



# Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

### Generalities

There is something missing from the life of a boy who has never had a dog, and from the life of a girl who has never had a rag doll. The boy who has never had a chance to worry a loving pup around, wandering through the woods, scaring up cottontails, chasing squirrels and digging for woodchucks—such a boy enters upon the stern duties of life suffering a serious handicap. He hasn't learned a lot of needed lessons in fidelity and love and service. There is no better teacher of those things than a dog, for the dog teaches by example instead of by precept. The boy who has been compelled to spend his days adorned in spotless linen, and prevented from getting out and digging in real dirt; who has never had a chance to climb trees and wade in mud puddles; who has never known the delights of playing Indian in the deep woods or diving from an old stump into the cool waters of the creek; who has been reared amidst luxury and fed on delicatessen stuff—that sort of a boy never will amount to shucks. Just let him get his bare feet to the ground about the time the frost is out, whistle for his yellow dog and go hiking down the ellays and across lots for the timber—and you've got a happy boy on your hands. Don't forget the dog. That's the principal ingredient in the recipe for making a real boy happy. It doesn't make much difference what kind of a dog it is, either. Just plain dog will do.

### An Appreciated Letter

To the Architect: I have been an ardent admirer of your pungent style of telling the interesting happenings of this life for many years—even in the days when you presided over a column in the Omaha World-Herald. I have been particularly interested in the letters you get and publish from the "old boys"—the "has beens" who for some reason or other feel that they have the right to stay on earth a while longer to enjoy life regardless of the proposed Osler method of extermination.

I am reminded by the holiday season of some of the simple Christmas festivities indulged in when a boy of six nearly a half century ago. In those days parents reared large families. My parents did and it was something of a struggle to make ends meet and keep the proverbial wolf from the door. I recall the first Christmas I ever knew, the first taste of the joyousness of receiving gifts. The day before Christmas our teacher at school, whom we all loved next to our mothers, brought a bucketful of candy from the village store and distributed it to the fifty or more pupils at the close of the day's session. Looking back through the vista of the intervening years, I now realize that I was a greedy little tyke, for I held out both hands and received the limit. Such a lavish gift had never been bestowed upon yours truly before, and without waiting to don wraps or mittens I ran the distance to my home, two miles, in zero weather, to display to my elders the rare prize. It seemed that I literally "walked on air," and while the exterior was nipped by Jack Frost, the heart was warm.

That night old Santa Claus came down the chimney and deposited doughnuts, popcorn and "molasses taffy" in my woolen stocking. Father had visited the village too, and brought his numerous offspring of

healthy "kiddies" many wonderful things, including candy marbles and colored picture books, specimens of which were preserved for years afterwards. The next day we had a great dinner of turkey, plum pudding and "johnny cake" and other good things we had raised on the farm. And then the games and other pleasures unalloyed—of course you know the story, as you've often told it yourself, but it does a world of good to us old fellows to have it retold now and then.

People lived in a very simple and unaffected manner in those days. They cultivated corn with a single shovel plow, cradled their wheat and flailed it out of the straw, or drove their horses and cattle over a circle to trample it out. No such implement as a binder or threshing machine was in general use at that time. It was in the early period of civil warfare and scenes of uniformed men pursuing fugitives are among my first recollections. We reared sheep and fashioned our own clothing from the wool. My father was, in addition to being a farmer and parson, a wheelwright and in a log workhouse wrought spinning wheels, reels and looms, which were sold to the neighbors.

On Sundays the whole family dressed up in their "Sunday best" and rode to church in the family carryall, or maphap rode horseback, two or more riders to each horse. All this occurred just across the border in old Iowa and the span of fifty years seems but yesterday.

"When I was a boy—why, bless your heart, it wasn't so long ago—A matter of forty or fifty years—what's that, I'd like to know? A few swift days, with their cares and joys, have lightly sped away, And I live my life with as keen a zest as I did in that happy day.

"You can't measure youth by the glass of Time, or gauge it by whitened hair,

Or a dimness of sight or a shaking hand, or a wrinkle here or there;

As 'Love laughs at locksmiths' so youth laughs at years, as they play their little part,

And Time and his scythe are pushed lightly aside, for youth has its home in the heart."

