



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Memory

There's a mem'ry comes stealing o'er
my mind when shadows fall
As the sun sinks slowly down the
purple west,
And my little ones are nodding at
the sand man's evening call
For the end of play and hurry off
to rest.

In that memory comes clearly, from
the years long gone before,
One sweet voice that makes the
dead years backward creep,
In a song my mother sang us in the
vanished days of yore
When she gently crooned her lit-
tle ones to sleep.

"How firm a foundation!"—she had
laid them deep and strong
With a faith that never knew a
doubt or fear.

"In every condition"—still she
voiced her faith in song,
Saw her heavenly mansions with a
vision clear.

In my memory I still hear her, rock-
ing gently to and fro
As the twilight darkened in the
western deep;
Singing that old song of Zion, with
her eyes of faith aglow,
As she gently crooned her little
ones to sleep.

"Fear not, I am with you!"—and
she smiled at every foe
That assailed her simple trust in
Calvary.

"I'll strengthen you, help you!"—
she still sang it soft and low
As she rocked her little ones upon
her knee.

I can hear her sweet voice singing
down the vista of the years,
Voicing faith that led o'er vale
and mountain steep,
And I sing to my own children in a
voice oft choked with tears
That same song she sang in
crooning us to sleep.

"E'en down to old age!"—yet what-
ever might betide
Well she knew her feet would
never go astray,
For the One in whom she trusted
walked forever by her side,
Shielded her with tender love both
night and day.

And when the final summons bid her
enter joys divine
Quick she answered with a faith
I fain would keep;
For the hand that gently led her I
would ever hold in mine
Till I hear her sweet voice croon-
ing me to sleep.

Stygian Aristocracy

The shade of Captain Kidd halted
by the syde of the Styx and spoke
to the shade reclining upon the lava
banks.

"Lovely weather," said Captain
Kidd.

"Pardon me," replied the recum-
bent shade, "but I, ah, don't believe
I, er-ah, have had the honor of an
introduction."

"Introduction!" roared the shade
of the great pirate. "I don't need to
be introduced. I am Captain Kidd!"

"Aw, really?" yawned the recum-
bent shade. "Pardon me, but you
are not in my claws at all, don't
yer know, and I'll appreciate it very
much if you'll kindly refrain from
intruding your presence upon me in
future."

"Well, who are you?" queried
Captain Kidd, adding a few explana-
tory adjectives that the Mergenthaler
machine refuses to cast.

"Sir, I am one of the 'higher-ups'

in the sugar refining world," re-
plied the recumbent shade, speaking
most haughtily.

Recognizing that he had at last
met up with his superior in the
piracy line, Captain Kidd slunk away
into the brush.

Coming to This

The patent burglar alarm I had
ordered from the mail order firm
had arrived at last.

Now I really had no use for a
burglar alarm, not being the posses-
sor of anything valuable, but the
possession of a burglar alarm prom-
ised to lend dignity to my home.

I unpacked the apparatus, laid my
tools handily, rolled up my sleeves
and prepared to install the thing.

"Pardon me," said Constable
Zimri, who had approached without
my knowledge. "Pardon me, but are
you about to install a burglar
alarm?"

"That is my intention," I replied.

"Then," said Constable Zimri,
pulling a formidable looking docu-
ment from his inside pocket, "it is
my duty to serve this injunction
upon you, issued upon petition of
the Amalgamated Society for the
Promotion of Free Exchange, and re-
straining you from installing any
burglar alarm, electric bells, or other
safety apparatus."

After replacing the apparatus in
the box I went over to the court
house and discovered that the in-
junction had been issued on request
of Bill de Bunk, president of the A.
S. P. F. E., and who had just com-
pleted a twelve-year term in the big
str.

Clearly the time is at hand when
the abuse of the injunction writ must
be stopped.

