



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

To Little Bill

[Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray G. Stewart, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., on March 13, 1911, a son. A card announces that "Bill" arrived and weighed in at ten pounds.]
Why, Hello, Bill! God bless your safe arriving.

You're welcome as the flowers are in May.

We've waited quite a spell, the while contriving

To wait in patience for your natal day.

And now you're here may every choicest treasure

Old nature has in stock by yours until

You've lived to round out man's allotted measure

And Peter greets you with a "Hello, Bill!"

Hello, again! God bless you and your mother.

My, how we'd like to take you by the hand

And tell you that there isn't such another

As you in all this blooming country grand.

And may you live to reach life's highest honor,

A joy and comfort through both good and ill;

And for the little mother, heap upon her

The sweetest crown of motherhood, dear Bill.

Yes, Hello, Bill! Your welcome's more than double.

You're just a little late, but now you're here

We've quite forgot a lot of things that trouble

And greet you with the warmest of good cheer.

May all your days be days of June, and sunny;

Your sorrows quite as light as ocean foam;

And may you never lack for friends or money,

Or for the perfect joys of home, sweet home.

Yes, Hello, Bill! We're glad you landed

Just when and where you did, you lucky tyke.

You've got a mother sweet, dad openhanded—

In fact, a pair of parents that you'll like.

And may their fondest dreams have sweet fulfilling;

May you their lives with richest comfort fill.

May you buck up to life and "make a killing"—

Here's hoping that you get there.

UNCLE BILL.

Lincoln, Neb., March 15, 1911.

From Friends Afar

My, isn't it good to know that scattered all over this broad land one has friends—many never seen—who sympathize with one when affliction comes? The Architect has received scores of letters from Commoner readers, each one tendering a word of kindly sympathy and mak-

ing manifest that miles can not avail to prevent warm friendships from growing. To every one of these far-away friends the Architect sends his heartfelt thanks. Their kindly words have been a solace and their remembrance has added light and cheer. Their letters have been carefully filed away by the Little Woman, and our children and our children's children will have them, family relics that money can not buy. And, after all, the best things in life are not to be purchased with money.

A Glorious Anniversary

On March 15, 1911, the little congregation of Disciples at Harris-town, Ills., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the church at that point. The Architect would have given much had he been able to be there, for it was for the Harris-town church that his father began his first regular pastorate more than forty years ago. The invitation came just as the mortal remains of the good father were being laid away.

The newspaper accounts of the celebration contain names familiar to the gray-haired boy of today, who can remember them just as they appeared to him as a boy in 1868 and '69. A few who helped to organize the little band fifty years ago are still there, and this boy knows them all—dear old fathers and mothers in Israel. But many are gone. Uncle Joe and Aunt Kate Maguire have passed away. My, how the Architect used to love to secure permission and walk from home to the Maguire farm house, two miles away, and ride the staid old work horses, eat with a boy's appetite and climb the trees around the farm. And well does he remember the chastising he once received for taking a swim in the hog wallow in the rear of the old barn! And Martha Ayman, the auburn haired little girl who used to take the trip to the farm with him! She's a wife and mother now, and still lives in the old home. And her own mother—only now and then is one privileged to meet a woman like her. And—but there's no use trying to hold these reminiscences within proper bounds if any attempt is made to recall all the old days. So here's hoping that the little Harris-town congregation will celebrate its centennial, and that scores who were there on March 15, 1911, will be present at the celebration in 2011.

Vindicated

"It is true I was charged with having bribed a man to vote for me, and that I blackmailed certain corporations into putting up my campaign expenses, but I was vindicated," said the man proudly.

"Was your vindication complete?" I asked, desiring to know all the facts.

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed the man. "The jury disagreed and I'm out on bond awaiting another trial."

Of course this did not remind me of anything that has happened recently in senatorial circles. Far be it from so!

Soon Be Clear In

To D. N. J., Coolidge, Kan.: Sh-h-h! What difference if it does come in through the back door, just so it gets in—clear in? Haven't a lot of big questions that finally pressed for settlement been forced to gain entrance through the rear door?

Now if a lot of friends like yourself, interested in those very things, don't go to work and give the alarm and arouse the master of the household, maybe we'll manage to get clear through from the back door to a seat on the front porch. Just exercise a little patience. A two-year-old colt isn't made in a minute.

Brain Leaks

If advice were bread, few would be hungry.

Life is like a cistern—it must be filled if we get anything out of it.

Whatever else may happen me, I pray that I may grow old gracefully.

Those who are always looking for the worst of it seldom need the aid of spectacles.

It would take more than nine tallors to make men out of some fellows we know.

I'm mighty close to fifty, but I yet envy the small boy who is always the first one to go barefooted in the spring.

When we learn to keep sweet while discussing politics we will find our partisanship a mighty small quantity.

There is something wrong with the loyalty of the citizen whose blood doesn't run a bit faster when the home team wins.

And maybe your boy doesn't like to stay at home because his room is a stuffy attic while his sister's is the breezy front bedroom with every comfort therein.

The Other Side

About the early bird we've heard

For quite a lengthy term.

Will some one kindly say a word

About the lowly worm.

We can not all be birds you know,

No matter how we squirm.

So please advise us how to go,

For we are but a worm.

ABOUT THE COMMONER

The following telegraphic correspondence is self-explanatory:

"Memphis, Tenn., March 24.—Hon. William J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.—A movement has been started here

by some of your admirers among the business men to induce you to remove the publishing plant of The Commoner to Memphis and to make your permanent home here among the people and in a state where

loyalty to your doctrines is more pronounced than even in Nebraska.

One business man, Duke C. Bowers, has offered five thousand dollars toward establishing The Commoner here, and the News-Scimitar has joined him in subscribing to a fund to pay the expenses of a committee to wait upon you to present the invitation.

Please advise us by wire at our expense what date will be convenient for you to receive the committee.

"THE NEWS-SCIMITAR,

"By W. M. Clements, Managing Editor."

Lincoln, Neb., March 24.—W. M. Clements, Editor News-Scimitar,

Memphis, Tenn.—Am grateful for the interest manifested, and appreciate more than words can express the confidence which inspires the offer. I have no thought of moving from Nebraska or of changing the place of publication of The Commoner. I have no reason to complain of the treatment at the hands of the people of Lincoln or of the state of Nebraska. W. J. BRYAN.

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