



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Smile and Hustle

When your plans go all awry,
Smile and hustle.
Not a bit of use to cry.
Smile and hustle.
Waste of time to fret and scold;
Brace, and get another hold;
Meet the future brave and bold—
Smile and hustle.

Some big scheme wound up in wreck?
Smile and hustle?
Bad luck smite you in the neck?
Smile and hustle.
Be a man among big men,
Grab a hold and try again,
Spit upon your hands, and then
Smile and hustle.

When a brave man hits the bumps—
Smile and hustle.
Then is when he up and humps,
Smile and hustle.
Waste of time to weep and wail,
Just forget that small word "fail,"
Don't moon 'round till you go stale—
Smile and hustle.

Everybody has bad luck.
Smile and hustle.
That's the time to show your pluck.
Smile and hustle.
Say, "Hard luck, goodbye to you,"
Start off on a tack that's new,
Keep straight on with purpose true,
Smile and hustle.

A Little Tribute

Messina, O., March 15.—To the Architect: The other day I happened upon a copy of a so-called "comic paper" usually found in barber shops, and in looking through it saw four or five alleged jokes based upon the stepmothers of the country—every one of the jokes trying to make the point that stepmothers are always cruel, selfish and unkind. As one of the many men raised by a good stepmother I want to make a protest, and say something for the thousands upon thousands of splendid women who have taken up the burden of rearing children not their own and doing all that the most devoted mothers have done. I know whereof I speak, for my own mother died when I was barely five years old. I can just remember her. But when I was eight and a little sister almost six a stepmother came into our home. She is still in the land of the living, although father long since passed away. The best I can wish for all the boys and girls of America is that each of them may have a mother as devoted, as loving and as kind as my stepmother was, and is, to myself and my sister. Sister and I are past middle age now, and the stepmother is past four score, but she is still mother and friend and helper. I think the joke-smiths ought to quit their cruel jibes at the stepmothers. What do you think?—W. B. H.

Of course they should! In the first place there is nothing humorous about those "stepmother jokes" because they are untruthful and deal with a subject outside the domain of real humor. The fact that now and then there is a cruel stepmother does not alter the facts. There are cruel and unnatural mothers, but "motherhood" is too sacred to be made a subject of jest. The woman who enters a home that has been broken, takes up where another woman has laid it down the task of rearing little ones of her own, sacrifices for them, cares for them, loves them and helps them—such a woman is deserving of every word of praise that can be

uttered. The Architect knows something of the loving sacrifices a stepmother can make. His own mother died after he was a man grown, and after he and his brother and sister had fared forth into the world. But the saintly woman who came into the old home after the best mother children ever had answered the call, kept that home circle together and made the fireside as warm and as welcome as it ever had been.

And again—the Architect is ready to scrap every time he hears a jibe at the mother-in-law—God bless 'em. They are about the handiest things to have about the house on occasion that a man can find. And after they have developed into grandmothers—say, aren't they the real goods then? The Architect rather likes to joke a bit with his own mother-in-law, but he'll be golswizzled if he's going to remain quiet when somebody tries to work off a "jokelet" that has a sting in it for the good women who are the mothers of our wives and the grandmothers of our children. When we are vested with the authority of making the laws of this country the first one will be to prohibit the publishing of cruel jokes on stepmothers and mothers-in-law, and fixing the penalty for violation at boiling in oil or drawing and quartering.

O Fudge!

The "society pages" of the big dailies of a Sunday or two ago gave us a lot of fol-de-rol about the coming coronation of King George and Queen Mary of Great Britain. And among other things we were told that "sixteen American peeresses" would be present, and then followed a description of their "robes and coronets."

Ge, but there are some things that weary us—and this "American peeress" rot is one of them. I want it distinctly understood that the real, genuine, all-wool-and-yard-wide, hemstitched, reinforced American peeresses will not be there when King George and Queen Mary are crowned. Not by 'steen thousand miles.

