



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

A WORD WITH MY FRIENDS

Eight years ago I issued a volume containing a number of my sketches and verses under the title of "Whether Common or Not." The edition was exhausted inside of a year. I am now figuring on issuing a new volume of verses, the same to be a collection of what seems to me to be the best I have written for The Commoner. Its title, if issued, will be, "Kiddies Six," because my bunch of six children have furnished most of whatever inspiration there has been in the verses. The frontispiece will be a picture of them all, from the Big Boy, who has "flew the nest" to the Littlest Girl, who hasn't had the new worn off of her yet. The book will consist of upwards of 200 pages, printed on the best of paper, bound in cloth with gold trimmings, and each copy autographed by the writer.

The publication of this volume depends on whether enough of my friends signify a desire to own copies. If enough so signify to warrant me in undertaking the expense, the book will appear as soon as the work can be done. I do not want the dollar now. I only ask that those who think they would like to own one of the books to drop me a postal card to that effect. I'll record the names and notify them when the book is ready. Then the dollars may come in as fast as they please. I have adopted this method for the very simple reason that to publish a book costs money, and I am no John Andrew Carneyfeller. If you want a copy, send me a card to that effect. And lest you forget it, DO IT NOW! Sincerely yours, WILL M. MAUPIN.

The News From Home

[With the writer's best wishes for many more years of life and usefulness to "Deacon" Dobyns, of Oregon, Mo.]

It's just like getting a letter from home,

This little old sheet from the town I was born in;

A message of cheer wherever I roam That says to me weekly "Th' top o' th' mornin'!"

It brings to vision a picture complete

Of streets and of nooks and of cool, shady places;

From out of its pages it seems that I meet

The smile and the cheer of the old friendly faces.

It's not a journal of national fame, This six-column sheet from the town of my boyhood;

But week after week I long, just the same,

To have it bring back to me scenes of youth's joyhood.

Right there is the name of an old school chum

Who with me has wandered the miles without number.

Ah, where are the others? Some lips are long dumb,

And under the blossoms of spring-time they slumber.

Those friends of boyhood—like me they've grown old,

And like me have wandered the earth's furthest places.

'And wouldn't we give of silver and gold

To smile once again into each other's faces?

Each time I get it and scan every line

It seems when I'm done like I'd just spent a week in

The presence of those dear old friends of mine,

The chums of my boyhood, and Tom and the "Deacon." I hear once again the clang of the press,

And memory brings back the days long departed;

Days when I knew naught of sorrow and stress—

A boy in the old town, carefree and lighthearted.

They may have bigger, and better, perhaps,

Than these little sheets from the towns we were born in;

But none of them pleases us wandering chaps

Like papers from home with their "Top o' th' mornin'!"

And week after week we eagerly look

For names of the friends of the days long behind us—

An hour a week in some cool, quiet nook

With the welcome old sheet to of old days remind us.

"Measles—Keep Out!"

How would you like to have a yellow card, an ugly, jaundiced-looking card, with those words on it tacked up on the front of your cottage door? And how would you like to have inside of that same cottage five little kiddies as spotted as a mountain trout, burning up with fever, cringing in pain at every glint of light in the darkened room, and aching in every little joint?

That's been the experience at the Architect's home for the past three weeks, and although the Architect could come and go, the Little Woman has been tied up, shackled and enslaved as she toiled day and night.

There's something too terrible for words to explain in watching the sufferings of innocent little kiddies. Their fevered little hands grope for yours, and they strive vainly to tell you what they are suffering. It was touch and go with the Littlest Boy for several days, but the best nurse in the world was with him day and night, and when for the first time in anxious days his wan little face alight with a smile showed up to welcome the Architect home—say, talk about your fine sights! That came nearer to being it than the Architect has ever seen.

But didn't we have a celebration in the cottage when the health officer came around and removed that jaundiced card? And didn't we dance ring-around-the-rosy in the front room till we jarred the decorations off the sideboard and made the pictures on the wall swing to and fro! We'll always know now just how a man feels after being released from prison. That's what the cottage has been to the kiddies and the Little Woman for three weeks—a prison, a hot, fetid, prison.

But next Sunday afternoon—say, we're going to make up for lost time. It's us for the woods, way up yonder on the upper reaches of Salt Creek, just above an old mill dam and in a shady spot on a high bank overlooking a deep hole where the whole bunch of us captured a lot of fine bullheads last summer. Some of you may deprecate the idea of picnicking on Sunday, but here's a family that believes with Bryant that "the groves were God's first temples," and weather permitting we are going to do our worshipping just that way.

When a galaxy of five kiddies recover from the measles all at one

time it's an occasion worth celebrating.

