



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Fan

I want to get out on the bleachers,
Unmindful of withering heat,
Along with my wild fellow creatures
Who there on equality meet.
I want to set my voice a roaring,
And shriek at His Umps till I'm
hoarse;
I want to dance juba when scoring—
A man on the home team, of
course.

I want to fill lungs full of weather,
And eyes full of cloud and of sky;
A hint of the woodland and heather
Out there where the wide stretches
lie.
My brain is a cobwebby attic;
It's grimed with the dust of the
years;
My limbs have grown weak and rheu-
matic—
I long for the pastime that cheers.

I want to see Ty Cobb or "Matty."
I yearn for His Umps strident call.
To get on the bleachers I'm batty;
I've just got to see 'em play ball!
I want to get out on the bleachers
And sit with the genuine fans;
To take a full part with the screech-
ers.
Unmindful of hot sun that tans.

I want to sit sans coat and collar
And munch on the goobers, and
yell;
I want to stand straight up and
holler
When the home team's batting like
—well,
You know how you feel when the
batter
Leans up 'gainst the leather ker-
flop!
And then, midst the noise and the
clatter,
Scoot safely to second and stop.

I want to pump air in my bellows
And get some more blood rich and
red;
Rub elbows with jolly good fellows
And get the moss out of my head.
I want to yell "robber!" and
"rotten!"
And whoop as I did when a boy;
The cares of my business forgotten
Out there at the ball game—O,
joy!

Here, give me a big sheet of paper,
My pen and a bottle of ink!
I'll show you the real proper caper—
I'll stay here and toil, I don't
think!
There, let this neat sign be adorning
The front of the old office door:

```

.....:
:      :
: A GREAT AUNT DIED :
: EARLY THIS MORNING. :
: THE FUNERAL THIS P. :
: M. AT FOUR.         :
:      :
:.....:

```

Just Thoughts

Of course you think you are "just as good" as you were twenty or twenty-five years ago, Mr. Grayhead. You are better in many ways, but in the one matter of physical suppleness you've lost something. You feel as if you could turn a hand-spring just as easy as when you were twenty, or leap a five-board fence by touching one hand to the top board. If you want to keep on thinking so, don't try it.

The other day you happened along by a vacant lot where some boys were

playing ball, and you thought to yourself something like this:
"Huh! I used to be some ball player, and I'll bet I could get right out there on the diamond and perform stunts that would make Lajoie or Cobb or Wagner go some to beat."
You felt just that way, and so you were foolish enough to try it.

The first time you swung at the ball you dislocated seven ribs and threw your shoulder out of place—seemingly. And the first time you stooped over to scoop up a hot grounder you missed it by a foot because your spine kinked just as you got half-way down. And when you tried to line the ball to the plate to nab a runner you jarred your whole internal economy loose. The next day your body felt like it had been jabbed full of pitchforks. What?

Twenty years ago you could score at the scratch and start with the pistol, and make a hundred yards in 11 seconds flat, breasting the tape with your respiration fairly good. The other day you had to chase a street car about half a block, and when you boarded it your breathing could be heard a hundred yards and your heart hammered like the big forge drop in the machine shop in the railway yards.

You may lose your health, and then regain it. You may lose your job, and get a better one. You may lose your money, and make some more. But the greatest asset in life—youth—is owned but once, and then only for a time. But if you work it right you can keep your heart young. The youngest man in Lincoln came here more than forty years ago and helped to survey the townsite. Young because his heart is light; his face is always wearing a smile, and he has a cheery word for all he meets. And another man in Lincoln, who wasn't born until a decade after the first man mentioned came to Lincoln, is old and worn out. He had chased dollars until he thinks in terms of cent per cent, and he is afraid to smile lest some one think him an easy mark and ask him for money.

The other day I happened along where some small boys were attempting to play ball with about the poorest imitation of a ball I ever saw. It was old and soft and coverless. An elderly gentleman happened along and stopped the ball as it performed a long foul in his direction. He looked at it a moment before tossing it back and then walked up to the diamond.

"My, my, boys; that's a mighty poor ball to play with."
"It's the best we can get sir," replied one of the lads.
"Well, if I should dig up, say a half a dollar, do you think you could get a better one?"

About a dozen and half of youngsters opined that they could, and their opinion was very emphatic. Whereupon the elderly gentleman produced the half-dollar and said it was ready as soon as a committee was appointed to make the purchase. Two of the boys were speedily selected, and in ten minutes they returned with a ball.
"Gee, that's a dandy!" gasped each eager urchin as he took a look at it. Then the game proceeded, and when I hurried to catch a car for down town the elderly gentleman

was watching the game with delight and yelling excitedly at every good play.

I judge that this elderly gentleman had experienced something like sixty or sixty-five winters, judging by the frost on his hair. But his heart hadn't kept pace with his years. He will always be young, because he has kept his heart young, and I warrant you he got more fun out of that 50 cent investment than a lot of men could get out of an automobile, or a fishing trip to the lakes.

