



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Brain Leaks

As long as a man hopes he is not helpless.

Do your Christmas shopping early. We don't expect to.

A man who has nothing but riches is in a pretty bad way.

He who is forever taking chances seldom takes anything else.

The Christmas spirit is measured by the heart, not by the dollar.

Jerk & Shirk are always complaining about the success of Pluck & Plan.

A stretch of the imagination is usually accompanied by a stretch of the conscience.

Ever notice how easy it is for the baby to get hold of something that it shouldn't have?

Not knocking, of course, but a waxed moustache is usually the sign of "nothing above."

If you are beginning to worry about how much your Christmas gifts are going to cost you, don't make any.

A Personal Word

I wish I could personally answer all the splendid letters I have received from my friends of The Commoner during the last two or three months. Through them I have renewed many friendships of the old days, and have made many more which I earnestly hope will be lasting. Every one of them has contained something that will be cherished in memory by myself and the Little Woman, and if the kiddies fail to appreciate them in the days to come I shall be disappointed in them.

It does a fellow a world of good to learn direct that something he has written has touched some one's heart, brought a smile to some one's face. Scores have written me splendid letters concerning my recent humble little testimony to my faith in the Father of us all. More have written to tell me how their own little ones have enjoyed my little rhymes inspired by my kiddies. I have never succeeded in learning the knack of piling up dollars, and as a result I haven't many of them. But believe me, good friends, when I say I wouldn't take as many dollars as I have earned in the last ten years for the friendships I know I have made through The Commoner. I know I have made them—strong, helpful friendships—because I and the Little Woman have before us more than 600 letters telling us so.

It's pretty hard for me to write what I'd like to say, because one is apt to become either egotistic or maudlin. But finding it impossible to answer all these kindly letters personally, I am seizing this opportunity to do it wholesale.

Mr. Metcalfe tells a story of a little girl who insisted that anything you wish for will come true if you wish hard enough. I believe the little girl was right. To all my friends of The Commoner, scattered all over this broad land, I am wishing health and happiness and love.

And the Little Woman joins me in these wishes—and we are both wishing just as hard as we know how.

WILL M. MAUPIN.

Baptiste Gendreau's Trip

Last September Mr. Louis Guyon, chief of the factory inspectors, bureau of labor and inspection, Province of Quebec, was in Lincoln, attending the International Association of Factory Inspectors. While

here he imitated the example of Silas Wegg, who often dropped into poetry, and dashed off the following bit of verse. For the benefit of those who do not happen to be as French as Mr. Guyon and The Architect—who is mostly Irish with a French name—we stop the press to explain that in order to get the rhyme in several places you have to use the perfectly correct French pronunciation. But whether you do or not, you will enjoy Mr. Guyon's clever little poem:

You want to hear 'bout that trip? When Pit Labbe, Patry and me, Shock the lumber camp and got our scrip

And started en masse for Chicopee. I remember just like yesterday. T'was election tam in that city. And every man had a little sign On one side Roosevelt; sur l'autre "Bryan."

Course, les Canadiens don't have no vote Like chez nous down in Berthier. Sure we don't understand all the jokes.

But I hurrah! all the same with Pit Labbe!

Bam bye I see a big stout man Who came right to me and shake my hand, And say: hello! Baptiste comment ca va?

How is the old folks down in Canada?

By gosh! I feel proud like when the Queen She gave me a medal 'cause I bring back

Soldier Anglais, more than seventeen, Safe and sound from the third Cataracte.

So I push ahead with mes amis And don't care a rapp for those Chicopee's

So long we get a good place to stand For hear le discours of that fine big man.

At first he speak fine like Wilfrid Laurier When he makes big speech at St. Sauveur

After that he come, I think, trouble For he talk all the tam 'bout silver dollar

Mon Dieu! I shout, speak on reciprocity And you'll capture every vote in Chicopee.

Bah! he don't listen me but still make fun And count on his fingers sixteen to one.

T'was big fight for that champion belt,

But our man lost ca c'est certain La Gazette said vive Mr. Roosevelt He is not very bad American.

So I write a long letter to Will Maupin An' tell him this from les Canadiens

If Mr. Bryan will skiddoo from Nebraska We will elect him Premier of all the Canadas.

Advertising Pays

Here are a couple of little instances that prove beyond a peradventure that it pays to make your wants known through the columns of The Commoner. Eight or nine years ago a subscriber wrote Mr.

Bryan and asked if he knew where might be found that old poem, "Give me three grains of corn, mother." Mr. Bryan did not know, so he wrote a little paragraph asking any Commoner reader who had the verses to send in a copy.

Then the floods descended. More than a thousand kind friends and close readers copied the verses from old books and sent them in; one even going so far as to send an old school reader with it in and enclosing stamps for the book's return.

