



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

"The Old Nest"

If there is a young man in America whose parents are living and far from him, he ought to read Rupert Hughes beautiful story, "The Old Nest," in the Saturday Evening Post of June 3. It is a classic, and there are thousands of mothers and fathers whose hearts will be rejoiced because of the influence it will have upon thoughtless sons who have forgotten.

Some of these days, young man, you will awaken to a realization of the fact that you have missed your chance; awaken to the stunning realization that you forgot your old mother and father and let them slip away into the other world without a last look upon their boy. Then it will be too late, and you'll carry an ache in your heart all the rest of your life. Go and see them now. Do not delay until next month, or next year. Haven't the time! Nonsense! What's business by the side of the joy you can give your old mother by rushing in on her and letting her kiss and caress her stalwart boy just as she did years ago when he was a little lad in roundabouts.

The Architect's mother died just seventeen years ago. While she was alive the Architect never missed but one Thanksgiving eating dinner with her, and he has traveled many a hundred miles just to eat that one meal. And the one he missed he made up by seeing her the next day. You'll feel mighty good, my boy, if you'll exert yourself in the same direction. The time will come, all too soon, when you would give all you have accumulated if you could rush into the old sitting room, throw your hat in the corner and print a kiss upon lips that waited in vain many years for the son's kiss that never came. Read Rupert Hughes' story, my boy, and if it fails to touch your heart, then indeed are you lost to every sentiment of home and mother.

The Meanest Man

We've heard about the man so mean that he would skin a flea for the hide and tallow. And about the man so mean he'd steal swill from a blind pig. And the man so mean he'd use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button. In fact, we've heard about all kinds of mean men, but one day last week we saw the very meanest man that ever loomed up before our eyes.

Every day when there is a league game of ball in Lincoln a lot of small boys gather behind the grandstand and wait for the foul balls to come over. The boy lucky enough to grab one is admitted to the park. On the day in question the Architect was a bit late in getting to the game—he never misses 'em when he is in town—and as he approached the ball park he heard a chorus of boyish shrieks, "There she comes!" And a foul ball came sailing over. Did one of the small boys get it? No. A great big, hulking, beetle-browed man, with a soul so small that it would rattle around in the shell of a mustard seed like a BB shot in a sugar hogshead, caught the ball on the fly. A score of youngsters pleaded for it, but the big husky grinned derisively at them all, and then deliberately threw the ball back over the grandstand. Then he walked up to the gate and paid his way in.

I didn't wish that husky any bad

luck. I simply wished that a red-hot foul would come through the netting and smite him on the proboscis; or, that he would strangle a bit when he uncorked a bottle of pop; or, that he'd snag his trousers on a projecting nail; or, stumble over a broken board and break something beside a commandment. As a matter of fact I'd be almost ashamed to tell you what I did wish would happen to that fellow.

If you have ever heard of a meaner man than this one, I wish you'd describe him to me and tell me the particulars.

Kismet

Thirty-five or forty years ago it was the finest swimming hole in the country. Just where the creek took a sharp turn the roots of an old sycamore prevented the water from cutting into the bank, and the resulting swirl excavated a deep hole. It was a famous swimming place. A gnarled root of the old tree jutted out over the water, and from it you took many a dive. My, but wasn't it fun in the old days to hike off to the creek with a bunch of cronies and swim and splash and dive in the cool water?

Well, a year or so ago you went back to the old home, and one evening you sneaked off and went down to the old swimming hole, intending to take another plunge in the creek, just for old time's sake. But you didn't. Instead of a broad creek you found a piddling little stream that ran about enough water to keep a minnow from dying of thirst. The old sycamore had disappeared, and the old swimming hole wasn't deep enough for a hog wallow.

All you could do was to stand there and let memory do its work. And after indulging in reverie for a few minutes you wiped a tear from your eye and sneaked back to town again. Maybe it is because we are not hunting for them now, but somehow or other there don't seem to be any more swimming holes like the swimming holes of thirty-five or forty years ago. Scientists tell that the appendix veriformis is merely the remains of a bodily organ that used to be worth while, but which has degenerated into a nuisance because of neglect. Maybe it's the same way with swimming holes. With bath houses and bath rooms and plunges and all that sort of thing to be found in nearly every town, it would seem that the swimming holes have evolved backwards, just like the appendix veriformis.

Favorite Fiction

"What Will He Do With It?"—William Lorimer.

"Barriers Burned Away."—John D. Rockefeller.

"When a Man Marries."—Reed Smoot.

"The Man Without a Country."—Porfirio Diaz.

"A Family Affair."—Eugene Hale.

"In the Midst of Alarms."—William H. Taft.

See Anything Funny?

There is a joke concealed in this little tariff story, which is the reason why it appears in this department. The task of the reader will be to detect the joke, then decide just whom the joke is on.

This country consumes about 3,000,000 tons of sugar a year. Of this amount 2,300,000 tons is imported and 700,000 tons produced at

home. The home product isn't worth as much as Nebraska's egg and butter crop by several millions of dollars. Yet under the guise of "protecting" the American sugar raiser the sugar consumers are taxed about \$250,000,000 a year. Sugar is retailing at about \$117 a ton. We could buy the home product and give it away, paying the price now obtaining under protection, then throw it away, and save \$170,000,000 a year by putting sugar on the free list.

Who is the joke on?

Ever Notice It?

That the finest bargain sales are always advertised just when you are stony broke?

That the most enticing excursions are always at a time when you simply can't get away?

That as shoes grow higher in price the less wear you get out of them?

That every time your car is late and keeps you waiting on the corner, every automobile in town seems to make a point of whizzing by?

That when potatoes go up to \$2 a bushel every member of the family shows a decided preference for a potato diet?

The New Arithmetic

Ten mills make one trust.
Ten trusts make one tariff.
Ten tariff schedules make many millionaires.
Many millionaires make one senate.

Two pints make one drunk.
Eight drunks make one delirium tremens.

Four delirium tremens make one corpse.
One corpse makes a widow and a lot of orphans.

The Proof

"Rastus, you are charged with being vagrant."

"What does you-all mean by vagrant, youah honah?"

"It means that you have no visible means of support."

"How-cum you all kin say dat I ain't got no visibl means o' suppo't, youah honah? Why dat ol' woman o' mine weighs nigh t'ree hun' red poun's, youah honah."

The Usual Way

"Did Senator Graball make a good address tonight?" queried the city editor.

"He'll think he did when he reads my report of it in the morning paper," twittered the bright young reporter who had caught the assignment.

The Result

He established a newspaper in a small town already boasting three newspapers. He said he did it "to fill a long felt want."

The result was that he has felt a long wanted fill ever since.

Dramatical

"Is Grindery's new play a comedy or a tragedy?"

"All I know about it is that it will be mighty funny if it is accepted."

Ever Notice It?

The "horny handed son of toil" Who has to till the fertile soil, Depends on Nature's smile or frown.

But when his day of toil is done He fills his pockets full of "mon" And drives his auto into town.

The city man who toils away Within four walls from day to day, May seem to have it best by far. But when his day of toil is o'er With aching head and tired eyes sore He walks or takes the trolley car.

Accept this \$25 Suit



YES, FREE—our outfit sent you at once with our new most remarkable easy money-making offer, with your extra sample suit offer too. Be well dressed, and backed by us in spare time or all time, as our representative in your exclusive territory. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. Your best chance is here if you write a postal quick. Our offer means

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