



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

Git Yer Pardners!

(Verses written for a banquet and ball program at Baggs, Wyo., where the "Biggest Boy" has his habitation.)

Git yer pardners for a cowdrill!
Here's where everybody rags.
Show 'em how we do the lightfoot
on Thanksgivin' eve in Baggs.
Balance all an' swing yer pardners!
Al'man left an' all sashay!
For'ard an' back an' then cross over!
Dance th' old Wyoming way!
Ladies gather in th' middle, gents
will take a walk around;
Pass yer pardner, swing th' next one
—swing her feet clear off the
ground!
On t' the next an' swing her harder
grab her tight an' don't let go—
That's th' way t' keep things goin';
greatest fun you'll ever know.
Now you balance t' th' corner—keep
yer eye peeled—cheat or swing!
Grab th' next one, swing her proper;
now you do th' highland fling.
Hear that fiddle! Ain't it bully? Puts
ol' mischief in yer feet;
Sets us all t' patten' juba—ain't no
music half so sweet.
Gents now balance t' th' middle,
ladies hit th' outside grit.
Swing 'em, swing 'em! That's th'
caper. They won't mind a little
bit.
All t' places, now yer balance, swing
yer pardners! Ain't they sweet?
Promenade an' step it lively—show
yer pardner t' her seat!

An Old Chair

As near as we can tell it is made of either elm or hard maple. It isn't a handsome chair, measured by modern standards of furniture beauty, but there isn't a mahogany chair in any furniture store in America that would be accepted in exchange. It is a solid wood rocker, and it was made by my great-grand-father more than a century ago. We don't know just how old it is, but we have a record of it in the family for more than ninety-five years, for the family archives relate that it was brought to Missouri by Grandfather Maupin in 1825. He used it until his death in 1862, and then it was taken by my own father, and in it he sat and rocked and rested when not at work, for nearly fifty years. And when he passed on it fell to me. They made substantial furniture in those days. This old chair was put together with wooden pegs—dowel pins, I believe they call them. We've had to put new rockers on it several times, and they were screwed on, but all the rest is just as it was when first made, save for the scars of time. And it has some pretty heavy scars, too. How I wish that old chair could talk! Wouldn't it be fine to hear it relate stories of those pioneer days in Kentucky and Missouri? Wouldn't it be interesting to hear it tell of those grim days when the little mother sat in it and rocked, waiting for word from the soldier husband and father at the front? Stories of suffering, of sacrifice, of daring and of devotion! It was honestly built by honest hands, else it would not have survived all these years. It has traveled many a mile—from Kentucky to Missouri, from Missouri to Illinois, from Illinois to Missouri again, then to Nebraska, then to Iowa, back to Missouri again, then to Oklahoma—and now it is back in Nebraska again. Old and scarred and battered, that chair occupies the

place of honor in my humble home, and when I have answered the call I want my oldest boy to take it and treasure it as I treasure it now, and as my father, and my father's father, and his father before him, treasured it. I sit in it every day when I am at home, and every time I do I think of the little mother and the stalwart father who used it so long, of the pioneer Missouri grandmother whom I never saw, and of the sturdy Kentuckian who made it away back yonder in the days of Boone and Kenton and Girty. Some pretty big men have rocked in that old chair. One of them was Captain Grant—who afterwards became lieutenant general of the army and president of the United States. That was when he went over into central Missouri, and father assisted him in drawing a road map of that section of the state. "Old Bullion" sat in it more than once, for he and grandfather were personal friends, although political opponents. Alexander Campbell, and "Raccoon John" Smith have rocked in it many a time. They were before my time, however. But I love to recall the old-time preachers who have swung to and fro in that chair, for father was a preacher and my mother, "Aunt Sally" to everybody, was never so happy as when entertaining father's co-workers. Let's see—there was D. Pat Henderson, and John B. Corwine, and George and Zack Sweeney, and John C. Tully, and Clark Braden, and T. C. Dungan, and W. P. Aylesworth—he preached mother's funeral sermon—and Moses E. Lard, and Knowles Shaw, and J. E. Rosecrans, and—O, well; the list would be almost a roster of the ministers of the Disciples church between 1868 and 1880, when I left the home roof-tree.