Just two weeks ago—perhaps three—Mrs. Ridgely of Kansas asked me if I knew where she could get a "sopsyvine" apple tree. I didn't know, so asked if any Commoner reader could tell us. He could—numerously. T. B. McHenry of Benton, Pa., was the first one to tell us, and Elmore Light of Shelby, O., the second. I thank these two, and the sixty or seventy others. J. J. Hawthorne of Fremont, Neb., says it is the early Washington, and not equal to the winesap. Maybe I'm deceived by boyhood memories, but I hold Mr. Hawthorne to be mistaken. There never was any such eating apples as those that grew on the old sopsyvine tree down in the corner of the orchard, right alongside the path that led down to the little creek wherein lurked the hungriest bullheads that ever gobbled a worm, and where the dandiest log that a boy ever took a header from jutted out over the finest swimming hole this lad ever swam in.

"Kiddies Six"

[The Architect overcomes his natural modesty long enough to publish the following complimentary verses concerning his new book, said verses being from the pen of Thos. J. Curran of St. Louis.]

A treasure dear, the "Kiddies Six," its brimming every line, With radiant rays of faith and hope, and thoughts of love divine. It sings of cheerful childhood love, so simple, pure and true; Bright gems of thought as beautiful as flowers in morning dew.

It sings sweet songs that touch the heart, sweet songs that never die, That shine like golden sunbeams and make the clouds roll by;

It sings sweet songs of human hope that beats in every breast; That cheers the weary traveler on when he lays down to rest.

It sings of happy wife and babes, in sweet poetic song

Of "home sweet home," where love is king and rules the whole day long.

God bless that home, the "Kiddies Six," the "Little Woman," too; Had I a field of roses fair I'd pluck them all for you.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

(Continued from Page 12.)

Second district; Joseph Cassidy, democratic boss of Queens, and Louis T. Walter, jr., a lieutenant of Cassidy's and the man who placed Willett in nomination at the democratic convention on Oct. 6 in New York.

A suffragette riot occurred in London and 220 women were arrested for engaging in disturbances.

Persia has asked Great Britain to advise her as to the course she shall follow on the demands of Russia.

Governor Johnson of California, declared for La Follette for president and a direct presidential primary.

A call for Theodore Roosevelt to bear the standard of the republican party in the struggle for the presi-

dency next year was voiced at a banquet of the Garfield club at Youngstown, O.

The International Harvester company filed at Jefferson City, Mo., a motion for a rehearing in the recent ouster case.

William J. Cummings, former directing head of the Carnegie Trust company, was found guilty in New York of the theft of \$140,000 from the Nineteenth Ward bank.

Chinese officials at Peking confirmed the report that a massacre of foreigners as well as Manchus had occurred at Sian Fu. There were forty foreigners in Sian Fu and many missionaries in the smaller Shen Si towns.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has offered to contribute \$10,000 to bring both the national conventions to St. Louis.

Dr. John M. T. Finney of Baltimore will probably succeed Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton university.

CRUEL PAPA

"Papa says if I give up my singing lessons he will present me with a pair of diamond earrings."

"You have never worn earrings, have you?"

"No; I should have to have my ears pierced."

"Ah! yes, I see his idea. He wants to pay you back in your own coin."—Western Christian Advocate.

America's Most Famous Songs

How often have you wished for a book containing the old, old songs; for after all, the songs nearest to our hearts are the ones we knew as children—and the ones our children are singing today. We have just examined a music folio entitled **America's Most Famous Songs**; these comprise the best known songs, including patriotic, home, love, southern and folk songs. Songs like the following:

- Alice, Where Art Thou!
- Battle Cry of Freedom,
- Ben Bolt,
- Dixie Land,
- Gipsy's Warning,
- Heart Bowed Down,
- Kathleen Mavourneen,
- Last Rose of Summer,

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, When You and I Were Young, Maggie,

and 50 other universal songs of America with music and piano accompaniment, in large clear print and on good paper.

We have been so favorably impressed with this splendid collection of songs, and feel so certain that nine out of every ten readers of **The American Homestead** will be anxious to own the book that we have made arrangements with the publisher in New York to reserve a liberal supply for our readers.

Each subscriber to **The American Homestead** who sends us twenty-five cents to pay for a year's subscription to the paper, and ten cents to pay for wrapping and postage on the book of songs will receive a copy with our compliments.

This offer will hold good as long as the present edition of the books lasts, and requests for the book will be filled in the order that they reach this office. We caution everyone to be prompt in sending for the book. If your subscription is already paid in advance, the 25 cents remitted will still further advance your expiration date for one year.

The American Homestead
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