The greatest American peeress of the whole bunch will be five thousand miles from the Court of St. James on coronation day. She won't wear a dress with a train so long a couple of flunkeys will have to carry it, for her robe will consist of a clean calico wrapper, and her coronet will be the love of a bunch of healthy, happy, frolicsome kiddies who know to a certainty that they have the best little mother in the whole wide world. She won't be kow-towing and bowing to a lot of frazzled out dudes who have descended—a long ways, too—from a lot of buccaneers, but she'll spend the day making a mighty happy home happier, and instead of dancing before the king she will fix up an appetizing supper for a tired but wholly satisfied husband and have it smoking hot on the table when he arrives from the office after a hard day's work. "Sixteen American peeresses" at the coronation of George and Mary! Fudge! Also heck! There'll be sixteen American girls there who have traded off their daddies' gold dollars for the privilege of wearing a tarnished title conferred on them by the process of barter and sale by sixteen scions of a washed-out nobility. As women and as wives they aren't worthy to unlace the shoes of any one of a million American wives and mothers who have made happy homes

for upstanding, self-respecting, industrious American mechanics. "Sixteen American peeresses" in their "robes and coronets!" Wouldn't that jar your grandma's preserves? Sixteen silly, ambitious, addepleted American girls who have sold themselves, and for what? For worse than slavery.

Unprejudiced

"I think Uncle Sam ought to interfere in that Mexican trouble and restore peace," remarked the fat man on the end seat.

"What business has Uncle Sam got interfering?" queried the slim man, who was crowded up into the corner.

"It's his business to preserve peace on this continent," growled the fat man. "There's bloodshed and riot and anarchy going on down there, and an attempt being made to overthrow a republic. Uncle Sam ought to stop it."

"Got any interests down there?" asked the slim man.

"Sure!" exclaimed the fat man. "I got a big concession and a pot of money invested down there."

"That's what I thought," muttered the slim man. "It beats all how interested some folks are in peace when it's their dollars balanced against the lives and liberties of an oppressed people."

Whereupon there ensued a long period of silence save for the clanky-clank of the car wheels.

The Office Boy Says

De guy wot's allus braggin' erbout his honesty is a mighty good guy t' keep yer eye on if ye do any bizness wit' him.

All de doit I gits on me han's won't hurt none. It's de doit a feller gets on his heart dat puts him on de bum.

It's a mighty mean boss dat takes his grouch out on his workmen.

De religious trac' don't make much noise alongside a stomik dat is hol-lerin' f'r help.

O' course I kin drink or let it alone, jus' as I please. But wouldn't I be mighty foolish if I didn't please t' let it alone?

Ultimate Results

"There's a heap of difference between being an aviator and being a 'highfyer,'" remarked the wise guy.

"But the results are the same when the machine fails," said the man who had done a little highflying in his time and is now engaged in picking up the pieces.

Limerick

There was a man named Hendershot
Who had a very tender spot
For those who'd fight
As best they might,
No matter to good end or not.

Brain Leaks

When a man begins to worry he begins to weaken.

Advice never appeases the appetite of a hungry man.

What we want and what we need are often vastly different.

We get small credit for bearing the crosses we manufacture for ourselves.

We'd go a long ways to see an old-fashioned grandmother knitting a pair of wool socks.

A city man's "back to the farm" fever usually subsides after he has spaded up a radish bed in the back yard.

A law against dealing in futures, and well enforced, would compel some churches to get down to earth for a while.

The small boy who used to be the first to go barefooted in the spring is now the man who usually siezes the first opportunity that comes his way.

Wear This Stylish Suit!




The man who is admired is the well-dressed man whose clothes are fashions able, and are 1911 styles.

You will be that man in your neighborhood! An all-wool, tailor-made suit of flashy 1911 Broadway clothes awaits the first man in your neighborhood who answers this spring announcement. 1911 styles are just in. You get this suit—the swiftest, classiest, snappiest style we ever created—and better your appearance! This is our idea: We want one man as our representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear clothes. It is the easiest thing in the world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices, \$7.50 and up. These orders mean a big business that more than doubles your salary, and the work is the easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make \$5 to \$10 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit-money. A Regular Cinch! That's the beauty of being in business for yourself. Sit right down now; write us a postal or a letter for the free outfit to representatives. And you get the swiftest suit of fashionable tailor-made, all-wool, 1911 clothes ever worn in your neighborhood. If your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a \$5 stamp to you, then act now—write us today. Address:

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