



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

April

I hear the robin's cheerful note,
And see the green buds swelling;
I see the soft clouds slowly float
And hear the soft winds telling
That spring is here and winter drear
Has given way to April cheer.

I catch the woodland's haunting call,
And feel the far-off quiver
Of ev'ry unlocked waterfall
Of long bound rill and river.
And April showers and April flowers
Now bring reward for winter hours.

I catch the glint of dancing stream
Through field and woodland flow-
ing;
And see upon the pasture's gleam
The deep, rich color growing.
Before my eyes new nature lies,
Bathed in the glow of April skies.

POLITICAL FABLES

The Fetching Fable of the Strenuous One Who Discovered a New Word in the Bookletary Just When He Needed It Most.

A Strenuous One from Oyster Bay remarked as he pursued his way to Afric shores big game to shoot, "No more will I go in pursuit of the high place of president," and what he said we thought he meant. We never dreamed that Teddy bold would reach the Ananias fold.

But back he came with gamebag filled with elephants that he had killed, and lions, tigers—quite a raft—then gunning went for William Taft. But ere he started his campaign to cop the White House job again some platitude he had to frame to blind the people to his game.

"My hat is in the ring!" he cried, his pledge and promise cast aside. "The only reason that I'll give is that I meant consecutive. And thus he sought to make excuse for from his promise breaking loose; and all who wouldn't sound his praise he's roasting now in redhot phrase.

He's roasting now with jibes and jeers the president of many years; what we denied to U. S. Grant, and Washington, we'll hardly plant within the reach of Teddy now, for it don't seem to us somehow that we'll the precedent ignore and bust it just for Theodore.

MORAL

Besides, if we did grant his whim
What is there that's preventing him
From once more treading Afric shore
And coming back demanding more?

A Financial Fable Wherein is Related a Few Fundamental Facts Relative to a Skin Game Often Worked off Upon the Dear People.

A senator of ample means and lots of dollars in his jeans, was charged with having bought his seat with big greenbacks and scheming neat. And to defend its purity the senate said, "We'll have to see if in the charge there's truth to glean; if so we'll have to rush and wildly wield the whitewash brush."

They found he's spent a thousand here, but 'twas for did not appear; they found he'd spent ten thousand there, but took his word 'twas on the square. A hundred thousand dollars spent, but every one with good intent. He simply dug the bills to pay and blandly look the other way.

"I'm not to blame if sordid mind indulged in trick of wrongful kind; I merely put up scads of dough and said I didn't want to know how it

was spent; I paid the freight so I could represent my state." This the defense of Stephenson—and it appears now to have won.

The jury? Well, we must admit we's little confidence in it. Too many senators like Steve for us to readily believe it wasn't packed long years ago with lumber, steel and oil, you know. If they bumped him, why, can't you see their own seats soon would vacant be?

MORAL:

They say there's honor e'en 'mongst thieves—
A thing that every one believes
Who's read the roll call in the case
That keeps some senators in place.

The Fretful Fable of a Fat Gentleman Who is Feeling the Pangs of a Friendship Suffering From Ingrowing Ambition.

A ponderous man from O-hi-o now says he'd dearly love to know if friendship's pledge is worth a cent from any old ex-president; if solemn promise is a joke that's made like piecrust, to be broke. He bumped against the real thing when Teddy's hat sailed in the ring.

"Why, Teddy told you years ago my equal none might hope to know; he picked me out from all the crowd as one of whom you might be proud. He said 'my policies' I'd force and follow in his steps of course. In fact he guaranteed 'gainst loss—now all I get's the double cross."

Thus now complains one William Taft who helped maintain the tariff graft. It makes us laugh because we think how he applied the hinky-dink to us by cinching his high place by playing both ways from the ace; by standing pat when east with zest and being a progressive west.

The more we think of Taft's sad fix for playing devious politics; the more we think of Teddy's shriek, we laugh until we're fairly weak. For Bill knows Ted, and Ted knows Bill, and in due time the people will learn all the facts about the two—which will delight both me and you.

