



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

God Bless Him!

Here's to the man who smiles on you
And gives you a cheery "howdy-do;"
And falls in step when you're walk-
ing lame
From the bruises met in the world's
rough game;
The man who gives your hand a
grasp
That makes old trouble fairly gasp;
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And makes the world grow bright for
you.

Here's to the man you chance to
meet
In busy mart or the crowded street,
When you are fairly down and out
And lost in more of deepest doubt;
Who slaps your back and cries
"hello!"
With face alight with friendship's
glow;
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And makes life take a brighter hue.

Here's to the man of big, brave heart
Who dares from the crowd to step
apart
And lend a hand to the man who fell
To the very brink of the lowest hell;
Who says, "Hello! what cheer, old
scout?"
And helps him up to the right-about.
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And starts him off on the way anew.

Here's to the man unknown to fame
Who loves all men and plays the
game
Of this life square, and scorns to
make
A profit big from a friend's mistake;
Whose eyes light up when he comes
your way
And passes a pleasant time o' day;
Who says "hello!" and "howdy-do!"
And smiles, and gives new strength
to you.

Called!

"Yes, it has been discovered," he remarked as they emerged from the opera house, "that ice cream is dangerous, owing to the fact that it contains many harmful bacilli and is the lurking place of germs inimical to health. It also contains certain toxic elements that superinduce insomnia, epilepsy, hypochondria, tetanus and gastritis. Also that it depletes the flow of gastric juices and renders the system less able to throw off depressing influences. As a whole ice cream may be classed among the deadly elements that we foolish humans have—"

"O, Chawley!" exclaimed the young lady; "how fortunate we are! There is an ice cream parlor right under a physician's office!"

The Call of the Wild

Moorland, Ia., April 21.—Dear Bill: Last summer you were talking about your first circus—the Yankee Robinson show. The other day I saw its advertising car go through here and I thought of you. It's my opinion it was bound for Fort Dodge. If so, when I learn the date I'll let you know and you slip over here, and by heck, we'll both take it in. I've

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got the worms ready for the bull-
heads.—J. P. B.

Eccentricities of the Great

George Washington always preferred to eat his breakfast before taking dinner.

Thomas Jefferson always tied his own neckties when he was unable to secure one ready made.

When General Grant smoked a cigar he always insisted upon having one made out of tobacco.

Nicholas Biddle, the great banker, always insisted that a borrower sign the note with his own hand.

When Dick Turpin's hand was not in his own pocket he preferred to have it in some one else's pocket.

The emperor of all the Russians is so careful of his diet that he always insists upon having each separate dish tested by some one he can well spare before he partakes of it.

Before allowing a magazine to accept his manuscript Theodore Roosevelt always insists upon seeing the type foundry's invoice for a new lot of cap "I's."

Those Wool Socks

Cashiers, N. C., April 14.—To the Architect: Come to Cashiers and you will see many grandmothers knitting yarn stockings—and some who have not become entitled to that appellation.—Jennie A. S.

Chula Vista, Cal., April 11.—To the Architect: Greeting from Nebraskans off on a vacation! We have long entertained a friendly feeling for the Architect, though not personally acquainted, and our sympathy was with him in his recent bereavement. For many years our home was near Falls City and we often heard Elder Maupin mentioned, though we never happened to hear him preach. We began taking The Commoner with its first issue, and of course it follows us here. The issue of April 7 is before me and is responsible for this effort. Now, honestly, how far would you go to see an old-fashioned grandmother knitting a pair of wool socks? It would be quite a trip to southern California, where we are spending a year, and the "gude mon" finds the heavy socks non-essentials in this climate, but if you will visit us in our home in McCook, Neb., next winter, I promise you the pleasure of seeing the knitter as well as the wearer of the heavy foot covering. That would be a short trip and we shall expect you. Our boy, who is a student in the University of Nebraska law school, would be delighted, I am sure, to meet you and corroborate this sock story.—Mrs. J. W. J.

P. S.—That old man you were looking for some time ago, the one who parts his hair behind and combs it forward in front of his ears, always sits in the front seat of the church we attend here.—J.

Isn't It Awful?

Awful, isn't it? A man shucks his coat and goes out into the garden, determined to spade up a radish bed and plant a couple of rows of corn. The sun is shining brightly, and a warm breeze is blowing from the south. The first thing he knows he is humming:

"Wind in the south
Blow the bait
In the fishes' mouth."

And just then the spade turns up a dozen big, fat, wriggling fish-

worms, and the gardener remembers that only last week he was overhauling his tacklebox and putting a little oil on his reels.

The sun shines brighter than ever, and there is an added warmth to the breeze from the south.

Every spadeful of dirt turned reveals more fishworms—nice, big worms, and the gardener remembers tite of the most fastidious bullhead or perch.

And the man—poor man—just has to keep right on making garden.

As remarked at the beginning of this pitiful little story of real life: "Isn't it awful!"

His Earnest Friends

"And what about the intimation that there was money used in your election?"

"Ah, that is a painful subject to me," replied Senator Graball. "It seems that during my many years of herculean effort to be of service to my people I have made many warm friends who were so enthusiastic in my behalf that they overstepped the bounds of propriety."

"Realizing that a man who could put it in that language was also able to bamboozle the average jury, we deemed it unnecessary to pursue the subject further."

Reminders

"I thought you were unable to eat anything, old man. And here you are just eating away for dear life."

"Yes, got to do it."

"But don't it injure you?"

"Sure."

"Then why do you do it?"

"Doctor gave me some medicine for my stomach trouble and told me to take a big dose after each meal. Got to eat the meal so I can take the medicine."

Close

"Jus missed having a million dollars."

"How close?"

"Asked Miss Bullion to marry me, and she studied for ten minutes before she turned me down."

Brain Leaks

Some people use the clock to kill time by, not to measure time by.

The good things of life are not plucked from trees rooted in evil.

How many souls have been saved by a salaried quartet in the choir loft?

Don't it just beat all how a little woman can make a big man toe the mark?

Drowning men grasp at straws. But more straws are grasped by thirsty men.

A gossiping woman is the German carp of the human tribe, a gossiping man the garfish.

God does not require that you do a great deal, but He does require that you do all you can.

A lot of people argue so long and loud about hell that they forget all about striving for heaven.

Barking dogs never bite, the trouble being that no one knows just when they will quit barking.

A lot of men of big pretense are so narrow that the minute you open their front door you are in the back yard.

The man who first said that there is a sucker born every minute lived in a day when the birth rate was much lower than now.

We know some men who are so hardheaded that an augur bored in for four inches would bring nothing to the surface but bone shavings.

A lot of men reach home wearied almost to death by eight hours' work and grumble because the wife who has worked eleven hours doesn't have supper ready before he gets his coat off.

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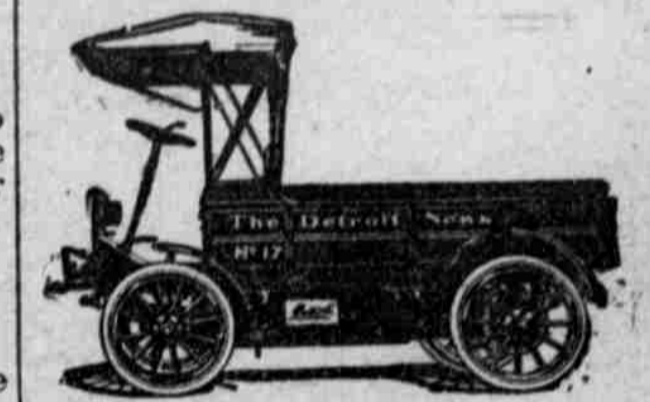
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