



Whether Common or Not
By Will M. Maupin.

Used to Be

I love to dream of the dear old days,
Of the old time friends and the old
time ways;
Of the old home scenes and the old
home ties,
Of the joys of youth and its bright
blue skies.
So oft I sit in the gray twilight
And dream the dreams of the old
days bright.
And dreaming roam in my fancy free
Through the good old days of Used
to Be.

Down the village street on my way
to school,
Or through the woods to the swim-
ming pool;
Or o'er the hills where the nut-filled
trees
Their welcomes sent on the autumn
breeze;
Or further still, on the winter's
night,
With rocker skates with their run-
ners bright,
And ever on in my fancy see
All the good old days of Used to Be.

And a maiden sweet as a dewy rose
Adown the lane with the dreamer
goes;
Once more the tale that is never old,
And ever new, is again retold;
And the sweet vows made in the clear
moonlight
While the future holds forth a
promise bright.
Ah, the visions sweet as they come
to me
From the good old days of Used to Be.

But the dreamer wakes from the
pleasant dream
To find at hand are the joys supreme.
For his eyes behold all the sweets
of life
In home and children and loving
wife;
In quiet rest when the day is done
And the joy of home is a goal well
won;
When children climb on my waiting
knee—
Joys greater than those of the
Used to Be!

"As Those Without Hope"

There comes to my desk a letter
bordered in black. The name of the
writer is withheld, but it is written in
a hand that trembles with age and by
one who seems to be numbered with
those without hope. It speaks of the
age old mystery of the world; of the
age old mystery of death, but she
who writes it seems unable to find
in the Christian's hope that sure
prop for those who, having faith, be-
lieve, and believing have a steadfast
assurance. I quote from the letter:
"I had a 'Kiddie One,' a lovely
child, a beautiful boy. He attained
to a noble manhood, and I was so
happy with him, and so proud of him.
But nine years ago he was taken
away by that awful mystery which
must come to all humanity. He
went away before he was quite as
old as you are, but he was always
to me 'my baby,' and has left alone
an aged and sorrowing mother who
is waiting patiently for the time
when she may join her loved one in
that silent country. * * * May
you never be called upon to part with
your dear 'Kiddies.'"

I, too, have "passed under the
rod." Twice have I stood beside the
open grave and saw loved children
laid away—one a daughter who, had
she lived, would now be a woman;

one a boy who, had he been spared,
would be on manhood's threshold.
This boy I laid in the tomb on a
bitter winter night, with no one
present save three friends who dared
to brave the dangers of a malignant
disease that I might not be alone in
my grief. God knows my fallings
and my shortcomings, but had I not
clung fast to the faith that my
mother taught me I could not have
borne the burden laid upon me.
Superstition? Tell me not that the
faith which sustains at the grave
side, when the clouds fall dully upon
the coffinlid, is "superstition." Tell
me not that the yearning planted in
every human heart shall not find re-
sponse, even as the wing of the bird
finds response in the atmosphere, the
fin of the fish in the water. I know,
for the faith which sustained my
mother as she entered into the Valley
of the Shadow, the faith which was
the prop and stay of my father as
he looked smilingly into the face of
death, that held me fast under the
bitterest grief the human heart can
know, is a sustaining faith that must
find fruition some time somewhere.
How, I may not be able to tell; how,
I may not be able to picture—but
that it will find fruition I know, and
knowing I can wait with patience,
mourning not as those without hope,
but rejoicing in the blessed assurance
of reunion with those I have loved
and lost, not in a "silent country,"
but in a country fairer than day.

"I hope," writes my correspondent,
"that you will deal kindly with Dr.
Karr, for the time is coming when
science, reason and commonsense
will prevail over ignorance, supersti-
tion and mythology."

Science, reason and commonsense
have prevailed. As well tell me that
there can be an effect without a
cause as to tell me that a hope com-
mon to every heart is vain; as well
tell me that a seed can bring forth
its kind without dying as to tell me
that man dying shall not bring forth
a better life.

Call me ignorant and superstitious
if you will, but I can say, and have
said, "Thy will be done," and so say-
ing look forward with confidence,
and with the solace that faith alone
can give to those who have loved
and lost.

"Rejoicing in Hope"

Of quite a different tone is a let-
ter sent to me by Theodore P. Ryn-
der of Pennsylvania, who frankly
admits to being 73 years young, and
who sends me the always welcome
greeting of a fellow craftsman, which
means that he, too, once "edged up
ems" at the case. He clipped from
a recent issue of The Commoner one
of my verses, "An Old Book," and
sent to "a good old Baptist sister,"
and this good sister replied as fol-
lows:

"'An Old Book' and memory from
The Commoner was read to me. Time
turned back fifty years; I am again
in the dear old home, and at mid-
week prayer meeting, listening to
the dear old songs. None will ever
be so sweet to me. I see my father
with closed eyes and arms folded
over his breast, singing 'Jesus saves.'
And I hear him say, 'Sister Richards,
will you lead in prayer?' I think
the angels came, glad to listen."

Dear good old lady, away past
70, happy, cheerful, hopeful. Isn't
it worth while, after all?

Faith and hope are the staffs that
support us as we journey down the
path of life. As I would despise him

who would wantonly kick the crutch
from under the arm of the cripple, so
do I despise him who, claiming su-
perior reason and intelligence, would
snatch away the staffs that support
those who look beyond the now and
see the glorious day that soon shall
dawn.

