and gladly try To help the glorious time draw nigh Ere 1913 rolls away.

Brain Leaks

President-elect Wilson says that 1913 is his lucky year. He can make

it a lucky year for a lot of us if he only will. But I haven't yet made up my mind just what I want.

Men who have mounted the "water wagon" would be wise to tie themselves on.

Job didn't have all the trials. He never had to dig the clinkers out of a furnace grate.

People who still insist that talk is cheap are those who do not have to pay telephone bills.

I always feel sorry for children who are not allowed ever to enter the front room.

Don't

Now comes word that the supreme court is going to turn its attention to the "telephone trust."

With lively recollections of what happened to us right after the supreme court busted the oil trust we hope that august court will follow the elder Weller's advice to his son, Samivel.

A FIGHTING PRESIDENT

President-elect Wilson is starting off well. His statement upon his return from Bermuda, and again on the evening of the same day at the banquet in New York city, in which he breathes defiance to the tory element who would precipitate a panic in order to thwart policies, evinces that his square underjaw means just what it looks.

We take it that the American people have elected another fighting man to the chief executiveship. And that is precisely the kind of a man for whom they have been looking.

We have in this country a certain element which stops at nothing save promoting their own welfare. They would plunge the nation into all sorts of distress in order to carry out their nefarious ends. If a panic was necessary to intimidate the highest authority and cause him to hesitate in carrying out the policies for which the people had spoken in unmistakable tones, they would not scruple to precipitate it.

The president-elect seems to have had them squarely in mind when he announced his intention of driving them out of business, or out of the country in disgrace, when he stated that any attempt on their part toward disturbing business conditions when he took up his new duties would meet with prompt and efficacious rebuke.

We indulge the hope that the new president will adhere firmly to this policy. He may rest assured that in doing so he will have the great bulk of the American people behind him, not only passively, but assertively and unmistakably.—Oklahoma City Oklahoman.

These 50 Beautiful POSTCARDS Without Cost to Commoner Readers



We have on hand a limited number of sets of Beautiful Colored Postcards which we have arranged to send, without additional cost and prepaid, to anyone who accepts the remarkable offer given below. There are 50 separate cards in each set—50 exquisite friendship and floral designs. Every flower in life-like gorgeously beautiful colors, and each card contains a pretty verse or sentiment suitable to any time. This is one of the finest sets of postcards ever produced. Our offer is good only as long as our present supply lasts.

Our Offer Send us only \$1 (a special club rate), to pay for one year's subscription to both The Commoner and The American Homestead, and we will send you one of these beautiful sets (50 postcards), without additional cost and prepaid. Regular yearly rate for both papers is \$1.25, but as long as this offer is open, both papers each for one full year and the 50 postcards for only \$1. The American Homestead is a helpful farm, garden, household, and poultry monthly, alone worth the price of this offer. Papers and cards sent to different addresses if desired, and offer open to new, renewal or advance subscriptions, either paper. When ordering, YOU MUST MENTION THIS OFFER.

Address Orders to THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.