### Never

The new parcel post may worry the express companies, but there is one special carrier or precious parcels that will not lose any sleep. The stork will continue in the carrier business for all time to come.

### Brain Leaks

Dynamite may blow up, but it can not build up.

However, Job never had to wrestle with a greedy and refractory furnace.

Our fathers lived at less expense than we do, but that is because they were satisfied with what they had, while we are always complaining because we haven't more.

They do say that such a thing as pure maple sugar is still made, but the Architect of this department is a native born Missourian, and it is necessary to show him.

### Cabinet Predictions

The Architect of this department has as much right to make cabinet predictions as anybody else, so he is going to make a few. But he is

not going to follow the usual rule and predict who will be the members of President Wilson's official family. He is going to adopt a rule of his own. Therefore he predicts that the following gentlemen will NOT be members of the new cabinet:

J. Pierpont Morgan, secretary of the treasury.

John D. Rockefeller, secretary of the interior.

Andrew Carnegie, secretary of the navy.

Col. Dupont, secretary of war.

John J. Kirby, jr., secretary of commerce and labor.

James J. Hill, postmaster general.

Chauncey Depew, attorney general.

And the Architect is willing to wager a doughnut, hole and all, that his predictions will be nearer right than a lot of others now being made.

### Discouraged

"Bingerly has lost all confidence in the ability of the people to govern themselves."

"Now what's happened?"

"Bingerly was defeated for re-election."

### THE MAN WHO SERVES

Every note the president-elect has struck rings true. Every utterance of his thus far is more suggestive than any previous one, of a profound understanding of the great problems of his time.

His Staunton speech is especially encouraging. Passing over his thrilling assurance in that speech of independence for the Philippines—not because this is unimportant, for it isn't; but because it had been promised in the campaign—passing over all that, and what else could be so encouraging as Mr. Wilson's shibboleth as he declared it in the Staunton speech? "The word," he said, "that stands at the center of what has to be done is Service."

And what did he mean by "service?" In that same speech he tells it:

"The word that stands at the center of what has to be done is a very interesting word indeed. It has hitherto been supposed to be a word of charity, a word of philanthropy. This word is 'service.' The one thing that the business men of the United States are now discovering, some of them for themselves and some by suggestion, is that they are not going to be allowed to make any money except for a quid pro quo; that they must render a service or get nothing, and that in the regulation of business the government must determine whether what they are doing is a service or not. Everything is business, and politics will be reduced to that standard. The question is, 'Are you giving anything to society when you want to take something out of society?' A large part—too large a part—of the fortune-making of recent decades has consisted in getting something for nothing. I do not include brains in the category of 'nothing.' A man is entitled to the earnings of his brain. I want to declare for my fellow citizens this gospel for the future, that the man who serves will be the man who profits."

"The man who serves will be the man who profits." In that sentence is the solution of all social problems—service for service. That Mr. Wilson grasps this, is evident from his words. That he believes it, is evident from his personal character. That he will use his official authority to the limits to apply it practically, is evident from his public career. What he needs now, besides the orderly policy he has declared for realizing the supreme object his shibboleth discloses, is popular support—alert and powerful at every crisis, patient and persistent always.—Louis F. Post, in The Public.

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At the annual meeting of the stockholders of The Midwest Life, held January 25th, 1913, all of the directors whose terms expired were re-elected and F. M. Steinauer of Steinauer was added to the directory. No change was made in the officers.

In the evening President Snell gave a banquet at the Lindell Hotel to the agents and directors. Speeches were made by agents George Crocker, F. W. Dinsmore, Oscar Douglas, Wm. Horley, Arthur McPherson, F. W. Quass and O. E. Mickey; by directors M. J. Waugh and J. W. Welpton; and by T. M. Davis, president of the First State Bank at Beaver City who was present as a guest. Everybody had an excellent time and the mark for 1913 was set at \$2,200,000 of new insurance. Applications of from one to ten thousand dollars will be appreciated. Call or write.

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