



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Brain Leaks

Love laughs at locksmiths, but seldom at goldsmiths.

It is by doing the little duties that we are fitted for performing the great ones.

The more men you lift up the fewer there will be who are able to drag you down.

It is difficult to make the House of Have understand why there should be a House of Want.

The law's delay is responsible for the growing disrespect for and loss of confidence in our courts.

There is considerable difference between telling the other fellow how to do his work and doing it yourself.

We insist that we are not growing old, but we admit that we think more of our slippers than we used to think.

If "practical politics" would make fewer strange bedfellows and more collimates business—genuine business—would be bettered.

The good advice a friend gives us is not heeded because it costs nothing. The advice the lawyer gives us is heeded because we pay a lot for it.

Your real friend never tells anybody but you about your faults—and if he tells you the chances are you will no longer consider him your friend.

It used to be that marriages were made in heaven, but judging by the prevalence of divorce it is evidence either of inattention to business or the need of a strict apprenticeship system.

We'll be getting somewhere in the solution of economic problems when we grasp the fact that there is no such thing as "over production" of good things. Our trouble is under consumption.

A Reminiscence

For obvious reasons I will mention no names, but the man in question was an elder in my father's church, and that's why I got the wrong impression. I was only ten or eleven years old and the elder employed me, with several other boys, to pick and pack apples. The first thing he told us to do in filling a barrel was to put a couple of layers of the finest apples in the bottom of the barrel, then fill it nearly full of the common apples, then fill the rest with more of the choice apples.

We followed directions, of course. That was my first lesson in "good business" from the elder's standpoint. Naturally I thought that anything a good elder would do was all right, and doubtless my boyhood companions thought likewise. I've often wondered since then if it wasn't more luck than sense that kept me out of jail. I'm afraid that all the praying that elder did—and he did a lot of it—sounded so much like the thud of inferior apples that no attention was paid thereto when they arrived up yonder. Also, I'm afraid that the elder's example led a lot of young boys to believe that Christianity is only a pretense and that dishonesty is the best policy. Anyhow, it is quite evident that the practice of putting the good apples at the ends and the poor apples in the middle is applied to many branches of "big business" today—and by elders, too.

Particular

"Yes, sir; I think it is criminal the way our city authorities manage our water system," growled the man

who was leaning heavily upon the bar.

"Positively criminal the way they are giving us polluted water. We have a right to demand clean, pure water, and we ought to have it."

Not hearing any contradiction of his statement the man forked seven mouthfuls of free lunch sauerkraut into his face, using the fork that fifty-nine other men had used without its being washed, then wiped his lips on a bar towel that had been used by 127 men since morning.

"We are being poisoned and filled with disease germs because of impure water," he exclaimed, after wiping his lips, "and I for one am not going to submit to it any longer."

After which he repeated operations on the sauerkraut and towel.

Nothing Personal

A lot of men shave smooth because the gray shows so plainly in their beard.

Seldom we see anything more amusing than the facial expression of a man who imagines that no one detects the fact that he wears imitation teeth.

Ever notice how often the other fellow's success is due to luck?

If every man could make his own religion and win by it, wouldn't heaven be an awfully crowded place?

Needed

"I think Smithkins is honest according to his lights," observed Tompkins.

"That may be," said Jimkins, who had just been through a business deal with Smithkins, "but if he is all I've got to say is that he ought to put some more oil in his lamp and then trim his wick."

Dull Times

"How's business, old man?" queried String M. Wells of Beecher Game.

"Rotten!" said Beecher. "The only gold brick I've sold in six weeks I sold to a fellow who succeeded in palming off a lot of mining stock on me in payment."

Often

There was a young singer named Beecher who took vocal course from a teacher.

But her pride took a tumble. When she heard the man grumble, "Gee whiz, what a horrible screecher!"

Honesty in Politics

"Do you think that honesty is becoming more prevalent in politics?" queried the innocent voter.

"It certainly is," replied Senator Cortosel. "Why, nowadays a man can hand a voter \$5 and be reasonably sure that the voter will deliver the goods."

