



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Soon

Full soon the graduate will stand
Before the view of all beholders;
His thesis grasped within his hand
The whole world resting on his
shoulders.

The world is his—for one short
spell—

His knowledge will the whole
world waken;
Then he'll awake to learn full well
He'll have to hustle for his
bacon.

Proud he may be of what he
learned

Within the confines of his college,
And yet no rivers have been burned
With that peculiar brand of
knowledge.

The school of Hard Knocks beats
'em all;

Experience is her head teacher.
Her graduates have got the call
Upon each struggling fellow crea-
ture.

Stirred Things Up

A good friend—and all who read
this page are friends—writes me a
reminiscence called up by a recent
one of mine wherein was related the
story of the boy who fell into the
baptismal font, which same boy was
me. This friend, whose postoffice I
can not decipher because of an ac-
cident that happened while opening
the envelope, writes as follows:

"Your humorous articles have
given me great satisfaction, as, like
all old men, I love to be amused.
But your reminiscences of the old-
time meetings have been especially
pleasing. Your story reminds me of
an incident that happened in my
boyhood days, before the war. I am
a Methodist, and we, as you know,
will sprinkle, pour or immerse as
you elect. I was visiting my
brother-in-law at the time. He was
a rather small man physically, and
pastor of the local Methodist church.
As the result of a revival he had five
converts who elected to be im-
mersed, and a large creek a few
miles from town was selected as the
place for the ceremony. One of the
converts was a buxom woman weigh-
ing more than 200 pounds. My
brother-in-law owned a huge New-
foundland dog that was my especial
pet, and I was usually allowed to
take "Jack" with me on our drives.
But on this particular day I was told
that "Jack" must stay at home.
However, before we started I went
out to bid the dog goodby, and boy-
like, I fixed the chain so he could
pull loose with slight effort. We
reached the creek and the ceremony
was begun. The parson started to
immerse the buxom woman and she
dragged him under in her floundering.
In the meantime "Jack" had
broken loose and came flying down
the road, kicking up more dust than
a broken shoulder-rod on a locomo-
tive. I got him into our wagon, but
when his master began floundering
in the water "Jack" broke loose,
dashed into the stream, seized the
clerical coattails in his teeth and
started for shore, churning the
water until it looked as if a side-
wheel steamer had passed along.
Parson and convert were assisted to
land, and presently the ceremony
was completed. But in the mean-
time I was sent home afoot, in deep
disgrace, but happy in having
"Jack" trotting along by my side. I
love to think in my old days of the
many amusing incidents that oc-
curred in the primitive days of

Methodism, but I love more the
heroic, consecrated men who did
so much under the severest trials to
give us of this day such great priv-
ileges in an enlightened church and
nation."

Albemarle County Timber

A recent reminiscence in this
department, under the title, "An Old
Chair," brought the following inter-
esting letter from a friend in
Albemarle county, Virginia:

"I have been much interested in
your articles in The Commoner, but
especially so in 'An Old Chair.' In
this county, Albemarle, there are
many Maupins now, but not so many
as some years ago when in one pre-
cinct some forty of that name voted.
The first Maupins in this county
were Daniel and Gabriel, who came
here about 1748, where Daniel took
up land. Many of the Maupins em-
igrated to Missouri. Might it not be
that your old chair is made of good
Albemarle county timber. So far as
the records go the Maupins of this
county have all been good, upright
citizens."

I am going to take it for granted
that the old chair is of Albemarle
county timber. Here is a story
about Gabriel Maupin that has been
handed down in the family, for he
was a forebear of mine: He was an
intensely religious man, so the story
goes. On his way over from England
with a small company of friends
seeking homes in the new world,
the ship sprung a leak and began
filling fast. As the leader of the
party all turned to Gabriel Maupin,
who immediately called all hands to
prayer. While he was praying the
leak suddenly stopped and the
sailors were able to pump the water
out and save the vessel. When the
vessel reached port an investigation
was made, and there, stuffed tightly
in the great hole in the ship's bot-
tom, and completely closing it, was
a monster fish. That may be a "fish
story," but I opine that Great-great-
great-grandfather Gabriel was
mighty powerful in prayer.

Eased His Conscience

Uncle Sam is not the only person
in the world who has a "Conscience
Fund." There are others. Recently
K. L. Murray, local manager of the
Beatrice Creamery Co., of Lincoln—
which, by the way, is said to be the
largest creamery in the world—re-
ceived the following letter with en-
closure from a man living at Long
Island, Kansas:

"Dear Sir—Several years ago I
received two of your old cream cans
to use and I neglected to return
them and now they are not worth re-
turning so I enclose check for \$5 to
pay for same. Your agent here was
selling those old cans at that time
for about \$2 each. I got the cans
from my neighbor, Mr. S—."

Mr. Murray says the five dollars
has been entered as a separate fund
item, and he hopes that several
thousand other cans will be ac-
counted for in a similar manner.