Wonderful, isn't it, what a lot of memories an inanimate article like that can start to trooping through one's mind? Memories often sad, often joyous, always welcome. Tonight a baby of the fifth generation was rocked to sleep in that chair. And may children unto the tenth, yea the twentieth, generation be rocked to sleep therein.

'Twas Ever Thus

Several years ago I officiated as "end man" in an amateur minstrel show, and as one of my "props" I purchased a huge rhinestone ring at the 10-cent store. It so happens that I have a friend who is worth somewhere near a half million more than I am, he being the possessor of about \$500,000. He wears a scarf-pin—a diamond—worth about \$750. One day I happened to have that ring in my pocket, intending to lend it to a friend of mine about to do a vaudeville stunt at a social gathering, and I met my wealthy friend. He invited me to lunch and of course I accepted. I showed him my ring, and we made up a little deal. He put on the ring and I stuck his scarfpin in my cravat.

We met a number of mutual friends at the restaurant, and all of them admired my friend's magnificent new diamond ring, and all of them poked fun at me for wearing a chunk of glass in my necktie. Then they all looked foolish when we swapped back, and my friend stuck the scarfpin in its accustomed place, while I deliberately smashed the ring with the handle of my knife.

In Store

The Architect has several good stories in cold storage. They were written by old friends who were re-

mindful of them by some of the reminiscences that have appeared in this department. The ice bound streams will be unlocked in a few weeks, and the bullheads will begin biting. Then the architect is going to use the aforesaid stories, first, because they are good ones, and second, because by using them he will have more time to bob for the aforesaid bullheads. In the meantime he is hoping that more old friends—boys with gray hairs and, perhaps, grandchildren running around—will come across with other stories. The more good stories the more time for fishing when fishing time comes.

Untimely

"That fellow Biggins is utterly devoid of any sense of humor," growled the village wit.
"What makes you think so?"
"I tried my best mother-in-law joke on him and he never smiled."
"But he's been married just two weeks."
"And I tried my best stovepipe story on him and he looked like a wooden-faced man."
"Well, he's just gone to house-keeping."
"And as a last resort I tried one of my best cook stories on him and he seemed to be mad about something."
"Oh, he married a girl who just graduated from a domestic science school."

Mixed

In this beautiful city of Lincoln we have so many churches that often we find two of them on a single block. The first Presbyterian church is on the corner of Thirteen and M, and the First Congregational church is on the corner of Thirteenth and L. The other Sunday a stranger sauntered slowly along Thirteenth street and heard singing from both churches, Sunday schools being in session.

"Will there be any stars in my crown, in my crown,
When at evening the sun goeth down?"
—was the song he heard coming from one church. And from the other church there came the answering refrain—
"No, not one; no, not one."

Uncle Bill Says

That a lot of people are like the groundhog—always looking for the shadow.
That a man who advertises his philanthropy isn't laying up any treasures in heaven.
That preparing for death is a sad waste of time.
That a little house is always too big if jealousy is an inmate.
That a man is never a failure as long as he keeps on trying.

Limerick

There was a young lady in Blair
Who hung her blonde puffs on a chair;
But a big maltese cat
Took a whirl at the rat
And the hair on the chair wasn't there.

Illegal

"If Mrs. Gossyp ever goes down the street with her mouth shut she'll be arrested."
"What for?"
"Carrying a concealed weapon."

Informal

Mrs. Back Bay—"I shall want you to be dressed by 3 o'clock, Ellen, to receive any friends that may call."
Ellen—"Oh, lor, mum! Ain't you goin' to be in?"—Boston Transcript.

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