



# Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

### Ol' Man Armstead's Violin

"There ain't no use t' talk t' me  
 'Bout Paedrewski an' his class;  
 F'r when it comes t' classic art  
 I got t' let 'em by me pass.  
 My ears wan't trained f'r them  
 fugees  
 What makes up such an awful din,  
 But I can listen by th' hour  
 T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

"Once't on a time I went t' hear  
 Th' famous Thomas orchestray,  
 I sw'ar it only sawed an' blowed,  
 An' nary tune I heard it play.  
 Now, as f'r me, 'Departed Days,'  
 An' them ol' tunes th' darkey  
 sings,  
 All' sound a blamed sight better  
 from  
 Th' Ol' Man Armstead's fiddle-  
 strings.

"Sonatys an' great symphonies  
 May suit th' edikated taste;  
 But as f'r me I got no time  
 T' put t' such a sinful waste.  
 Th' music that I love th' best  
 Is them ol' tunes that's looked  
 within  
 Th' strings that's stretched across  
 th' bridge  
 Of Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

"An' when my life o' toil is done  
 An' I am summoned up on high,  
 I want some music soft and sweet  
 T' waft me upward to th' sky.  
 I wan, when Peter swings th' gate  
 T' let this weary traveler in,  
 T' be a keepin' joyful step  
 T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

### The Old Fiddlers

A tournament of the old time fiddlers was held in Omaha recently. None of your high-falutin' operatic airs for them. No sir-ee! Digital dexterity had to give way for pathos and real heart interest when those old time fiddlers laid their cheeks against their fiddles and swept sweet strains from the strings. Chop-sowloinskivetch's sonata in Q, and Slapstikowski's fugue in Asia Minor, and Skipalinkossidge's sniffony in Q major were shoved to one side, while those old timers played real music—the kind that reaches right down into your innards and picks holes in your heart. "Scenes That Are Brightest," "Departed Days," "Money Musk," "Ol' Dan Tucker," "Arkansaw Traveler," "The Heart Bowed Down," "Annie Laurie," "Old Black Joe," "Kentucky Home," "Suwanee River" and "Home Sweet Home." Ah, there's the old tunes for you—melodies that melt your hearts, turn your thoughts back to other days and lift the weight of years from your shoulders. Wouldn't you just love to hear those old tunes played on a violin by one of those old past masters in "fiddlin'" who play for the love of it and not for pay?

We know the old time fiddler who won that Omaha contest. Time and again we've sat for hours while he bent his gray head above that fiddle, cuddling it under his chin as a mother cuddles her babe to her breast, and making it sob and wail then making it laugh like a child amidst the flowers; then making it bring back the fair-cheeked maiden waiting in the lane for her lover; then making it croon a lullaby that a million mothers have used to put their babies to sleep; then making it bring back the faces of loved ones gone before, telling again the old stories of love and hope and life—ah me! If every throb of joy that old fiddle has given to human hearts

could be made over into roses and banked around the feet of the gray-haired old fiddler, he'd be smothered by their perfume and obscured from the sight of his fellows by their petals. Under the spell of its music old men and women have closed their eyes to the light of day, and sitting silent and still have lived over the days of their childhood, lived over again the days of their sweethearting, lived over the days of manhood's prime.

"Old Man Armstead's Violin!" It was its music that led our feet under the big maple trees in a country town, and there we found the Little Woman. Oft we heard her singing to the accompaniment of that violin. Often we've danced to its rollicking music. And after all this we are not surprised that the judges at the Omaha tournament decided that George W. Armstead of North Bend was the best old time fiddler of the lot. Mr. Armstead is the father of Mrs. Will M. Maupin of Lincoln.

### Stung!

A few weeks ago this department contained a little story. It was located in Lincoln, and the Architect was given the incident as having really happened, so he printed it. Now comes his good friend, S. Ritchie of Warrensburg, Ill., and shows that he printed the same story in his paper more than three years ago. Since then we've seen it located in a dozen different towns.

We admit we're often stung that way. And every time we get called down in a good-natured way by good friends. It's all right! Some of these days, maybe, we'll run across an absolutely new joke, and when we do our fortune's made.