Historical

We have been studying some of
the papers and public addresses of
men who have been president of
these United States. We haven't
had time to read all of them, nor
even all written or said by any one
of them. But to date we have got-
ten pretty well through the public

utterances a few old fossil states-
men like Washington, Jefferson,
Jackson, Lincoln, and such like.
What strikes us as being very re-
markable is our failure to find
therein any expressions such as
these:

"My hat is in the ring."

"We slugged 'em over the ropes."

"Didn't I hand that skate a jolt
that will hold him for a while?"

"We'll put one across on them."

"I'll put them down for the
count."

"You are a _____
liar."

As we intimated before, we have
not yet gotten down to the more re-
cent dates, so we have hopes that
our search for these elegant and
statesmanlike expressions will yet
be rewarded.

Political History

The knowledgeable gentlemen who
hooted at Noah when he was build-
ing the ark were the original stand-
patters.

In our humble judgment Adam
was the original calamity howler.
After bringing on his trouble he pro-
ceeded to lay the blame on other
shoulders.

Demetrius the silversmith was the
grandfather of the whole tribe of
tariff taxers. He wanted Paul pro-
hibited from preaching against
Diana, "for by this craft we have
our wealth."

It was Alexander who cried be-
cause there were no more worlds for
him to conquer. But Alex lived be-
fore the days of high finance, else
he could easily have found some-
thing to engage his abilities.

To date we have failed to discover
anybody who engineered a beef trust
prior to Jacob.

From a Boy's Viewpoint

Funny how much work a fellow
can do digging for fishworms with-
out blistering his hands, and how
little he has to do among the weeds
to accumulate a lot of them.

It's a mighty lucky boy whose
father hasn't forgotten when he was
going barefooted.

Gee, wouldn't it be tough if we
had to carry all our junk in a hand-
bag?

There ought to be a law prohib-
iting the stringing of telephone wires
on the best streets for kiteflying.

The sign "Boy Wanted," is a con-
stant menace to our liberties.

If fishworm oil only would make
our joints limber!

A lot of business men are losing
out by not making us managers.

Barred

The following subjects are barred
from discussion by any candidate
whose hat is in the ring, or who has
slugged anybody over the ropes:

Tennessee coal and iron.

The Aldrich currency scheme.

The tariff.

The initiative and referendum.

Any system of recall that is prac-
tical.

Anybody interrupting the orator
to ask for information on these
topics will be slugged over the ropes,
initiated into the Ananias club, put
down for the count or denounced as
an undesirable citizen. This cam-
paign must be conducted on a high
plane of advanced thought.

Gentlemen We Admire

The gentleman who arises to
speak, says he will detain us but a
moment, and then does as he says.

The gentleman who has a good
story, and has—one that doesn't
leave a bad taste in his mouth or a
bad memory in our mind.

The gentleman who does not agree
with us but admits that we may

know something about the subject
under discussion.

The gentleman who knows he
knows but doesn't brag about it be-
cause he knows it.

To a "Shut In" Friend

Some time ago I received a letter
from a friend who happens to have
been "found out," and is now al-
ways to be "found in." The letter
was mislaid, and to date I have been
unable to find it. If this notice
meets the eye of my aforesaid friend
—and he is a friend, too—I would
be grateful to hear from him again,
and promise to make reply as he
suggested.

Another "Shut In"—No. 20,000

This one is a fellow member of
the I. T. U. He wrote me last
Christmas and I've been waiting to
see what the political situation
would be. If he will tell me what
issue the verses, "In 1911," ap-
peared, I'll undertake to make them
fit the campaign we are just enter-
ing upon.

Doesn't it beat all how I've
managed thus far to escape, when so
many of my friends have been
kotchd up?

Modern Success

"Has Bilkins any of the qualities
of a successful statesman?"

"Well, I should say he has! He
can discuss subjects that don't
amount to anything, to the exclusion
of subjects that are really worth
while, and to do it in a way that
conveys the impression that he can
not crowd all of his thoughts into
one short speech of two hours and a
half."

The Difference

Tell a man that he carries his age
well and he is your friend for life.

Tell a woman she carries her age
well and you are due for an ex-
perience with a rapidly falling tem-
perature.

Surest Way

"How did Buggson make all his
money?"

"In the automobile business."

"What kind of automobiles did he
make?"

"He didn't make 'em. He re-
paired 'em."

Brain Leaks

Cross wearing is not cross bearing.
Christianity is more in the doing
than in the telling.

The recall system works mighty
one-sided at our house.

The man with only dollars for
companions is mighty lonesome.

We always feel sorry for the little
child that is kept too well dressed.

Ever notice how the things you
worry over most never really hap-
pened?

You go this way but once. Try to
cover the distance so you will not
wish for a chance to re-travel it.

Youth lives in the future; old age
in the past. That's why youth
should build for a contented old age.

We have more admiration for the
man who tries his best and fails than
we have for the man who succeeds
without effort.

The interest on the money invested
in stained glass church windows and
steeple and gargoyles would keep
an army of missionaries in the field.

Your real friends are the ones who
kindly point out your faults—after
which you do not count them friends.

The man who will trick you in
politics is liable to trick you in
business. Every time we see a
woman's handkerchief we have to
wonder what she would do if she
really wanted to use it for the same
purpose we do ours.