



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

My Father

As falls the night upon the sleeping world,
So fell on you the last eternal sleep;
As comes the light of glistening stars unfurled,
So came to you the joys supreme, complete.
Life's battle o'er, your armor cast aside,
Finished your course, your weapons all laid down—
At last the goal upon the other side;
The words, "Well done," for you the Christian's crown.

Sleep, sweetly sleep, within thy narrow bed,
Father, comrade, of the long gone years.
Sweet bloom the flowers and fragrance widely spread
About thy grave, now hallowed by our tears.
Warm blow the winds and softly fall the rain;
Unmarred the snows upon thy sacred mound.
God gave, and in His time took back again
To where celestial joys in full abound.

Sleep, father, sleep; you won not only rest,
But rich reward for duty nobly done;
Sturdy and staunch as yonder mountain crest
You fought the fight, and glorious victory won.
Stilled that true heart, and hushed thy gentle voice;
Cold now that once strong, tender helpful hand.
Yet though we mourn, the angels must rejoice
To welcome you, so strong, so true, so grand.

William Taylor Maupin

There is gloom in the household of the Architect today. With bowed head and stricken heart the Architect sits in the old rocking chair under the old roof-tree, and thinks of the dear old father whose mortal remains have just been laid away in God's acre near the little city of Hennessey, Okla. For eighty years he lived, and then, with the serene faith that had guided his footsteps from early manhood, he answered the call of the grim reaper. Born in Callaway county, Mo., August 30, 1831; died at Hennessey, Okla., March 2, 1911.

That is the brief announcement. Yet between those widely separated dates lies a life story that is, to the saddened writer of these lines, the story of one of the biggest, bravest, best fathers a boy ever had.

I first remember him as a stalwart, broad-shouldered giant, who was to my childish mind, the personification of all that was splendid in manhood. That ideal has never deserted me, though I lived to see the frosts of eighty winters whiten the hair and bow the shoulders of the good old father. But age could not bring a chill to the big heart that beat for all humanity, nor banish from his face the smile that was in itself a benediction to all who saw it. A minister of the gospel for upwards of fifty years, father never lost sight of the fact that God intended ministers to be men, and ever and always he asserted his manhood by being a man among men. He was a pioneer preacher in Mis-

souri and Illinois in the days when travel was much more difficult than now, when ministers did not enjoy the creature comforts of today, and when life was a struggle intensified by primitive surroundings. In this school of experience he learned to know men. As farmer, mechanic, soldier, minister and citizen, he was a foremost character in every community in which he lived. Deprived of opportunities to acquire an education in his boyhood days, he lived to become recognized as one of the best informed men of his time. It has been given to few country ministers to wield the wide influence my father wielded. For thirty years I have been wandering to and fro o'er the earth, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulf, and seldom have I been in any community more than a day or two ere some one has asked me: "Are you related to Elder Maupin who used to preach at such-and-such a place?" And when I answered that he was my father I had the pleasure of hearing a stranger speak words of him that made me proud to be known as the son of such a man.

When his last illness came upon him it seemed as if death was making a personal visit to every home in the little community where he lived. The little lad in knickerbockers who loved the kindly-faced old gentleman who always had a smile and a cheery word for the boys and girls, the young people with whom he was a favorite, and the gray-haired fathers and mothers who loved him for his influence for good upon their own sons and daughters—all these walked with careful tread and talked in lowered tones as they passed through the gate and came to the door to ask: "How is he now?" And when the word went out that the grim messenger had come there were few homes in that little city that had no mourners.

To me he was more than father—he was the playmate of my boyhood, the comrade of my adolescent youth, and the advisor and helper of my manhood years. He sympathized with me in my childish griefs, he was the staff upon which I leaned when sorrow came to my own home, and he was the helper in every struggle which fell to my lot. What he was to me he was to all who came to him as I used to come.

When the end drew near, realizing that his life was near its close, he made every preparation for his own funeral. He selected the songs he wanted sung—the old songs of Zion he had sung for so many years. He selected the text for his funeral sermon, and asked a ministerial comrade of many years' standing to preach the sermon. From among the church comrades he had learned to love he selected those who should carry his remains to their last resting place. And having thus arranged, he closed his eyes in the sleep that knew no waking on this side of the river, where we of flesh must pause for a brief spell. His earthly affairs needed no attention, for his sole treasures were laid up in heaven.

Tenderly and lovingly, with hearts sore and bleeding, we laid his body to rest in the red clay of Oklahoma, serene in the faith that the great soul of this splendid, kindly, Christian gentleman had gone back to the God who gave it.

As the pebble cast into the bosom of the placid millpond creates circles that widen and ever widen until they break upon the near-by shores, so

the circles of the influence of this kindly man spread and widened, never to break until they reach the shores of eternity.

Isn't It Queer?

The man from Mars had no sooner settled upon the earth than a man approached him and said:
"If you are going to remain here you should by all means build you a home."
"Where?" asked the man from Mars.
"Right here on this beautiful lot, which I will sell you for a thousand dollars."
The man from Mars thought it over, then purchased the lot, having just enough to pay for it. A bit later another man offered to build him the home, taking a mortgage upon the property.
"Build you a home, thus help to build up the community, and show your thrift and enterprise."

The man from Mars did so, but no sooner was he snugly settled under his own roof-tree than along came the tax collector and soaked him for \$45 a year for having been enterprising and thrifty.
The man who sold him the lot owned some other lots in that vicinity, and all of them were rendered more valuable by the building of the home by the man from Mars. But his taxes were no larger.
"I don't understand it," complained the man from Mars, as he paid the tax collector.
Nor have we been able to find anyone who can explain why we do it that way—unless it is on the same hypothesis that we still build roads to follow the path the calf made.

Seasonable

Soon will the sorrows of that hungry furnace
Cease to annoy and to concern us.
Alas, alack, for the trouble creator—
We'll soon have to feed the refrigerator!

Mean

"Have you read my last book?" asked the aspiring author.
"No, but I would if I thought it was," growled the grouch.

Brain Leaks

True love is not disposed of in tin cans.
A sign of the times: "Fresh Paint."
A "vindication" is not always justification.
Faith is the only staff at the edge of the grave.
What we pray for is not always what we need.
Liberty is not license to gratify beastly appetite.
The golden rule will square more things than a hammer.
An exposed "statesman" is usually given to yelling "muckraker!"
The "Great White Way" usually leads to the deep, dark chasm.
The most enduring monuments are erected in the hearts of men.
We are apt to admire the judgment of the man who agrees with us.
The heart unlocked by a key of gold is usually found empty when opened.

Everybody loves a lover because lovers usually afford everybody an excuse for smiling.
Solomon is credited with having been the wisest man that ever lived, yet we'd put a man in jail today for doing some of the foolish stunts that Solomon performed.
Ed Howe wants to know what has become of the old-fashioned man who always wore his hat in the house. He is probably looking for a toupee, or patronizing the fakes who advertise to make hair grow on bald heads.

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