The Retort Courteous

Miss Caroline Brehms, a noted temperance worker, was in Lincoln recently, participating in the campaign to keep the licensed saloons out of the city. A gentleman upon whom she called favored license, and as an argument used the old story about "revenue."

"The license money would go to the schools, would it not?" asked Miss Brehms.

"Yes."

"What were your taxes last year?" The gentleman thought a minute and then gave the information. Miss Brehms figured for a minute and then remarked:

"The refusal of Lincoln last year to license saloons cost you just \$1.04 in increased taxes for school purposes. To save that paltry amount you are willing to vote back twenty-five saloons into this city. Mr. —, if I had known men were that cheap I would have bought me one twenty years ago."

Plenty

"Why do you work so hard and so late at night, Jones?"

"Well, old man, I have six mighty good reasons for hustling."

"That many! What are they?"

"Mrs. Jones, Susie Jones, Willie Jones, Arthur Jones, Katie Jones and one little Jones that's too young yet to have a name."

Dull

"Business good here?" asked the new arrival in Squeedunk.

"Business good! Say, stranger, only one trade has been made in this town in six weeks, and that was when a gold brick artist traded off a brick to a mine promoter for a million shares in a mine in Nevada."

It's a Wise Child—

My but the children are wise these days.

"Rena, what would you do if I gave you my check for one hundred dollars?" I asked of the Biggest Girl the other day.

"Oh, I'd just laugh," was the reply.

Brain Leaks

Better be a "cheap skate" than an "easy mark."

Birds of a feather flock together. Don't be a goose.

The only men who make no mistakes are the men who make no efforts.

The minute you achieve your ideal you have convicted yourself of failure.

It's a mighty lonesome man who has nothing but dollars for companions.

Think twice before you speak—and then forget what you were going to say.

The man with a message may sometimes lack an audience, but he never lacks a hearer.

The man who is always boasting of his fairmindedness is always advertising his prejudices.

Few men appear big to us after we have carefully measured them with our own yardstick.

When some men we know think they are praying they are merely giving advice to the Lord.

Duty calling in a loud voice is often unheard by men who always catch desire's slightest whisper.

When we hear a man say that his best friend is his pocketbook we know he isn't worth being friendly with.

There are too many men with the idea that to have a good time means to shoot something, win something or drink something.

"Banking Made Safe."

Tried by a three million dollar failure in which the depositors lost not one cent, and sustained by the supreme court of the United States, the Oklahoma state banks stand unrivalled for security among financial institutions. On the basis of absolute safety we ask your patronage. Satisfied depositors in every state of the Union attest our ability to handle your account right. Interest paid on Time Deposits and Savings Accounts.

GUARANTY STATE BANK, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

M. G. Haskell, Vice President.
M. C. Sells, Cashier.

WHEEL CHAIRS A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on THIRTY DAYS TRIAL. Liberal discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.
GORDON MFG. CO.
476 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES. Slightly Used and Rebuilt machines like new. Prices one-quarter to one-half manufacturers. Sold or Rented. Rent applied. Shipped on approval anywhere. Ask for large bargain list.
B. F. SWANSON CO.
Established 1904 1316 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.
Sole State Distributors L. C. Smith & Bros., Typewriters.

\$75 to \$250 worth to Agents
Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, Razor Steel Blades, Unbreakable Transparent Handles which show name, address, photos, lodge and society emblems, etc. Let us show you how to be independent. Big Commission. Quick Sales. Write at once for exclusive territory.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 66 Bar St., Canton, O.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE. Cheaper and far better than wood for Lawns, Churches, Cemeteries. Also Poultry and Farm Fence. Free Catalog. Write for Special Offer.
THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 955 Decatur, Ind.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves pulling them out whenever you use our Wonderful Fish-Luring Bait. Sec. a box. Write for free booklet and our special offer of one box to help introduce it.
Walton Supply Co., Dept 28 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D.C.

Patents No Fee until allowed. Free Books
FULLER & FULLER, Washington, D.C.

PATENT your invention. Send for free examination offer. **MIL0 B. STEVENS & CO., Est. 1864.**
680 F St. Washington; 391 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT! Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune. Write for Our FREE BOOK; gives list of needed inventions; tells how to protect them. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. No charge for report as to patentability; send sketch or model. Patents advertised for sale free.
H. ELLIS CHAMBERLAIN & CO., Attorneys, 1234 F Street WASHINGTON, D. C.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We ship on approval without a cash deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers. **ONE CENT** is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now **TIRES, Coaster - Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.**
Head Cycle Co. Dept 8177 Chicago