MORAL:

If people want to get the facts
Then I pause here to speak my mind—
They'll leave both Bill and Ted behind.

The Forceful Fable of the Jerusalem Pony That Sought to Delude the Populace Into Thinking It the King of Beasts.

No doubt you've heard about the ass that sought to reach a higher class by one bright day appearing in the disguise of a lion's skin, and how he missed his scheme a mile because he had forgot the while, that o'er the lion's skin appears the same old length of donkey's ears.

And yet he walked the broad highway, and paused anon to loudly bray, still thinking all the while, of course, his brays were roars of mighty force. He fooled a few with all his din until they saw above the skin a pair of long ears sticking through—and then, of course, the ass they knew.

Forgetful of this ass's fate some men of a more modern date have sought to work this lion play, though in a slightly different way. They've taken up a Wall street choice and now declare in strident voice that he's progressive and all that—in short a right good democrat.

But when the people closely view they see the long ears sticking through. The hair and hide may

seem all right, but what about those ears in sight? Progressive skin and standpat ears did not deceive in former years; and so I must confess I think this Wall street scheme is on the blink.

MORAL:

There isn't any for the man
Who's deceived by such a plan.
The difference 'twixt a lion and mule
He couldn't tell by any rule.

Nick the Prophet

Just about the time the Strenuous One was preparing to board ship en route to Jungle Land, which was about three years ago as you will remember, Son-in-Law Nick ventured a remark.

"He will be re-nominated and re-elected president," remarked Nicholas.

Prior to this the Strenuous One had declared that he would not be a candidate for nor accept a nomination for a third term. But that was before he had found the word "consecutive" in the voluminous volume prepared by Noah Webster.

The Architect, disclaiming all intent to dabble in politics, desires at this time to call to your attention what Nicholas said, and offer it as evidence that the son-in-law was more in the confidence of father-in-law at that time than the general public happened to be.

As a political prophet Nicholas seems to have class. Maybe!

"Kiddies Six"

The Architect rejoices at the reception accorded his little volume of verses. The edition is nearly exhausted, less than a hundred copies remaining unsold. If you want a copy you'll have to hurry, for the Architect doubts the issuing of a second edition. It's lots of work for the Little Woman, and there are many obstacles to meet and overcome. A few late orders have been unavoidably delayed, but we're catching up. Be patient a little while, and your order will be filled. If you have not already ordered, now is the time. Dollar a copy, postpaid. Address, The Architect, care Commoner.

Wayside Philosophy

When you can't say something good of a fellow, give your tongue a rest.

A silk hat often tops a shoddy head.

Sometimes it takes the world a long time to detect the difference between a really big man and one who merely has a big man's ways.

The Difference

"Is Binks running for office?"
"He thinks he is, but he is only struggling."

Progressive

"Funny how Squircherly has changed his mind on politics so quickly."

"Yes; ever since he caught sight of the rear end of the procession he's been calling himself a progressive."

Brain Leaks

Both sides of a saloon bar look alike to God.

Man's best investments are kind words, cheerful smiles and helpful deeds.

Everybody loves the man or woman who has cultivated the art of listening.

What we want and what we need are two vastly different things for which to pray.

Nobody who pays telephone bills takes any stock in the saying that "talk is cheap."

The season of year is at hand when the city man does an awful lot of scientific farming—in his mind.

Sometimes we wish somebody

would establish a kindergarten school for the instruction of parents.

The time has at last come when people view with suspicion the man who admits that he is a hide-bound partisan.

We can forgive that man much whose typewriting machine gets out of whack when he is in an awful hurry to finish up and get away.

People who are thinking of getting all they can out of life often make the mistake of overlooking the necessity of putting something into it.

If only those who sowed wild oats had to reap them it wouldn't be so bad. The trouble is that innocent people often have to do the most of the harvesting.



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

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