A Petition

The readers who manage to wade
through this department are re-
quested to carefully read the follow-
ing petition, and after reading, sign
it, get as many signatures from
neighbors as possible, and forward
to your representative in congress:

"We, your petitioners, believing in
the observance of the fitness of
things, do humbly petition the con-
gress of the United States to enact
into law a provision for the remint-
ing of our coinage, placing upon the
gold and silver coins of the republic
a bas relief figure of a beef steer,
instead of the eagle. The eagle is
a bird of prey, a thief without hope
of conversion. In support of this
petition we do humbly point out that
the substitution of the steer for the
eagle will not be so radical after all,
because, while the eagle is a bird of
prey the steer will serve as a re-
minder that the eagle is not the only
thief out of jail. We beseech you
for early action, and as such your
petitioners shall ever pray."

.....
.....
.....
(Sign here)

Then and Now

I built a modest little home—
The roof sloped front and back—
And when I mentioned it to friends
I simply called it "shack."
But when I built a "dingus" and
A "dingbat" on for show,
My wife in speaking to her friends
Would say, "Our bungalow."

C. O. D.

"You may give," said the guest,
unfolding his napkin and scanning

the menu card, "you may give me
a porterhouse steak, extra thick and
rare, with mushroom sauce, two soft-
boiled eggs, a head of lettuce with
salad dressing, a fruit salad, the
liver wing of a spring chicken, some
potatoes au gratin and a roman
punch frozen. While preparing that
bring me some consomme and a half-
dozen blue points."

The waiter bowed and retired,
only to reappear a few minutes later
and whisper:

"De boss says, sah, as how he'd
like to have you-all make a deposit,
sah, ob erbout fo'ty dollahs, sah, as
a gawrntee o' good faith, sah."

It!

If I had Rockefeller's wealth
I tell you what I'd do;
I'd go into a restaurant

And get an oyster stew,
A rare done bit of porterhouse,
Some salad and some fruit,
Some mushroom sauce, potatoes
baked,
And eggs and beans to boot.

And when the waiter brought the
"bill
Within my eyesight's range,
I'd just hand all my fortune o'er
And say, "Just keep the change."

Let the Eagle Scream!

"Upon me ancestral estates," mur-
mured Lord Bumleigh, "are old
feudal castles, moated granges, draw-
bridges and a portcullis. Also—"

"All those things may be quite au
fait," replied Miss Genieve McWhop-
sey, "but upon my parental ances-
tor's estates there are about 2,000
head of fat steers, 500 hogs ready
for market and hens enough to guar-
antee us thirty or forty dozen eggs
a month, and I guess they'll back
you feudal dinguses and baronial
dingbats off the board."

Business Booming

"Real estate business is boomin'
in this burg," remarked Squire
Bilkins.

"That So? Well, I'm glad to note
this evidence of prosperity. What
were the sales today?"

"Jack Jimplims traded off his
forty acres o' Florida property for
Jake Juskins' thirty acres o' Texas
realty."

In 2010

"I want you to understand, sir,
that my ancestors were of the blood
royal."

"Huh! Your great-grandfather
was a meat packer."

"Well, your great-grandfather was
a United States senator and voted
for the Aldrich-Cannon tariff law."

The innocent bystanders say it was
the prettiest fight they ever saw.

Art Note

"I understand that Jorkins has de-
veloped into quite a portrait
painter."

"I don't understand where you
got that idea. Jorkins is writing a
history of the life of Rockefeller."

"Well, a study in oil. I knew it
was something or other like that."

Brain Leaks

Envy is the compliment from little
souls.

Churchianity is often mistaken for
Christianity.

"Big Business" ought to make
more congenial cellmates.

The merchant who tries to do
business without advertising is like
the man who tries to catch fish on a
bare hook.

We hope this campaign for im-
proving our rivers will result in
making the banks less muddy around
our favorite fishing holes.

It took us forty-five years to learn
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feelings by courteously refusing to
listen to his line of conversation.

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