Honestly, Now

Did you ever hear a welkin ring? Or see a great audience moved to tears?

Or feel the pricking of the given point that all processions pass?

Excused

"Why, Biffkins," said Welcherly, "I thought you climbed on the water wagon the first of the year."

"Thas what I did, ol' man; got ri' up on zhe top. Then hydrants

froze, couldn't get washer, wagon no ush, an' I had 'er git off. I dizzen's contrac' t' drive ish wagon."

Wretch

"You married me for my money!" she exclaimed.

"And I earned it, too," he retorted. Then the lawyers got most of it.

WHISKEY AND NEGRO VOTES

So completely does a typewritten circular tell its own story that it shall be burdened with few words of preface. It was distributed through the mails among the little cornfield cabins of the negroes near Dublin, Ga.; at the top it bore the legend:

"Office of Clark Grier, Chairman Republican Campaign Committee 1908, Delegate at Large to Republican National Convention, Chairman Republican Executive Committee 12th Cong. Dist. of Ga."

To the information contained in this letterhead we are able to add that until recently Grier was, by virtue of the favor of a republican president of the United States, postmaster of this Georgia town of six thousand; just now he seems to have transferred the office to his wife. The circular reads:

"Dear Sir—On the reverse side of this sheet you will find information that will explain how you can register and vote.

"The impression prevails that all colored men are disfranchised in Georgia; this is not true. Post yourself, and the way is open if you demand your rights.

"Georgia is not one of the states that has passed laws that disfranchise a man on account of his color; to let the colored man know this fact, and to aid him in an honest effort to retain his franchise, is the object of this letter."

There is more exhortation in the same spirit so far. The letter is full

enough of the qualities that make up the frightful tragedy which the republican party fastened on the south in reconstruction; it pictures, without meaning to, the sort of white man that manages the republican party and holds federal office in the south; the attempt to make personal gain out of party prejudice is clear; the effort to stir up race feeling is unconcealed. But Clark Grier does not rely merely upon the potency of English words to foment race passion. Read the next paragraph:

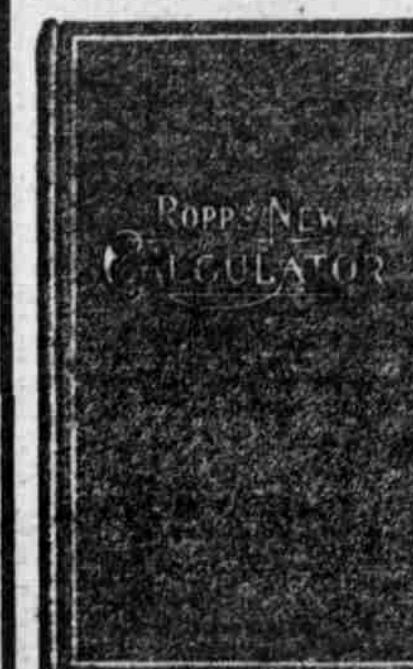
"In sending the printed instructions on the back of this letter to every colored man whose name is furnished me, I am spending lots of money, and this expense is being paid by the Georgia Distributing company of Jacksonville, Florida, distributors of pure whiskies, etc., whose circular I inclose, and I want you to patronize this firm for this generous act on their part toward the colored men of Georgia."

There you have the picture. But, northern reader, it will only faintly suggest to you the awful tragedy the decent south endures from men like Clark Grier, unless you happen to know the part that whisky plays in clashes between the races—"nigger" whisky, well known to stimulate the crimes which most often lead to lynching.

Doubtless Clark Grier will be a delegate to the republican convention in Chicago; doubtless he will shake the hands of statesmen and fraternize with the great; on his way back he may stop at Washington, lunch with the postmaster general, and receive assurances that his distinguished zeal in behalf of the party shall be rewarded by the postmastership again. As he walks from his home to the office where he represents the government of the United States, there will be plenty in his town to bid him good morning.—Collier's Weekly.

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