



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

### Memorial Day

Once more we place the flowers of  
 May  
 Above the soldier dead;  
 Green mounds above the Blue and  
 Gray  
 Who fought in that long yesterday  
 When war's grim horrors spread.  
 We hear the bugle's mournful tone  
 Sounding out "Taps" once more;  
 Place laurels on each low grave-  
 stone  
 Marking the graves long since grass  
 grown,  
 And the old flag flying o'er.

We see the thinning ranks march by,  
 Halting and slow of tread.  
 But the old fire lights each soldier  
 eye;  
 Each hand salutes as the flag waves  
 high  
 O'er the City of the Dead.  
 Slowly—the weight of passing years  
 Burdens the once strong forms.  
 Absent the old-time rousing cheers;  
 Only the soldier's unshed tears  
 After the battle's storms.

Slowly, so slowly, they march today,  
 Bowed by the passing years.  
 Soldier of Blue and soldier of Gray  
 Who grappled in that dim yester-  
 day—  
 Comrades today in tears.  
 Tenderly, lovingly, flowers they strew  
 There where each comrade sleeps  
 Under the old flag's rippling flow  
 As soft winds, sighing, come and go,  
 And Honor watchguard keeps.

Sleep, soldier; sleep, in rest well  
 won!  
 We of the later days,  
 Knowing your duty so nobly done  
 Will not forget while the long years  
 run  
 Your well-won meed of praise  
 Soldier asleep wherever it be,  
 By river, brook or lake,  
 Sleep till the sound of God's reveille,  
 Ringing abroad o'er the land and sea,  
 Your eyes to glory wake!

### A Memory of Memorial Day

Every year Memorial Day comes home with more force to thousands of homes. Last Tuesday was Memorial Day, and while this "Sabbath of the Soldier" has always been a sacred day to the Architect of this department, it has taken on a new sacredness, for last Tuesday was the first time the comrades of the Architect's soldier father were called upon to strew the blossoms of spring above his grave; the first time the tiny flag that father fought for was planted above the sodded mound that covers his last resting place. That grave is hundreds of miles away from the Architect's home, but he knows that the loving hands of former comrades and the tender hands of the women of the Relief Corps strewed flowers upon it. Memorial Day takes on a new and deeper meaning when you have contributed of your family circle to the rapidly increasing number of graves wherein sleep the men who fought for the old flag.

I can remember the time when the animosities of the Civil war were bitter and seemingly undying. The first proposition made to decorate the graves of ex-confederates sleeping in northern cemeteries was met with a storm of protest; and for long years no hands strewed flowers above the graves of northern soldiers sleeping their last sleep in the southland. It is all so different now. Last Tuesday

I saw two grizzled old members of the Grand Army of the Republic lay a wreath of blossoms upon the grave of a man who had fought with Stonewall Jackson and I knew that all over this broad republic, from lakes to gulf, no southern soldier's grave was left undecorated if northern soldiers could reach it; and I knew that thousands of graves of northern soldiers, scattered over the sunny south, were decorated by the hands of men who had battled against them more than a half-century ago.

Treasured in the archives of the Architect's family is an old japaned tin box. It contains a lot of letters written by the soldier father while in the field, and they were handed down to the son by the little mother who went to her reward many years ago. There are several old brass buttons cut from the father's old army overcoat, a belt buckle and a worn and moth-eaten "Aunt Sally bag" filled with rusty needles and old buttons and broken bits of thread. And tucked away in the bottom, wrapped in oiled silk, is the first flag the Architect ever owned. It was made by his mother more than forty years ago. It really is only half a flag for it is flag only on one side. When it was made it was just a trifle difficult to buy flag material—because flag material was scarce and the wherewithal considerably scarcer. The field of blue is made of flannel carefully sewn upon a white background. The stars are crude and not correctly arranged, and the red stripes are merely strips cut from a piece of red flannel. The flag is about ten inches wide and fifteen inches long, and it is sadly faded and worn. But although the Architect lacks considerably of possessing the wealth of Rockefeller, twenty-dollar gold pieces enough to cover that flag would not suffice to buy it. It was first flung to the breeze by a very proud and happy boy on July 4, 1868. Wrapped up with it is a much larger flag—a real bunting flag—that the Architect's oldest boy proudly raised over the house the day war was declared between the United States and Spain, and kept floating there until peace was declared.