Speaking of the Fourth

Just now we are inclined to look with favor upon the campaign for a "noiseless Fourth of July." We will continue in that frame of mind until about 5:30 a. m., on Independence Day. Then we will probably wake up, roll over, and discover a young gentleman about five years old, and a young lady slightly younger, perched upon the side of the bed and looking like about seventeen bunches of firecrackers, eleven bags of torpedoes, thirty pinwheels, two dozen "nigger chasers" and a couple of paper cap pistols. The chances are that about two minutes later we'll be ready to join them in lynching any and all advocates of a "noiseless Fourth."

Personally I have never, so far as I remember, met any advocates of a "noiseless Fourth." I have only read about them. And the mental portraits I have drawn of them are not flattering. In my opinion the advocates of that sort of celebration of our nation's natal day are quite sure to be old, inclined to be grouchy, nervous because of too high living, penurious, lacking in patriotism, pessimistic, fault-finders and lacking in memory of youth long past. The "noiseless Fourth" is a good thing to write about when there is a lot of space that must be filled, but in actual practice it don't look good to me.

Puzzling

A far-away friend, understanding that the Architect of this department is an advocate of woman's suffrage, wants to know how the Architect would explain the political rottenness in Colorado, where the women vote.

The Architect doesn't attempt to explain. He merely points to the fact that in Ohio and Illinois, where the women do not vote, political corruption is equal to that in Colorado. We do not advocate equal suffrage because we believe it would put an end to political corruption, for we know better. We advocate it as an economical measure. Five million American women are wage earners, and they are compelled to compete in the industrial field under laws which they have no part in making. And we advocate it as a matter of gallantry. We want it understood right here that we object to having our wife, and our mother-in-law classed with idiots, insane, Chinese and convicts.

Satisfied

"Why don't you compel that newspaper to cease lying about you?" we asked of Senator Graball.
"My friend," remarked the senator, that paper is doing me a real service."
Naturally we asked an explanation. "Why," said the senator, "as long as that newspaper exhausts its energies in concocting lies about me, I am in no danger of having it begin telling the truth."
After pondering over it for a moment we jotted it down in our note book devoted to hints on political strategy.

You Can Buy a 5 Acre Orange Center Farm

In the Heart of Florida for Only \$125, \$5 Cash, \$5 Monthly. No Interest, No Taxes, No charges of any kind. It can earn \$2,500 to \$3,000 per year as long as you live.

I will gladly send you incontrovertible proof of these statements. Our land is high lying, no swamps or marshes, railroad runs directly through it, no farm being more than three miles from it. Not far from a modern town of 7,000 population and close to another of 4,000; good hard roads, plenty of pure drinking water at a depth of 20 feet; artesian water and flowing wells at 75 to 200 feet; needs but little clearing; 50 inches of rainfall; finest climate in the world both winter and summer; no mosquitoes; healthiest location; plenty of schools and churches; desirable neighbors; fine hunting and fishing; perfect title, warranty deed; abstract of title, time for payments extended if sick or out of employment. Florida State Agricultural Department gives the following census reports of the actual results secured by growers in our country; lettuce, \$954 per acre; celery, \$1,325; cucumbers, \$514; English peas, \$437; beans, \$331; and you can grow from three to four crops per year on the same land. Our county is the largest fruit producing county in the state. Oranges yield \$800 per acre; grape fruit, \$800; strawberries, \$800; peaches, \$400; pears, \$300. I have prepared a handsome 32-page booklet containing dozens of photographs of fruit and vegetable farms in our vicinity and containing all the information you wish concerning this favored region. It also contains hundreds of letters from men from every part of the United States who have purchased farms here from us and who are more enthusiastic in their praise of our land than we are. I will send it to you free of charge if you will write for it today. Don't delay, but send your name and address today.
WILLIS R. MUNGER, president, Munger Land Company 527 Francis St., St. Joseph, Mo.

-You \$3

can grind your own Meal, Graham, Hominy, Rice, Coffee, Spices, etc., and crack grain for poultry, better than a miller—if you have this mill. Costs \$3.00 Freight Prepaid. Grinds easy and quick. Lasts a lifetime.

Black Hawk Grist Mill

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

WHEEL CHAIRS A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort.

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.

48 IN. FENCE 25c a rod

Best high carbon coiled steel wire. Easy to stretch over hills and hollows. **FREE** Catalog—fences, tools. Buy from factory at wholesale prices. Write today to Box 20

MASON FENCE CO., LEESBURG, O.

The Guaranty State Bank, Muskogee, Oklahoma,

offers to their customers and readers of this paper throughout the country exceptional facilities for handling accounts by mail. The Depositors Guaranty Fund of the state of Oklahoma insures absolute safety of all funds deposited with us. We believe in the integrity and conservatism of our officers, but you are not compelled to rely on this. What protection do you get from your home bank? Write for booklet to-day. Interest paid on Time Deposits and Savings Accounts.

M. G. HASKELL, Vice President.
M. C. SELLS, Cashier.