



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MOUPIN.

Dreams

They say there's a land where our dreams come true,
 And many are longing to find it;
 But not any for me, for I'm telling you
 It's a land that William's not longing to view
 If some of his dreams are behind it.

Last evening I ate a huge slice of mince pie,
 Some smearcase and buckwheats and honey;
 And if such a land there should be you bet I
 Would starboard my helm and quickly sail by—
 I wouldn't live there for much money.

For me 'twould be filled with hobgoblins and ghosts,
 With fiends and with gnomes and with witches;
 With fire-breathing dragons and blood-sucking hosts,
 And skin-scarring victims lashed fast to hot posts—
 I wouldn't stop there for John's riches.

From an Old Pal

Years and years ago—more than I care to recall save now and then—when I wandered to and fro on the face of the earth, conveying the information of the sages to the populace by means of the movable type—

Oh, what I started to say is that a long time ago when I was a tourist printer and "edged up ems" in pretty nearly every big city in the union, I used to occasionally meet up with a big, jolly, good natured printer named Shrope—Marquis DeLafayette Shrope. Along about the time the machines came in and put us old-timers "on the bum" Shrope was heard from, and the news told us that he had married and settled down somewhere in Pennsylvania. It was about that time I also succumbed to the wiles of a little woman and quit pestivating around over the country and settled down for keeps. Once in a long while Shrope and I would meet at printers' conventions, and when our wives were present we would tell decorous tales of the old days on the road—and when they were not present we'd recall some other scenes. Not that we were so ashamed of them that we didn't want our wives to hear, but because they might lead up to embarrassing questions.

Well, I hadn't heard from my old comrade for several years until the other day, and then I opened a letter that bore his old and familiar signature. I'm going to give you that letter, first because it may serve to recall something similar in your own life, and secondly, because it shows how most of us old time printer men have settled down for keeps and become sedate and sober-minded. Here goes the letter:

"Easton, Pa., Jan. 17.—Friend Bill: Last Saturday evening Mrs. Shrope concluded she would entertain the 'old man'—that's me—with some readings, and she selected 'Kiddies Six.' She started all right, but when she came to 'The Oldest Boy' there was a halt. Mother could not read it aloud; tears filled her eyes, and she stopped. I took up the book and tried it myself. I was taken with the same complaint—and then Dad and Mother cried in unison.

"Our oldest boy—and the only one—left home nine years ago, and the daughter 'flew the coop' last February, and can you wonder that your masterful poem had the effect that it did?"

Mother says that we are now starting again the same as we did thirty-one years ago—alone—and we feel our lonesomeness keenly in our declining years. You bet we are growing old, and our only pleasure is our children and the darndest bestest grandson that ever put on pants. And now mother—grandmother—sits in the lamplight knitting socks and 'sich,' and I know they are too small for grandpa's Little Bill; and when I asked who she is making them for she only smiles and says, 'O, I guess some use will be found for them.' And so groweth the third generation.

"I am not an authority on poetry, Bill, but a perusal of your book is a pleasure. May you live to make many additions to your poetical works. Fraternal yours,
 "SHROPE."

Good old Shrope! I can only hope he is as good a husband and father—and grandad—as he was a printer away back yonder when the Missouri river "Pirates" spread the gospel of organization in the growing west, and Omaha and St. Joe and Kansas City were feeding places for the rovers headed east from Denver or west from Chicago.

Bless me; my own boy away out west, married and in a home of his own, and Helen Shrope married and in a home of her very own! Why, it was only a few days ago, it seems, when I saw her clinging to her mother's hand as Shrope and I ambled along at a printers' convention and held session on the old days. Getting old? That's what we are, old pal; old in years, but we'll never grow old of heart—not while we can sit and smoke and recall these old days, eh, Shrope? I'll dare you, old scout, to meet me in Cleveland next August, with both missuses along, and such representatives of succeeding generations as may be able at that time to travel; and then we'll hold a session that will make the old ones in the alley back of the World-Herald, or alongside the old St. Joe Gazette look like the Sunday morning remnants of our Saturday night's pay envelopes used to look. What say, Shrope?

So here's to you, and the missus, and the big boy, and Helen, and the grandson—and others. Say, isn't it just bully to watch the sun going west when you're just laz'in' around your own home, and know you've got close at hand those who love you and think you are really somebody? Beats the old days on the road all holler, eh Shrope?

From the Old Book

Isn't "hot air" a very familiar slang expression these days? Maybe you think it is modern slang, and perhaps it is in just that form, but just the same it is merely a modern derivation of a phrase found in the book of Job.

We of the west know what the hot winds from the south mean, for they have scorched our corn fields into nothingness and blighted our wheat and seared our pastures. Away back yonder in Job's time they got their hot winds from the east, for to the east of them lay the desert that always burned and blistered. And that's why Job said: "Should a

wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind?" And right there we have the root of our modern slang expression, "hot air."

Two Books

"The Calling of Dan Matthews" was one of the "best sellers" a year or two ago, and it was a very interesting novel—the story of a young preacher and his first pastorate. There were many things in the book that were familiar, many characters that we knew. But we didn't think much of the Reverend Dan Matthews. He had a "yellow streak" in him that didn't appeal to us. He wasn't half the man that the old doctor—profane old fellow that he was—measured up to be.

But the other day we laid our hands on another story of a young preacher, "The Victory of Allen Rutledge." It was the story of another first pastorate, but this time the young preacher didn't have any "yellow streak." He was clean grit from topknot to instep; one of those flesh-and-blood young fellows who didn't think it a sin to resent physically any physical attack made upon him; who didn't think the hypocritical rich deacon deserved anything more than a hypocrite who was poor; who believed that to be a preacher one need not be any the less a man. And before we had finished that book we were shouting for Rev. Allen Rutledge and wishing we could meet a lot of pastors like him outside of the covers of a book. If you read "The Calling of Dan Matthews," we want you to read "The Victory of Allen Rutledge." Dan was a quitter, but Allen was the kind that stuck.

A Family Correspondence

"Hokuspokus Academy, Jan. 10.—Dear Dad: Please send me ten dollars. I want to join the physical culture department and need the money to buy apparatus. Affectionately,
 "JIM."

"Podunk, Mo., Jan. 14.—Dear Son: It ain't necessary. I got a physical culture class waitin' for you as soon as school is out. Got all the apparatus, too. Breakin' plow, cultivator, hoes, rakes, and so forth. Beats them gymnasiums all holler, my boy. Lovingly,
 "DAD."

The Difference

I shot an arrow into the air;
 It fell to earth I knew not where,
 And as for that, I didn't care—
 I shot an arrow into the air

I threw a dollar into the air;
 It fell to earth I know not where,
 And at the time I didn't care—

But I'd like to have that dollar back, along with a lot of others I threw into the air in days gone by. How about you?

Brain Leaks

We are very apt to measure present success by lost opportunities.

A head full of sense is not easily rattled. Wouldn't a lot of our rich people be awfully offended if some of us poor people should organize and go snooping around to see how the well-to-do live?

The trouble about the Darwinian theory is that some men have not yet descended.

It is not so difficult to grow old gracefully as it is to grow old willingly.

We are still living in hopes that some day we will see a drama in which the villain does not smoke cigarettes.

How we wish that more banquet orators had a stoppage in their speech.

The older we grow the more we understand the meaning of the word friendship.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't 'all right' and that I might have to whistle or my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.



But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 508 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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