Cognomen

"What was the name of Mary's
lamb?"
A man asked me today.
I said I really didn't know
But thought it "Schedule K."
The reason why I thought it was
is really very clear;
I'd call it "Schedule K" because
'Twas such a little dear.

Misleading Signs

"Colds cured in one day."
"Instantaneous toothache cure."
"One night corn cure."
"Bunions removed without pain."
"A good 5-cent cigar."
"One-half off sale today."

Limerick

There was a man up in Quebec
Whose rose up and shouted: "By
heck,
This reciprocal thing
Is a gold brick, b'jing!
I'll hand it one right in the neck."

Sure

There once was a man in Cohasset
Who seeing a saloon, couldn't pass it.
While once he was rich
He now lies in the ditch
And can not show one single asset.

Brain Leaks

People who boast of their crosses
are toting a useless load.
Preaching without practice may
entertain but will not convince.
And if the hoopskirts do come
back, how are you going to button
your wife's waist?
The only way to refrain from mak-
ing mistakes is to do nothing, and
that's the biggest mistake of all.
We all like to meet the man who
can disagree with us without acting
as if he thought we were plumb fools.
There's always room at the top,
but some of us would rather be a
little less successful than a lot more
lonesome.
Science is a great thing, of course,
but to date it hasn't learned how to
do what the humble little lightning-
bug does—make light without heat.

AUTHORS OF THE SHERMAN LAW

From the Congressional Record,
August 2, 1911: Mr. Clapp—I
should like to ask that the following
letter from Mr. Walker be printed
in the Record, and read if any sena-
tor desires to hear it.

The Vice President—Is there any
objection to printing the letter in the
Record? The chair hears none and
the order is entered.

The letter referred to is as fol-
lows: "Washington, July 21, 1911.
Hon. Moses E. Clapp. Dear Sena-
tor: In pursuance of your request,
I submit the following report of the
results of my investigations in the
office of the secretary of the senate
and in the room of the senate judi-
ciary committee relevant to the
authorship of the Sherman law of
July 2, 1890.

"That statute was drawn in the
judiciary committee in the latter part
of March and the first part of April,
1890. It was based on the bill which
Senator Sherman introduced as
senate bill 1, early in December,
1889, but Senator Sherman took no
part in framing the substitute which
was drawn by the judiciary com-
mittee. That committee was com-
posed of Senators Edmunds, Ingalls,
Hoar, Wilson of Iowa, Evarts, Coke,
Vest, George and Pugh. All of its
members participated in the con-

sideration of the framing of the
statute as it was reported by the
judiciary committee, which is the
exact form in which it was enacted
and was approved by President Har-
rison July 2, 1890.

"The eight sections of the statute
were written by the following sena-
tors, in the following proportions:

"Senator Edmunds wrote all of
sections 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6, except seven
words in section 1, which seven
words were written by Senator
Evarts. Those are the words "in the
form of trust or otherwise."

"Senator George wrote all of sec-
tion 4, Senator Hoar wrote all of
section 7 and Senator Ingalls was the
author of section 8.

"The statements of chapter 2 of
Walker's 'History of the Sherman
Law,' relevant to the authorship of that
statute were based on all the pub-
lished information which had ever
been printed when that book was
written by me in 1910. But my per-
sonal investigation of the original
records of the senate has resulted in
ascertaining that the credit of the
authorship of that historic statute
should be distributed as it is dis-
tributed in this communication.

"ALBERT H. WALKER."

WORDS OF WISDOM

William J. Bryan made a talk at
the conservation congress in Kansas
City, and nothing more sensible than
his remarks has been uttered in this
country in many years. The follow-
ing extract from his speech should
be framed and hung up in every
church and schoolroom in the United
States:

"I sometimes think that our edu-
cational system is at fault in separat-
ing our intellectual progress from
our moral advancement. Too often
education is sought to enable one to
avoid hard work. When this be-
comes the prevalent idea education
ceases to become a blessing and be-
comes a curse. The most important
thought that can be lodged in each
child's mind is that education is to
enlarge one's capacity for work, and
not to relieve the necessity for it.

"In the cities men accept posi-
tions giving small pay because they
are enabled to dress more carefully
and keep their hands clean. They
consider this the badge of respecta-
bility, which they prefer to greater
pay for real labor. It is not only
labor they avoid, but the physical
and often moral development which
goes with it. I hope that this con-
gress will not for a moment lose
sight of the fact that the farm, toil
and all, gives the greatest oppor-
tunity of independence and charac-
ter and strength.

"I believe that we will only do
our full duty to ourselves, our
countrymen and posterity when we
emphasize the fact that it is the
idler, not the toiler, who is a dis-
grace. In disseminating this idea
there is work for us all. The mother
may aid when she teaches her daugh-
ter that it is better to link her future
with a poor man who has strength
and ambition to carve for himself a
future than to link her future with
an idler who merely waits the time
when he can squander the money
amassed by some one else.

"The father can help when he
teaches his son that he is prouder
when he sees him working at honest
labor than idling his time in waiting
for the time to come when he will
inherit a fortune. Every member of
society can serve in the war upon
this vicious idea, which is one of
the greatest foes to mankind. Teach-
ers, preachers, have unlimited scope
for their work along this line. Sun-
day after Sunday the preacher should
strive to press home the idea which
Christ taught the world; that happi-
ness and greatness depend upon
service."—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.