The day is fast approaching when there will be no living comrades to strew flowers upon the graves of the comrades who have answered the last roll call. But the day will never come in the history of these re-United States when there will be no loving hands to decorate the graves of the soldier dead. Time has softened the bitterness. We only remember what the results were, and we know that it was the greatest war in the history of the civilized world for the very simple reason that the two armies were made up of Americans.

Last August I made a little jaunt down south. At Columbia, South Carolina, the delegation of which I was a member was entertained at luncheon by the Columbia Commercial club. While talking with a member of the club, who wore a button telling of membership in the Confederate Veteran's association, I ventured to ask a question concerning the feeling of the old confederate veterans towards the men from the north who were so prominent in southern business affairs. He said: "My dear sir, we owe these men from the north more than I can tell you. They began coming down here

about twenty years ago, and they have kept us so busy ever since that we haven't had time to remember anything but the necessity of trying to keep up with them." In Columbia, S. C., on the day our convention was entertained in that city, I saw more American flags displayed than I ever saw in any northern city of similar size in one day. I was told, too, that every member of the military company that paraded for us and became our escort, fought in Cuba and was the son of a man who had worn the confederate gray during 1861-65. Honestly, the flags took on a newer meaning to me that day.

### Funny, But—

An "angleworm" is all curves.  
 A crow can not crow.  
 Tell a woman she is kittenish and she smiles; tell her she is a cat and she becomes angry.  
 When we are young we like to be called "old man," but when we are old we like to be called "my boy."  
 We say we are "going to take the train," knowing that the train is going to take us.  
 When we know a man is square we like to have him 'round.  
 A baseball diamond is square.

### True Blue

Ragson Taggs—"Say, bo; if youse eats dat hunk o' bread I'll report youse t' de Peripatetic Artists' Union."  
 Upson Downs—"W'ot's de matter wit' de bread?"  
 Ragson Taggs—"It's unfair. Ain't de yeast in it bin workin'?"

### Sure

"What makes you think your song will become popular?"  
 "It's so silly that it will not appeal to people who have brains enough to appreciate really good songs."

### "Kiddies Six"

That is the title of a new book of my own verses that I am going to publish if enough of my friends among The Commoner readers signify their willingness to purchase copies. The book will be cloth bound, upwards of 200 pages, and contain what I deem to be the best of the verses I have written for The Commoner during the past six or eight years. I call it "Kiddies Six" because most of the verses were inspired by my six little ones—not all of them so little now. The book will cost one dollar. If you want a copy drop me a card. When the book is ready for delivery I will notify you, then you can send the dollar. Already I have received more than half enough orders to guarantee the cost of the edition. Do you want to furnish the rest—one at a time? Yours expectantly, WILL N. MAUPIN.

### Brain Leaks

You can't always judge the weight of the fish by the heft of the nibble. A lot of people have worried themselves to death over things that never happened.  
 The man who is looking for a bright boy to employ never calls around the pool halls.  
 A lot of people waste time praying for things they are expected to hustle out and get for themselves.  
 If all the things we plan for tomorrow had been accomplished yesterday there would be very little left to do.  
 The average woman's idea of a good neighbor is one who always brings back considerably more than she borrowed.  
 The time of year is at hand when all of us men who work would give a lot if we could keep as cool as the average woman looks.

