



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Naupin.

Heading in for Evening

Mooreland, Ia., Feb. 11.—Friend Bill: Whilst we admire your persistency in trying to be a boy again, we cannot help but laugh over your failure to put on the ice what you had in your head. It's my opinion you would need a plank were you to undertake to perform some of the didos of the ol' swimmin' hole. It's only a question of time, Bill, when you will be forced to realize that you are on the road leading to the evening of life. Come back, Bill, and sit down with the old codgers and enjoy with us the only remaining link with boyhood days—the old fishpole. Whilst we can not skate, swim, shoot or play ball any more, we can fish just as well as we ever did. Will you join us, Bill?

J. P. BLUNK.

I'm going back; I'm going back, and be a boy again,
Leave far behind the cares of now and taste the joys of then.
I'm going to dive head-first once more in that ol' swimmin' hole,
And wander 'long the river's banks with my cane fishin' pole.
Back to the joys of yester years, when life was free from care;
When every sky was azure blue and every breeze was fair.
I'm going to sit upon the bank and chew the rag with Blunk,
And watch to see my bobbing cork go underneath—ker-plunk!

I'm going back; I'm going back, through all the vanished days
And gather in the bloom of youth along the old-time ways.
Down by the mill and through the woods, and past the shaded hill,
And through the pasture lot that lies along the rippling rill;
Right to the stump that's leaning o'er the deepest, darkest pool,
Where lurk the bullheads and the perch beneath the waters cool.
And then, forgetful of life's cares, I'll sit and talk with Blunk,
While we keep careful watch to see when our corks go ker-plunk!

I'm going back; I'm going back, forgetful of the years
That tinge my once black hair with gray, forget all cares and tears,
To be a care-free boy again, with happy joyous heart,
And sit and fish the old, old stream where cautious bullheads dart.
Then, when the sun sinks slowly down behind the crimson west,
And birds and beasts have settled down for hours of peaceful rest,
I'll slowly take the backward trail, and later, in my bunk,
I'll say "lay me down to sleep"—and dream of youth, and Blunk!

Speaking of Nerve

Fort Collins, Colo., Feb. 21.—To the Architect of Whether Common or Not: In answer to "Who Will Answer?" in your issue of February 17, let me suggest that if your friend with "eight of a family," with something like three million other men in the United States, out of employment, will join hands with those who are employed in producing bread and butter and wealth in our country in a thorough study of social democracy, and vote their convictions without a quiver, there will be something doing in the way of "furnishing" one dinner a day for his and other families of eight.

But I do not think you will have the nerve to publish this.
W. M. BARNES.

The Architect of this department is at a loss to understand what he has ever said or done that would lead Mr. Barnes to doubt his "nerve." And why should it take nerve to advocate the cause of social democracy? The Architect is as much a social democrat as Mr. Barnes, but it may be that our ideas of what constitutes "social democracy" differ. There are about as many definitions of socialism as there are socialists, albeit socialists agree on certain fundamentals. The Architect has studied social democracy, and he does vote his convictions without a quiver. But what is that crippled man with a family of eight dependent upon him going to do while the rest of us, including himself, are studying social democracy? All the books on socialism, or social democracy, ever printed wouldn't satisfy a man's hunger—unless he could pawn them for a meal ticket. Doubtless the "man with a family of eight" will gladly agree to study, carefully and painstakingly, any book Mr. Barnes will furnish, providing Mr. Barnes will guarantee the "eats" for the family while the head thereof is studying. Nerve? Bless your good heart, Brer Barnes, the Architect has got it to spare!

Warned in Time

I was just about to let a contract for a new house to be erected on my suburban lot when a friend came along.

"What rash act are you about to commit?" he asked.

I told him I was about to build a home.

"Refrain!" he shouted. "You will be committing a crime."

Of course I wanted to know how.

"I judge it will be a crime," said my friend, "because the minute you complete your house the city, county and state will proceed to fine you from \$25 to \$5 a year for having done so. We only impose fines upon those who have been guilty of crime or misdemeanor."

I am still pondering over the matter. In the meantime my vacant lot is enhancing in value, while the bricklayers, carpenters, painters and tanners I might have employed are still vainly looking for work.

Just Our Guess

A man in Lincoln is suing for a divorce on the ground that his wife is too much given to patronizing the picture shows, and does not stay at home to attend to her household duties.

That's really too bad, of course. But its dollars to doughnuts she doesn't have any wage check cashed in a saloon and then spend half or two-thirds of it for booze before she starts home. And we'll warrant that she doesn't smoke cigars a plenty, chew tobacco and stand on the corner and cuss the government. Nor does she seek rest from work by walking 'steen miles around a pool table for hours on end, nor herd with a bunch of her kind and tell stories that soil her lips and heart. And we'll hazard the guess that every time she asks for a dollar her husband wants to know what she did with the dollar he gave her three weeks ago last Saturday. Of course, we don't

know a thing on earth about the case, but we just take the risk of guessing that the defendant in the case isn't given to any of the above things. But Mr. Plaintiff—What?

No Reference to Allusions

"I am what I am today," said the speaker, "because of my own unaided efforts. I have come up from the very bottom."

"Uh-huh!" grunted Farmer Corn-tassel, who sat in the audience; "I reckon it's about time to skim you off, too."

If a majority of the audience thought of Illinois and the United States senate about this time, of course we are not to blame.

Mistaken Identity

"In response to a demand from many of my friends," wrote the aspirant, "I have decided to become a candidate for the office of chief wolloper of the county."

What he would have said, had he written the whole truth, is that he didn't have any real friends to tell him he would make the mistake of his life if he dropped a good private business to chase after the illusions of petty political office.

Limericks

There was a young girl in Racine
Who longed to be somebody's quine,
But she married a guy
Who couldn't supply
Pork, taters and turnips or bines.

There was a man in Tupelo
Who dearly loved to brag and blow
About his worth,
But only mirth
Was his reward—his neighbor's know.

Defined

"What is this Canadian reciprocity business we hear so much about?" queried Blinks.

"Oh that's easily answered," replied Banks. "It means that Canada may send us duty free everything we do not want, provided Canada will admit duty free anything we have that Canada needs but buys elsewhere."

Reciprocity

"What do you mean by reciprocity?" asked the man in search of political information.

"Reciprocity," replied the senator from Oildom, "reciprocity means that you are to give me all I want in return for my giving you what I think you ought to have."

Remembered

"Did you enjoy your tour through Switzerland?" we asked of Miss Perk.

"O, it was just lovely. Every inn had just the loveliest picture postal cards!"

Brain Leaks

Even a clam knows when to shut up.

The self-made man has usually spent overtime on his vanity.

Shallow men, like shallow wells, usually yield indifferent product.

Anyhow, the hobble skirt gives some men less opportunity to hide behind their wives.

The larger the pumpkin the coarser the meat—do not judge men by their physical size.

Doubtless the popular election of senators would result in the election of more popular senators.

If woman's hair grew the way she fixes it, wouldn't there be a big money in the barber business?

Some people spend so much time practicing religion that they never have time for practical Christianity.

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