### "Consecutive"

So Teddy's hat is in the ring, the hat of notoriety; 'Twas chucked therein a week ago, regardless of propriety. And from now on until the end with wonderful velocity We'll see him explanationing with his old-time veracity. For Teddy's in the race He's gunning for the place, And by the word "consecutive" has stirred our curiosity.

Time after time with emphasis of real ponderosity He's paid his tribute to his man of gen'rous corporosity; But now comes Teddy to decry by his new-born philosophy He's figured out that he alone can save by strenuosity. So regardless of his word His trusty sword he'll gird, And tell us how to save ourselves—and tell it with pomposity.

"Nay, nay!" he cried, four years ago, "ne'er should the state's executive Return three times!" But now he says he really meant "consecutive."

But if with Teddy you agree, then may you all expect to live To take with joy what such as Ted may deem it quite correct to give.

So Teddy's in the running; For Taft he's gone a gunning, And above the noise of battle is the slogan, "meant consecutive."

### In Dodgeville

"Henry!"  
 "Yessum!"  
 "When I let you off without a

whipping day before yesterday for the second time, did you not promise me that the day would never come when you'd again disobey me and get into the jam jars?"

"Yessum!"  
 "Well; and now I catch you at it again, with jam smeared clear back of your ears."

"I know, ma; but you must understand that in making that promise I meant 'consecutive day.'"

"Look here, young fellow! Didn't I warn you last Sunday night that it was the last Sunday night I wanted you to call on my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."  
 "And didn't you promise me you'd not hang around here another night?"

"And now I find you leaning up against my fireplace, soaking up my heat and talking soft nothings to my daughter. Haven't you any regard for your word?"

"Certainly, Mr. Snoopdendyke. But in promising you that I would not offend you again by calling upon Miss Mary upon a Sunday night I, of course, meant upon a 'consecutive' Sunday night. You will observe that this is only Tuesday, therefore I have not yet broken my word."

The second story window was raised and a nightcapped head thrust forth.

"Is that you, John Henry?"  
 "Yesh, m' dear; thish ish me."  
 "And drunk again!"  
 "No, m' dear; jush sligh'ly 'toxicated."

"And only last week you promised me you'd never get drunk again."  
 "Shertainly, m' dear. But thish is 'ceptional case. I meant I'd not get 'toxicated 'nother night, but of coursh, I meant 'nother consec-tive night."

### Modern Definitions

Consecutive—A convenient excuse for violating a pledge.

Friendship—Something that should not be allowed to stand in the way of ambition.

Regulation—A handy method of throwing dust in the eyes of the people.

### Brain Leaks

There are some judges we do not care to recall.

Idle dollars, like idle men, help depress all markets.

The man always looking for the worst of it doesn't have to look far.

The best part of life isn't what you get out of it, but what you put into it.

If all of us got what is really coming to us, most of us would be complaining worse than ever.

The owl has acquired a reputation for wisdom by looking solemn and saying little. But who wants to be an owl?

When a man has done his level best—really his level best—he gets credit for doing all. But not from his fellowmen.

This is the time of year when we are thankful we've outgrown the sassafras tea and sulphur-and-molasses stage of boyhood.

### HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS FIRST

"Why, man, you have no sense of humor. When I first heard that joke I laughed till my sides ached."  
 "So did I."—Christian Advocate.

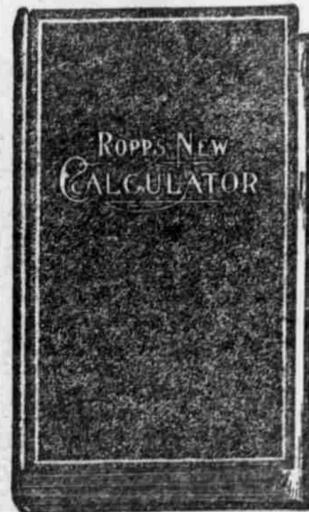
### BURGLARY

Miss Vocolo—"I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song."

Bright Young Man—"Why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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