



Vacation Time

Grim silence reigns—through all the rooms and halls
 No echoes ring, no eager, laughing cries.
 I miss the sound of loving, childish calls
 When daylight into sombre twilight dies.
 No little feet come dancing down the walk;
 No laughing eyes look brightly up to me.
 I yearn in vain for childish, prattling talk—
 And I am lonely now as I can be.

The ghosts walk out, and at the midnight hour
 I dimly see amidst the misty gloom
 Four childish faces, each one like a flower,
 That smile at me across the silent room.
 I smile at them, and from my easy bed
 I wave my blessing; and they fade away;
 Their loving smiles, like blessings o'er me spread,
 Remain until the rosy dawn of day.

The cottage home is lonesome now, and still;
 But far away, adown the country lane
 And by the banks of sunny, rippling rill,
 I know four happy tots new health will gain.
 I sit at eventide and wait the time to sleep,
 And know full well the midnight hour will see
 Four misty forms that from the gloom will creep
 And smile their loving blessings over me.

Old Home Week

The latter part of this month—July 27, to be more specific—will be an epoch in the history of a lot of people. Commoner readers may not know many of them, but there are thousands of them, just the same. They are all former residents of the little town of Oregon, Mo., and every one of them who can is going to foregather in the old town and celebrate "Home Coming Day." They are coming from Maine and California; from Manitoba and Florida; from beneath the Union Jack and the Cuban Tri-Color. They are going to capture the old town; ring the old schoolbell again; climb the court house steps; wander through Russell's pasture—and some of us boys are going swimmin' again in the Big Tark. We are going to sit beneath the shade of the old trees in the court house square and talk over the old days until the years slip from our shoulders and we are again the boys and girls of the days long dead. We'll "tell tales out of school" until most of us boys look foolish and most of the girls grow rosy red. We know three children who, God willing, will be together again for the second time since that day, weary years ago, when they kissed for the last time the face of the best mother children ever had and laid her away in God's acre in a little Nebraska town. There are lines of care in the faces of the three, and there are strands of gray in their hair—but "Home Coming Day" will iron out the creases, and they will not care

about the gray hairs, for there'll be others in the same fix. My, but it's going to be a great day for all of us—Fred, Charley, Will, Bob, Grant, Ed, Frank, Kit, Minnie, Ann, Elma, Lu, Code—but the roll is too long to call. We'll answer "present" as each name is called, and if perchance the silence falls at the sound of some well remembered name, we'll drop a tear and a flower for sweet memory's sake.

The writer can wish the readers of this department no better time than he expects to have at the "Old Home Week" celebration in Oregon, Missouri.

How It Looks

From Northfield, Minn., comes a most interesting letter with an interesting enclosure. Don't know about Northfield? Well, well! That's where a lively little bunch of speculators from the Architect's native state once met with a sad bump. The aforesaid Missourians went to Northfield for the purpose of engaging in the banking business, but the citizens objected so strenuously that the Missourians were compelled to retire, taking their killed and wounded with them. If you want to know more about the circumstances you should reach some "official" biography of the James Boys.

But that is not what the Architect started out to say. The letter mentioned is from Alfred Tomson, who is good enough to say that he always begins his Commoner at the back pages because he is in a hurry to be greeted by the two smiling individuals at the top of this particular page. He encloses a clipping containing some verses taken from this department and translated into modern Norse. Being a Missourian the Architect can not read it all, but he can get enough of it to know that the verses were those recently published under the caption of "The Mighty Nimrod" and relating to the doings of a certain strenuous gentleman now doing fearful execution among the wild beasts of the African jungle. This is the way a stanza of it looks—minus the accent over a few of the letters:

En Tiger fael stod i hans Vei, men med et muntert Sind
 Han jaged Haanden ned dens Hals og vraengte Huden ind.
 En Elefant kom i hans Vei, han ler ad slige Krae
 Og tager den ved Halen fast og slaar den mod et Trae.
 En hol Giraf kom diltende, kom med stivbenet Trav—
 En Knude paa dens lange Hals vor Helt den snarlig gav.
 Ja, disse Ting han haver gjort med al en Jaegers Lyst—
 Men gransk hans Rekord som Du vil, han har ei draebt en Trust.

We would insist upon printing the rest of it were we not impelled to feel some compassion for the genial and urbane American operator whose duty it is to handle the linotype machine in the office where The Commoner is printed. He has a family to support. But Mr. Thomson has the Architect's thanks for his complimentary letter, and Ted Jones, who translated the verses into Norse is also thanked for his kindness.

Those Men

"I really do not understand," growled Mr. Bilson as he looked over

the bills handed him by his wife, "how you women can wear such a lot of fol-de-rol and gimcracks. Some of the gowns and hats and things you women wear these days are the limit. There must be a trace of the savage left in the whole bunch of you, else you wouldn't be forever togging out in such finery."

Being a wise woman Mrs. Bilson said nothing, and finally she got the check.

An hour later Mr. Bilson assumed his station as Grand Panjandrum and Most High Potentate of the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Big Smokes, and if Mrs. Bilson could have seen him in his rig out of regalia she would have had Bilson backed up in the corner in a dress argument for a generation to come.

Some Eggs and Butter

There were 200,000,000 dozen eggs laid by Nebraska hens in 1908. This is a total of 1,200,000,000 eggs. These eggs would average two inches in length. If laid in a double row, ends touching, these eggs would have reached 13,381 miles further than the railroad mileage built in the United States in 1908. If laid in a ribbon five feet wide they would have made a sidewalk of eggs reaching from Omaha to Ogden. In the same year Nebraska manufactured 35,000,000 pounds of butter. It would require 1,166 freight cars to haul that much butter, making a train nine miles long, or thirty-three freight trains of thirty-five cars each.

And yet there are lots of us who continue to wonder why the price of eggs and butter remained so altitudinous.

Worried

"What's the matter, old man? You look worried."

"I am. My folks are all away, and if they don't get home in time for the circus I won't have any excuse for going."

Sad Accident

"Any accidents in your family on the Fourth?"

"I should say so! I met with a horrible accident."

"You don't look it; what was the accident?"

"Thought I was giving my boy a nickel to spend for firecrackers and discovered a few hours later that it was a five dollar gold piece."

The Retort Courteous

"Everybody knows that you wouldn't have had a cent if you had not married me, and that you only married me for my money," she stormed.

"Well," replied Mr. Stimbell, plucking up his courage for once, "everybody who knows you admits that I earned all the money I got by it."

Brain Leaks

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

A good start has been made if you begin the day right.

It is easier to select a text than it is to preach a sermon.

About the only thing sure to come to him who waits is old age.

Are there any cooks left who know how to make elderberry pie?

We hope some music never sounded like the "critique" thereof.

Satan's busy season is when the churches close for the summer.

The owl has achieved a reputation for wisdom by merely looking wise.

Barking dogs may not bite, but you can't always tell just when they will quit barking.

All the world's a stage, and a lot of trouble is caused by people who should be content to serve as

"supes" trying to enact the leading roles.

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