



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

"KIDDIES SIX"

Three weeks ago I announced that I would publish another volume of my verses, provided my friends of The Commoner would show up in sufficient numbers, each with a promise to purchase at least one copy, to insure the cost of publication. I explained that the title of my book, if published, would be "Kiddies Six," because of my six children—who are just the average healthy, rollicking kiddies—have furnished whatever of inspiration there is in the verses. Also that each book would contain a picture of the whole bunch, including the Little Woman and the Architect.

I have been gratified beyond expression at the responses. They convince me that I have a lot of friends scattered all over the United States—and two or three in Canada. Also that The Commoner is a mighty good advertising medium. If the responses keep up during the next three weeks as they have for the past three weeks, the book is an assured fact. It will cost you one dollar, and it will contain at least 200 pages, be printed on fine paper and bound in cloth with gold trimmings. Do not send any money now. Just signify your willingness to send the dollar for a copy when I notify you that the book is ready for delivery. The Little Woman is keeping a record of the subscribers, and the Six Kiddies are ready to have their picture taken.

Send in your orders now. By the way—I'm going to print this book myself. I haven't forgotten the case, and I can still cut an overlay or lay out a 32-page form. Cheerfully yours,

WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Biggest Boy

The Biggest Boy, who flew the nest
A few short years ago,
And settled in the sundown west,
Now writes me: "Dad, you know
I've met Her! She's the girl for me—
We want your blessing, Dad.
June 8 the wedding is to be,
And gee, dear Dad, I'm glad."

The Biggest Boy to wed? Dear me,
It seems but yesterday
I saw him run in childish glee
To boyhood's laughing play;
But yesterday in roundabouts,
Barefooted, tousled-head,
Around the house with noisy shouts—
Now in a month he'll wed!

Last night I saw the shadows creep
And heard the youngster say
His "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
When tired with childish play.
Last night it seems—'twas years ago.
Ah, me, how time has sped!
The lad now writes to let me know
That in a month he'll wed!

All right, my boy. One wish for you:
May she you've chosen be

As staunch and helpful, good and true,
As my wife's been to me.
And if my wish comes true, my boy,
You're blest beyond compare.
Your days will all be days of joy,
Your skies be always fair.

The Biggest Boy to wed! All right;
But that recalls to mind,
As here I sit this summer night,
The long years now behind.
I wish you happiness, my boy;
I'm glad because you're glad.
And wishing you life's greatest joy,
I'm lovingly, YOUR DAD.

An Empty House

The little baby across the street died last night. Just a tiny little bit of humanity that had budded seven short months ago, but it had wound its little fingers around two hearts, and then the tiny hands were stilled they tore heartstrings and wrenched two souls.

The white streamers upon the door have fluttered in the spring breezes all day, and behind curtained windows a father and a mother, lone and weeping, are gazing upon the cold face of their first born. Lone, yes; because a red placard upon the front of the cottage tells the passer-by that the law has stepped in to prevent friends from coming to tender their sympathy. And tomorrow evening the little baby will be buried with no one present but the parents and the undertaker.

Time and again we have seen the sweet-faced little mother standing in the window with the babe in her arms, waiting to welcome the husband and father home from his daily toll. And just as the little one was learning to know the face of the proud father, and almost ready to wave its fat little hands in baby greeting—just as the dreams of father and mother were brightest for their little one, death steps in and lays a heavy hand upon the home.

It is just a little cottage across the street. It is the home of a mechanic, built from the savings of years and made ready for the bride who gave her life into the keeping of the sturdy young man who is today experiencing the greatest grief of his life. A little house, but for months to come it will be all too large for stricken parents. Something has been taken from the little cottage, and tomorrow, and for many months to come it will stretch away into seemingly endless halls and rooms whose walls seem far apart.

It is all so strange! Why should that promising young life be taken, and lives worthless to the world be spared? Why send a sweet little soul like that into the world only to take it away again just as it began knitting itself into the souls of others? We do not know—all we can do is to wait, trusting that in good time the mysterious will all be explained.

But as we sit on our own front porch this evening, and look across the street and see the fluttering streamers of white upon the door, our own hearts are sore and such sympathy as those only can feel who have loved and lost go out to the two stricken hearts behind the curtained windows of the desolated cottage.

Expected

The magazine called "Human Life" has suspended publication. This is not surprising. Human life is un-

certain, and its cessation is inevitable.

The Bird and the Worm

After perusing a recent bit of philosophical dissertation anent the early bird and the worm, recently appearing in this department, J. H. Haughawout of Fairmont, Neb., submits the following conclusion:

I fain would learn of bird and worm
The proper rule to state.
Should I arise at half-past five,
Or lie abed till eight?
We all in youth were taught the truth

In plain and simple terms—
As we have heard the early bird
'S the one that gets the worm.

Yet I maintain the case is plain,
And not a bit absurd.
I still affirm the early worm
Was up before the bird.
So, if you please, I'll take my ease
And worry not a word;
For worms at play at break of day
Are eaten by the bird.

Described

"Dinah," remarked the judge, "you are charged by your husband with having hit him with malicious intent. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Yo, honah, ain't nevah hit dat wufless niggah wit' merlicious intent in mah whole life. De fac's o' de mattah is, yo' honah, wot I did hit dat niggah wid was muh soap paddle, an' if muh han's hadn't dun been so sweaty frum wo'kin' muh fool self t' deat' f'r t' buy him his vittles dat de paddle slipped, I suttinly would ah put dat niggah in de horspitie so dat he couldn't a come trasin' around claimin' dat I hit 'im wit' sumpin' dat I nevah had in muh whole life."

Cautions

Biggs—"Here comes Wiggs; let's slip around the corner and get away from him. He'll want to tell the latest cute thing his little boy said."

Diggs—"Why not wait and hear it?"

Biggs—"Because I want to tell you a funny thing my little Harold got off last evening at the supper table."

Mean Thing

"Don't you think I really ought to have my voice cultivated, Mr. De-Bunk?"

"Yes," growled the mean thing, "and the first thing you ought to do is to have it pruned."

Mean

She—"You know very well you married me for my money."

He—"Yet you have the nerve to say that I never earned a dollar in my life."

Brain Leaks

The sermon that everybody likes hasn't stirred up many people.

The world's greatest heroes are those who do the little things well.

One thing about sowing wild oats—there's never any shortage of seed.

A lot of men think that when they have given money they have given enough.

When a man has lived so long he has forgotten when he was a boy, it is time he quit.

A lot of men work themselves to death looking for an easy way of making a living.

We can forgive a man if he borrows a dollar and forgets to pay it back. We can forgive him if he back-bites. We can forgive him if he cheats us in a trade. But as yet we haven't cultivated the Christian gift of forgiveness to the extent that we can forgive the man who borrowed a favorite book and returns it in a dilapidated condition.

\$3

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