



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

THE CALL.

(Read at the third annual meeting of the Nebraska Democratic Editorial Association, Lincoln, March 7, 1904.)

By the blood of the fathers who laid deep and wide
Foundations of nation and state;
By the heroes who fought and who gallantly died,
Who rule of the despot with battle defied,
And builded our nation so great;
By all they accomplished for freedom and right,
And lighted our liberty's altars,
Let us who come after arise in our might,
Go forth with our eyes on the great beacon light,
With faith in the truth that ne'er falters.

By Lexington, Concord, by the blood-crimsoned
snows
Of Valley Forge, wind-swept and bleak;
By the patriot dead where the Brandywine flows;
By the sleepers who lie where the palmetto grows,
Whose names with deep reverence we speak;
By all that they lived for, and fought for, and died,
Inspired by a patriot's devotion,
Shall we who come after, grown haughty with
pride,
Seek subjects for slaughter over vast oceans wide,
And joy in grim conquest's commotion?

By Monmouth, and Yorktown, by Trenton's fierce
cold,
By rivers locked fast in the frost;
By cannon whose thunders o'er Fort Moultrie
rolled,
By the blood that has stained the old flag's ev'ry
fold
To tell us what freedom has cost:
By all the brave souls neath the Liberty Bell
Who drafted that immortal measure
Shall we who come after our vast coffers swell
With riches we garner with shot and with shell,
And rule other men at our pleasure?

By Jefferson's truths and by Washington's sword,
By Franklin, and Trumbull and Faine;
By freedom our charter of rights doth afford,
By the liberty light that their eyes long adored,
By the souls of the patriots slain:
By all that they sought for in blood and in tears
Till liberty's sweet note was sounded,
Shall we who come after, with scoffs and with
sneers
Denounce what they did and abandon with jeers
The state that the forefathers founded?

By Old Hickory's creed that the rights of free men
Were greater than rights of the banks;
By the might of his brain and the sweep of his
pen
That cleaned out the thieves and that pulled down
their den,
By his backers who stood in the ranks:
By the soul of great Lincoln, who shattered slave
chains,
By the love that a man owes his brother,
Shall we who come after count blood-gotten gains,
And swear that of justice and right nought re-
mains,
And freedom's bright altar fire smother?

Nay! Let us have faith in the wisdom of right—
Unflinching faith to the last.
Let us gird up our loins and go forth to the fight,
With justice and truth as the power of our might,
Where gage of the battle is cast.
With honor our armor, with right as our shield,
Let ev'ry man be at his station
And ready the weapons of justice to wield
Until shall be swept in dire rout from the field
The foes that sapping the nation.

By the blood that was shed upon Lexington's
green,
By Bunker Hill's smoke-crested slope;
By the flickering campfires at Valley Forge seen,
By Moll Pitcher's eyes fierce-flashing and keen,
By the patriot mothers' hope:
Let democracy's army fare forth to the fight
With never a fear nor a falter,
To battle again for the truth and the right,
Determined once more the bright beacon to light
On Freedom's despoiled and cold altar.

Sacrifice.

"My dear," said Mrs. Shrewdli, kneeling at her husband's side and gently thrusting her face between his face and the evening paper. "Dear, you know this is Lent."

"Uh-huh!" grunted Shrewdli, thrusting his head to one side to see what the paper said about the war.

"And I want you to give up something you love very much, dear."

"Want me to quit smoking for six weeks, eh?"

"O, something you love more than you do your pipe."

"Want me to quit reading the morning paper at the breakfast table, eh?"

"No, dear; that is not it."

"Want me to let you have the first whack at the evening paper, do you?"

"Something you love even better than the exclusive use of the evening paper, dear."

"Say, now; look here! What is it you want me to give up?"

"I want you to give up twenty dollars, dear. It's the prettiest love of a bonnet you ever saw, and I know it will just match the new dress I'm going to wear Easter."

Immune.

"But I dare not do it, gentlemen," said Senator Graball. "Such an act would be a violation of my oath, would cause harsh feelings among my constituents, and even might deprive me of my seat in the senate. I cannot take the risks, gentlemen."

At this point the chairman of the committee motioned to the wise looking man with the suit case who stood in the rear.

"Senator Graball, this is Judge Squirmley."

"Glad to know you, Judge."

"Senator," said the judge, speaking gravely, "all your objections would be well founded were it not for one thing."

"Name it!" exclaimed the senator, eagerly.

"I am a specialist in technicalities."

A few moments later Senator Graball and the committee went into executive session.

Her First Thought.

"I believe the day is near when some man will invent a machine that will think," said Mr. Blankley.

Mrs. Blankley muttered something, and went on with her work.

"What's that you said, dear?" queried Mr. Blankley.

"O, nothing."

"But you said something. What was it?"

"I was just thinking that when such a machine was invented you'd have a job."

"A job at what?"

"Fixing up some excuse for not posting my letters. Didn't you say that machine would think?"

Extremes.

"Worst country for extremes I ever saw," shivered Cumso. "A change of 60 degrees in temperature in five hours is just about the limit."

"Huh! I've seen a worse change than that in this country," said Whyso.

"When was it?" queried Cumso with the air of a man who resented being outdid.

"It didn't take this country that many minutes to change its whole history when a few men discovered what could be done in the Philippines under certain contingencies."

Fortunate.

E. Z. Mann—"I see by the papers that an Ohio man has secured an injunction restraining his wife from neglecting her housewifely duties."

Henry Peck—"That judge is very fortunate."

E. Z. Mann—"What makes you think so?"

Henry Peck—"He issued that in-

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junction against the Ohio man's wife."

Brain Leaks.

We get most by giving rightly.

Many little sins make up one large total.

The delayed start is hardest to make.

There are no proxies in the heavenly chorus.

God makes us richest after we give Him all.

A bird in the bush is worth two on the hat.

A word spoken without thought is often remembered long.

Twenty-four hours make a day, but one wasted hour will unmake it.

Are We Honest?

I believe you are, and I am willing to let you judge me. I honestly believe I have a book worth a dollar to you, and I believe you will think so after you see the book. The book is one I published myself, and it is made up of the poems and sketches that have appeared in the "Whether Common or Not" department of The Commoner, and in other publications. I wrote them all myself. The book is cloth bound, gold side and back stamps, foreword by Mr. W. J. Bryan, and has 277 pages. The price is One Dollar.

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