



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

My Children and I

When I was but a little boy, and just about so high, I read of Lincoln's early toil, and of how hard he'd try To get some learning in his head—and I remember, too, My Dad would say, "Remember, son, and always keep in view Abe Lincoln's way of doing things and you will win success." But something has gone wrong or else I sadly miss my guess. I've got some children of my own, but whene'er I begin To tell 'em of my boyhood days they look at me and grin.

I tell 'em when I was a boy how many miles I'd go To school, and tramp with ill-clad feet through slush and frozen snow; How thin my clothing, poor my books, how dreary was the room In which I sat upon a bench amidst the dust and gloom. I tell 'em how I had to toil and never, never had A nickel or a dime to spend from my hard-working Dad. But when my children hear me talk they discount more than half, And then they lean back in their chairs and laugh, and laugh and laugh.

I tell 'em when I was a boy we had no picture shows; No matinees, no street car rides, no pretty boughten clothes; How hard we children had to work from early dawn till night, And then to bed in some cold room with naught but candle light. Then in most solemn tones I'll try to make my children see How awful proud of their old Dad they really ought to be; How much of all their youthful joys they really ought to think— But just when I'm most solemn-like they'll look at me and wink.

I tell 'em when I was a boy bicycles were unknown; That roller skates and boughten dolls were things no child could own. And then I try my very best to make 'em realize How much the blessing that they have they really ought to prize. I draw a contrast 'twixt the time when I was just a lad And times like these, to make 'em see how hard a time I had. But just about the time I think I've got 'em going well They'll look at ma, who merely smiles—and then they fairly yell.

God bless their souls! I'm really glad they're mighty hard to stuff With all those tough old tales of yore, and similar sort of guff. For all I try to make 'em think my boyhood days were sad I guess I had as much of fun as any fellow had. I know I had a better time than my own father knew When he was but a little boy—and I'll confess to you I wouldn't have my children miss a single childish joy Because it never came my way when I was just a boy.

Corn Pone

A northwest Nebraskan, transplanted from Kentucky, has contributed something to "corn bread lore" as it has so often been mentioned in this department, presided over by a

Nebraskan transplanted from Missouri. Will Ferguson of Long Pine, Nebr., writes as follows:

"One quart corn meal, white; pinch or two of salt; two-thirds teacup of lard or one cup of 'cracklins;' enough water to make stiff dough. Mould into a pone and bake in a well greased skillet in a hot oven for one hour—in fact, fairly float the pone in grease.

"As you know, the original pone was baked on a 'nigger hoe' in front of the fireplace, and I've been told that is the best way, although I never ate one so baked. Bolted corn meal is not as good as the coarser ground. I know all about the corn pone, and it is really a feast for the gods. The 'missus' will have to experiment a little until she gets the right proportions, for you remember that the old cooks did not measure ingredients, but just 'guessed at 'em.' My wife has learned to make it just right."

Mr. Ferguson has the real secret—we don't get the right kind of corn meal any more. Too fine, and not from well selected corn. Present day millers seem to think that any old corn will make meal, and they burn the life out of it with their patent rollers. What is left of nutriment is pretty well bolted out before it is marketed. You'll never know what real corn bread is until you've eaten some made from meal ground in a water wheel mill between old-fashioned burrs, and ground so slow that a man could stand at the spout and eat the meal until he starved to death. Modern cooking schools run too much to the high-falutin' eatin's. What we want is a course in poneology. We are saving up our surplus wages to endow such a course.

Agricultural Notes

Spaded up a radish bed yesterday and found four cans full of fish-worms. That's a sign I'll be busy for several days the first of next week.

The pussy willows are purring. That's a sign that you'll see a sign on my office door next Monday: "Closed for three days."

Saw in my morning paper that the wheat crop is damaged. That is a sign my grocer is going to raise the price of flour fifteen cents a sack if he sees it.

Sowed some lettuce last night. That's a sign my neighbor will soon forget to keep his chickens penned up.

Dreamed of running brooks and placid lakes last night. That's a sign I'm going to overhaul my tackle-box this evening.

Why Not?

"The only trouble with the people of the United States is getting the facts to them," remarks President Taft.

When this remark was called to the attention of Uncle I. B. Dorned of our end of town he spat reflectively at a bug and observed:

"It's a wonder the president don't take an occasional fact with him and show it to us folks when he is just happenin' around."

Domestic Science Notes

The missus shows symptoms of tying a cloth around her head and rampaging around with a wet rag in her right hand. That's a sign I'll

have to beat a few rugs and eat cold grub off the kitchen table.

Pork chops for supper last evening. That's a sign that my grocery and meat bill is going to look like a government deficit about April 1.

Children complaining of itching, burning sensations. That's a sign I've got to dig up for a lot of lightweight underwear mighty soon.

Peculiar odors in the air. That's a sign I'll have to make garden or leave home.

Barter and Trade

"I'll throw in my sixty horsepower machine to boot."

"You'll have to do better." Evidently we had come upon a trade of some kind. Therefore we paused and awaited developments.

"Well, I'll add my motor boat and my patent lamps."

"All right, if you'll just throw in your airship and give me that three-year-old trotting horse."

"It's a trade."

Whereupon the party of the first part gravely handed over to the party of the second part six eggs and a three-pound porterhouse, receiving in return a bill of sale to the various articles mentioned by the party of the second part.

Able Assistant

"Please mum," remarked Walker Rounds, "I'd like to have a little lift, 'cause I'm on me way to de east t' git a fine job."

"Have you a situation in view?" asked Mrs. Goodharte.

"I got a fine openin', mum, in New York."

"What is it?"

"I hear Mr. Rockefeller is incorporatin' himself to give his money away, and I'm hustlin' back to help him see his best opportunity."

City Note

Now comes the fagged-out city man With shovel, hoe and rake, With earnest mein and careful plan A garden for to make.

He'll dig around a measly plot Until he's stiff and sore,

Then, when the weather's boiling hot He'll eat the green stuff he has bought

Down at the grocery store.

The Limit

"Say, old man, I'm a little short today and I'd like to borrow—"

"Same here, old sport. I'm so short I'm going over to a chiropodist and have him cure my headache."

Brain Leaks

The men "higher up" will be the men "lower down" when the final accounting is made.

The half of the world that does not know the other half lives evidently does not care very much.

Why is it that when men are delegates to some sort of a convention they love to cover themselves with big badges?

We seize this opportunity to remark that we are not in favor of a noiseless Fourth of July. We will not be ready for a noiseless Fourth until we are ready for a boyless Fourth.

OTHER FISH IN THE SEA

A teacher in one of our elementary schools had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher saw that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Aw," said Tommy, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."—Tit-Bits.

NO KNOCKOUTS

"There has been another battle." "So I see." "Are these South American revolutions very dreadful?" "Not so very. Most of the victories are awarded on points."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Chance to Make Money

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Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1081 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?