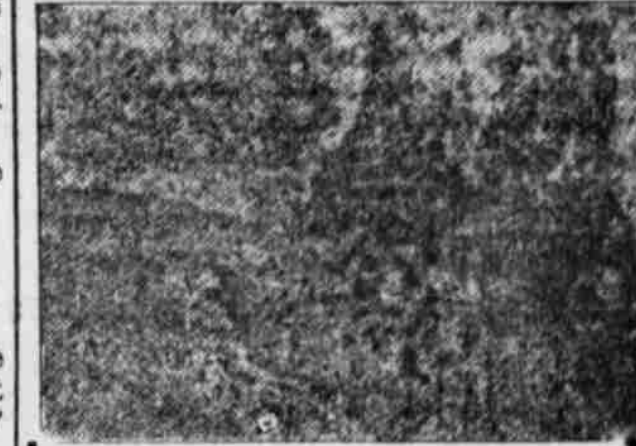
**-You \$3**

can grind your own Meal, Graham, Hammy, Rice, Coffee, Spices, etc. and crack grain for poultry, better than a miller—if you have this mill. Costs \$1.00 Freight Prepaid. Grinds easy and quick. Lasts a lifetime.

**Black Hawk Grist Mill**

Write for Free Book. Agents wanted. A. H. PATON, (Inc.) Clarksville, Tenn. Also make Black Hawk Corn Shellers.

**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.



**TOMB OF ABSALOM.** There is no story even in fiction, more pathetic and interesting than the story of David and his rebellious son, Absalom. This photograph shows Absalom's Tomb, known in the Bible as Absalom's Place, erected by himself nearly 3,000 years ago. This illustrates but one of the 448 wonderful 7 in. by 10 in. photographs in the marvelous

### Self-Interpreting Bible Library

Consisting of 4 splendid volumes, containing the complete authorized version of the Bible, together with all the Helps, Tables, Commentaries, Atlas, Dictionaries, Photographs and Side-Lights necessary to enable anyone to understand the Sacred Scriptures. It makes reading the Bible a pleasure and a delight, and opens up a world of beauty and interest that has been almost meaningless to the average reader. Introduced and edited by Bishop John H. Vincent. Endorsed by Bishop D. G. Tuttle, Rev. Frank W. Gunsalus and leading ministers of all protestant denominations.

### THE 448 ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

Realizing how much easier it would be to appreciate the Bible if everyone could visit the Holy Lands and see for themselves the places and scenes of Bible history, the Society equipped a special Expedition at a cost of \$25,000 to four Bible Lands and to secure actual photographs of all the places made sacred by the footsteps of Christ and the great events of Bible history. The result is a truly priceless collection of 448 wonderful Biblical and historical photographs, by means of which the Society now brings Bible Lands to us in our own homes.

### THE ATLAS OF BIBLE LANDS

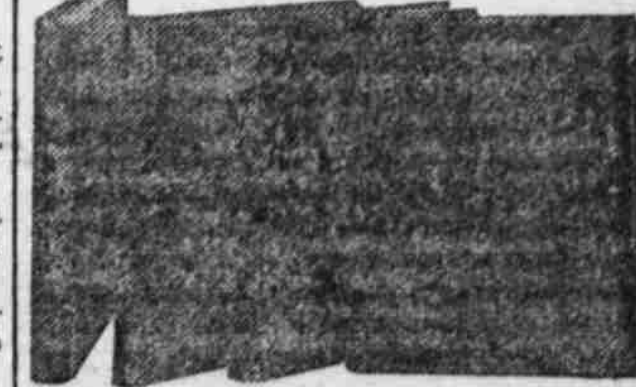
Consists of one large folding map of Bible Lands showing route covered by our Expedition, together with full page colored maps of Canaan, Babylonian Empire, Persian Empire, Kingdoms of Judae and Israel, and many others made expressly for the Society.

### THE CROSS INDEX

Prepared for the first time in connection with the Scriptures by means of which every person, place and event recorded in the Scriptures is now readily accessible.

### Handsome Illustrated Portfolio—FREE

To readers of "The Commoner" who respond promptly we will mail free a copy of our splendid, 48-page portfolio, "Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," containing beautiful 7-in. by 10-in. photographs of principal scenes in Christ's life secured by our Photographic Expedition to Palestine, with description by our author, and showing new and interesting method of Bible reading. Send for it at once.



TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TO-DAY

**THE BIBLE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY,**  
 224 Michigan Ave. N., Chicago.

Mail me without obligation on my part free copy of "Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," a handsome, 48-page portfolio, containing photographs of principal scenes in Christ's life and full particulars of your Special Introductory Price and easy payment plan offered to "Commoner" readers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....