



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

An Old Book

"The Christian Hymn and Tune Book" — memories sweet its pages bring
As I turn them, old and yellowed by the flight of passing years.

Through the tear-haze that has gathered I can see my father turn
To the "evening lesson, brethren;" hear him read in reverent tone

"He leadeth me!" I heard my mother sing it with a faith divine
As she drew near to the valley and the shadow of the vale.

Dear old book, your faded pages bring back days of long ago;
Days of youth and days of playtime when the skies were always fair.

A Memory

"I will read for our evening's lesson a few verses from the sixth chapter of Second Corinthians, beginning with the first verse: 'We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.'"

Of course you remember what the first song was—always: "Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care; And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known."

Had father adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat and pitched any other tune it wouldn't have seemed like the regular mid-week prayer meeting.

"Has any brother or sister a selection?"

A moment's pause, then Sister Maguire would speak up and request number 141. Remember it? I do, for father almost invariably pitched it a couple of notes too high:

"Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above. Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns the God of love."

Having pitched it too high father broke down on the "sound the note," and mother would nudge me when I giggled, having recalled the story of the man who, under similar circumstances, called out, "Start it at five thousand, brother!"

About half the time the organist didn't show up for the prayer meeting, so father had to lead the singing. And he could do it, too. He knew all those old songs by heart, and having started one he would throw his head back, close his eyes, and sing with an earnestness and a faith that really was inspiring.

"Has any one a word or a prayer to offer?"

This, of course, after two or three songs, a scripture reading and an opening prayer. Always there was a long pause, each one seeming loath to start things going.

"Brother Willard, will you lead us in prayer?"

After that there was no hesitancy. Everyone present had a word of testimony or a prayer to offer. As a rule the brothers spoke up bravely, but the sisters almost invariably spoke in trembling tones and sat down with streaming eyes, asking a "share in your prayers."

The more backward members—by that I mean those who did not have the courage to give a testimony or offer a prayer—would stand up and read a few verses of scripture, and as each one finished and sat down the elderly members would say "amen."

"Brethren, we have been blessed with the privilege of again meeting in the house of the Lord. Let us carry home with us the lessons we

have learned. Remember the regular services next Lord's day, morning and evening. Prayer meeting one week from tonight, as usual. Let us now stand and join in singing number 408, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' after which we will be dismissed with a few brief words of prayer by Brother Hill."

The song sung and the prayer spoken, there was a season of handshaking, and voices that could scarcely be heard in the solemnity of the meeting were rattling away loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile down the road.

You could always depend on meeting certain brothers and sisters at prayer meeting. If one of them was absent you knew sickness had befallen. The sisters present were always the ones who cooked the most for the church suppers, and who always remained after everybody else had gone and washed the scores of dirty dishes and cleaned up the church.

Honestly now, wouldn't you like mighty well to step back forty years or so and walk into that little village church where gathered the faithful few for the midweek prayer meeting?

Correct

"I never missed a train in my life," boasted Mr. Braggerly, as he entered the dining room.

"So I perceive," snapped Miss Buddington, as she felt for a pin.

"KIDDIES SIX"

I am finishing up the last proofs, and the printer tells me the book will be ready for distribution not later than Oct. 10. If those who have so kindly ordered in advance will now come along with the dollars, I'll be under obligations. The Little Woman is keeping track of all orders and all money received—and holding on to the money, too. It's going to be a fine book. I'll freely admit that much, just to save argument. If you have not already ordered, do so right now. Dollar a copy, every copy autographed and containing a picture of The Architect, the Little Woman and Kiddies Six.

Yours thankfully and hopefully, WILL M. MAUPIN.

PUBLICITY AND MORE PUBLICITY

We now have "publicity before the election"—all that we asked for on this subject in the platform of 1908, and even more. But sentiment has grown until we are in position to ask for still more. We should now have publicity as to expenditures of those organizations that nominate presidents.

We should also have publicity as to the ownership of our big newspapers. Why should a paper's ownership be kept in the dark? The value of an opinion depends on the character and disinterestedness of the one expressing it.

And now that the publicity campaign is started it should be kept up until all elections and nominations are made public affairs and secrecy is driven from the administration of the government.—Bryan's Commoner.

And the first step in this good work should be the repeal of the cowardly and corrupting "secret" ballot.—Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

A GOOD WAITER

In base ball parlance, a good waiter is as good as a good batter. By this philosophy W. J. Bryan comes in Ty Cobb's class. At Grand Island a little over a year ago many of the Nebraskan's friends bowed their heads in pain and mortification while abuse and vilification was being heaped upon him but he bore the stigma with a patience and fortitude little less than celestial.

Truth will out however and a scrap over the nomination of a railway commissioner has proven far more than Bryan ever suggested and no democrat would dare to attack Bryan in a Nebraska convention today. We reached Washington the morning that Oscar Underwood was tearing the rafters out of the capitol for the attack Bryan had made upon him.

The greater portion of the congressmen sided with Underwood and we suggested to one or two fire eaters from the southland that when the extra session was over and the congressmen arrived home that they would discover that radicalism was everywhere in the ascendant at this time. The silence of those critics of Mr. Bryan has become very pronounced within the last week or two and the secret caucus which Bryan condemned will be abolished.—Creighton (Neb.) Liberal.

SOUNDED THAT WAY

"I have mislaid my fountain pen," said the father.

"I guess mother found it," said the daughter.

"What makes you think so, daughter?"

"Because I heard her say she'd been doing nothing but washing her hands all day."—Metropolis Chronicle.